

# Screenland<sup>★</sup>

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NANCY CARROLL

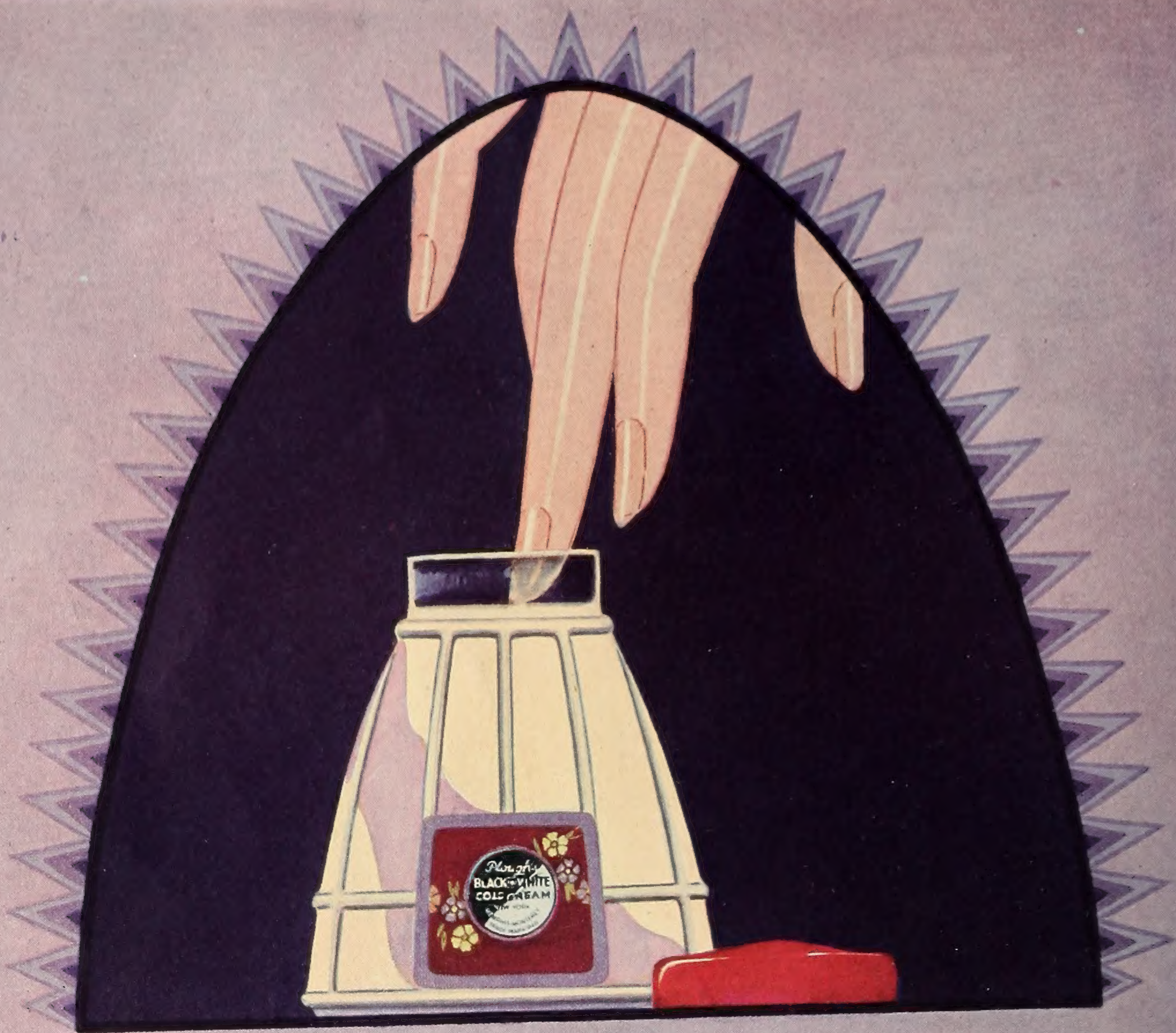
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Advance Copy

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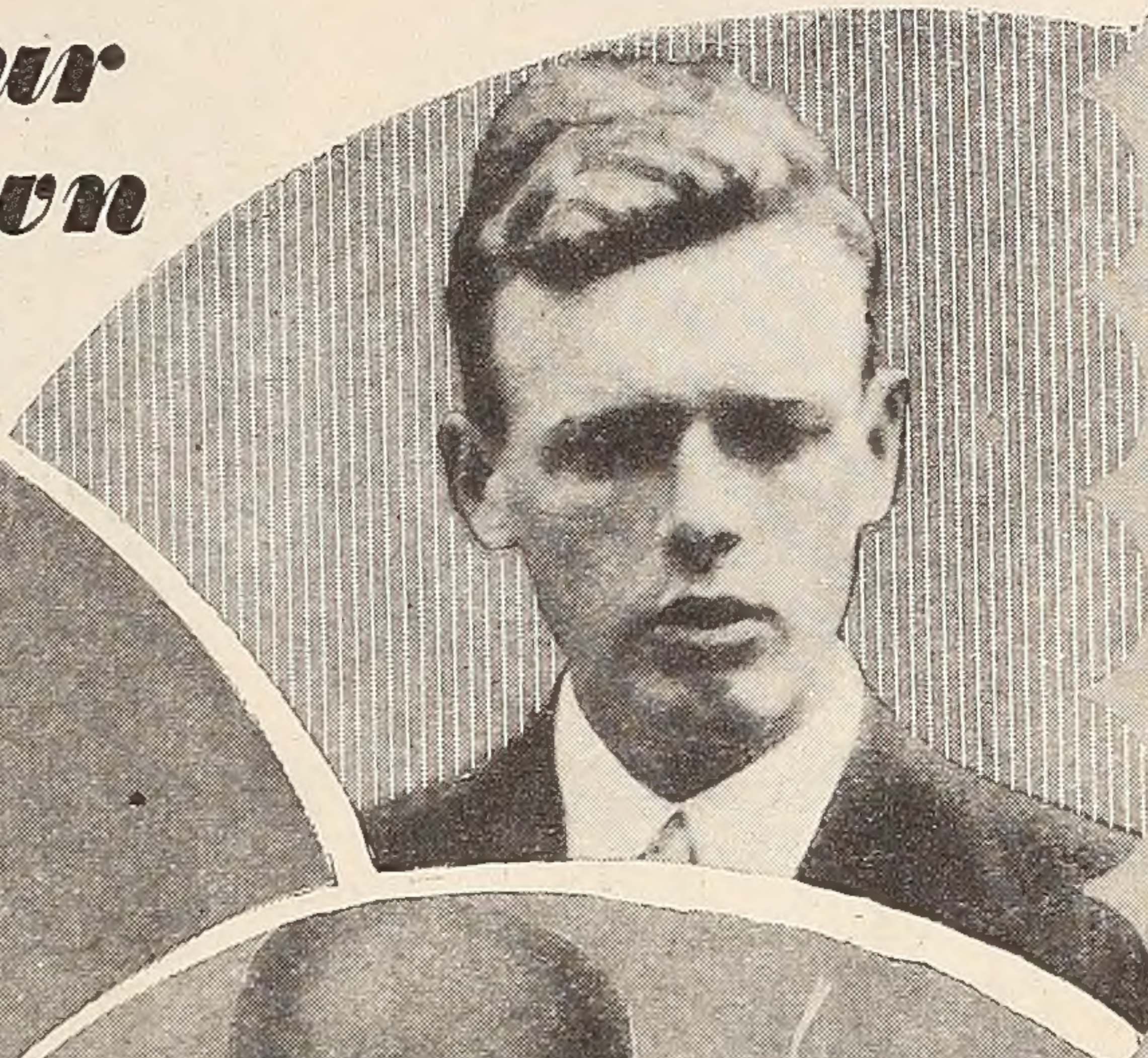
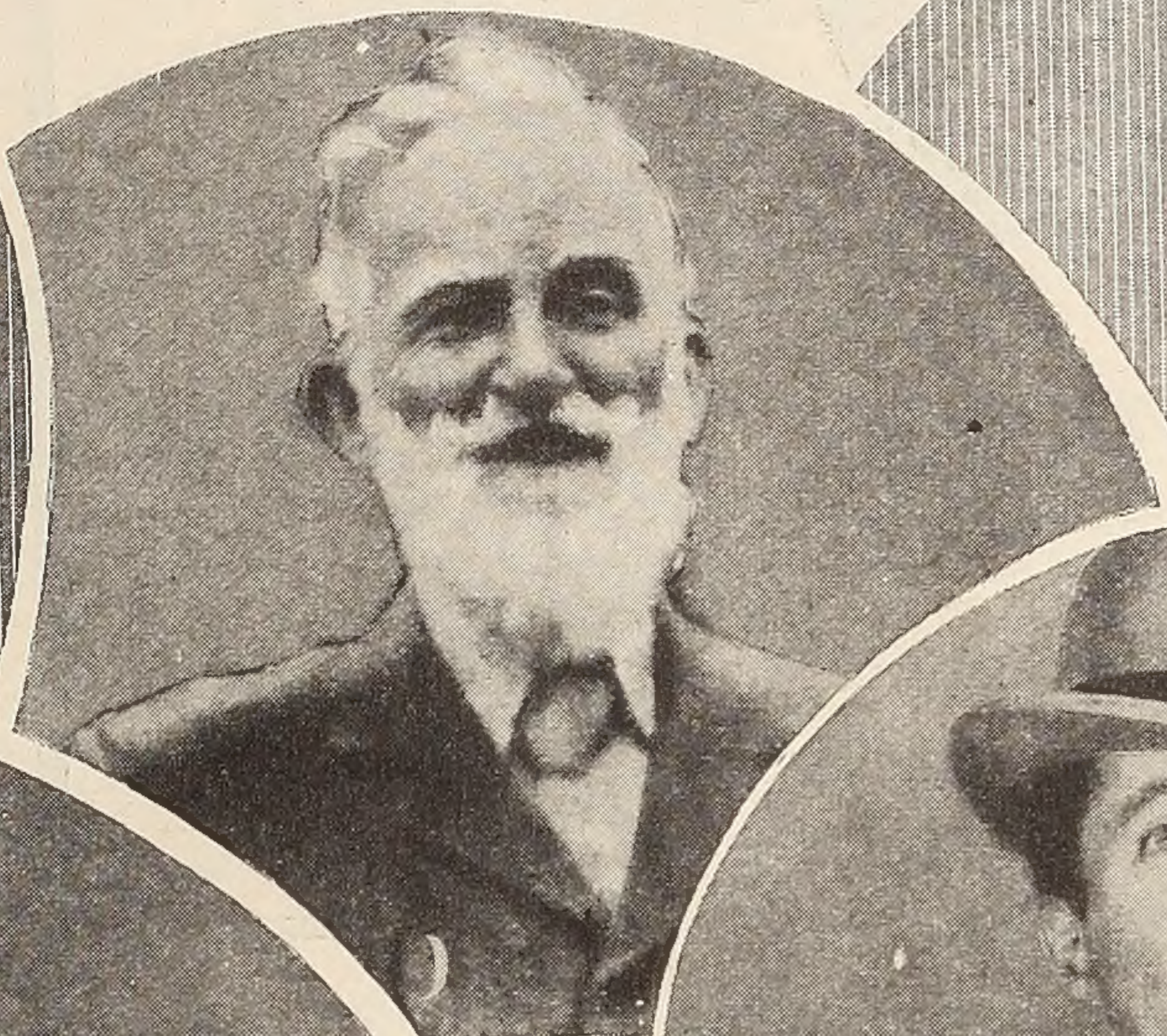
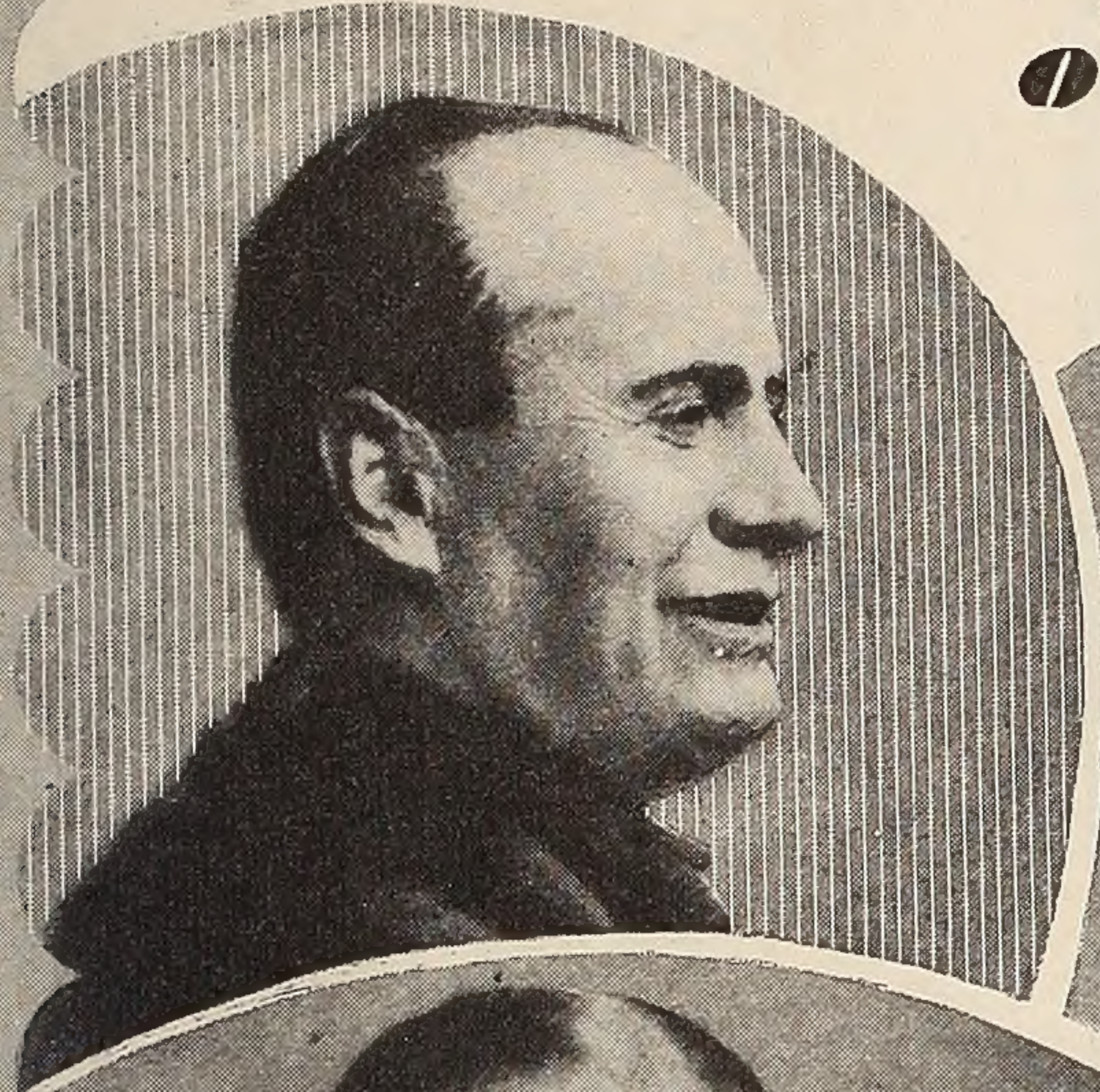
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Joe Cook  
Bobby Clark and  
Paul McCullough  
(Top Center)  
George Bernard Shaw





Nancy Carroll, our Cover Girl, is now making a talking motion picture of the stage hit, 'Burlesque.'

# SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

December, 1928 "The Spirit of the Movies" Vol. XVIII, No. 2

Eliot Keen, Editor

## CONTENTS for DECEMBER

COVER — Nancy Carroll. Painted by Georgia Warren.	4
ASK ME. An Answer Page of Information. By Miss Vee Dee	8
BOOKS FOR FANS. Trader Horn. By W. S. Van Dyke	10
PICTURES THAT TALK. By Edwin Howard	12
HONOR PAGE. Al Jolson	13
AL JOLSON	14
EDITORIAL. By Eliot Keen	15
THE NEWEST PICTURE GIRL. Gladys Belmont. By Julie Lang	16
AS THEY DO UNTO OTHERS IN HOLLYWOOD. By Rob Wagner	18
SHE'S JUST A LONELY KID. By Helen Ludlam	20
AT PAPA LAEMMLE'S HOLLYWOOD CIRCUS. By Grace Kingsley	22
THE RIDDLE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SPHINXES. By Delight Evans	24
HOW TO BREAK A DATE	26
THE EMOTIONAL AL JOLSON. By Rosa Reilly	28
MARY PICKFORD OFFERS YOU A YULETIDE GIFT	29
HAROLD LLOYD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER	30
JOHN GILBERT'S WRIST WATCH FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS	31
CHARLIE CHAPLIN SENDS A GRAFLEX CAMERA FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT	32
GRETA GARBO'S NEGLIGEE AS A GIFT TO A FAN	33
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL. Humming Wires	34
MARY DUNCAN AND CHARLES MORTON — A Portrait	35
MARY BRIAN AND CHARLES ROGERS — A Portrait	36
LOUISE FAZENDA — A Portrait	37
FAZENDA FOR LAUGHTER. By Marion Brooks Ritchie	38
IN NEW YORK. By Anne Bye	40
VISITING THE COMPANIES ON LOCATION. By Helen Ludlam	42
DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS	48
THE MIRRORS OF HOLLYWOOD	50
NEW SCREENPLAYS. By Rosa Reilly	52
MARIAN NIXON, Trouper. By James M. Fidler	53
MARIAN NIXON — A Portrait	54
NILS ASTHER — A Portrait	55
BACLANOVA — A Portrait	56
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. — A Portrait	57
GOOD FILMS AHEAD. By Evelyn Ballarine	64
THE STAGE COACH. By Morrie Ryskind	66
CHATTER FROM HOLLYWOOD. By Martin Martin	70
THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood	74
CONGRATULATIONS FROM HOLLYWOOD	76
MARIE PREVOST CONTEST WINNER	77
MORE NUMEROLOGY	

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Establish  
Contact with  
the **STARS**  
through  
**SCREENLAND**



IN this issue will be found Christmas Gift Contests from the five greatest stars of pictures. When the players want to ask a question of their fans they ask it through a SCREENLAND Contest. It is the only way they can ask hundreds of thousands of fans at once.

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# SCREENLAND

The printing and paper of SCREENLAND are unequalled among fan magazines.



# WHO'S IN IT



**HAROLD LLOYD**  
Harold Lloyd's next comedy will have sound and dialog! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.

**RICHARD DIX**  
"Redskin" will be Richard Dix's next, to be as great as "The Vanishing American." Filmed in Technicolor.

**GEORGE BANCROFT**  
Soon you will see this virile star in another great characterization in "The Wolf of Wall Street." With Fay Wray.

**ESTHER BALSTON**  
Soon to be seen in the greatest role of her career, "The Case of Lena Smith," produced by Josef von Sternberg.

**CHARLES ROGERS**  
See this popular new star in Paramount's great air drama "Wings" and soon in "Someone to Love," with Mary Brian.

**WALLACE BEERY**  
Wallace Beery returned to strong dramatic roles with "Beggars of Life." See him next in "The Tong War."

**JACK HOLT**  
Jack Holt, polished gentleman and rugged westerner of "The Water Hole" is next in "Avalanche."

And Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Douglas MacLean, Richard Arlen, William Powell, Ruth Taylor, James

**CLARA BOW**  
Coming soon in "Three Week Ends" by Elinor Glyn, her best yet, and you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!

**EMIL JANNINGS**  
"The greatest actor in the world" said critics after "The Patriot." Now see this great star in "Sins of the Fathers."

**BEBE DANIELS**  
"Number Please" (tentative title) is Bebe's next—you know you can depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy.

**ADOLPHE MENJOU**  
This master of sophisticated roles is soon to appear in "His Private Life" with Kathryn Carver. Don't miss it!

**EVELYN BRENT**  
**CLIVE BROOK**  
In "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture, a sensation silent, or with sound.

**GARY COOPER**  
"A man's man that women love" co-star of "The First Kiss" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel."

**NANCY CARROLL**  
In "Abie's Irish Rose," "Manhattan Cocktail" with Richard Arlen and "Shopworn Angel."

Hall, Louise Brooks, Beclanova, Mary Brian, Maurice Chevalier, Fay Wray, Neil Hamilton.

Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of "who's in it?" and again your answer is Paramount—more stars, greater stars than any other company! ¶ But always remember—the important thing in selecting a picture is not "who's in it?" but "who made it?" Not one of these names, nor all of them together is as great as *Paramount*—the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—"if it's a *Paramount Picture* it's the best show in town!"

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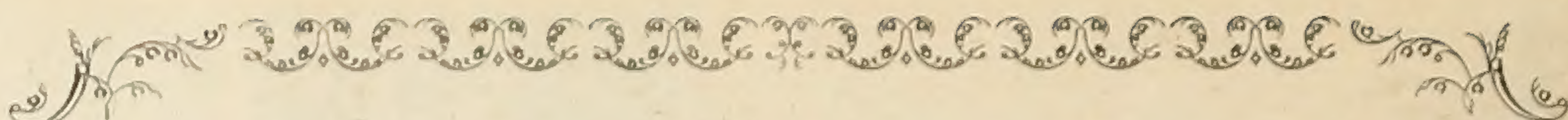
# MOTION PICTURES

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A National survey will begin soon in search of NEW talent. All will be given an opportunity of having a Screen Test Made. THIS IS NOT A CONTEST. Full details will be sent FREE upon request.

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PUBLISHERS PAY ADVANCE ROYALTIES on accepted songs. Send your poems for examination. M. Paul Manganello, 4695 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.



# ASK ME

An Answer  
Page of  
Information



Address:  
Miss Vee Dee  
SCREENLAND  
MAGAZINE  
49 West 45th Street  
New York City



Here's the latest Hollywood coiffure — worn by Laura La Plante as Magnolia in 'Show Boat.' So old-fashioned it's new!

**F**RENCHY from Detroit. Have I forgotten you? You'd be surprised how long it takes me to forget a friend. Johnny Mack Brown is annexing new friends with every bunch of letters I open. How that southern town of Dothan, Alabama, must swell with pride over its first celebrity. (Pardon me, Dothan, if it's my first mistake.) Johnny is in *A Woman of Affairs* with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix and Charles Rogers can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Just Pals from Auburn, Maine.** So you're not wasting any time on some of the flat tires of the screen but you think John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are knockouts—but why have a blow-out about it? Gladys Brockwell was Nana, Diane's sister, in *Seventh Heaven*. Janet Gaynor was Diane and Charles Farrell was Chico. Thanks for your kindly praise.

**Buster Collier Fan, San Francisco.** Always cheerful, always aim to tease, is my slogan; can you beat it? You can address Karl Dane at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Karl plays with William Haines and Leila Hyams in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. Buster Collier has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., but was loaned to M-G-M for *Tide of Empire*, playing with Renee Adoree and George Duryea. Write to Bebe Daniels at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**E. L. M. of Raleigh, N. C.** Which is considered the most important, actors or actresses? You have me floored or flabbergasted, it's all the same to me. Bebe Daniels is 27 years old. Norma Shearer,

24. Billie Dove, 24. Dolores Costello, 22. Colleen Moore, 26. Dolores Del Rio, 23. Tom Mix, 41. Fred Thomson, 40. Richard Dix, 34. John Barrymore, 44. Hoot Gibson, 35. Richard Barthelmess, 35; and Miss Vee Dee's age is a dead secret.

**Dodo of New York.** Just when I thought I had all the dodos nicely packed away in moth balls, along comes another feather. Weighing your case and deducting unnecessary hyperbole, I find you have pronounced admiration for John Barrymore. Nothing to be alarmed about as you'll become convalescent when I tell you John is married and has a young daughter. He has long since completed *Tempest* with Camilla Horn. He has one more film to make for United Artists, then he will work under the Warner Bros. banner, making talkies. Wouldn't you just die—of joy—if you saw and heard John in *Hamlet*? Betty Bronson's latest releases are *The Singing Fool* with Al Jolson and *Companionate Marriage* with Richard Walling. Betty will probably be in Berlin making a picture for some foreign company when you read this. Address Edna Murphy at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

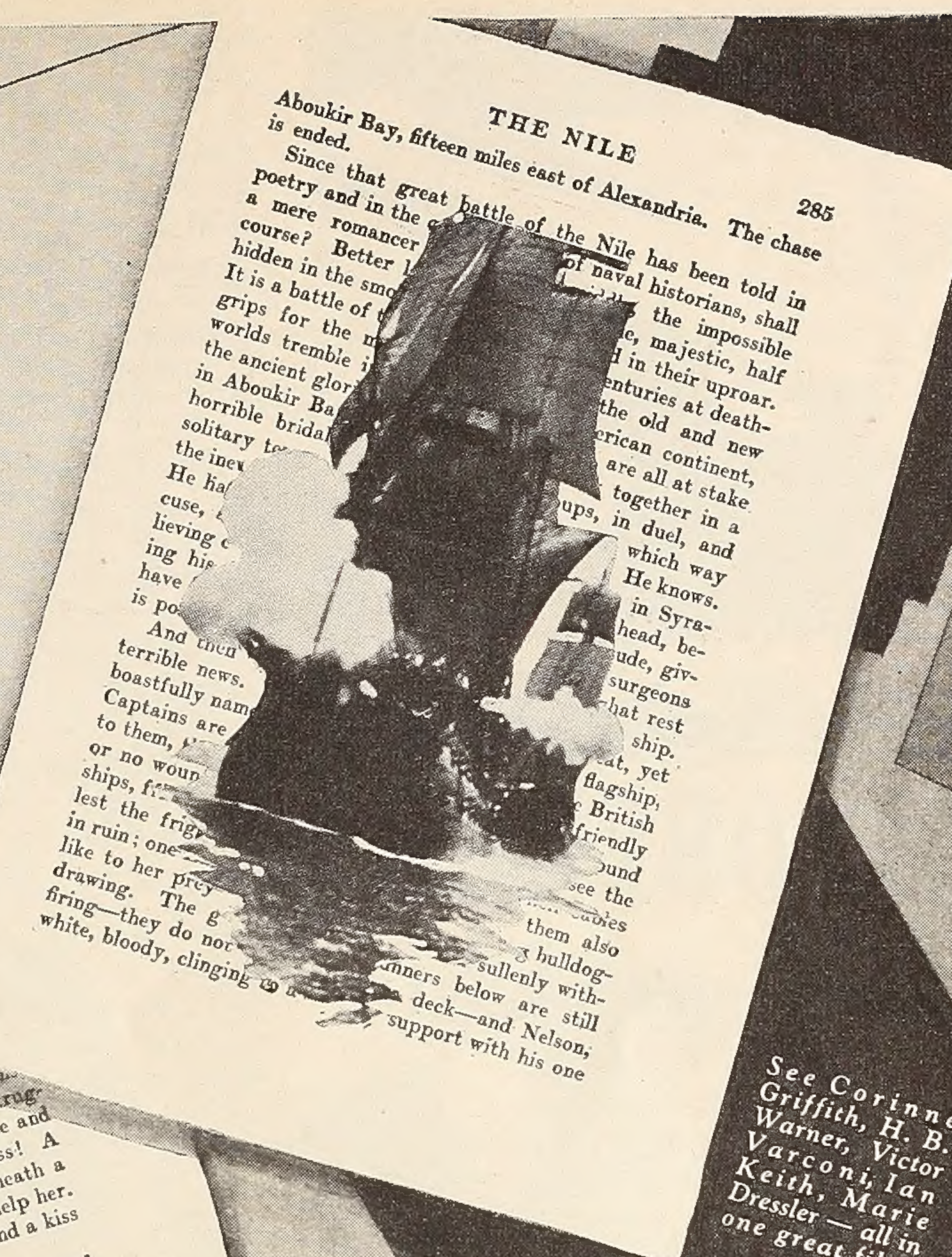
**Miss K. of Newell, N. C.** You may call me "dear" or anything you like just as long as you don't get too rough. Molly O'Day is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Molly has had her troubles trying to reduce but now she has attained a sylph-like slimness, and is in line for some really big roles. Watch her duplicate her big success of *The Patent Leather Kid* in the near future. And don't worry—Molly still has a few curves left.

**H. M. of Long Island City.** I do so many good turns every day that I'm always



# SOON the GREAT PAGES OF a FAMOUS BOOK WILL COME to GLOWING LIFE upon the SCREEN

Overnight, it seemed, all America was talking. "A new author . . . Sensational discovery . . . "You MUST read 'The Divine Lady!'— And soon E. Barrington's incomparable love story was a Best-Seller! Half a dozen companies bidding for the picture rights— But FIRST NATIONAL got it . . . And now— The ecstasy of one of history's greatest loves lives upon the screen— With a famous FIRST NATIONAL Star as the little gutter girl whose beauty was to sway the fate of nations—her loves the scandal of an Empire . . . In a massive spectacle of flaming frigates and decadent courts—so fabulously rich in color and romance that it will change your whole conception of the scope of picture art!



**THE NILE**  
Aboukir Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexandria. The chase is ended.  
Since that great battle of the Nile has been told in poetry and in the prose of naval historians, shall a mere romancer attempt to tell the impossible course? Better let the impossible be told in their uproar. It is a battle of the worlds for the worlds tremble in the ancient glory of Aboukir Bay. The old and new horridly brutal are all at stake together in a solitary duel, and He knows which way the British flag will fly. He knows in Syria, head, be- And then terrible news. Captains are to them, or no wound ships, lest the frig in ruin; one like to her prey drawing. The g fring—they do nor white, bloody, clinging to support with his one

See Corinne Griffith, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Ian Keith, Marie Dressler—all in one great film.

**THE GARDEN OF ARMINIA**  
knows their horrors, their slow unfolding of the doom man body and soul, where another who has never strug- gled in them sees but the glassy pools on the surface and fears to wet his feet, so it was with Emma. A kiss! A word! She knew what dumb horrors might lie beneath a light approach, and trembled. But it could not help her. When the quicksands have the man by the foot, and a kiss a woman by the neck, what safety?



The de- they wer- "Will dry-lip- "Ye thought "W- will it a- "H- his ha- "E- heart for lov- "Wa- "The- Sudd- "I don- my Nelso- We love the- same thing, glory and great deeds. We must love each other. But we will be true. I would not wrong my dear Sir William for all the wide world—no, not even for you that's more to me than any world." "Good God—you're right!" he cried. "We can love each other and let it drive us on to deeds that will make the world look and worship. Inspire me, for you're mine, mine! But I will be true to my wife, and you to your

Remember "The Sea Hawk"—"The Divine Lady" was made by the same director, Frank Lloyd.

o wa her or c posi ing b that r Lady N back. "A wi can't un ter! If it greatnes— He under her hand in nervous thrill "She is my the mother of you must know stories that wr come out hav



**THE DIVINE LADY**  
360 "My own dear angel, you shall not, must not fear," said Nelson tenderly. "Our blessed happy secret shall be our secret always. Yet supposing the very worst—supposing Sir William divorced you—if I found you alone and deserted under a hedge it would be my pride to marry you. You should be my own Duchess of Bronte, and a fig for them all!" "Your wife?" she reminded him. "But it's back on her chair. But if you seem to her the most terrible fear of her knowledge of it. He would have been with it. Secret after secret were things well give pr sider such "Woul- Not for suffer through don't She "The sun can be so- you are more and more to me. I glory in it. I'm for it. My wife wrote to her that I judged it would meet in London. I did it, for your sake, my beloved, for I thought it would be easier for her there in some way yourself can choose. But Nelson lives but to do your will. You are the best, noblest, most beautiful woman in all the world. You have

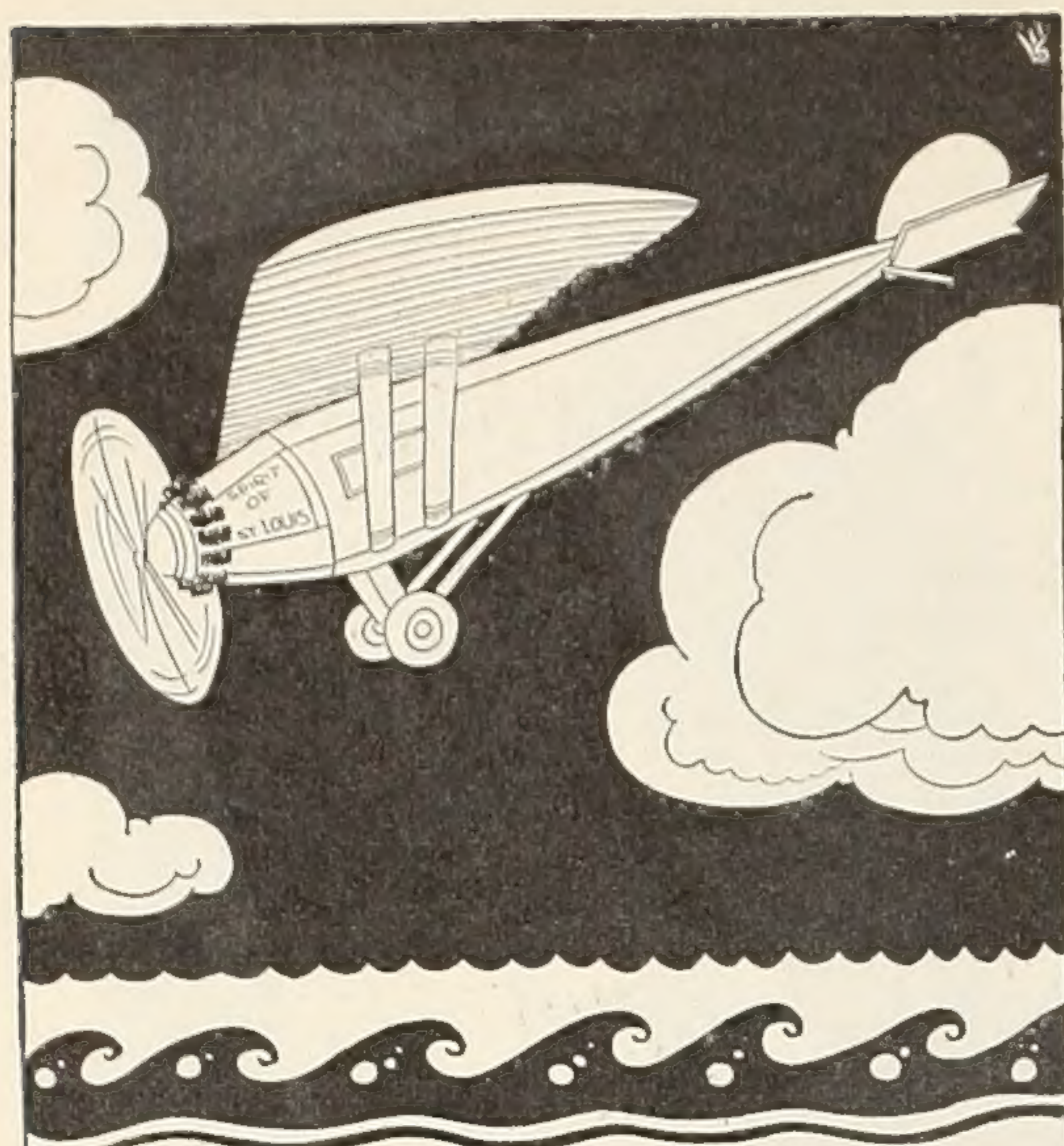
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I enclose \$1.00 for which please send me a copy of "Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle," by George Buchanan Fife.

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dizzy—no, you're wrong; I did not say light-headed. Greta Garbo, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody are working at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Emil Jannings, George Bancroft and Jack Holt at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Dorothy Mackaill at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Louise Fazenda at Warner Bros. George O'Brien and Charlie Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

*Funny Face from Haverhill.* I'm pleased to meet you. I think we have a lot in common. You can write to May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood Cal. May plays with Conrad Nagel in *Caught in the Fog*, a sound film. The 'adorable Janet Gaynor' is making *Street Fair* with Charles Morton and Rudolph Schildkraut. That title may be changed several times before you see or hear the picture.

*Blue Eyes of Belleville, Ill.* Am I serious? No, I'm all American. *The Student Prince* was one of the popular films of 1927 with Norma Shearer and Ramon Navarro playing the leading parts. Gary Cooper appears with Fay Wray and Lane Chandler in *The First Kiss*. Fay plays with Richard Arlen in *Dirigible*, a Paramount production. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston are in a synchronized production of *The Toilers*.

*Della De V. of Cambridge, Mass.* Is it possible you fans want a line of patter about Miss Vee Dee? Dearie, you don't know what you ask! If I tried any of that stuff, the Editor would give me the wide open spaces, which implies 'air.' And as for sending out six different poses of myself, how the stars would rave and tear their bobbed locks in dignified jealousy over a beautiful but dumb rival. Richard 'Skeets' Gallagher who played so delightfully in *The Racket* with Thomas Meighan is in the cast of *Stocks and Blondes* with Jacqueline Logan and Gertrude Astor.

*Margaret L from Red Bank, N. J.* My so-called jokes now and then are clever, are they? You flatter me, Maggie, and fill me with glee. Can I trust you to laugh that

off? You can address Alice White at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. She is to do *Ritzy Rosie* with Jack Mulhall, Thelma Todd and Doris Dawson.

*Mickey from Fond du Lac.* You have come to the perpetual fountain of high-powered information. That's me—I mean, that's I. Dear, dear—I must watch my syntax—or something. Jobyna Ralston played with Frankie Darrow in *Little Mickey Grogan*. Any relation of Mickey Grogan, Mickey? Robert Armstrong plays in *Celebrity* and in *Square Crooks*.

*Dickie from Milwaukee.* Advance and give the counter-sign! Retreat and take the sign with you. What we're trying to get at is, this pile of fan mail that has snowed us under and we need a place to air our views. Gilda Gray was born in Crackow, Poland, Oct. 24, 1899. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She is married. Clara Bow is 23 years old and weighs 100 pounds. Janet Gaynor is 21 and has wavy brown hair and brown eyes. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. He has black hair and brown eyes. Thanks for the three cheers and as many more as you're able to give; give till it hurts. I thank you.

*Inn Ignorance, Brooklyn, N. Y.* You'll give a penny for my thoughts, will you? Don't fool yourself, I wouldn't take your last penny. *Beau Geste* was one of outstanding films of 1926. Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton were the three brothers in the picture. Ronald Colman was born in 1891. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is black and his eyes are brown. Vilma Banky is no longer his leading lady but the sparkling blue-eyed Lily Damita will emote with Ronald in the future.

*Frances S. of Elgin, Ill.* I'm always eager to oblige and if I see Tom Tyler in the near future, I'll spread your message. Tom is not married as far as I know so there's a chance for all unclaimed damsels. In 1923 little Frankie Darrow appeared in *Fighting the Flames* with Dorothy Devore, William Haines and David Torrence. You can reach  
(Continued on page 102)

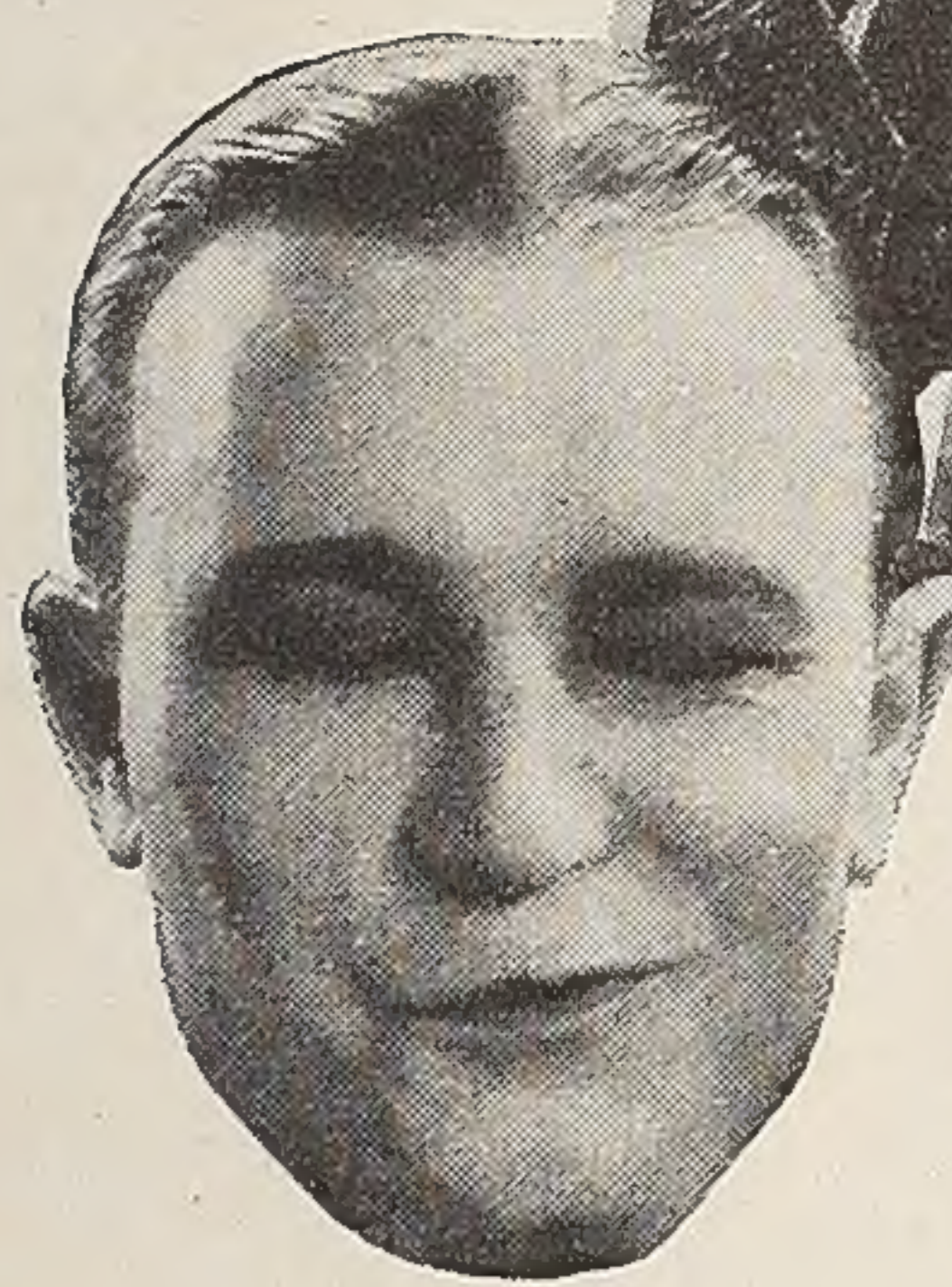
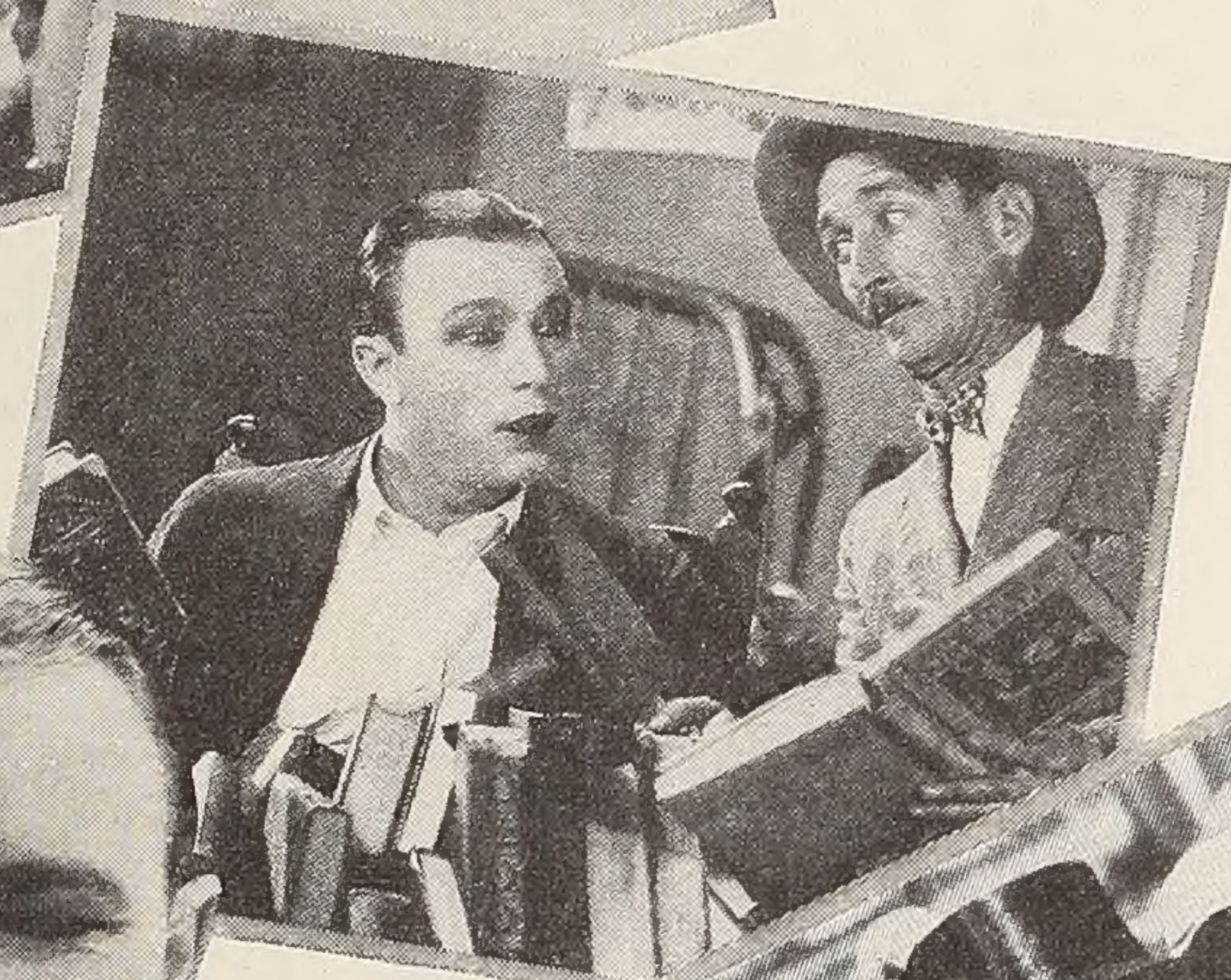


☞ Jascha Heifetz and the new Mrs. Heifetz who was Florence Vidor. The violinist is now on a concert tour of Europe while his bride has gone back to Hollywood to appear in 'Tong War.'

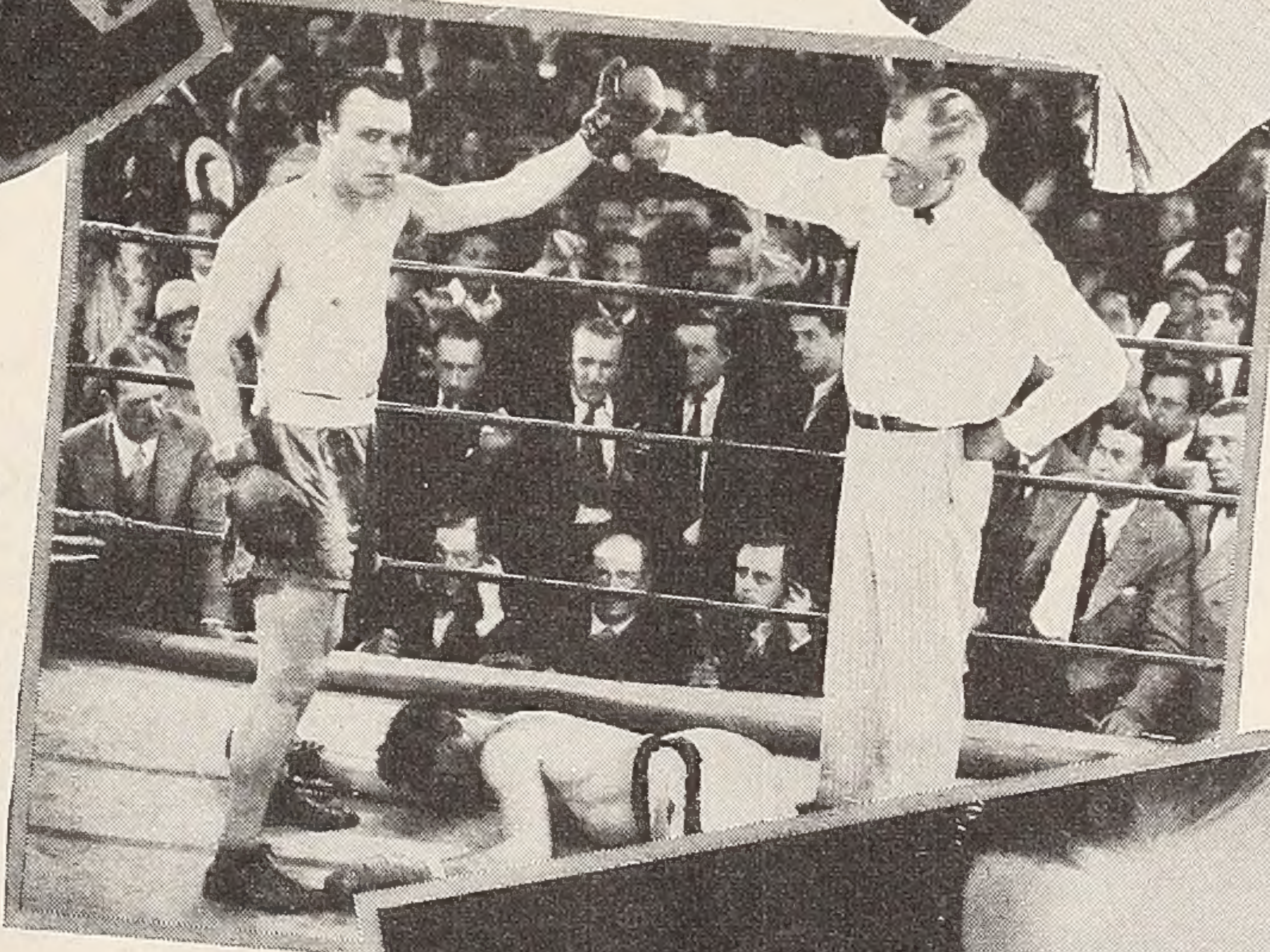




**Y**OU'LL laugh at Kid Reagan—but you'll love him, too, as you see him win the world's championship and the girl of his heart in this breezy tale of a small-time scrapper who "went literary." You'll roar at some of the complications that arise when the kid's manager tries to rescue him from the classics — you'll stand up in your seat when the cocky champion goes down for the count — you'll smile with sympathy at the final fadeout—then you'll go home and say, "Well, that was worth seeing!" They don't come like "Celebrity" very often!—Watch for the date when it will be shown at your favorite motion picture theatre.



**CELEBRITY**



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**ROBERT**  
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**CLYDE COOK**

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*Directed by Tay Garnett*  
*From the stage play by Willard Keefe*

**PATHE**  **PICTURE**

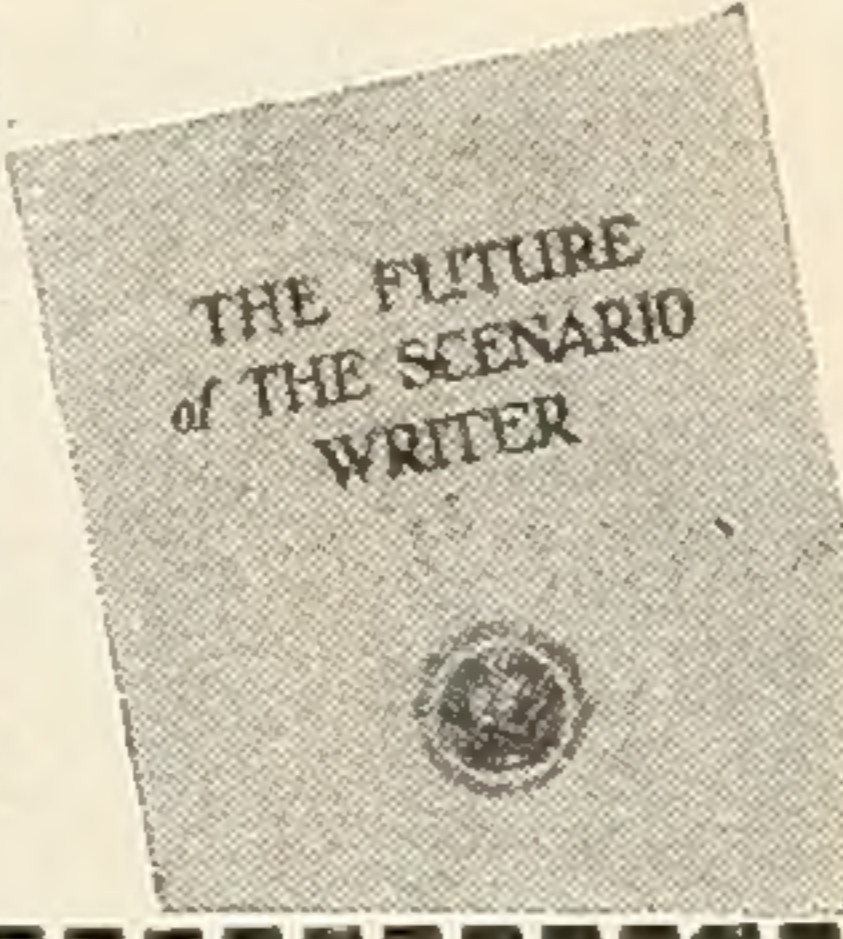


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The hatless gentleman is Director W. S. Van Dyke, who did such a good job on 'White Shadows in the South Seas' that he will be sent to Africa to picture 'Trader Horn' in the original locale. Jack Neville and Dale Van Every consult him about the scenario they are writing.

# Books for

That classic of  
*Darkest Africa,*  
*'Trader Horn,'*  
is soon to be  
filmed.

# F A N S

By W. S. Van Dyke

How will you ever make a picture of *Trader Horn*?' is the question which I have had to answer almost hourly since I was assigned to direct this picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In every instance my interlocutor expresses a disbelief in the so-called 'story value' of the book. My answer to such a question, and to the doubt that it implies, is always the same. I say, 'There is more screen material in *Trader Horn* than in any book I know.'

*Trader Horn* contains more odd fragments of stories, more plot clues, and more suggested treatments in its text, in the old trader's remarks on his own work, and on Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis's comments on Alfred Aloysius Horn, than any work I know. Even Frederick O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*, which I filmed in Tahiti, does not have half the richness of stories told and suggested as the first volume of *Trader Horn*, the book from which we intend to make our photoplay on the original locales in Africa.

There are many story angles to work from in *Trader Horn*. For instance, one might take the angle of *Trader Horn*'s reactions to the primitive life of the natives and to the beauties of the jungle and the

river as the basis for a Rousseau-like treatment, showing how a high-souled child of civilization can learn the secrets of courage and patience from the mysteries of the Dark Continent. On the other hand one could film a purely action picture of high-pressure adventure of the incidents connected with *Trader Horn*'s rescue of Nina T—and her subsequent romance with Little Peru.

Think of that episode in the book as a motion picture. The early scenes would show *Trader Horn* and Little Peru as youths in an English public school. Here the camera could paint delightful scenes of English rural life as the two boys hunt woodland creatures together, fish the languid brooks of Sussex and dream of high adventure in exotic lands. Then the parting of the two boys when they have grown to young manhood, Little Peru's departure for his native land, and *Trader Horn*'s sea voyage to Africa, could all be graphically shown on the screen.

*Trader Horn*'s entry into African life could then be shown. The camera would follow him on his first river journeys, relating visually his first contacts with the natives and with their land. His adventures with wild beasts would provide a thrilling

(Continued on page 91)



# Once We Called Him a Wallflower

*Now He's the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town*

I COULD never figure out what I was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn't the dumb-bell that everybody had him labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he would like to change things in his company's sales policy. And darn good ideas, they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he'd close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—what a dud he was! He'd sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim admired came up to me and said:—"Say, why don't you leave that wallflower home? He doesn't contribute anything to the fun."

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

## A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard some one calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—lo and behold! Here's Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said hastily—"All questions answered later, Bill. Meanwhile, let's dine at my club. I've got to address the House Committee."

During the evening I couldn't help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the lion of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he'd sent us into gales of laughter in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish janitor. Next we breathlessly followed him through a description of his ad-

ventures as a doughboy in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome timidity, and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, forceful speaker; and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

"Take my tip, Bill, and do what I did," he said. "There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, and win advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and real success. Through this amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, able to dominate one man or thousands."

## In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly! Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

## Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power, and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon NOW.

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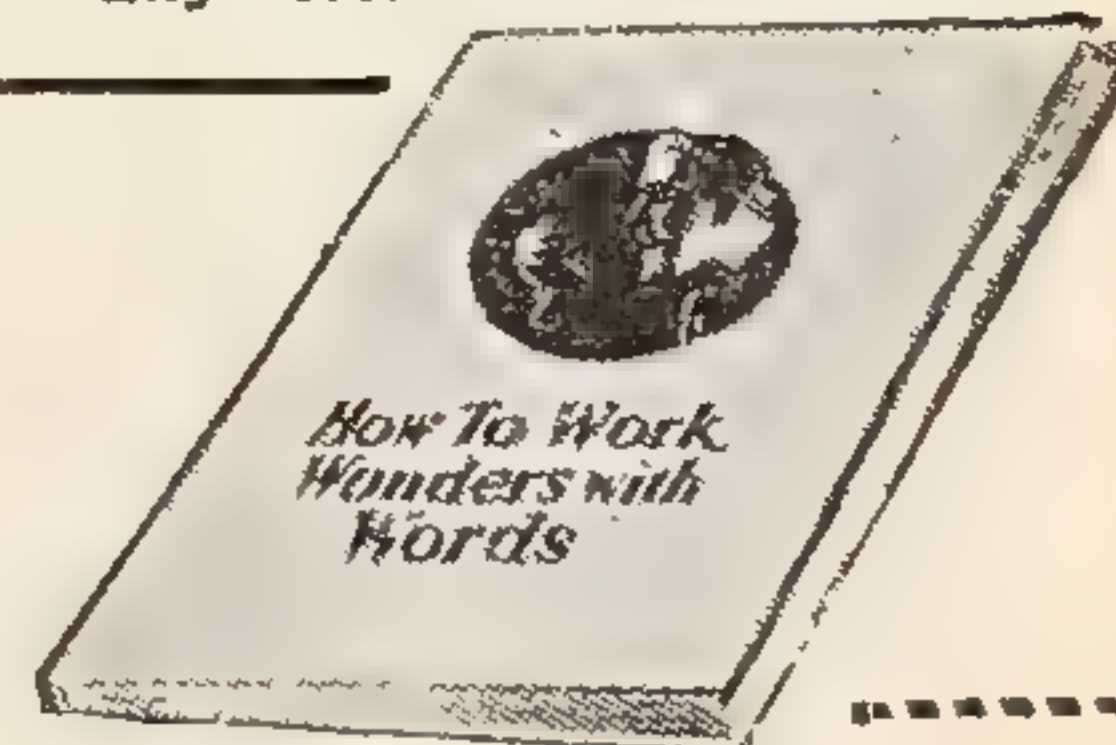
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## What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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| How to address business meetings     | How to enlarge your vocabulary        |
| How to propose and respond to toasts | How to develop self-confidence        |
| How to make a political speech       | How to acquire a winning personality  |
| How to tell entertaining stories     | How to strengthen your will-power     |
| How to write better letters          | How to be the master of any situation |

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

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## Make the Band with a New Conn

**YOU PLAY** tunes in the very first lessons with a Conn instrument and modern methods of teaching. No long, drudging with exercises, a short period of pleasurable practice prepares you for the band or orchestra.

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Conn's exclusive, easy-playing features make them the choice of the world's leading professionals, as well as amateurs, semi-professionals. Yet with all their exclusive features *Conns cost no more.*

### Start a Band; Play in 90 Days

Conn's Band Service Department will gladly help you organize a band and guarantee to have the band ready to play a complete concert program within 90 days of the first rehearsal. Communities, Lodges, Schools, Scouts, Legion Posts, Industries—get the facts about this band plan now. No obligation, just send coupon.

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Please send details of your band organizing plan [ ]  
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## Pictures THAT TALK

Each picture  
in sound is bet-  
ter than the last.

By Edwin  
Howard



Raquel Meller,  
famous Spanish  
artist, sang 'Cor-  
pus Christi Day'  
for Fox Movie-  
tone.

**A**LMOST every theatre sign on Broad-  
way claims 'sound' but the real  
talking pictures are few. *The  
Singing Fool* which is the high-water  
mark up to now talks very little. The sound  
is mostly singing by Jolson.

Here we find a very successful type of  
talking picture which conforms to what has  
been learned and very closely builds on this  
knowledge.

The story is woven around songs which  
are sung by Al Jolson with that tremendous  
emotional manner of his and the whole  
effect is very moving. To analyze this pic-  
ture is one way of telling how far talking  
pictures have been carried. To begin with  
we have established that 'Canned Theatre,'  
as I have labelled the 'Talkers' made from  
solos and vaudeville acts, are entertaining  
and most successful in giving realism,  
though they are not artistically very re-  
markable.

In Mr. Jolson's film, the vaudeville solo  
idea is used again and again. He sings  
seven times. The words of his songs are  
the motive of the plot and as he talks most  
of the words, he achieves a way of making  
a talking film which will probably start all  
producers of talkers on the trail of vaude-  
ville singers. In fact, Sophie Tucker tells  
us she is signed for three pictures at  
\$85,000 each.

This step is a reasonable one and singing  
pictures with the songs telling the plot will  
be seen for some time now, I have no doubt.  
A man singing in the middle of the screen  
offers little entertainment for the eyes unless  
like Jolson his trembling lips and emotion-  
ally drawn face are more fascinating to  
watch than the whole United States Cavalry.  
However, there are few like our own Al  
and most singers are nothing to look at.

If we care to go into the theory of this  
success we will find that music is a symbol  
of emotion and so combines nicely with  
pictures which are always unreal and  
symbolic.

How dialogue can be combined perfectly  
with pictures to add to their symbolic  
quality is being much discussed and I may

as well add my contribution.

Perhaps the answer to this question is be-  
fore us as obviously as was the success of  
*The Singing Fool*. The hit of this talker was  
certain from the day of the first Vitaphone  
Mammy song. Let us follow the thought.  
Robert Benchley and Joe Cook talk success-  
fully. Could Joe Cook talk seven times in  
his monologue manner and make a full  
length film? It seems likely or at least with-  
in reason, because he talks to you in the  
theatre. Jolson sings to you. George Ber-  
nard Shaw talks to you and his 'act' is  
simply marvellous. And all three of these  
successful short subjects, while interesting  
to watch, are dependent upon sound prin-  
ciple.

This sharing of the act with the audience  
is nothing more or less than the importance  
of close-ups in talkers. The figure large on  
the screen—not less than half figure at the  
smallest—comes so near that the sound pro-  
duced in the loud speaker at the screen  
seems reasonably placed and the illusion of  
figures actually talking is most convincing.  
You are in a group with the actors and the  
sound should be near at hand.

In fact, if the producers are as clever with  
the dialogue problems as Vitaphone was  
when they realized the possibilities of Jolson  
singing songs, we will soon have a great  
advance in talkers. And it is our convic-  
tion that the *close-up when talking* is a  
first step toward reality.

If, as we have read, art is the transla-  
tion of life to an illusion of life, it is diffi-  
cult to find any artistic charm in talking  
pictures for the sound in this case is as  
real as when it was first created. In the  
case of music the illusion of the emotion is  
created by pitch and tempo and it is prob-  
ably for this reason that the talking pictures  
which sing have a definite art value. This  
prompts the thought that dialogue which  
carries in its intonations a second meaning  
will be the beginnings of art. It is for  
these reasons, I am convinced, that the  
talkers will prove a gold mine in comedies—  
spoken words carrying one meaning to the  
character in the picture and another mean-  
ing to the audience listening to the comedy.





AND GILBERT GAIRO IN

"A  
WOMAN  
OF AFFAIRS"  
"

FROM THE STORY BY MICHAEL ARLEN

**THE** world-famous pair of screen lovers  
**IN** the perfect performance  
**OF** their romantic careers  
**IN** a drama of burning love and smouldering desire  
**WITH** a brilliant supporting cast:  
 Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dorothy Sebastian . . .  
 A triumph of the **SILENT** drama!  
 A **SOUND** sensation for theatres  
 With Sound equipment.

WATCH YOUR LEADING THEATRE  
 FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF  
**"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"**

**TIM McCOY SAYS**

"I've got 50 bucks waiting for you!"

You can rope these questions at a gallop if your eyes and memory are keen. There's 50 bucks waiting for the lady or gent who corrals the bunch of them! The winning lady will also get my favorite riding quirt, the winning gent the sombrero I have worn in many pictures.

My autographed photograph goes for the fifty next best answers. There may be a few bucking questions below—but they won't throw a careful rider. Let's go!—and best of luck.  
 Yours truly,

*Tim McCoy*

- 1—In what M-G-M picture does William Haines do a slide for life and love and what character does he portray?
- 2—What person playing in "The Cardboard Lover" does Marion Davies, in the same picture, imitate?
- 3—Name five out of the many M-G-M players who have had stage experience.
- 4—What do you regard as Lon Chaney's most interesting role? Answer within 75 words.
- 5—In what other picture besides "Gold Braid," which M-G-M is now producing, did Ramon Novarro appear in naval uniform?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

**NOTE:** If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Leo's Contest of July  
 Marad Serriov, P. O. Box 801, Palo Alto, California  
 Edgar V. Murney, 207 Turner Bldg., Clinton, Iowa

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More stars than there are in Heaven"



# SCREENLAND

## HONOR PAGE



☞ Al Jolson, whose success in the Vitaphone talking picture, 'The Singing Fool,' was made at The Winter Garden on Broadway where 18 years before Jolson first won recognition.

☞ The song hit of 'The Singing Fool' is 'Sonny Boy,' sung by Jolson to David Lee, the most ingratiating infant since Jackie Coogan.

☞ If you have heard Jolson sing 'Rainbow Round My Shoulder' you have lived a moment at least of life at its best.



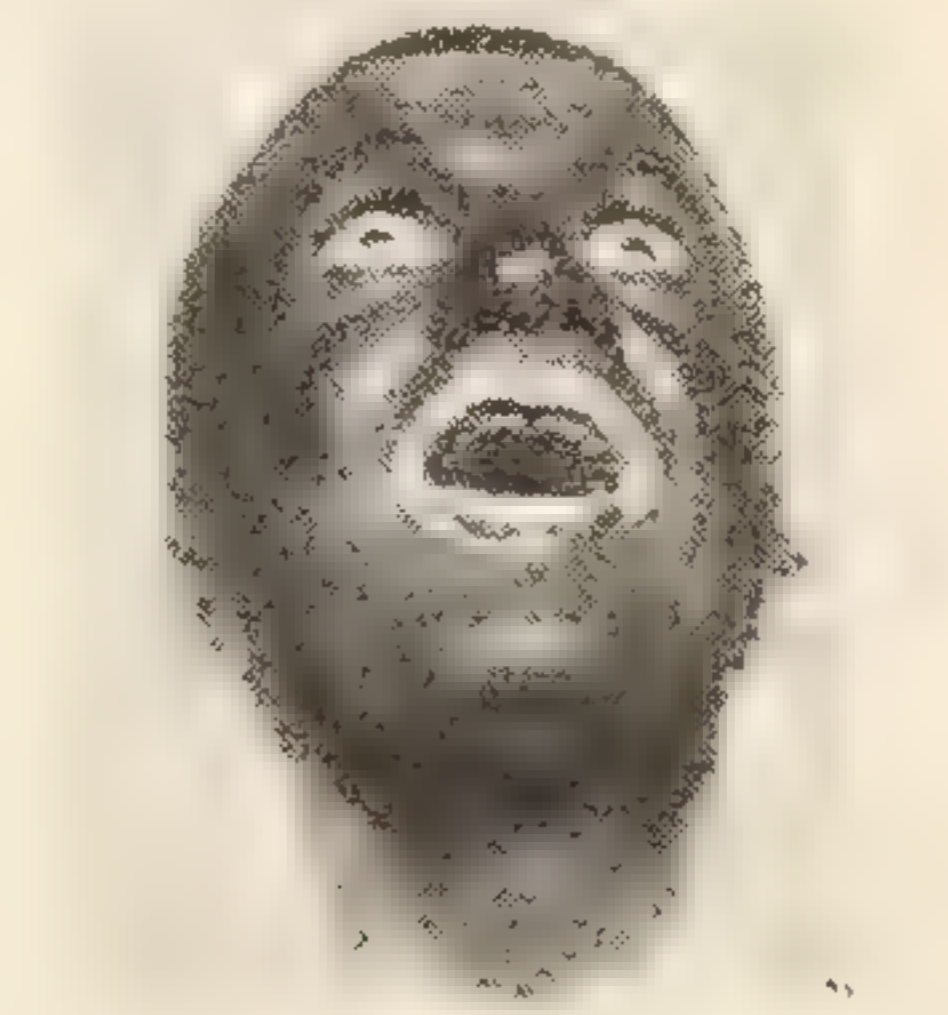
☞ Read the story of how Al Jolson sang himself to the top—Pages 26-27.





**I**N Al Jolson's dictionary, words have definitions written in tears and smiles; laughter and grief. And when words are put to song he sings their meanings gloriously with all his heart. A phrase expressing joy suffuses his face with radiant happiness, and when the song rises to a pleading sadness his tears and yours pay tribute to its beauty.

If talking pictures do nothing else in the world, their existence is justified in the Vitaphone record of this great artist, Al Jolson, in *The Singing Fool*.

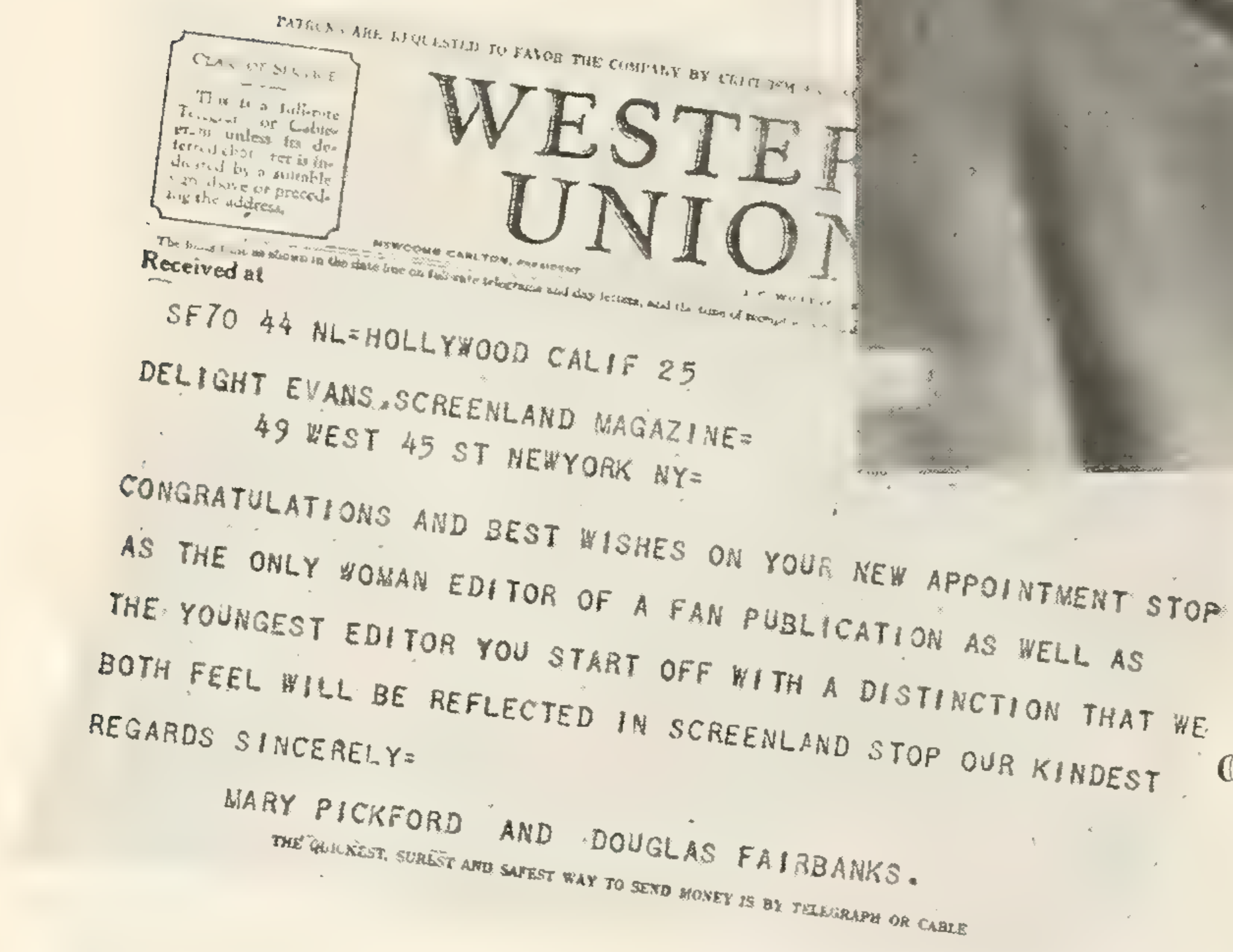


☞ The greatest single box-office attraction in America.



She's a  
FRIEND  
of  
YOURS!

An Editorial by  
ELIOT KEEN



Delight Evans, the famous critic and writer, who is to be the new Editor of SCREENLAND.

A congratulatory telegram from the leaders of all the players.

HE needs no introduction to you but she's going to get it, if it is our last official act. We want to tell you about this girl Delight Evans who is going to be a little more to you after this than she has been in the past. To be sure she has at our express command written for you in every issue we have piloted and her reviews have given SCREENLAND a reputation for gentle criticism and infallible judgment, but she has always written about pictures and her picture friends, and now we want to tell you about her—give the little girl a handsome reception—on her becoming your Editor, with the next, the January, issue.

She's little and pretty and young. She says that clever thing you wished you had said before you get set. She never stands up for her stuff, and if you criticize a manuscript she will immediately destroy it if you are not careful. She's an Indiana girl and she's happy in New York. Just to show how she is loved in the picture world, here's a telegram that came when the news about her reached Hollywood.

We are no longer editor so we can say that SCREENLAND is a wonderful magazine and Delight Evans has done about everything except get the credit.



The NEWEST Picture Girl  
 The LUCKY  
 ONE out of  
 463

☞ Gladys Belmont had a straight nose—she got the job.

By Julie Lang

RICHARD DIX seems to be cast in a new and unique role—that of fairy godfather to the Strugglers Society.

In the course of two months two girls have found themselves catapulted into the lime-light as Richard Dix's leading lady.

Ruth Elder, the first fortunate young lady, received the touch of the magic-wand when given the role of the flying heroine in *Moran of the Marines*, with the famous Richard as the admirable Leatherneck. The congratulatory din had hardly died down when Mr. Dix selected yet another leading lady from the ranks of the inexperienced. This time from the army that marches beneath a grim banner lettered 'extras.'

Gladys Belmont, the second fortunate girl, starts on the difficult path

☞ Gladys and her test film that put the Indian sign on Richard Dix.



☞ Miss Belmont in the Redskin make-up as 'Cornblossom,' the Navajo.

☞ Richard Dix, the vanishing American, reappears as 'Wingfoot,' the big chief discoverer of leading ladies.

to stardom via the Richard Dix production, *Redskin*. Miss Belmont is the Navajo heroine 'Cornblossom' and Richard Dix is the stoic 'Wingfoot' in a poignantly beautiful tale of the tribesmen of the Painted Desert.

Gladys had neither fame nor experience to boost her over the Hollywood hurdles, but she had a bit  
 (Continued on page 79)



AS THEY

# Do Unto

in Hollywood

¶ They Don't Wait Until Christmas To Give Happiness To Some Other Fellow.

by Rob Wagner



¶ George O'Hara is good but he got his chance because somebody else has a good heart.

¶ WRITE the story of Santa Claus in Movieland."

The request came out of a clear sky. And when I tell you it was a California sky you will appreciate its clarity. Santa Claus! In Movieland! I thought: Who was this Santa Claus, anyway? Then suddenly it all came back to me—sleigh bells, reindeer, the little figure in the fur-trimmed jerkin, hat and boots. And snow, snow, snow! Yes, and Yule logs! I remembered it all—that charming saga of the cold, cold North that is celebrated by Elsewherians at Christmastide. You know the world is divided into two parts—California and Elsewhere. Movieland is in California!

Then I fell to wondering. Wondering why Elsewherians celebrated that delightful little legend at *Christmastide*.

Surely Santa Claus could not have come to the infant Jesus. There was never snow in Bethlehem. Nor could the Twelve Apostles have known aught of Yule logs. And as for reindeer!—they would have been as strange in the Holy Land as hippogriffs, bandersnatches and gryffins.

Is it any wonder I fell to wondering? For you must remember that Movieland, physically and climatically, is just like the Holy Land. A land of figs and dates and gentle warmth. Santa Claus indeed! If we parents told our native sons the legend of Santa Claus they would look at us pityingly and say: "Poor Dad, he's gone film-goofy!" The only way we could make good on the story would be to have Santa Claus park his sleigh in the High Sierras, pack his pack in a Packard, and arrive in sport shirt and tennis flannels. But then he wouldn't be Santa Claus! I wrote and told the editor my embarrassment.

Then from his icy igloo in Monstrous Man-



¶ John Mack Brown is as fine as the best but even Johnny didn't do it alone.



¶ Marie Prevost has never forgotten the kindness that helped her to get started.



# Others



☞ Three jolly unselfish talented players, Charlie Murray, Harry Gribbon and George Fawcett. Santa Claus has nothing on them.

hattan the shivering editor wired back: 'Regard Santa Claus merely as a symbol—the Symbol of the Christmas Spirit.'

That was easy. For the Christmas Spirit is found most generously in children. And Movieland is populated almost entirely by children—not in their years but in their hearts. Jesus knew of this Spirit. You remember what he told his disciples: "Unless ye are as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

So I set out to find the Christmas Spirit among the Children of Movieland. And where do you think it shone brightest? Among the Stars? No. The Extras? No. Strangely enough it shone brightest among the Character Actors and Actresses. Unlike the Stars whose stardom is often short and usually precarious, and the poor struggling Extras who must fight to survive, they have reached positions of security that permits them to give thought to those who are still climbing. They are the 'Santa Clauses'


of Movieland.

It was an old Casting Director who showed me the light. For two hours he told story after story of the kindly deeds of character people in helping younger members of the profession. He told, for instance, how Harry Gribbon, in early Mack Sennett days, started one of our present stars on her road to fame. Mack was at his wit's end to find among his bathing beauties a girl to register innocence and mod-

esty. Gribbon suggested a mousey little Extra Girl who had intrigued his interest. No. Out of the question. She couldn't act. No experience. Gribbon urged and urged. Sennett finally agreed to a trial. For several days Gribbon patiently coached the youngster in her part, and when at last, frightened and trembling, she was put through the scene, he stood on the sidelines whispering encouragement to her. She just got by. In a short time, however, with the help of Gribbon and the other old-timers she found herself securely in the cast. Marie Prevost owes much to the Santa Clauses of the old Mack Sennett Studio.

Then there was another girl attending the same great college of custard. She was not considered beautiful but she had decided flair for comedy. Louise Fazenda reached the heights by her own incomparable artistry, but she will tell you how time after time she was helped over the rocks by the kindly help and encouragement of Ford Sterling and Charlie Murray. Incidentally, to be loved as these two men are is worth more than (Continued on page 96)





Clara has too much richness in her own nature to feel lonesome.

Clara Bow  
Lets Us Share  
Her Roadster.

# She's Just A Lonely Kid

THE other day I dropped in at the Paramount Studio to see Jannings do a scene and ran into the red haired hoyden of Hollywood—Clara Bow.

"Come on out on the set, I'm posing for some bath tub pictures—oh, it's all right—I don't get in. I just powder my nose and trail up and down and throw some perfume in the tub. That seems to plant the fact that I'm eventually going to climb in. Isn't it silly? I'm always having to take my clothes on and off in pictures and it's some job to find different ways of doing it."

Clara was very gorgeous in a gold lace negligee that

clung to her lovely body and melted into nothing in a long train. She had with her a pretty white Spitz dog that was all for climbing into the tub if Clara wouldn't. And whenever she stood still the animal would flop down on the graceful train of her gown as though to hold her stationary for a minute.

"Meet Martha," said the flapper's delight. "She is a very dignified dog and most important. In fact, she is a dowager and has presented her country with seventy-five puppies. Yes!"

As we trailed off Clara talked with one of the electri-



## By Helen Ludlam

cians, asked about his wife and kids, laughed and joked with a couple of dozen people standing about, and finally got outside.

"That was Harry Thompson. Imagine—he was on the first picture I ever did, *Down to the Sea in Ships*. Gee! That was some picture—and what I went through! I was scared to death half the time and so sick."

All this time we were walking towards Clara's sumptuous dressing room done in black and gold with a rich, soft raspberry red velvet carpet and hangings of just the most luscious shade. Clara began taking off her make-up and her maid put her into a stunning bathing outfit and covered her up with a light sweater and skirt.

"Come on down to Malibu with me for a swim, do you want to? I can't wait to get in the water so I dress here and save time."

So we started for Malibu, in Clara's roadster. Half the time she drives herself.

"I was talking with Elmer Clifton only the other night about that picture, *Down to the Sea in Ships*," I said, "and he certainly gave you a send off."

"Oh, Elmer is wonderful! I



☞ Clara Bow, the girl who has everything—yet who cares nothing for social life.



☞ Clara and Richard Arlen in 'Ladies of the Mob' in the scene in which she actually was hit by a bullet.

☞ With James Hall in 'The Fleet's In' Clara was the hot number that warmed a whole world.



don't know—well, I just wouldn't have made the grade if it hadn't been for him. We were in a New England village and the people were awfully nice and kind but they thought I was terrible. I'd been used to climbing around like a tomboy and talking to everyone. I can't see why people shouldn't talk to anyone they want to, can you? I always feel that there is something interesting and good about everybody—I don't care what they have done. The worst person (Continued on page 78)



# At PAPA Laemmle's



☞ Pick out these celebrities for yourself: Tullio Carminati, Paul Leni, Patsy Ruth Miller, Paul Fejos, Sol Lesser, Glenn Tryon, Barbara Kent, George Lewis, Carmel Myers, Lois Moran, Elise Bartlett, Laura La Plante, the Brox Sisters, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Beth Laemmle, Joseph Schildkraut, Walter Pidgeon, John Boles, Neil Hamilton, William Beaudine, Arthur Lake.

☞ This pirate bold is Carl Laemmle, Junior, the heir to a fortune in good will, and other things.

“WANT to go to the circus?” inquired Patsy. “Don’t be crude,” I retorted. “Go to a circus when I could go up to Carl Laemmle’s to a party?”

“One and the same thing,” answered Patsy. “Here’s the invitation.” And she showed me a red poster with all sorts of amusing circus legends on it, together with the invitation to be present, dressed in character.

When we arrived with the musician, Price Dunlavy, who plays the organ at the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles, we had no trouble in locating the circus. We didn’t locate it by the smell, though, nor yet the sound, because all the animals were merely stuffed animals—funny mechanical beasts which nodded their heads in soporific good-humor, tigers, elephants and camels alike.

But, although the Laemmle estate is large, there was no trouble in locating the circus, because who could possibly have missed those two large lighted tents?

“Why, if it isn’t a two-ringed circus!” exclaimed Patsy. There were two large arenas, in fact, with mechanical



# HOLLYWOOD CIRCUS

By  
Grace  
Kingsley



life-sized clowns and mechanical animals placed around them inside, leaving room for the circus ring.

Papa Laemmle, as everybody calls the president of Universal who knows him well, greeted us at once. He was the manager of the circus, all dressed up in checked suit, loud shirt, red crocheted tie, diamond horseshoe stick pin, cane, derby hat and all. He was having more fun than anybody.

Carl Laemmle, Junior, was dressed as Captain Kidd, and as he is actually little more than a kid, but still is a captain at Universal City, the costume was appropriate even if one did wonder what Captain Kidd had to do with a circus.

Rosabelle Laemmle was hostess. She is the daughter of Carl, Sr., and an engaging little person, full of life and fun. She had made herself up to look as much like a pony as a pretty young girl could who stood staunchly on her two shapely legs. She wore brown pony ears and mane and bridle, with brown silk tail and short brown trousers. Already when she greeted us she wore a blue ribbon, showing that she was a prize pony.

It seemed as though everybody connected with Universal was there. The guest of honor, however, was (Cont. on page 94)

© Papa Laemmle—one of the best-known and best-loved figures in all the picture world.



# The RIDDLE of the Hollywood SPHINXES



☞ It's nothing new for Mary Pickford to do a little public speaking. She used to be a stage star.

By Delight Evans

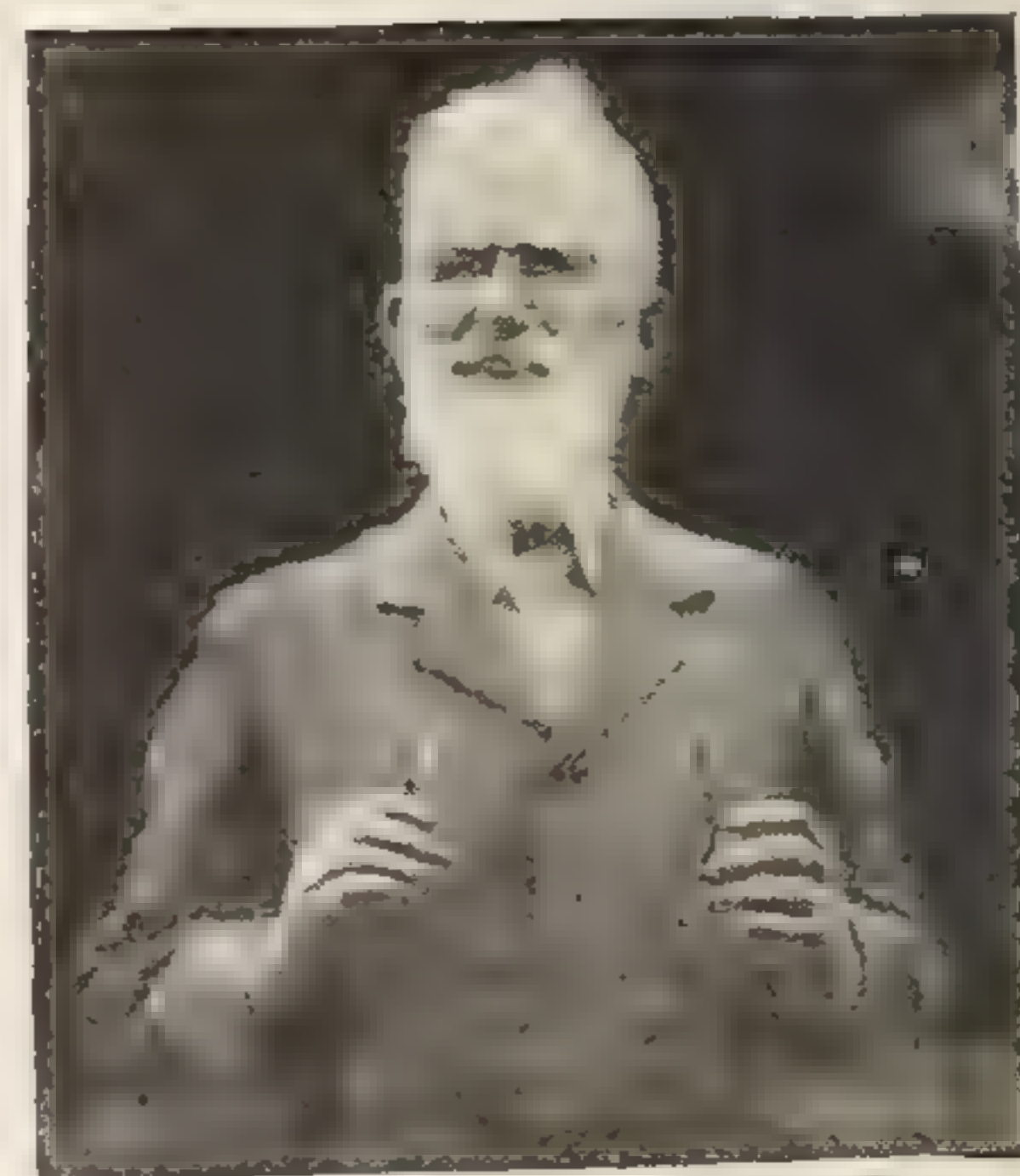
'Hi!' in the good, old-fashioned way.

Who says women always have the last word? Not in Hollywood. They're lucky if they can squeeze a word in edgewise out there these days. They are trying their best to make themselves heard but they had better speak louder—and not so fun-

WELL, for talking out loud! The movie has found its voice and it has turned out to be a deep bass. Everybody is talking at once in Hollywood but from this distance it sounds like a large masculine roar with only occasionally a slight feminine shriek making itself heard. The little ladies who have been sitting so pretty since they won film fame and fortune are now wondering if there isn't some other way of exerting their papa appeal. They are practising 'a, e, i, o, and ooh, ooh, ooh!' every minute of their spare time. The bathrooms and boudoirs of Hollywood are resounding with trills, while the studios are going in strong for English accents. The stars now say 'How d' y' do?' in soft and subtle tones instead of crying

nier; or the art of the motion picture will have to go back to the old style of having all the parts played by men as in the days of Booth and Barrett—I mean Shakespeare.

But don't blame the girls. How can they help it? The trouble is, they were educated in the gentle art of pantomime. They never were encouraged to speak up. All they had to do was to look and to listen. The film beauty (Cont. on page 92)



☞ George Bernard Shaw's voice was a revelation.





*Q When Will the  
Picture Girls Speak  
Up for Themselves?*



Q You may have preferred her silent but in 'Noah's Ark' Dolores Costello will have the last word.

Q Movietone introduced a new and more charming Madge Bellamy.





# HOW TO

Some Helpful Hints from the Hollywood Two-timers.



"I got to go to night school and prepare for my examination," said she laughingly.

Posed by Oliver Hardy and Marion Byron



When the party of the second part gets wise there ain't agonna be no party and that he is a wet smack.

Posed by Stan Laurel

THERE has been much discussion in our set on how to fracture an engagement. How to keep him on the sucker list and yet give him the razzberry. A real two-timer is so darn sweet about it that you get the idea that she is suffering something terrible because you're not near. Whereas, if you really got next to the facts you would feel as low as an old maid in a rumble seat. They are always kind to dumb animals. They let you believe they could pick you blindfolded.

If all the excuses of the Alibi Annies were laid end to end they would—but let it lie. There are plenty of sugars. Arbuckle said it. Ain't love granulated! Just consult the little red book and call up the next on the list. Let that one go. After all, why not give Greta Garbo a chance?

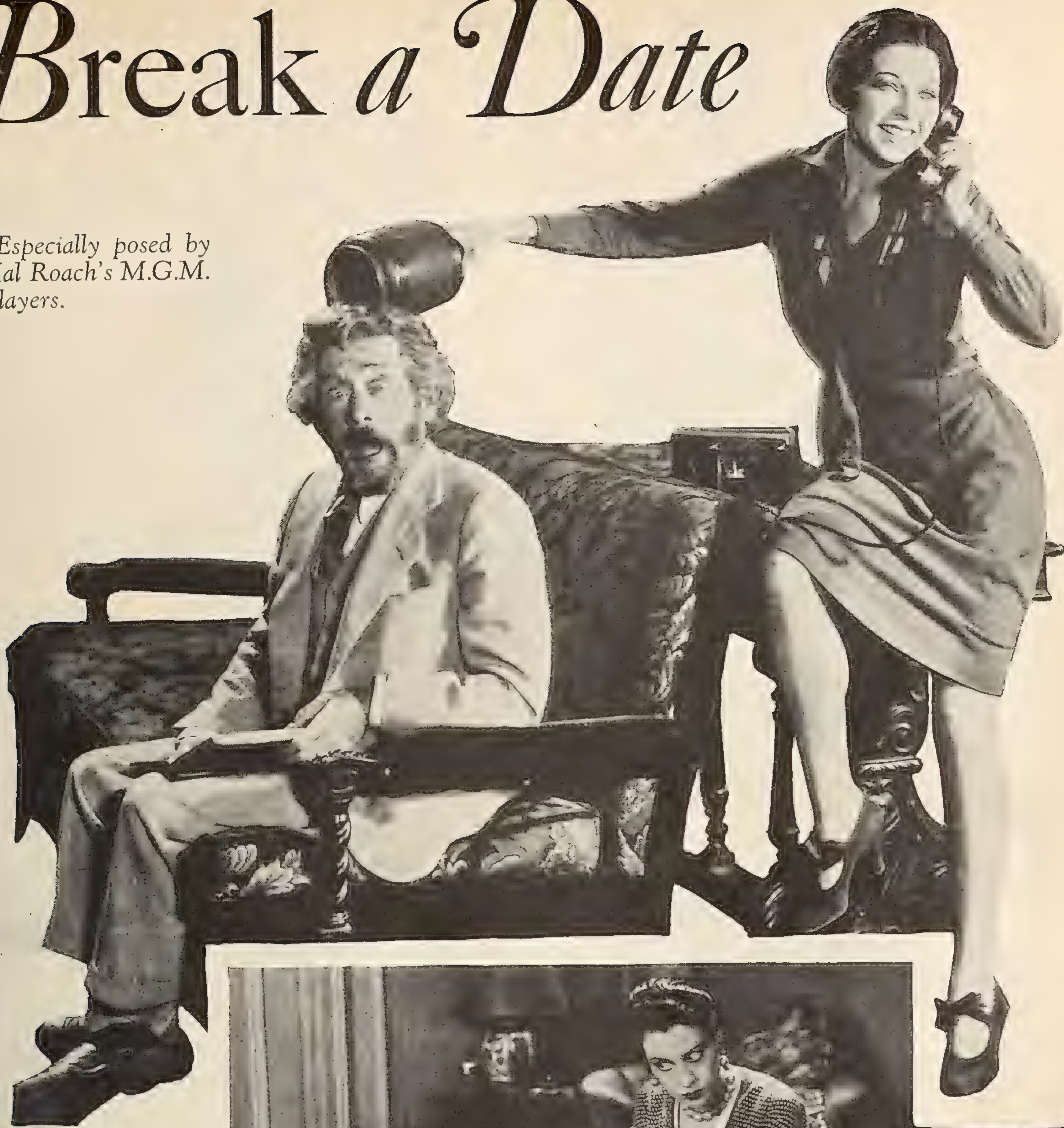
When you can call up another guy's mama and get her to slip the boy friend the alibi, you're hot. There's nothing so pleasant when necking as to get a wrist scratched by another fellow's frat pin.

It is the two-timers who get the experience. Why not write a book: 'Why We Misbehave Like Human Beings?'



# Break a Date

☞ Especially posed by  
Hal Roach's M.G.M.  
Players.



☞ "I'm so sorry but  
Grandfather isn't  
feeling so good. Yes,  
very sudden."

Posed by  
Dorothy Coburn  
Max Davidson



☞ "Nope, can't today. I'm  
under terrible pressure  
here. I'm feeling like a  
flat tire."

Posed by  
Anita Garvin  
and Ed Kennedy





# The EMOTIONAL

# AL JOLSON

*He is talent, temperament, and tenderness combined.*

*Irving Berlin and Al Jolson: two millionaires whose genius was never overpaid.*

For little Asa Yoelson, aged ten, always put up a terrible competition to the music of the barrel-organ. As soon as Guiseppi would start to rattle out 'O Solo Mio,' Asa would commence to sing—and how he could sing! His voice had an inherited richness and sadness which had come straight to him from the pains and the joys of the Russian Steppes.

The neighbors were entranced with the fight which Asa, the Jew, put up against Guiseppi, the Italian. And to show their delight, with the reckless generosity of the poor, they would fling their pennies and nickles into the street, where Asa would quickly pocket them and run—leaving Guiseppi bereft, cursing his round, romantic-sounding oaths.

Years later, in the autumn of 1928, Asa Yoelson, now Al Jolson, was still singing. Wide Broadway was filled with theatre-goers, fighting their impatient way through the rainy night to the Winter Garden. It was the opening of the talking picture, *The Singing Fool*, and New York's best had turned out to welcome the star, a favorite son. Ermine evening wraps edged threadbare coats. White, diamond-bedecked hands waved greetings to soft emerald-decorated hands. Work-worn fingers lay quiet in tired laps. Young blonde girls crowded aged Hebrew matrons. A paunched cynical critic sat down beside an elderly Jew whose back was curved from pressing many pairs of pants.

The lights dimmed. The show began.

**D**OWN on Four and a Half Street, Washington, D. C., Asa Yoelson lived with his emigrant father and his emigrant mother in a rickety, little house.

A queer neighborhood it was. Right in the heart of the capitol of 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,' the dingy little street leaned against the marble beauty of this city like a weary beggar leans against the marble palace of his king. It was just a step removed on the one side from Pennsylvania Avenue, that stately thoroughfare which connects the White House with the Capitol. And it was just a step removed on the other side from that district where rouged women smile from red-lit doorways.

There was trouble brewing on Four and a Half Street whenever Guiseppi, the organ grinder, came around with his monkey, to play melodies in this tenement district.



By Rosa Reilly



© Pretty Betty Bronson and Al Jolson in 'The Singing Fool.' Al is the spirit of Broadway where the laugh getter is king.



© Ruby Keeler, now the happy Mrs. A. Jolson. "She's the best tap dancer on earth," said Al.

The screen showed Al, the player, sitting broken-hearted before the mirror in his dressing room, blacking his face to do his act. His son, his only worldly possession, to whom he used to sing lullabies and funny songs, will no longer hold out his arms and smile. For the child is dead. But yet the show must continue. And the father must go out on the stage and sing. He must even sing the lullaby 'Sonny Boy' which he wrote for his son that third happy Christmas as together they sat—father and son—in the nursery before the gay little Christmas tree.

Scarcely conscious, Al the player, walks out and sings for the audience. He sings 'Sonny Boy' with such rich agony in his voice that frivolous blonde and work-worn Jewish mother, paunched elderly critic and tired old Hebrew pants presser are all crying softly together.

Ah, what a success! In the very theatre—the Winter Garden—where Al Jolson started out seventeen years ago, applause echoed and re-echoed throughout the far-flung balconies of the vast playhouse. Once again Al Jolson, who has sung to delighted audiences ever since he was the ragged tenement child, Asa Yoelson, playing in the streets of Washington, D. C., had made a tremendous hit. But this time he had done something different. Always he has amused and delighted his audiences. But this time, with his pathos he broke their hearts. He broke their hearts because his own was bleeding. In the picture, he held Sonny Boy in his arms. But in his own life there is no 'Sonny Boy.' Money Jolson has. Success. Admiration. But the one thing he wants—a child—that has been denied him.

Two days after the opening of *The Singing Fool*, as he sat in his apartment in the Ritz Tower, he said, "I'm never happy. I don't know what it is to be happy. That's why whenever a show opens, I almost have to be kicked out on the stage. (Cont. on page 86)



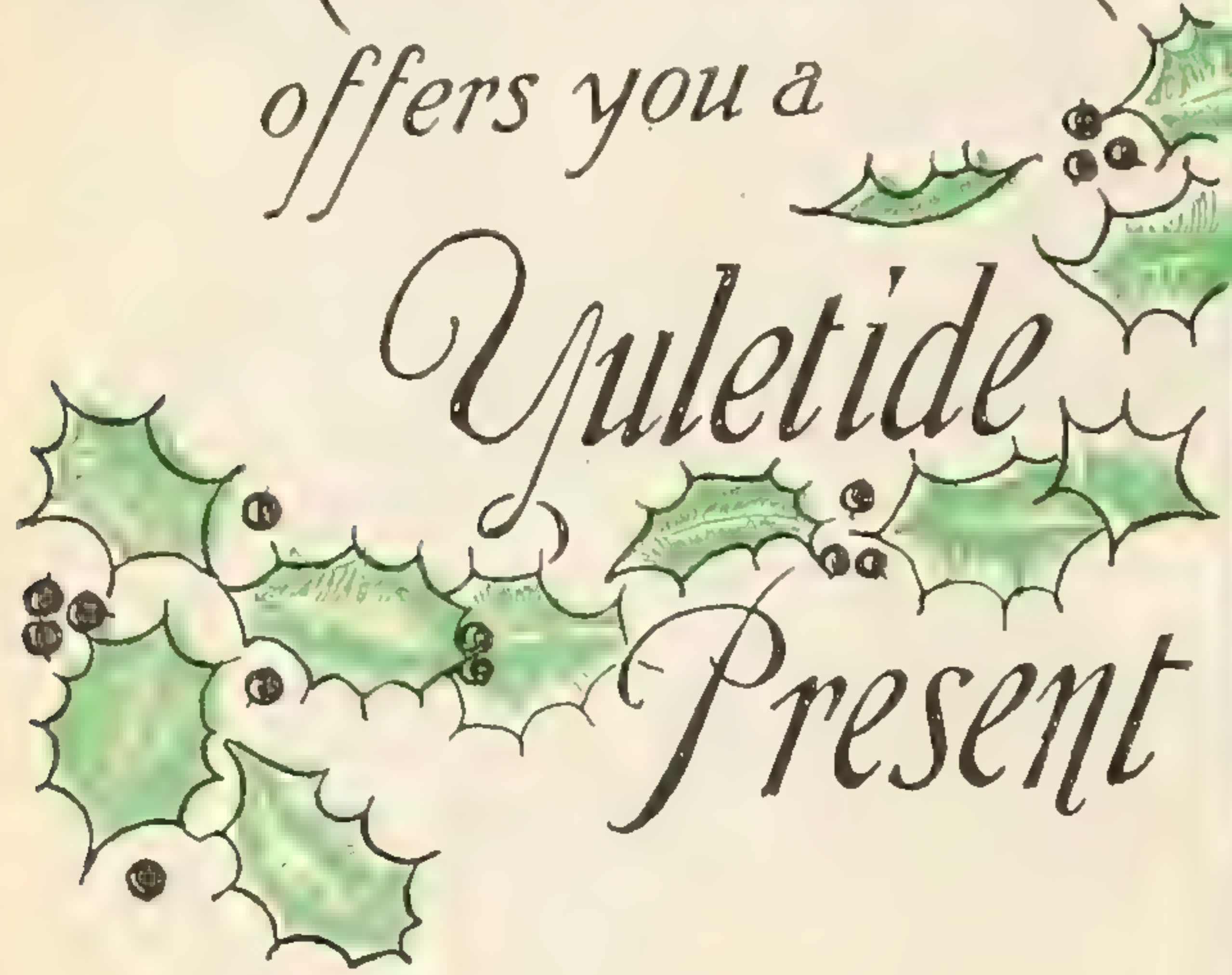
Merry Christmas  
to YOU:---

MARY PICKFORD

offers you a

Yuletide

Present



☞ Mary wants her fans to tell her why they want her to make a talking picture.

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

GRAMMY SHAUER's locks were curly just like Mary's, too, except that Grammy's curls were soft with gray instead of shining gold.

"My Mary's curls," she'd say to us, "my Mary's curls are loveliest of all."

At ten, on certain days, the little black silk 'bonnet' left its box, and spry as anyone along the block, you'd see our Grammy hurry down the street. At six, the little bonnet tucked away again, you'd hear her wondrous tales of what had flashed across the screen in Mr. Johnson's picture house.

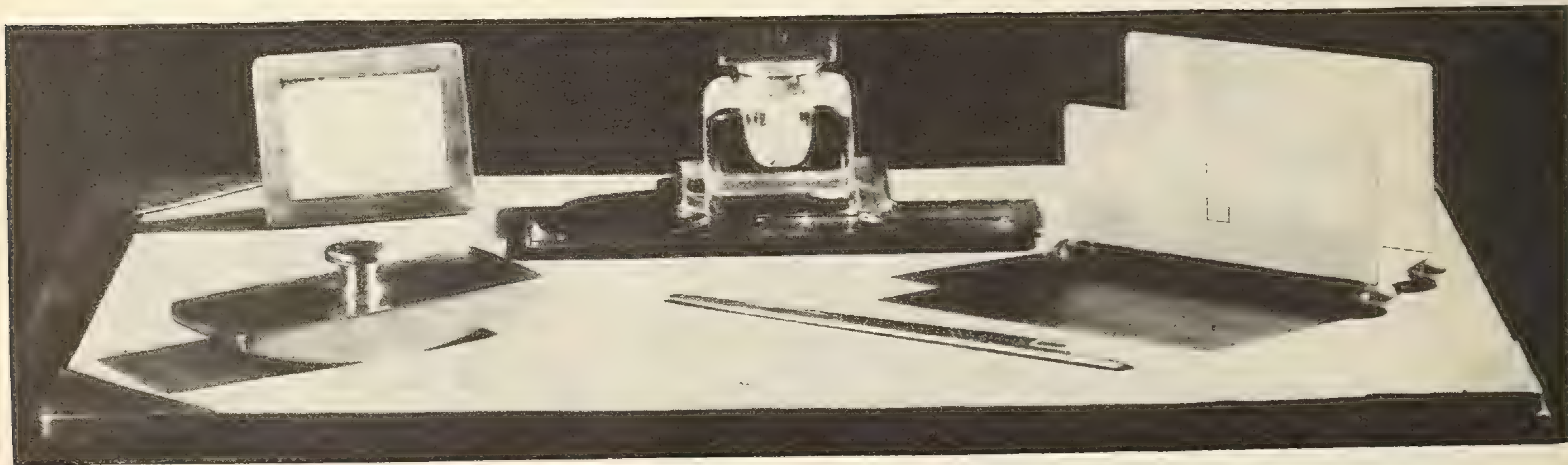
She ought to know! From twelve to six took in four

shows.

And so she worshipped at the shrine, until one day at Mr. Johnson's picture house they missed their surest, staunchest Mary Pickford fan.

She couldn't seem to get the bonnet on. With sweetest Mary at the show, she had to stay (Cont. on page 89)

☞ Write Mary Pickford a letter answering her question and a beautiful desk set will be sent as a prize for the best letter.



☞ The six-piece solid sterling silver leather backed desk set to be awarded to the writer of the best letter—that is, the briefest and clearest.

Address:—MARY PICKFORD  
SCREENLAND Contest Department  
49 West 45th Street, New York City  
Contest closes December 10, 1928



# HAROLD LLOYD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT Offer



Which do you prefer—Harold Lloyd as a shy country boy, as a city boy or as a college boy? Why? The best answer wins this prize.

By Jim Mitchell

ANSWER Harold's question and you are a cinch to have one of Harold Lloyd's sterling silver knives to eat your mashed potatoes with the rest of your life. After that your only problem will be to get the mashed potatoes.

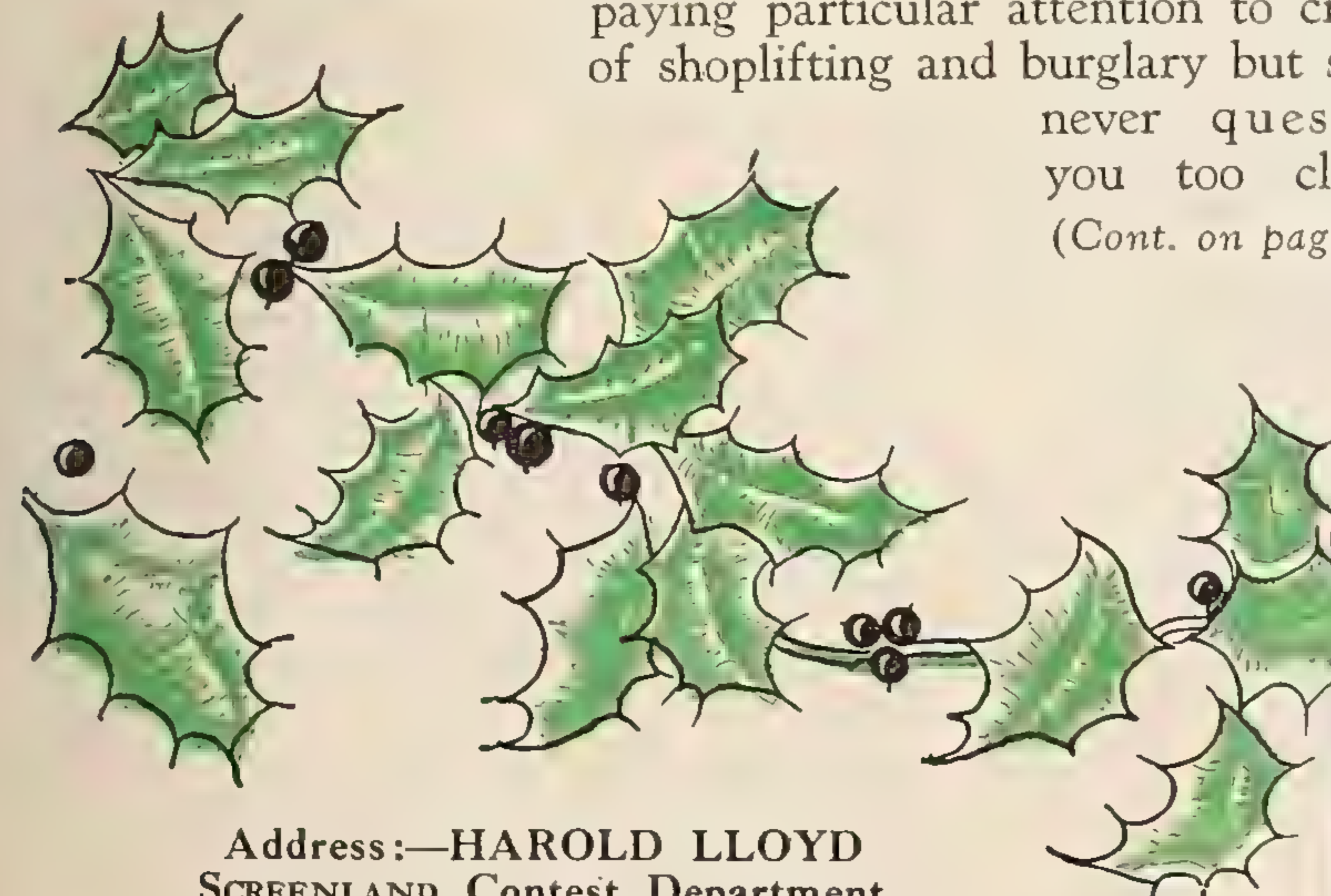
The set of silver really would make a marvelous gift for your wife.

Take it home to the little woman on Christmas Eve.

She may secretly scan the newspapers the next morning, paying particular attention to crimes of shoplifting and burglary but she'll never question you too closely

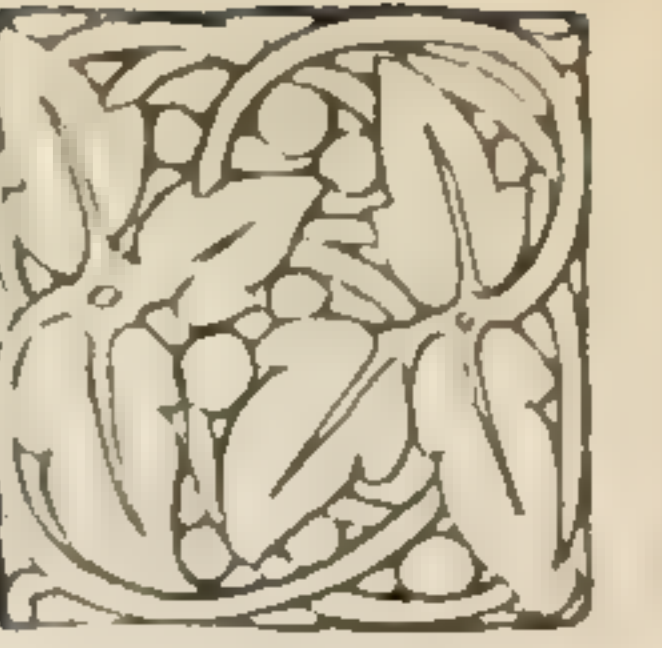
(Cont. on page 88)

Harold with the seventy-one piece sterling silver set of table ware which he offers for a fan letter.



Address:—HAROLD LLOYD  
SCREENLAND Contest Department  
49 West 45th Street, New York City  
Contest closes December 10, 1928





# JOHN GILBERT'S

☞ John Gilbert in a scene from 'A Woman of Affairs' with Greta Garbo. Note the watch upon his wrist.

## WRIST WATCH for Your Christmas

☞ Write your opinion: Does a picturesque costume add to the glamour of romantic roles or is there more interest in a modern lover? Why?

☞ This beautiful watch will be sent to the writer of the briefest and most intelligent letter.



☞ A sunny snap-shot of John Gilbert who offers his wrist watch for the best letter.



☞ John Gilbert's Gruen wrist watch, manufactured by the Gruen Guild of Switzerland, fifteen jewels, Wadsworth case—exact size.

THE watch which John Gilbert has offered for your Christmas is an exact duplicate of the one he wore in the scenes with Greta Garbo. We asked for his watch but he said he had given it very hard wear and he felt the winner should have a new one.

So the hero of *The Big Parade* bought a duplicate for this Christmas contest. He would have given us the old one, too, if we had insisted. Gilbert will give away anything he owns and his whole-heartedness is written in his face.

Make your letter brief and clear.

Address:—JOHN GILBERT  
SCREENLAND Contest Department  
49 West 45th Street, New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1928



# CHARLIE CHAPLIN sends a

## GRAFLEX CAMERA

### for a Christmas Gift Contest

Q The question you must answer: Which do you consider Charlie Chaplin's best picture, and why?

Q You can win Charlie's camera if you know and love his pictures, and who does not?

By Wm. H. McKegg

THE greatest thing about Xmas is that it comes to everyone. Rich and poor alike feel the spirit of cheer. It is the one time of the year when every person feels a wave of happiness flow over him. What your circumstances are, or where you live, do not matter. At Xmas you must feel happy.

Charlie Chaplin knows this.

His youth was spent in squalid poverty. His Xmas days for many years were no different than any other days. The dank, bleak side street in London's Whitechapel, where he lived as a child, was enough to press all the Xmas cheer out of its poor inhabitants. Nevertheless, Charlie dreamed his great dreams of the days when he would be able to make others beside himself happier.

In those days Charlie had to enjoy looking through lighted windows.

As a young man he was in vaudeville, playing the English music halls, travelling all over the British Isles with Fred Karno's

(Continued on page 100)



Q Charlie holding the Graflex camera which will go to the writer of the best letter.

Address:

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN**  
SCREENLAND Contest Department  
49 West 45th Street  
New York City  
Contest closes December 10th, 1928



# GRETA GARBO'S

## NEGLIGEE

*Oh  
KrisKingle!*

☞ *The good saint wants to know if you would like to have this gown that Greta Garbo wore while making 'A Woman of Affairs.'*

**G**RETA GARBO'S boudoir gown will be sent to the writer of the best letter on the question of tragic roles. The briefest and most interesting letter will be selected as the winner and the Garbo Nile-green robe will be forwarded to the writer with the Christmas greetings of Greta Garbo.

Greta has finished *A Woman of Affairs* and so the dress that she wore in the film has been released to serve as a prize for the fan who will help her to decide her future parts.

How do you feel after a sad ending? Is an actress at the mercy of the character she plays or does the personality of the player measure her popularity?

☞ *The Garbo boudoir gown designed by Gilbert Adrian is of Nile-green transparent velvet. The gown fastens in front with a bow of self material, a wrap-around drape effect. An exaggeration of the dolman sleeve is a graceful feature.*

Address:—GRETA GARBO

SCREENLAND Contest Department  
49 West 45th Street, New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1928



☞ *Question: Is an actress' popularity affected favorably or unfavorably by tragic roles? Why?*





JIMMY MANNATT, Still Photographer

And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

LORD BYRON

*The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*

TIM MCCOY  
in

*"Humming Wires"*





**M**ARY DUNCAN, a new high-powered vamp, and Charles Morton in a scene from Murnau's *Four Devils*.

Photograph by Autrey





**A** NOTHER Mary and Charles, but the same old love. Mary Brian and Charles Rogers. *Someone to Love* is their next picture.

Photograph by Hommel

SCREENLAND





**P**ANTOMIME has ever been the language of clowns but Louise Fazenda has found in the Vitaphone the perfect medium for comedy. *The Desert Song* is her next talker.

SCREENLAND



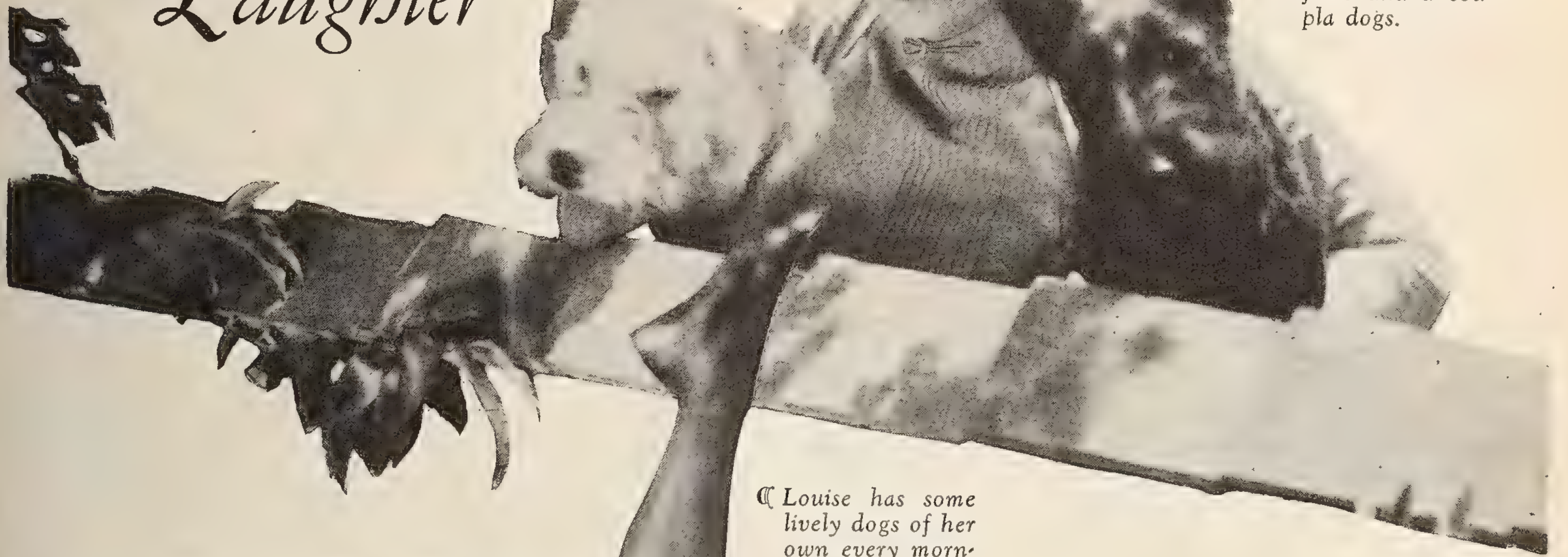
# Fazenda

FOR

Laughter

By Marion  
Brooks Ritchie

☞ A comely comedian with money, fame and a couple dogs.



☞ Louise has some lively dogs of her own every morning at seven.

IF YOU could have seen Louise at the studio that Sunday morning, all rigged out in flowing Grecian robes and gilded crown tipped on the side of her head at forty-five degrees, I would not have blamed you a single bit if you hadn't recognized the Louise Fazenda who came to the door of her Wilshire home on Monday night to let me in. The change in Cinderella wasn't half as marked!

At the studio Sunday I had said to her:

"Doubtless, Louise, you will not remember it, but ever since I saw you with your mother on a set about three years ago I have

meant to have a talk with you and then sit down to write some sort of tale about you and your Mom."

Louise looked rather quizzically at me.

"Ye-es," she hesitated, "I guess I'm not exactly sure just what you mean."

"Well," I started, "it was over at Paramount when they lived at 1520 Vine. You had been loaned by Warners to do a picture for them, and though, of course, you did not know, I made a trip to that studio every day for a week, simply to watch you with your mother."

"Ye-es," said Louise again.

"Yes," I went on. "I used to watch you move your chair to where the action could be seen the best, and then you'd sit her down in it. At the end of a scene you'd go over to her and anxiously ask—'Are you sure you are warm enough now, Mama?' and then

(Cont. on page 99)



☞ Louise Fazenda and her proud mama.

☞ She is Mrs. Hal Wallis, a happily married and famous pantomimist who has made good in talking pictures.



☞ In character Louise makes herself ridiculous and rich.



# IN NEW YORK

¶ *They Work Out West But They Have to Come East to Hear the Applause.*

By Anne Bye

BROADWAY has gone Jolson. Just like Hollywood and, in fact, the whole motion picture business. The big boy from the Winter Garden has taken everything by storm and, whether you like it or not, you'll have to hear more about him from me. And I think you'll like it. In the words of Al, himself: "You ain't heard nothin' yet!"

I was invited up to his apartment in the Ritz Tower on Park Avenue—that handsome building which also



¶ *Estelle Taylor is the first film star to make a hit in a Broadway play. David Belasco directed her in 'The Big Fight.'*



¶ *Master Jackie Coogan, erstwhile 'The Kid,' now a great big song-and-dance man in vaudeville.*

houses Madame Elinor Glyn, Arthur Brisbane, and lots of other celebrities. I—and thirty or forty other fellows from the newspapers and magazines. Al was there. Al was in his element. He has to have an audience. I arrived among the first few. Al was silent. More guests arrived and with each new arrival our host waxed more and more loquacious until, finally, he let loose on us all of that marvellous, vibrant, powerful personality that you all know so well. He wise-cracked. He cried. He, in other words, 'wowed' us.

"You ought to see me in *The Singing Fool*," cried Al Jolson. "You will—it opens this week. Well, I'm—now I don't wanna throw any bouquets, but wait'll you see!

I ain't so bad. You know *The Jazz Singer*, my first picture? Well, a monkey coulda played it—and did." Al paused for the laughter to subside. "I didn't know anything about making pictures; I didn't even know what they meant when they told me to 'speak a title.' Gradually I learned. And you'll see the results in my new one.

"I've got plenty of help. That kid, Davy Lee, now—why, he's a wonder! I love that kid, like he was my own. I got to crying in the hospital scenes with him and I couldn't stop. We made 'em at night. I cried for three days, I tell you. And every time I see the picture I have to cry. I took a friend of mine to see it. He's hard-boiled—but when the lights went up I looked at him and he was crying like a baby. I don't blame him.

"And then there's Josephine Dunn. She's a lovely girl and a good little actress. I wanted Phyllis Haver for the part but we couldn't get



¶ *Connie Talmadge sailed for France to make a picture over there—smile and all.*



her. We didn't know who to get when I happened to see some pictures of this girl. 'That's the girl I want,' I said. So they sent for Josephine Dunn, and we signed her up—and she's great. It's a mean part but the way she plays it you can't hate her.

"Sure, I love pictures. My next one will be *Mammy*. No—not in black-face. No more black-face for me. I'm through with that. When I saw myself in *The Singing Fool* and how good I look—like Barrymore or somebody—I decided I wasn't going to sing 'Mammy' again. I had to write the story myself. It's laid in the South and I've got a lot of kids playing around me. I like kids and I love working with them.

"I'm sailing for London Saturday, to make a personal appearance with *The Jazz Singer*—the first Vitaphone, talking picture ever presented in England. No, I won't go on the stage over there. I've got along pretty good over here and people seem to like me. I'm the kind of a guy that if I went over there and played and just one Englishman gave me the bird it would ruin my life. I'll play safe."

The papers that day had carried the report of Jolson's engagement to Ruby Keeler, Broadway tap-dancer and ex-Texas Guinan 'little girl.' Everybody wanted to know if it was true. "Why no," said Al. "She's a great little girl, but—no, I'm not getting married."

And that same week he married her, and they sailed off to Europe on their honeymoon, amid much newspaper hooray and congratulations from millions of friends including the former Mrs. Al. It only goes to show what a great actor Al Jolson is.

\* \* \*

The Broadway opening of *The Big Fight* was just like a Hollywood movie first night—only bigger and better. There were more flowers and cheers and celebrities than have attended any other premier in New York in years. All in honor of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, probably the most popular Married Couple in the World.

Mayor Walker was there. Will Rogers, tanned and genial, strolled in from a rehearsal of his own show; Sophie Tucker and Hope Hampton were rivals in attention and the number of diamond bracelets each sported; Jeanne Eagels with her Alice-in-Wonderland coiffure, Greta Nissen, Lya de Putti, Glenn Hunter, Norman Kerry, and moustachios, Ethel Barrymore, all excitement—just to mention a few. David Belasco directed the play, and all the other producers in town were out front.

Jack played his own charming, boyish self. His big scene is the big fight in the last act—in which he knocks out a real heavy-weight fighter. Estelle's big scene comes in the second act, in which she scorns the villain—and it was as pretty a piece of histrionism as you'd ever hope to see. The general opinion seems to be that Miss Taylor has more beauty and ability than many actresses whose names blaze brightly on Broadway. Percy Hammond, dean of New York dramatic critics, praised her to the skies in his review next day. Among other things he remarked: "*The Big Fight* would not be so big a fight if she were absent from its affable hostilities. Pretty, efficacious, and sincere, she is more needed by the Drama than by the jumping tintypes." High praise from an expert!

Nevertheless, Estelle Taylor is not lost to the movies. In fact, she is homesick for them. They're her first love and her best. In spite of all the applause and adulation showered on her by New York, she misses Hollywood—or at least, the film studios. And don't be surprised if you hear of her being signed to star in a talking picture. She is 'way (Continued on page 90)

© Two American institutions: the Goddess of Liberty and Our Gang. Look sharp and you'll see Fatty Joe, Mary Ann, and Jean Darling, not to mention Wheeler with a cane 'n ever' thing.





# VISITING *the Companies* On LOCATION

SAN DIEGO again! I couldn't bear it. A dirty, noisy town full of clanging bells and ugly! At least what I saw of it was. When I heard that I was bound there for Ramon Novarro's picture, *Gold Braid*, directed by George Hill, I groaned in spirit.

To cheer me up Clarence Locan, in charge of the Hill unit publicity, told me that we only landed at San Diego and then ferried across to Coronado. Another spiritual groan. A ferry! Shades of Weehawken and Fort Lee discomferts. No, I couldn't bear it; but I had to anyway.

I landed at eleven P. M. and was met by Mr. Locan who bundled me into his car and took me across—which

*□ All out-doors becomes screen-struck when the picture players go on location.*

By Helen Ludlam

wasn't so bad. We pulled up at the Coronado Hotel and the very first glimpse of it made me realize that I had struck a bit of heaven.

You can't describe the Coronado Hotel. It is built in







rounded turrets and pavillions that wind in and out in the most bewildering manner. The lobby is enormous and full of flowers and a feeling of hospitality and friendship greets you. I have only felt this in one other place, a certain suite of sunlit rooms at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Just that long high-ceilinged living room hung in soft rich shades of blue velvet gave forth that indescribable feeling of 'homyness.' The rest of the hotel was purely commercial. But I am sure that long ago this beautiful room must have been the abiding place of a friendly spirit whose conviviality drew the beauty and wit of old San Francisco within its walls.

My room at the Coronado was on the second floor and its approach was along a wide, sheltered gallery that looked out upon an enormous round patio filled with tall palms. Quantities of flowers were there and the scent of night-blooming jasmine was in the air filling it with intoxicating fragrance. If there is anything to this reincarnation business I know I was an Oriental, for the perfume of jasmine just sends me off my nut with joy!

This same patio was the location for one of the love scenes in *Gold Braid* so you will see Ramon Novarro and Anita Page in this lovely garden.

Next morning, Mr. Locan, Bert Green and myself breakfasted and drove out to the Navy flying field. Bert Green is the creator of the cartoons you have laughed at in the movies and is now writing a series of humorous stories for 'Liberty.' His present mission was to chum around with the Three Sea Hawks or, as the Navy affectionately calls them, the Suicide Squad that are thrilling thousands with their daring stunts at the first national air races the

world has ever known.

☞ Scene from 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' taken at Verdugo Hills, showing Joan Crawford and Nils Asther being directed by Fred Niblo.

Once inside the Navy Base, which is harder to crash than the Canadian border — and Bert



☞ Ramon Novarro and Anita Page; and, above, a scene at San Diego where the hydroplanes are being used in 'Gold Braid,' Novarro's new picture.

Green safely ensconced with 'Spig' Weed, a navy man and author of *Gold Braid*, and the sea hawks—I was piloted down to the shore where the company was working and deposited in a chair on the sand underneath a beach umbrella.

Everyone was working at the moment so I had time to get my breath and see what was going on. There were three hydroplanes at the water's edge and being held by Navy boys who had on rubberized overalls reaching to their arm pits. Sometimes they have to walk far above their waists in the water to keep the planes from drifting before the aviators board them.

The three planes were supposed to be the ones that Ramon Novarro, Carroll Nye and Ralph Graves learn to fly in. This scene showed them hoping off for their last ride with their instructors.

As soon as it was over Ramon showed me his flying regalia. He had some difficulty walking with the awkward parachute outfit which hits you just at the back of your knees at every step. When you are in the plane you have to sit on it.

"They told me if anything happened when I was in the air to jump, count three and then pull this ring. Now, where is it?" he chuckled fumbling around among the unfamiliar gadgets plastered all over him. "Oh, yes, here it is. But suppose I had been in the air then? Where would I have been before (Cont. on page 80)





Delight Evans's  
REVIEWS

☞ *The Big Parade of the Hoboes*

*Beggars*  
*of*  
LIFE



☞ *Tramp, Tramp,  
Tramp.*

☞ *Louise Brooks and Richard  
Arlen are at their best  
in 'Beggars of Life.'*

HERE'S what I call a good picture. It's different. Instead of the dainty trippings of debutantes, or the measured tread of marching men, or the clump clump of comedy villains, you have the tramping feet of the begging brotherhood, eternally hitting the road. *Beggars of Life* is the Big Parade of the Hoboes. It reveals the private life of the knights of the road, from haystack to box-car; and it maintains its originality until the very end; the handsome youngest hobo does NOT turn out to be the missing son of the wealthy farmer. He is last seen bumming his way west and telling the girl of his choice where she gets off.

William Wellman directed this picture which was based on Jim Tully's book. Wellman also directed *Wings*. It seems to me his latest soars much higher than the aviation special. There's good stuff on and off fast-moving freight-trains; there is equally good drama packed in one small cabin, between Wallace Beery, a good bad man, Louise Brooks, and Richard Arlen. Louise is a fugitive from

justice—wanted for murder. Richard is trying to protect her from the law and from Wally at his worst. Beery does his best to get the girl away from Richard. Then he looks at the two youngsters quizzically, shrugs, and says: "I've heard of it—but I never saw it before. It must be love!" And you feel it is love—you'd swear it is, even though when you think it over later you realize it can't be because Richard Arlen is happily married to somebody else. Mr. Arlen is the most intense young man in the movies. You never feel when you are watching him that he is a capable actor. He fools you into believing that he is only a very earnest young man winning his way through sheer force of personality. This is the bunk. He's one of the best actors you ever saw. Wallace Beery's *Oklahoma Red* is the best thing he has done in a long time. He sings a song, too—justifying this picture's claim to sound distinction. But a picture like *Beggars of Life* doesn't depend upon sound. It speaks for itself.

*Have you been following these reviews? They are sprightly reading—but do not let the clever style deceive you. Delight Evans calls the turn on pictures with unfailing accuracy.*



# The FLEET'S IN

Clara's Beaux in Blue.

THE FLEET'S in—in luck. It's co-starring with Clara. She teases it and pesters it and vamps it—until it loses its collective head and heart to the little red-head. She plays Peachy, the siren of the Roseland Dance Hall in San Francisco. She flirts and plays with fire and accepts gifts from gobs—but she'll have you understand she is only in fun—she walks home alone and her nice old mother is always waiting up for her. That's the kind of a girl she is, and she'll thank you not to cast aspersions on her character—for every aspersion you cast you'll get a sock in the eye from Peachy. Of course you'll admit that a sock from this baby is better than a smack from another girl. Life is one long salamander sundae for our heroine until—along comes Jimmy Hall. You know what havoc Mr. Hall can cause—and in a gob suit—well, he's a downright dangerous boy. As Eddie—Briggs is the name—a signalman on the U. S. S. Vermont, who makes long-distance love with his semaphore flags but can get along in a clinch without 'em, Mr. Hall is Uncle Sam's present to patooties. Peachy falls

for him—in a Big Way—only to discover he thinks the worst of her just because she kids around a little. Imagine! She teaches him his lesson before she is through—a lesson every motion picture leading man must learn: that, no matter how wild a movie heroine may seem to be, she is really just a home girl at heart—heart of gold but you have to dig for it.

Malcolm St. Clair has taken a slender little story and oh, how he has directed it! He makes you believe it. He has inspired Clara to give one of her very best performances. You'll love Peachy. She's grotesque and impossible, but somehow, through the artistry of this Bow girl, she becomes believable—and even a little pitiful. James Hall? Maybe he isn't an actor—but only a nice boy with a nice smile. But after seeing him in that Seventh Heaven scene in *The Fleet's In*—carrying Clara up endless flights of stairs only to be disappointed at the top—I've decided I prefer him and his smile to the acting of some of the other boys. *The Fleet's In*—and so is Mr. Hall.

A wow—a riot—a panic, etc.

# The SINGING FOOL

Those Vitaphone Boo--Hoos.

WELL, what can I say? New York went wild. The Winter Garden is packed. Everybody laughs and cries and has a high old time. *The Singing Fool* is a wow—a riot—a panic—and anything else you want to call it that spells S-u-c-c-e-s-s.

Al Jolson started it all with *The Jazz Singer*. Now he proves that was no accident. *The Singing Fool* is a bigger and a better show in every way. It's all Jolson—but so far nobody has been heard to complain. The audience has not yet been found that can resist Al when he opens up on 'em. He sings—oh, how he sings. 'Sonny Boy'—'It All Depends On You'—'I'm Sitting On Top of the World'—'There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder'—and others. He acts—and you'll be surprised. You may have seen Barrymore and Chaplin act but you ain't seen nothin' yet—until you see Al in the scenes with the baby in *The Singing Fool*. In other words, the man who is said to be the greatest box-office attraction on the American stage also looms up as the big box-office man of the movies. All for crying out loud!

This picture may be hokum. But it's grand hokum. And it has moments of real and honest emotion. Al plays a singing waiter enamored of a cabaret girl, Josephine Dunn. He writes songs to her, and when one of them makes a hit he rises to fame and fortune, and takes her along. Then he's sitting on top of the world—with his beautiful wife and an adorable baby. Until—his happy world is shattered by his wife's desertion. He loses her,

he loses his baby. He can't sing any more. There's no rainbow round his shoulder now. But with the help of Betty Bronson, who has loved him all the time, he drags himself up out of the depths and comes back. Once again he is a success—when he is called to the bedside of his little son who is dangerously ill. In a touching scene he picks up the child and sings the song he wrote, 'Sonny Boy.' These last scenes of *The Singing Fool* are remarkable for the warmth and the fervor Al Jolson puts into them. The man's amazing vitality sweeps you along whether you like it or not. And every man and woman in the audience falls in love with Sonny Boy.

The critical can make cracks that *The Singing Fool* and his sonny are soon parted. Go ahead. But Jolson defies you to blink back the tears when he enacts those scenes with the child and, later, sings Sonny Boy for the last time. The star is aided and abetted by the child who plays the son—a little boy named David Lee. He is half responsible for the success of the picture — and Jolson would be the first to admit it. Betty Bronson is most appealing both vocally and optically. Josephine Dunn in the role of the siren wife—a thankless part if there ever was one—is a revelation. She's exquisite. It's easy enough for Josephine to play nice girls. A part like this is a real test of her ability. That she makes the wife such a mean mama is no small achievement. Altogether, *The Singing Fool* is a triumph for all concerned. Mammy—Daddy—Sonny—and money for the Warner Brothers. And why not?



# Mother KNOWS BEST

Ⓒ *But Daughter Knows Better.*

IT's really about time to expose the movie mama. She has had everything her own way too long. The movies have made a plaster saint out of a human being, but *Mother Knows Best* comes along to even things up. Edna Ferber's story has been made into a talking motion picture. It is supposed to be based on the career of a famous stage star. I don't know about that but I suspect a few stage mothers will find their ears burning. This picture strips the sham right off the mercenary mamas and shows up one in particular, played by Louise Dresser, whose mad ambition for her daughter, Madge Bellamy, wins fame and fortune for them but robs the daughter of her right to happiness. It isn't a pretty story. Several years ago the movies wouldn't have dared to do it. I admire the Fox Company for producing it even now, for it is still dangerous to topple some of the good old-fashioned cinema idols off their pedestals.

The real *Sally Quail* (Miss Bellamy) is sacrificed — made to stifle her emotions and give up the boy she loves — and perform as a pretty lifeless puppet. Whenever she rebels her mother tells her that 'Mother knows best' — and she gives in. But the time comes when it is only too evident that Mother doesn't know best — she knows very little about human life and love and the pursuit of happiness. Then Daughter comes into her own.

Little Madge Bellamy is a delicious person — appealing and finely-fibred. She is not in the least like anyone else



Ⓒ Barry Norton, boy wonder of the movies, and appealing Madge Bellamy, the lovers in 'Mother Knows Best.'

on the screen. Madge is the kind of girl you like a lot or don't like at all. I like her and hope you do too. Not her impersonations — but her very fine acting in the emotional scenes, and her general becoming behavior. If you have been deceived into thinking that Miss Bellamy was all smiles and big eyes, you're in for a surprise. She is a real actress, and her voice will interest you, too.

Louise Dresser plays the mother; she is very good but I wish she wouldn't talk. She is permitted and even encouraged to go the limit in maternal histrionics in two talkers this month — I suppose it isn't her fault. Barry Norton, besides being the handsomest boy on the screen, bar none, is also a very capable young actor. He has a voice, too. Barry is the boy wonder of the movies now that Jackie has grown up and left us

Ⓒ By far the best comedy Keaton has ever made

## The CAMERAMAN

Ⓒ *Look Pleasant, Please!*

As a special favor to your Aunty Delight, kiddies, hustle and see Buster Keaton in *The Cameraman*; and then come back to me and try to tell me he isn't the funniest man in the movies — just try and you'll get a good, hard smack. When I see Buster being as funny as this I forget all about Charlie and Harold and just sit back and shake. Keaton is — well, he's so — so funny, if you know what I mean. Take that scene in the swimming pool, for instance, where Buster loses his — er — dignity. Or that scene in the bath-house;

or in Chinatown — take practically any scene in *The Cameraman* and try to control your mirth. This is by far the best comedy Keaton has ever made. It is filled with brand-new gags — what? not new? — well, they looked like new to me. It is almost plausible, and it has a charming touch of romance in the person of Marceline Day. There is also suspense in this comedy. There is pretty nearly everything that anybody can ask of any comedy. There is even a monkey. Its antics will make one of you.



# SHOW PEOPLE

## Ⓒ Through the Studio Key-hole.



Ⓒ Marion Davies and William Haines, the co-stars in 'Show People.'

IF you're one of these people who are always just dying to get inside a movie studio so you could watch all the stars go round—as who is not?—you'll enjoy *Show People*. It is a personally conducted tour of a big film factory, with intimate glimpses of the stars at play. Marion Davies and Billy Haines are the co-stars, with King Vidor at the megaphone. I doubt if Mr. Vidor uses a megaphone; I'm sure he never wears puttees; but he's a director, all right. There is an all-star cast; here's your chance to see stars. Charlie Chaplin, John Gilbert, Elinor Glyn, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Norma Talmadge, Estelle Taylor, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, George Arthur—well, that gives you the idea. Marion plays a movie struck girl, Polly Pepper, who makes good as a target for custard-pies. But she has yearnings for the drama, and blossoms into Patricia Pepoire, an emotional artiste with temperament and things like that. Billy Haines, playing the slapstick comedian who loves her, does another *Excess Baggage*: just hanging around awaiting an opportunity to

prove his devotion. It doesn't seem good business to disguise the face that launched a million fan letters under a walrus moustache, but Bill laughs it off.

*Show People* is a neat little sugar-coated sermon to be heeded by all, particularly those Hollywoodians who believe that the movies would stop moving without them. Miss Davies is one star who can throw off the shackles of stardom and simply have a good time in a part. Cheerfully she submits to the indignities demanded by her role and seems to enjoy it. And consequently so does everybody else.

Ⓒ That horse race is one of the most exciting ever made

# The WHIP



Ⓒ Dorothy Mackaill is splendid as the heroine of 'The Whip.'

## Ⓒ A Cracking Good Picture.

YOU know the dear old Derby? Now, now—don't say Derby. Say Derby. That's better. And it's the British Derby, not Al's. Here's a picture about it. *The Whip* is a good, old melodrama—it always was. But it has been all dressed up and tricked out in new trappings so that you'd never recognize it—then again, you might. But any picture that can boast in its cast such stars as Dorothy Mackaill, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ralph Forbes, and Lowell Sherman is worth seeing—not to mention the Derby. That horse race is one of the most exciting ever made. There's a railroad wreck for good measure—and a general smashing of hearts. Miss Mackaill is splendid and you'll be glad to see Anna Q. again. Welcome back, Anna—don't stay away so long again.



# Heart to HEART

☞ *Cardiac Confusion.*

PUT two and two together and you get a good picture—sometimes. This is one of the times. The two hearts of the title belong to Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes and as I think this is their last appearance, positively, on any screen together, you'd better take a good long look at their love scenes. Three is usually a crowd, but not in this case, because the third party is Louise Fazenda. Miss Fazenda very nearly runs away with the picture—in fact, I'll be big and come right out and say it—she does run away with it. She plays one of those anxious wives, and achieves a genuine characterization. She's funny—and also convincing. Lucien Littlefield gives a composite portrait of all henpecked husbands in his inimitable manner. The fun in this film is rough and ready—but it suits me. *Heart to Heart* pictures in lively fashion, the excitement that



☞ Louise Fazenda, the comedienne, and Mary Astor, the lovely lady in 'Heart to Heart.'

ensues in a small town when a real, live princess descends upon it—if the princess is a human being and in love with the struggling inventor—and looks like Mary Astor.

☞ A movie version of the best-seller

# SHOW

# GIRL



☞ Kate Price and Alice White as Mrs. and Miss Dugan in 'Show Girl.'

☞ *Show's Your Old Girl.*

J. P. McEvoy's novel, *Show Girl*, is one of the best-sellers. The picture version should repeat the success of the book. It follows the original with more than the usual fidelity—well, anyway, it does retain the original title; and it is all about Dixie Dugan, the Brooklyn baby who makes good on Broadway. *Show Girl* is a pint-size soubrette, with a plot to match. Dixie attains popularity as a night-club dancer, notoriety as the heroine of a stabbing scandal, publicity as a musical comedy star—and eventual bliss as the bride of a newspaper reporter. What more can any *Show Girl* ask of life? Alice White plays Dixie Dugan. As Dixie herself would say, she shakes a mean scantie in the show scenes of *Show Girl*.



☞ Sordid, but beautifully done from a pictorial standpoint

# The DOCKS of New York

☞ Dive In.



☞ 'The Docks of New York' has Betty Compson as its heroine and George Bancroft in a typical role.

THIS is a rowdy picture. All about the waterfront of little old New York, with Betty Compson trying to drown her sorrows, and George Bancroft jumping in after her. Josef von Sternberg has made another of his sordid dramas. Fortunately he has done it so beautifully from a pictorial standpoint that it is always interesting. So if you don't always admire the action you can always gasp over the gorgeous photography and composition of most of the scenes. It occurs to me right here that the cameraman of this picture should be given Screen (land) credit—so here he is: Hal Rosson.

Bancroft plays a stoker on a night ashore—dispensing socks and blondes with a free hand. With his other hand he is embracing the beautiful Betty. She, poor thing, takes the amorous interlude seriously, and the smoking stoker is surprised to find himself married to the girl he rescued. Still hopeful of life, she believes in him—and somehow he decides to try to make good. Miss Compson is arrestingly interesting. In a part like this—a weary, faded, but still rather lovely light lady, she is superb. She made her hit in a role like this—Rose in *The Miracle Man*. Considering how many pictures have been made and released since then, surely Miss Compson rates the title of Miracle Girl of the Movies.

☞ Filled with aerial thrills and spills

# THE Air Circus

☞ Making Swoopee.

HOLD tight. Here we go! Loop the loop—tail spin—falling leaf, or any old thing—and bring your own parachute. *The Air Circus* is filled with aerial thrills. It shows you all kinds of plain and fancy flying. And it isn't a war picture. Let us all thank good, kind Mr. Fox for making this collegiate comedy of the clouds, and resisting the temptation to put in a couple of battles. Arthur Lake and David Rollins are two high-school kids who want to learn to fly. They manage to crash the gates of the flying school and take their first lessons—rookies of the air. Lovely little Sue Carol provides an added incentive. Arthur, gay and debonair, passes his test and becomes a full-fledged man of the air. But Davy, due to his mother's fears for his safety, takes an awful flop. The rest of the picture concerns itself with Davy's efforts to conquer his cowardice and fly alone. Miss Carol and Arthur Lake share a speaking sequence; so do David Rollins and Louise Dresser. The former is a young-love theme, naive and delightful.



☞ David Rollins and Sue Carol, in the collegiate comedy, 'The Air Circus.'

The mother-son dialogue, with sobs by son, made me squirm. Young David's grief over his failure to make good sounded like a train puffing up an incline. And not his fault, either. He is a natural, unspoiled boy, with the only set of masculine dimples I can view without cringing. As for Arthur Lake, he is in a class by himself. Arthur is as original in his own sassy juvenile way as Chaplin or Lloyd—and I can't say much more for the boy than that.



# MIRRORS



☞ The chiffon velvet ensemble is chic for evening. Here is Josephine Dunn's version: the simple gown with its smart uneven hemline, and a wrap to match.



☞ The two-fox scarf is the mode of the moment. May McAvoy selected a handsome silver fox to go with the white.

**T**HE Hollywood girls set their own styles. They can't always keep dashing off to Paris or New York for their new clothes. So they create their own, with the help of some of the clever designers of the screen studios. They have their own ideas about dress—usually original. For one thing, the successful movie actress knows she must stick to her own style. Her

individual personality is responsible for her success, so she must dress to suit that personality. She may yearn to embark upon new seas of fashion, but she knows better. The girl who has made a great success in an ingenue role would be foolish to forsake it even sartorially speaking to



# Of Hollywood

¶ *The Pretty Girls of the Screen Reflect the Fashions of the Hour, and Add a Piquant Note All Their Own.*

¶ Weasel is one of the furs which lends itself to original treatment. Lina Basquette is wearing a motor coat of weasel trimmed with beige fox in a shawl collar effect.



¶ Myrna Loy, that exotic and lovely lady, chose a fur coat to match her own special brand of charm. It's a wrap-around model of kolinsky with collar and cuffs banded in cream ermine.

¶ Of imported Russian caracul is the smart coat selected by Jeanette Loff. The beige fur and the cuffs of matching dyed fox set off Miss Loff's blonde beauty.

don the dress of a woman of the world. The sirens can't afford to neglect any chance to enhance their exotic appeal, so they dress the part, no matter how much they may wish to wear simple sports clothes. On these pages you'll see some of the film colony's prettiest girls, and you'll notice that not one of them has overlooked the opportunity to make the most of the particular charm that has won her screen success.



# NEW

# SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed By Rosa Reilly

## "Q" SHIPS

THERE is a love stronger than that a man has for his woman, a child for his mother, or a boy for his pal. It is the love of a patriot for his homeland.

In the 'Q' Ships, the finest picture which has ever come out of England, this love is exemplified to its highest degree.

During the latter part of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, ten thousand American naval officers and men, under the command of Admiral Sims, steamed into the mine-infested harbour of Queenstown, Ireland, to aid the Allied cause. The British Navy had fought dauntlessly through four weary years, but still the German submarines were destroying Allied and neutral shipping at a staggering daily rate. Even the coming of naval assistance from America, while it bucked up the British, did not lower the daily losses which were mounting to a shocking degree.

If I recall correctly, it was the Britisher, Captain Gordon Campbell, who first conceived the idea of the 'Q' boats. Taking his life in his hands, leaving his wife and his children in a house perched on the Terrace at



© Pretty Dorothy Mackaill plays the daughter of a tug-boat skipper in 'Waterfront.'

Queenstown, Gordon Campbell set out to sea in what looked like a leaky old sailing vessel. But underneath those sails, powerful guns were masked. It was Campbell's idea to sail out into the waters where many submarines hunted

and permit the first he ran across to fire a torpedo into his ship. His crew was to take to the water after the first shot, in pretended panic, while below he and his gunners lay waiting for the submarine to come within range of the sailing ship. At which moment, by his

command, the sails would drop, the guns would fire, and the submarine would go to the bottom.

So far so good. But suppose the first torpedo from the submarine sank the sailing ship instead. Or set her on fire. That was the chance Gordon Campbell and his brave men took. And it was the biggest chance, to my way of thinking, that any man took, on land or sea, during the great world war.

Gordon Campbell lived to sink a number of submarines and to win the V. C., the highest honor which England can confer. The 'Q' boats broke the morale of the German submarine commanders, broke Germany's hold on international waters, and helped to bring the day of Armistice shortly about.

All this you see in the new picture which was produced with the official sanction and cooperation of the British Admiralty. And never will you find braver fighting against insuperable odds than this film flings before your eyes.



© Larry Kent, Loretta Young, and amusing Charlie Murray in 'The Head Man,' a picture all small town folks will want to see.





☞ In 'Kit Carson,' Fred Thomson brings to the screen several incidents from the romantic life of the famous Indian scout.

It is more romantic than the most impassioned love story, more thrilling than the wildest story of political intrigue, more tragic than any war story ever unrolled. For these men, both German and English, had to struggle—not against a human foe—but against that common enemy—certain death.

### STATE STREET SADIE

This is a 'talker.' And a brilliant 'talker' at that. For it has the remarkable young actor, Conrad Nagel, in the leading part.

I have heard it said that men use profanity only because their everyday language is not vivid enough to express their thoughts. If that's true, what I need is a couple of long-shoremen to do my cussing for me. Conrad Nagel plays the part of two brothers in *State Street Sadie*, and ever since I saw him kiss Dolores Costello's neck—we'll call it that anyway—in *Glorious Betsy*—oh Lordy, Lordy, give me words!

Rum and Romance, Girls and Gangsters, Motors and Machine Guns, Death and Desire—these are the ingredients of this film. Conrad Nagel may be an usher in church on Sunday, but during the week what love he can make! If you don't believe it, ask exotic Myrna



☞ Sally Phipps and Charles Morton in a scene from 'None But the Brave.'

Loy, who rounds out Nagel's performance in a grand way.

Some of the ablest work is done by little Georgie Stone whose talking sequences with Nagel are perfect. William Russell, as chief of the gang, is splendid. There he stands, hulling and eating peanuts, throwing out wise-cracks to his gang while underneath all the coarse comedy you feel the overpowering cruelty of the brute. A fine touch is the fact that Russell has his headquarters behind and over a toy shop which he runs to stall off suspicion.

There is a remarkable dance hall scene and in the exciting race and fight between the police motor corps and the gangsters which ends up on the roof, you'll almost jump out of your chair. Sirens whine, machine guns rat-a-tat, pistol shot echoes pistol shot, groans, curses—all these sounds are brought clearly to you in this excellent talker.

### MAN MADE WOMAN

Every critic in New York may hurl opprobrious (I just learned that word yesterday so I've got to use it before I forget it) adjectives at this picture, but I like it—down to the ground.

(Continued on page 101)



# Marian Nixon

## TROUPER

¶ *A Sweet Girl  
Steps Out.*

By James M. Fidler



¶ *Marian Nixon has graduated from the ingenue class. She's now an actress.*



¶ *Marian Nixon plays the kind of part she likes in 'Oh Geraldine.'*

A FEW years ago, I stood in the wings of a theater and watched a rehearsal of *The Writers Revue*, a show put on by the Writers Club of Hollywood for the purpose of building a new clubhouse. The cast was made up of famous movie stars.

In the chorus were a few prominent people and several unknowns. The prominent ones did not interest me. I was attracted by a tiny little person with brown hair and round, brown eyes that blazed with interest. She had pretty legs and what I decided were the prettiest knees I had ever seen. Naturally, I met her. That was not hard to do. I was press-agenting that show.

The meeting gave me a view of her personality and I promptly forgot she had legs and knees. She was so sweet, so nice, that I decided she was quite the finest girl I had seen in Hollywood.

That was in 1923.

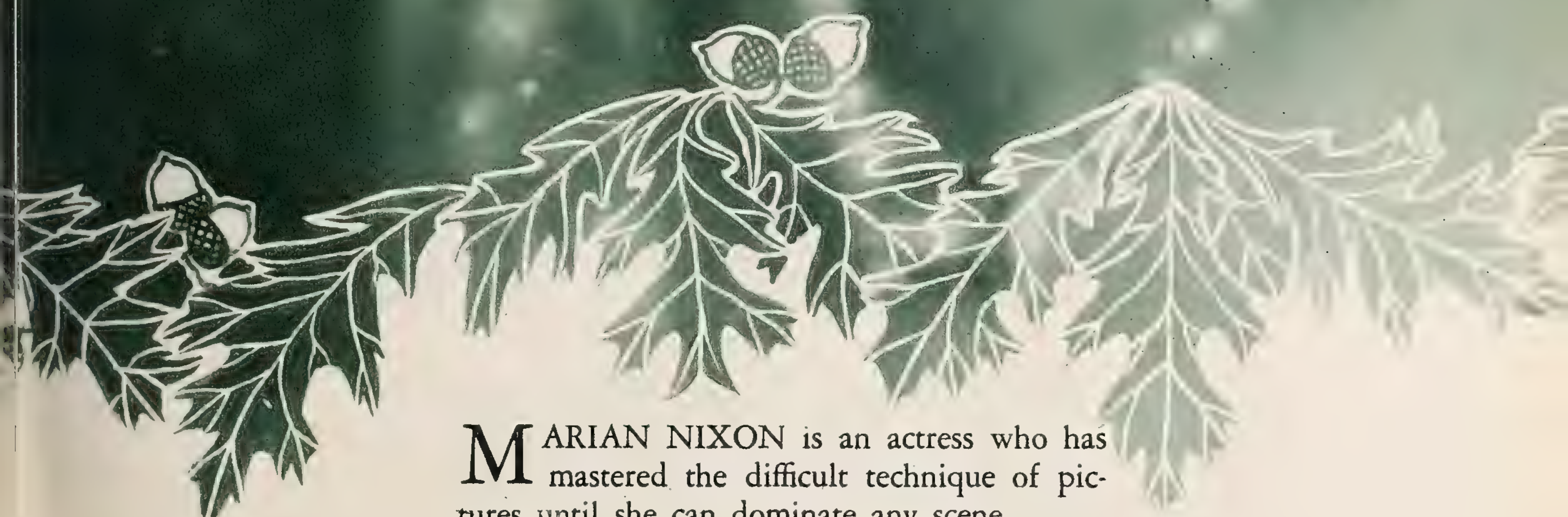
This is 1928. And here I am writing about this same Marian Nixon for *SCREENLAND*.

Things have happened. She has found success in pictures. She commands a salary of \$1,500 each week. She has been married. And divorced. People said, when she wed, that she had made a mistake. The fellow was nice enough. He was Joe Benjamin, a prize-fighter and a good scout. But he wasn't Marian's type. People said it was

a mistake. It must have been, for her marriage lasted only a year, approximately.

Despite the addition of sophistication, Marian hasn't changed a great deal in the five years since I first saw her. She is prettier. She grows prettier each year, it seems. She has a great deal more poise. Her eyes are softer brown in color. Her smile is more lingering—not so quick to come and go. Her hair is bobbed (Continued on page 98)





**M**ARIAN NIXON is an actress who has mastered the difficult technique of pictures until she can dominate any scene.

*Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser*

**SCREENLAND**






**N**ILS ASTHER is being groomed for bigger and better parts. He is a good comedian and a wicked lover. *Adrienne Lecouvreur* is his next picture.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND





**W**HEN the Russian Baclanova starts vamp-  
ing steppes should be taken. Her next  
picture is *The Wolf of Wall Street*, not an  
animal picture.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

SCREENLAND





**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., as he appears in *A Woman of Affairs*. He will next make *Saturday's Children* and will play the same part in the picture that he played on the stage.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



# COACH

Conducted by  
Morrie Ryskind

entertainingly, and so does Harry Puck, who staged the dances and ensembles. Our favorite song, for our own sentimental reasons, is 'A Flat in Montmartre,' the music of which is by Muriel Pollock. The Lief boys, Max and Nat, did a nice job with the lyrics.

## *The Big Fight*

*The Big Fight* will have passed from New York and begun its tour of the country by the time you read this, so no matter where you are you'll probably have a chance to see it. Let us begin by saying that *The Big Fight*, as a play is one of the worst things Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Marcin have ever turned out, individually or collectively.

And yet as entertainment it may have its place. Three dollars to see Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is a fair price for curiosity. Jack is far from being Alfred Lunt: his voice, curiously high-pitched for a heavyweight champion, is all in one key, and he puts no more emphasis into saying, "I'll break your jaw" than he does into saying, "Hello, Jim." Miss Taylor is a little better: she is adequate for her role, but her voice, too, is against her.

But after all you don't quite expect great acting from Dempsey, and he has a boyish charm that will probably win you and let you forget that he isn't John Barrymore. And when he strips for the ring, you are liable to get the kick you got out of seeing the old Dempsey in action. As Heywood Brown put it, "There are no actors who can strip with Jack Dempsey. And few actresses."

David Belasco staged the piece, but we don't think he's quite willing to stake his reputation on it. It has some shrewd effects, but is not nearly as good as *Ringside*, whose story it follows closely. But the fight is rather good. Announced by Joe Humphreys, who imitates himself better than anybody else, the tingle begins to creep along your spine, and somehow you wish that the eminent literary personage, Mr. Gene Tunney, would step into the opposite corner.

As we intimated, there will be no second companies of this. *The Big Fight*, without Dempsey and Taylor, would be pretty awful and dull. But, as Messrs. Gropper and Marcin would be the first to point out, *The Big Fight* is with Dempsey and Taylor. And that makes a difference.

## *The New Moon*

Well, here is the pretty nearly ideal romantic operetta. For years we have gone along sneering at all of them. *Rose Marie* rolled right off our back; *Dearest Enemy* was just so much applesauce; *The Desert Song* we labeled tripe, and, in spite of the fact that it made a fortune, it still is tripe. Of course, some people like tripe.

Came then *The New Moon*. Came, did we say? Came and conquered. It has everything, including tripe, but so little of it that we didn't mind. It's a tale, based apparently on some historic foundation, of a French colony in New Orleans in 1788. Fashioned by Oscar Hammerstein, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, and produced by the latter two, it has beauty, charm, dignity, and distinction. Sigmund Romberg did the music, and, as far as we know anything of music, it is his best score since *Maytime*. For years Romberg has been resting on his laurels, and been doing hack work of the cheapest sort. Here he comes back to make us feel that our first appraisal of his efforts was right. The most applauded piece in



Photograph by Chidnoff

“‘This Thing Called Love’ is a new comedy graced by the presence of pretty Violet Heming.”

the score, to show what we mean, is not called 'Vo-de-do-do,' but 'Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise.' It takes some courage, in these days, to write a lyric as Elizabethan as that. And our hat is off to Hammerstein for doing it, and to Romberg for writing music that could stand it.

For comedy there is *Gus Shy*, and that's pretty good as far as we're concerned. For the rest there are romance, pirates, revolution, a sea battle, a masquerade party, a meeting of conspirators, all sound parts of a romantic operetta and constructed in a workmanlike manner. See *The New Moon*, by all means.

## *Animal Crackers*

A critic should be absolutely unbiased, and yet we found ourself rooting so hard for the Marx Brothers in *Animal Crackers* that we ran down to Philadelphia to see it and review it for you.

But, after we admit that, we find ourself in what is known as a nasty fix. Perhaps, after all, it wouldn't be fair to boost a show because of our affection for the Marx Brothers. Maybe you boys and girls would like to hear what the Philly critics said.

The Ledger, which is not so biased as we are, says: 'Those four musketeers of mirth, the brothers Marx, breezed into town last night. If you happened to be among the large audience when they arrived, that's about all that need be said. But in case you

(Cont. on page 97)



A GREAT cry is raised in our little wilderness for leading men.

Almost unanimously the producers are seeking for handsome young fellows with pleasing voices to carry on the fall crop of love-making in the movies.

I met John McCormick over at First National and he was exhausted after seeking for three weeks to get someone to play opposite Colleen Moore. John says there are a lot of very young fellows and a lot of almost middle aged ones but mighty few who, to quote him, "the public could imagine in a romance with Colleen."

Since then, John has chosen James Ford, a comparative youngster who is a discovery of Corinne Griffith's and who played in her *Divine Lady*.

Corinne, by the way, is as much in a quandary as Colleen. Now that Ford is assigned to the Moore picture, I imagine Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will be given the opportunity to play the same role in *Saturday's Children* that he did on the stage here at the Belasco Theatre. I remember seeing Doug Sr. between acts of this Maxwell Anderson drama. I recall his words: "You know it gives me a funny feeling to see that kid on the stage. He's got a real talent."

Warner Brothers was in a most embarrassing predicament this very week. *Madonna of Avenue A* was six days in production and still no one could be found to play opposite Dolores Costello. This is the first picture in four that Conrad Nagel isn't seen with the lovely Costello. But Conrad is becoming rather too expensive for a mere leading man now. Fox paid \$30,000 for him for four weeks.

To get back to my story, however, Warners tried ever so hard. They talked with Rod La Rocque, George O'Brien, Edmund

Lowe, and finally set upon Grant Withers. Being still rather panicky, they signed him to a two-year contract.

Mary Pickford is testing and testing to find some one for her leading man in *Coquette*. It still seems to me she is making a terrific experiment in producing this play, and in choosing for herself the part of a flirtatious girl who is capable of going to the great lengths that this heroine goes to. But Mary's art is equal to emergencies.

I was talking with Johnny Mack Brown, one of the leading contenders for the role of the boy, and he is naturally keen for such a grand chance. Johnny has proven the judgment of Marion Davies when she gave him a chance in *The Fair-Co-Ed*. He is one of Hollywood's most promising.

When you come to think of it, who are the young leading men in the film colony today?

# CHATTER

from HOLLYWOOD

By Martin Martin



«'Adoration' is the name of Billie Dove's next picture and adoration is the name of our emotions.



«Joe Cook the permanent resident on Broadway with 'Rain or Shine' has taken the Movietone into his confidence.



«Gwen Lee as she appears on an ordinary day and when dolled up for the boy friend.







☞ Olive Borden in 'Gang War' with the latest Chicago fashions.

Nils Asther, who is to play opposite Greta Garbo soon, is riding on a wave of popularity, and there is Johnny Mack Brown, already mentioned. First National has James Ford and did have, until recently, Donald Reed, a discovery of John McCormick, and Larry Kent.

Paramount has the dependable Dick Arlen and Jimmy Hall, but they are old-timers now, likewise Gary Cooper. We haven't seen Maurice Chevalier, the French star Jesse Lasky signed, but he is scarcely a young man. I can't think of a single new face on this lot. There isn't as much necessity, however, with Hall, Cooper and Arlen in reserve.

Fox has the likable young Nick Stuart, Barry Norton, and



☞ Ruth Roland is back again before the camera so everything is all right.

that's about all.

Universal has nobody.

Warners has Grant Withers.

Pathe has George Duryea, who was in *The Godless Girl*, and Eddie Quillan, who has the makings of a great character comedian, but is scarcely a romantic type.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has Asther, Johnny Mack Brown, Eddie Nugent, still pretty much of a kid and very slight in build, and that about finishes their list.

Among the free-lance players are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Drew, a mysterious young Russian named Ivan Lebedeff and a few others less known.

It is possible I have omitted some, but not many.

The upshot of this survey is that Hollywood needs new blood. I am not counseling the best-looking boy in town to 'go west, young man,' but there never has been a greater need for youth, good looks, and potential talent among the masculine players here.



☞ Antonio Moreno has just completed 'The Air Legion' for FBO. Tony's smile is as ingratiating as ever.

Every day I expect to hear that Eric Von Stroheim has come to a disagreement with Gloria Swanson and the powers that be at FBO.

Many weeks now he has been working on the story of *Queen Kelly*, and still is not ready to start. No one works with a more detailed script than Von Stroheim and I imagine that the talkers, which demand more detailed scripts from everyone, will lead Von into even more involved trails.

To date, Gloria and Joseph Kennedy have stood by him firmly, though. I had a chat with Gloria the other night at Lois Wilson's



and she told me of purchasing a story to follow *Queen Kelly*. It is to be called *Clothes*. Sounds like the old Gloria, doesn't it?

Lucy Stone Terrill wrote the story which relates the adventures of a demure school teacher who goes to China, emerges from her cocoon and becomes a beautiful butterfly. The hardest part for Gloria will be to look demure.

—o—  
Billie Dove had the most painless voice test on record.

Three men appeared at her dressing room and when they left it was all over without Billie ever having suspected what was going on.

"I noticed they made me do most of the talking," she told me, "but it never entered my head they were recording my voice."

Billie Dove gives more attention to her fan mail than almost any star I know.

"Every letter is answered," she tells me. "I never fail to send a picture where one is requested. Frequently I answer letters myself. Many a night, and a Sunday, I've spent at home writing to fans"

You may be interested to know that Billie received 37,320 letters from July 1 to July 31. I have a copy of a letter from the postmaster at Burbank, California, attesting to the fact.

—o—  
Generally speaking, you would say



© Colleen Moore as sketched by James Montgomery Flagg, the well known illustrator.

that Billie's personal interest in her fan mail might be partly responsible for this.

Yet, Lon Chaney, who frankly admits that he never sent a photograph yet to a fan, receives thousands, too.

Of course, mystery is part of Lon's appeal.

—o—  
I was impressed with the drama of a story told me by Wallie Beery.

Wallie, you must know, owns and flies his own airplane.

One day this month he made a forced landing in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a little town that lives today about the way it did in frontier times.

Wallie's plane was the first ever to land there.

To take off again, after he had made minor repairs, Wallie had to get a tow two miles to a broad field. The only thing he could get to tow him was an old stage coach, which dated right back to the last century.

What a sight. A frontier stage coach towing an air-plane!

—o—  
This is a month of quickening competition in Hollywood. At least four companies are planning sound pictures that center upon musical themes and musicians.

Universal has bought a story of the old American minstrels. Warners is producing the lovely *Desert Song*, for which all of the Romberg melodies will be sung. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is furiously at work on *Broadway Melody*, which will have New York's famous 'Tin Pan Alley' as a background. United Artists have signed Harry Richman to do a talker.

And this one will have a new feature. Irving Berlin has written

© Maurice Chevalier, an actor of distinction in France, soon to be in Paramount pictures.



© The ingenious swing contrived to photograph William Haines and Leila Hyams in 'Alias Jimmy Valentine.'





☞ Carl Laemmle, Jr., a Movietone microphone and D. W. Griffith who led the toddling movies by the hand long before they could talk.

two songs for the picture and they will not be heard before it is released. They are *Nora* and *My Castles*.

Jolson is introducing 'Sonny Boy' as theme song of *The Singing Fool*, but this piece was heard quite a bit before the release of the picture.

—○—  
It seems to me that we are on the verge of almost complete verisimilitude in pictures.

Sound is here. Color and sound are here in Technicolor's *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*; and more completely in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Mysterious Island*, which will be all-talker, all color.

What remains but the third dimension picture?

That the stereoptican movie is not so far in the future is the view-point of many in Hollywood. Robert Leonard, the director, tells me that several men have evolved acceptable processes, but that each depend upon two lenses to the projection machine in the theatre.

The immensity of the task of equipping all the theatres with these lenses can readily be seen.

But if the machines are to be changed anyway for the projection of

sound pictures—and they will have to be for the inevitable film instead of disc-recorded talkers—it wouldn't be so very much more trouble to add the two lenses.

Then we will see figures on the screen who have height, width and thickness, will see them—in their natural colors, and will hear them talk. This will be close to life itself.

—○—  
Jean Hersholt sounds a hopeful note for the foreign players.

He points out to me: "It is comparatively simple to memorize the correct pronunciation of given lines of dialogue. Where the foreigner makes mistakes is in extemporaneous address. He isn't called on for this in the talkers. The dialogue writers will be responsible for the grammar. All the player has to do is to memorize the lines. If he doesn't know how they should be pronounced, a tutor could work with him until he did."

Of my own knowledge, I can cite one case where this was done successfully in a small way. Paramount told Paul Lukas he could have a lead in a certain picture if he was able to speak a passage of dialogue by the following morning. He did so perfectly.



☞ Douglas McLean's new picture will be 'The Carnation Kid.' No relation to Carnation Milk



☞ Josephine DeVorak, a young M.G.M. player, who from acting as 'stand in' for Garbo has attracted favorable notice, and why not?





# They Say

By  
Marion of Hollywood



**T**IME and tide and shooting a movie wait for absolutely nothing, ordinarily, but the exception has come to pass.

*The Rescue* was brought to a complete halt. This month Ronald Colman and his leading lady from foreign lands, Lily Damita, rested whether or not they desired, for their director, Herbert Brenon, boarded the fastest train east.

Herbert Brenon's mother was very, very ill. In fact, so ill that it was possibly a question of life. There could be no hesitation about it, for there was only one thing for a man—at least a man like Herbert Brenon—to do. He must go east. As far as he was concerned, production must stop.

Now, as I write, *The Rescue* is again moving



☞ George Offerman and Sally O'Neil, two cute youngsters in 'The Girl on the Barge.'



☞ Charles Rogers and his mother.



☞ Lovely Frances Lee is getting better parts, we mean parts in pictures.

along at a great rate. The blowing up of the 250-foot three-masted brig off the Isthmus of Catalina Island will be completely 'shot' and in the 'tin cans,' as we say out here in Hollywood, when you are reading this.

But the point is—production did stop.

I wish you folks out there could know the high-strung, nervous, Irish Herbert the way I know him. I wish there could be in this queer old world of ours at least a baker's dozen more of Herbert Brenons whom I could chance to meet.

And the funny part of the whole thing is that the bitterest disappointment of my life was caused by him. Some day I'll meet him, and I'll be reminding him of it, and then he will scratch his head in that way he has and will say in his clear English Irish voice, "Why, why—I don't recall it!" and then I will laugh and tell him how, after all, it turned out to be the very best thing that could have happened.

I can see him now, with his shining whistle hung round his neck, wearing the white sweater and white flannels, hatless or white cap, maybe,





☞ Norma Shearer, her sister Mrs. Howard Hawks, Mrs. Jack Conway, Paul Bern, Irving Thalberg and Howard Hawks off for an air ride.

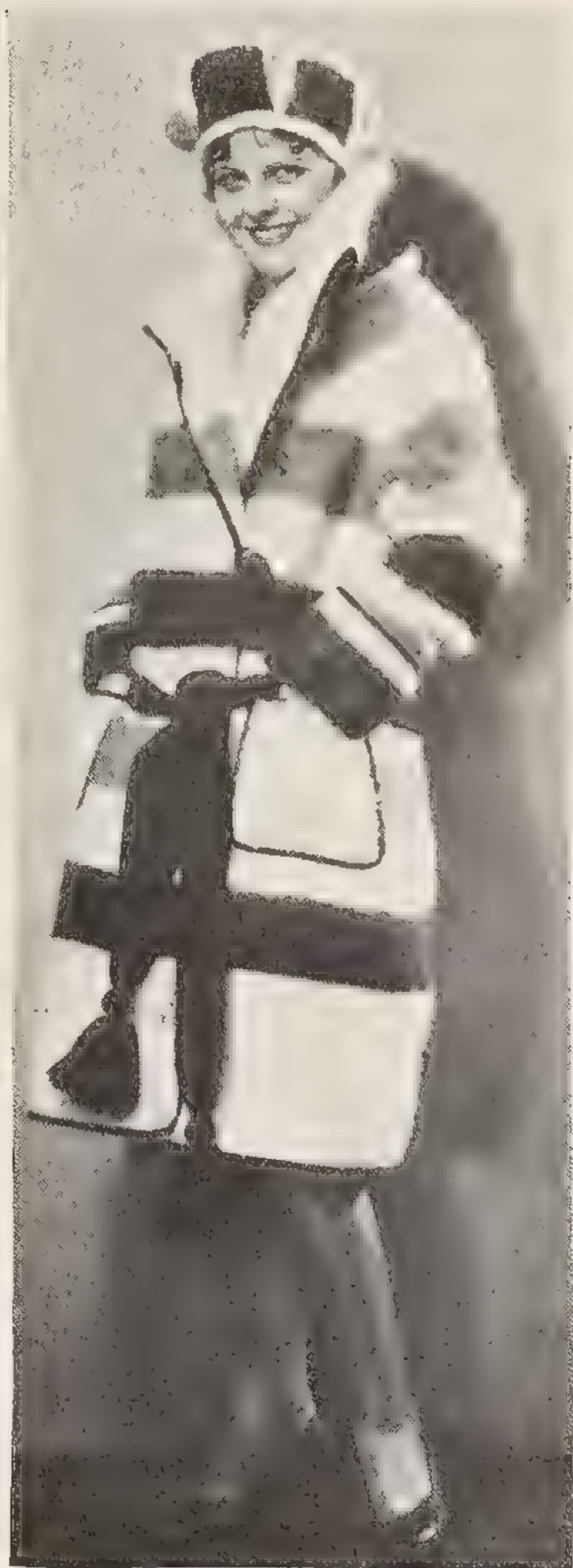
in the dead of our Hollywood winter. It does get cold out here, too, and the rest of us are muffled up with furs and winter wraps while Herbert Brenon wears his summer togs of white.

I'll never forget *The Spanish Dancer*! First he and Tony Moreno in a terrible squabble, and then the very next moment, over to little Dawn O'Day with the softest, tenderest chuckles for the baby. I can imagine what a heap of jollying Tony and the director get out of talking over *The Spanish Dancer*, because now, of course, they are the best of friends, just as they were a week after the production was finished.

Then in *The Breaking Point*—I'll never forget how almost frightened of her director was Nita Naldi during actual 'shooting' days of the production. His big police dog peacefully sitting side of him, in contrast, with never a waking moment even when the master was most excited, the lovely Nita started action. Half-way through, came the shrill whistle sound; then the Irish voice—"No, no, no, no, no, Nita! Didn't I say to do it just the other way?!!"

And once again the action was repeated.

Then *Peter Pan* and working with all the boys and girls who took a trip to Peter's Never-Never-Land. I often find it hard to realize that this is the same Herbert Brenon who works so smoothly with his picture children.



☞ Barbara Kent with a brushed wool coat and our warm admiration.

☞ Beth Laemmle, a niece of the great Laemmle, stealing down to the ice-box.



For a long, long time I used to wonder why we saw him enter the telegraph office on Hollywood Boulevard each night at about eleven. Later I understood. And certainly, according to Herbert Brenon, a mother is entitled to at least such 'little consideration.'

Oh, well, someone had to do that impossible thing of stopping production in Hollywood. It simply was to be done.

And that dor-ty, Oir-ish-man, that lovable, quick-tempered artist, Herbert Brenon, had to be the one who would do it for the sake of a beautiful, beautiful mother.

\* \* \*

"The car is waiting, Miss."

And before I really knew exactly what was happening, Bebe's mother and I were rolling along Hollywood Boulevard. It is over four months since I had seen Mrs. Daniels, and I had almost forgotten how comfortable the big, black town car is. We were going to lunch together, and naturally

the conversation came around to Bebe, who returned from the wicked little Old New York City two days ago just in time to go into story conferences on her latest for Paramount—*The Great Scoop*.

"That certainly is a lovely dress you have on, Mrs. Daniels," I said.

"Yes," came the reply, "Bebe brought it back from New York for me."

We talked on, and at last I simply *had* to say:

"Mrs. Daniels, those are corking shoes you have on. Where did you buy them?"





☞ Dorothy Janis, a full blooded Cherokee Indian has invaded the films. Watch your scalps.

for Bebe Daniels' Mother!

I think it was King Lear who said something about how terrible it is to have a thankless daughter, and all I am wondering is how he would have put it had he had a thankful daughter like Bebe Daniels to talk about.

\* \* \*

Once again Fate has smiled sweetly on two handsome youths, and Fame and Fortune seem almost near enough for them to reach

out suddenly and grab. Oh, what a joy! I am talking about Robert Castle and Phillips Holmes—both signed by Paramount to long term contracts. Here's crossing our fingers for them and wishing them the successful walk up the road that leads to one of those glittering, elusive stars.

\* \* \*

I take my hat off to Lois Wilson! While everyone else around sort of disregarded the new talking pictures—or at least, didn't pay any attention to them—Lois found herself a couple of jobs on the stage with Edward Horton and proceeded to remind Mr. Producer that it was all the same to her whether a picture needed silence or voice. She went right and showed them that she could do one as well as the other. And now smart little Lois has a nice, fat contract

"Oh, Bebe knows my size so well that she brought me some from New York. This is just one pair."

Since Bebe's return, I have heard, and have read and read about the clothes she brought back from New York for Bebe Daniels, and doubtless you have, too, but I could almost say for sure that I bet you haven't heard or read about the walking clothes, the evening clothes, the afternoon dresses, the shoes, the suits and so on and on and on that Bebe brought back from New York

tucked away in her top bureau drawer; and it says that she is signed for a good long time to play leading roles in Warner Brothers talking production. You just have to remember that Lois always was up on her toes and out catching the early worm.

\* \* \*

It was only four days ago that I was talking with Arnold Kent, and we were blarneying back and forth about various things. Now, as I sit here writing, I cannot make it seem true that we will never blarney back and forth again—he with his soft Italian accent. For those of you who have not heard, I say with very great sorrow that Arnold has died from injuries he received when an automobile hit and knocked him down. I simply cannot make it seem true.

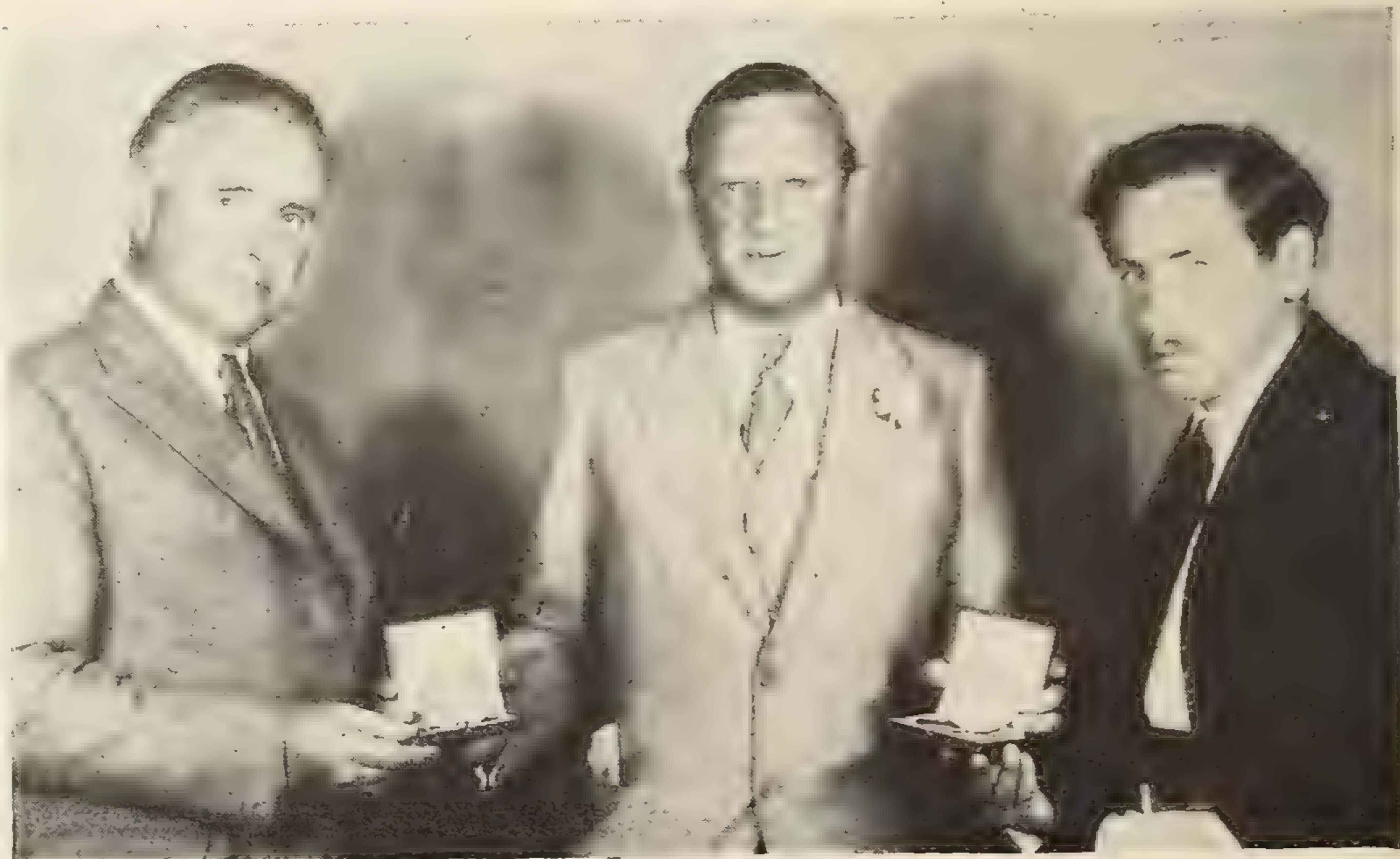
\* \* \*

Over at the Chaplin studios, there is much conferencing and excitement. Hammers are pounding. Everything is

busy, busy, busy. A great big set right at the entrance after you come through the Information Desk, is almost finished, and it immediately gives you an idea that Charlie's new picture is going to turn him into a 'city feller.' It is a huge square, made into a city park, with hedges, benches, street lights and a pond in the center. All you have to do is shut your eyes, walk into the center of the place, open 'em up, and you think you are in the park there in your own home town. *City Lights* is the name of the new picture, and if 'conferencing' means anything, this new one of Charlie's is



☞ Tom Mix and Sally Blane are making 'King of the Cowboys.' This is not Tony in disguise.



☞ Jesse Lasky presents a silver medal to Clarence Badger for his production 'It' and a solid gold medal to Josef von Sternberg for his 'Underworld.'



going to be the best thing he has ever done, because the whole staff starts in talking story at nine in the morning, and is still going strong at seven in the evening!

\* \* \*

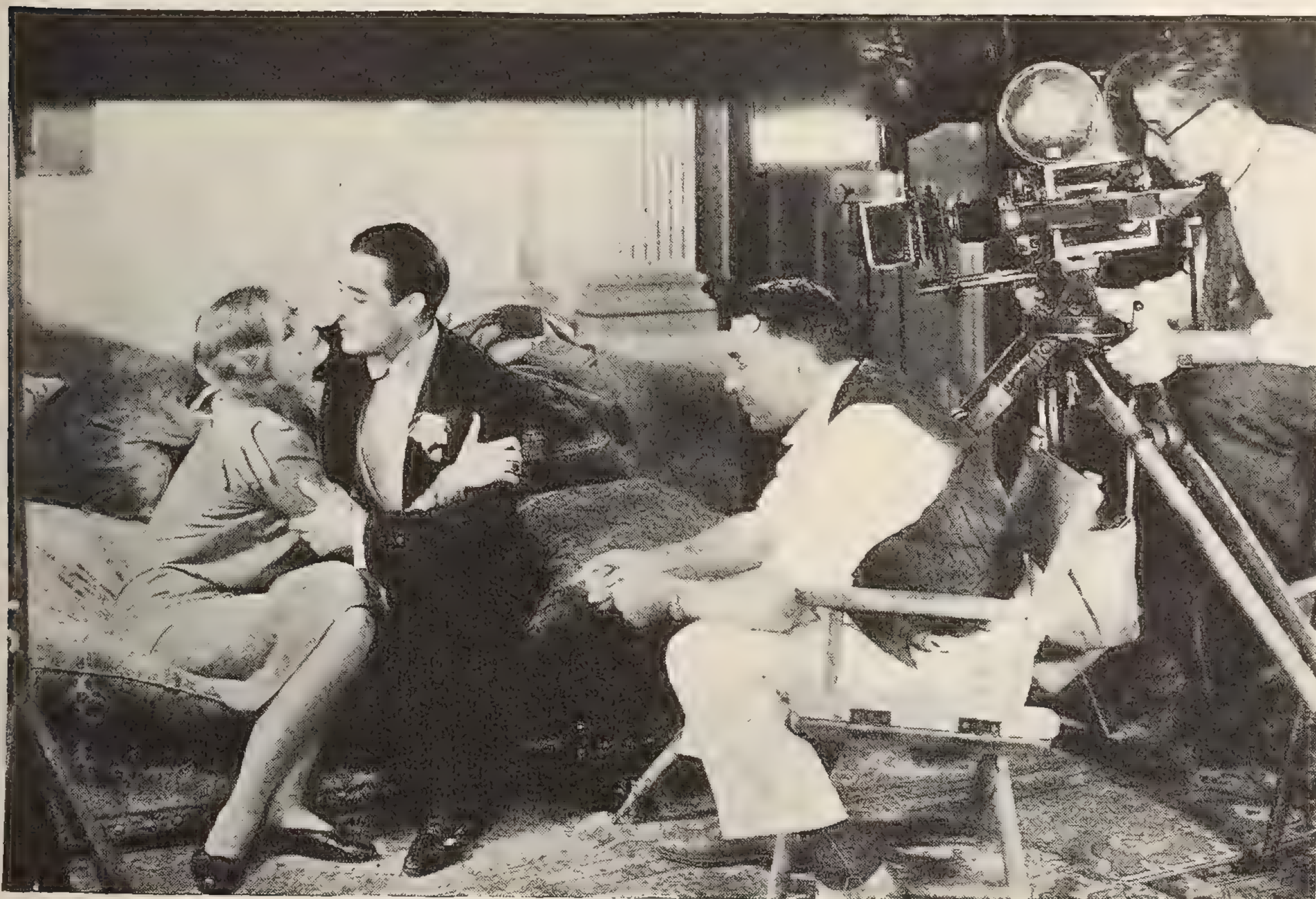
I have heard lots and lots of things about the devotion of animals for their masters, but I think I have never seen a stauncher or a more loving devotion than John Loder's little white fellow has for him. John of the rosy London complexion brought the wiggling young one all the way from England, across the continent to California, and the two are scarcely ever a yard away from each other. A couple of weeks ago Tangy was lost for an entire morning, and when he was brought home safe and sound, John couldn't move an inch without much worrying and whining from the little dog. You know, when you are so many thousands of miles away from the old home town, it must be a world of comfort to have a little guy like that watching every move you make, following you with his devoted eyes, wagging a small tail in sympathy of your moods, and *caring*, really, when you come and go. When I see them go by together, I can't help thinking that John must be a pretty nice fellow to have so devoted an admirer as Tangy!

\* \* \*

When someone told me the other day that Clarence Brown had shot the last scenes ever to be taken at the Busch Gardens, and said that the beautiful old place is to be subdivided into lots, I almost shed weary, bitter tears. It seems as if *nothing* can remain the same in our movies. Possibly you do not know



☪ Monte Blue, Pauline Frederick, Lois Wilson and Richard Tucker, at Warner Brothers Studios where they are making talking pictures.



☪ Greta Garbo and John Gilbert again directed by Clarence Brown, who discovered their possibilities in 'Flesh and the Devil.'

it, but in all the pictures you have seen, whenever there has been shown a wide expanse of lawn, and beautiful trees, and bushes, it was taken at the Busch Gardens location, and doubtless two or three bus loads of extras were motored out to make it a great garden fete for the production. Sometimes it has been the gardens of the queen; sometimes it has been the garden where the little prince, rich and lonely, is seen playing with a stately butler; then again it has been the scene of an immense party being given by the wealthy hostess. I hate to see it go! It makes me feel as if we are in too great a hurry these days—as if we are passing by or trampling over the most beautiful things we have. And that bus ride from the location—it always was the nicest, peacefulest, restfulest ride home after the long day's work!



# CONGRATULATIONS

**Harold Lloyd:**  
CONGRATULATIONS AND ALL THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU STOP MILDRED CALLED MY ATTENTION TO NOTE IN LOUELLAS COLUMN THIS MORNING AND WANTED ME TO BE SURE TO EXTEND HER SINCERE WELL WISHES.

**Clara Bow:**  
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE ONLY WOMAN FAN MAGAZINE EDITOR STOP ITS A GREAT BOOST FOR OUR SEX BEST WISHES.

**Tom Mix:**  
JUST LEARNED YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED EDITOR SCREENLAND FOR A GIRL SO YOUNG YOU ARE DOING PRETTY GOOD MUCH SUCCESS AND BEST WISHES.

**Bebe Daniels:**  
GREAT NEWS HOLLYWOOD IS DELIGHTED THAT DELIGHT IS NOW A FULL FLEDGED FAN MAGAZINE EDITOR.

**Richard Barthelmess:**  
AM DELIGHTED TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE EDITOR OF SCREENLAND STOP ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES.

**Charles Chaplin:**  
I HAVE JUST LEARNED OF YOUR APPOINTMENT TO EDITORSHIP OF SCREENLAND MAGAZINE AND USE THIS MEANS OF CONGRATULATING YOU AND AT THE SAME TIME CONGRATULATING SCREENLAND GOOD LUCK.

**Norma Shearer:**  
ALLOW ME TO EXPRESS MY BEST WISHES TO YOU IN YOUR NEW POSITION SINCERELY.

**Jack Dempsey:**  
MY DEAR MISS EVANS CONGRATULATIONS GREAT SUCCESS IN YOUR NEW ENDEAVOR.

**Aileen Pringle:**  
CONGRATULATIONS STOP NOW HURRY RIGHT OUT AND AND SEE US ALL.

**Colleen Moore:**  
DEAR DELIGHT AM THRILLED AT THE NEWS OF YOUR APPOINTMENT CONGRATULATIONS THEY COULDN'T HAVE CHOSEN ANYONE BETTER BEST WISHES FROM JOHN AND COLLEEN.

**Milton Sills:**  
HAPPY TO HEAR OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE WHICH IS ALSO SCREENLAND'S MAY I EXTEND MY VERY BEST WISHES SINCERELY.

**Phyllis Haver:**  
SO GLAD TO LEARN YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED SCREENLAND EDITOR STOP IT REALLY SEEMS OUR SEX IS COMING INTO ITS OWN AS I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE THE YOUNGEST WOMAN TO ACHIEVE AN IMPORTANT EDITORIAL POST LIKE THIS.

**Vilma Banky:**  
BEST WISHES FOR A LONG AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER SINCERELY.

**Louise Fazenda:**  
VERY HAPPY TO HEAR OF YOUR APPOINTMENT AS EDITOR OF SCREENLAND CONGRATULATIONS AND MY BEST WISHES STOP I KNOW YOU WILL HAVE EVERY SUCCESS SINCERELY.

**Lew Cody:**  
GOOD FOR YOU AND FOR SCREENLAND BEST OF LUCK.

**Samuel Goldwyn:**  
IT IS SELDOM INDEED THAT A WOMAN AS YOUNG AS YOURSELF IS GIVEN SO RESPONSIBLE A POSITION AS EDITOR OF SCREENLAND AND I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I CONSIDER IT A MOST UNUSUAL TRIBUTE TO YOUR ALREADY HIGHLY RECOGNIZED ABILITY CONGRATULATIONS.

**Gloria Swanson:**  
GREETINGS TO THE YOUNGEST GIRL EDITOR STOP PLEASE ACCEPT MY SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT AS EDITOR SCREENLAND I KNOW YOU WILL MAKE A GRAND SUCCESS OF IT STOP ALL GOOD WISHES ALWAYS.

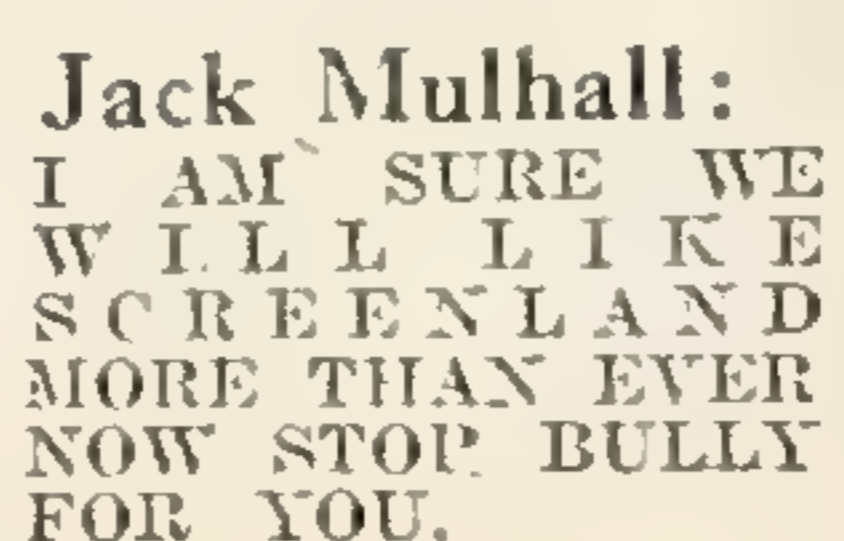
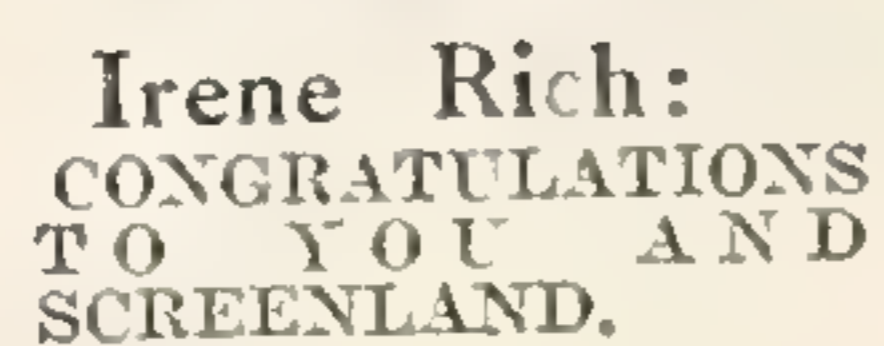
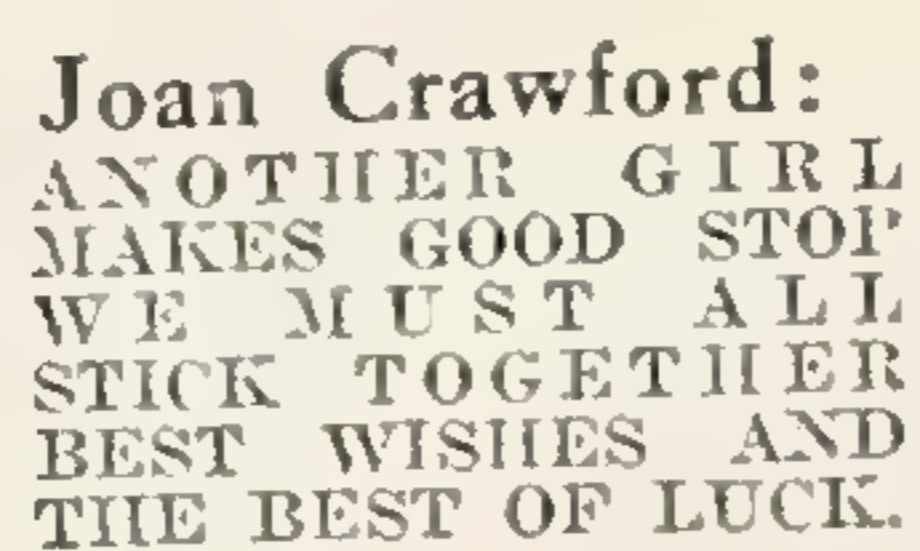
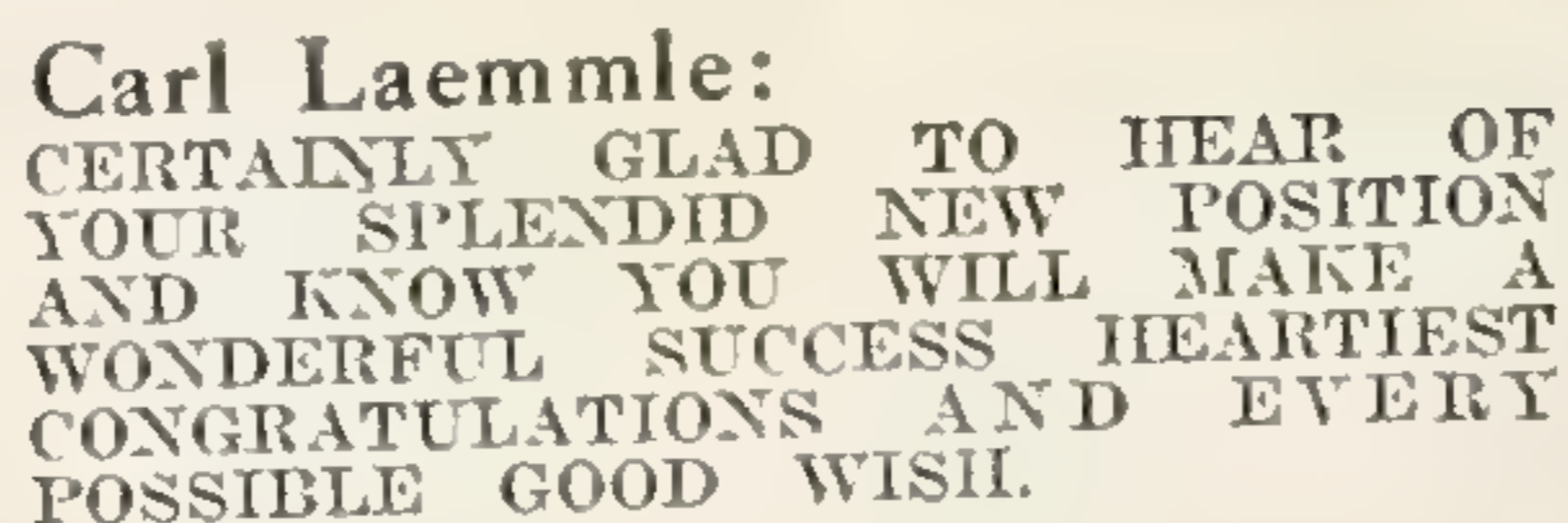
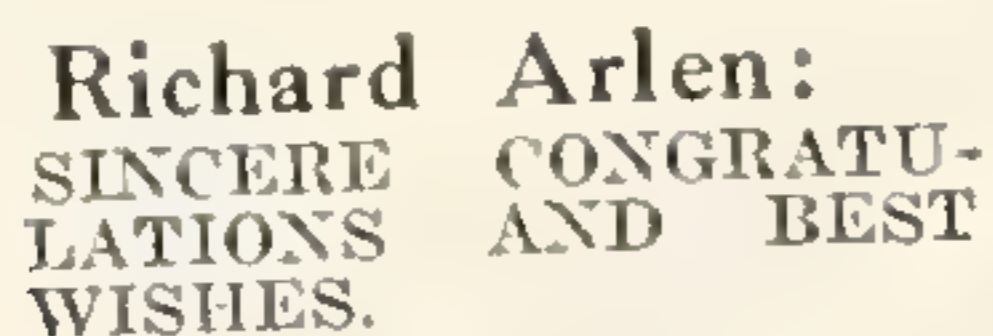
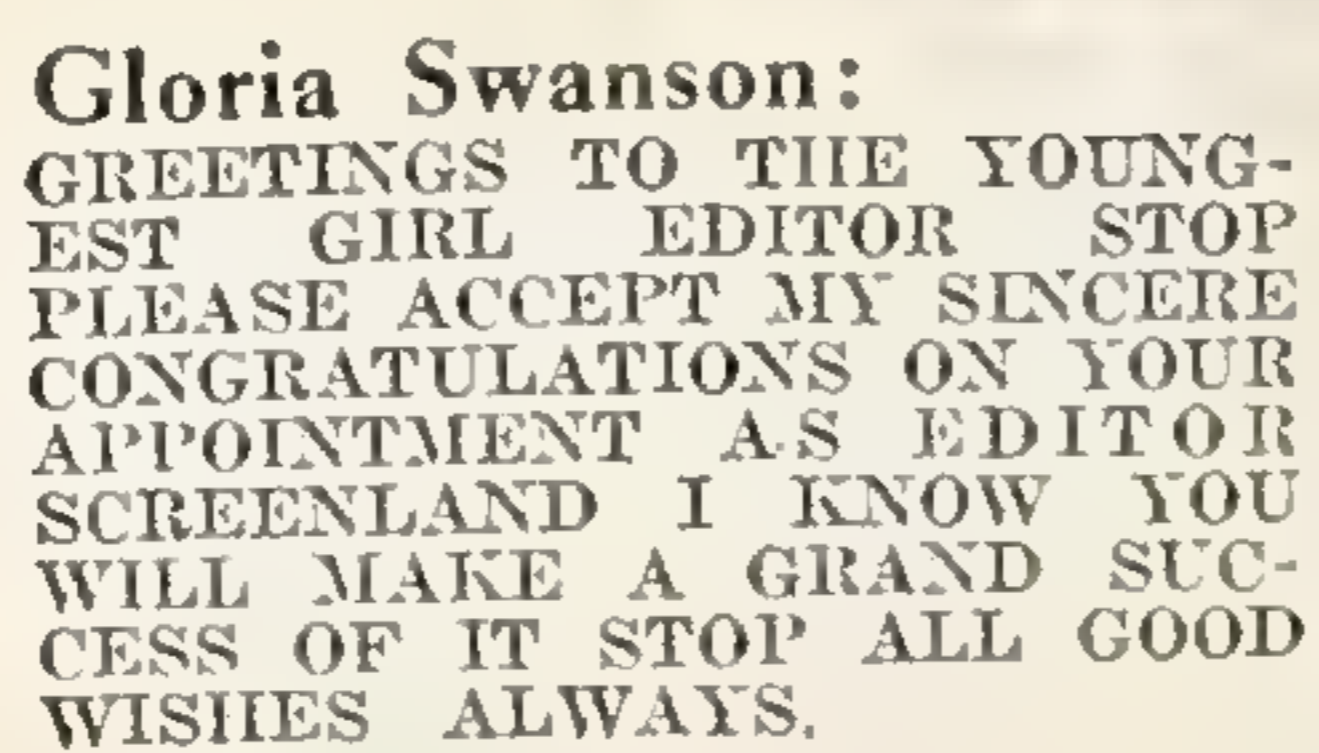
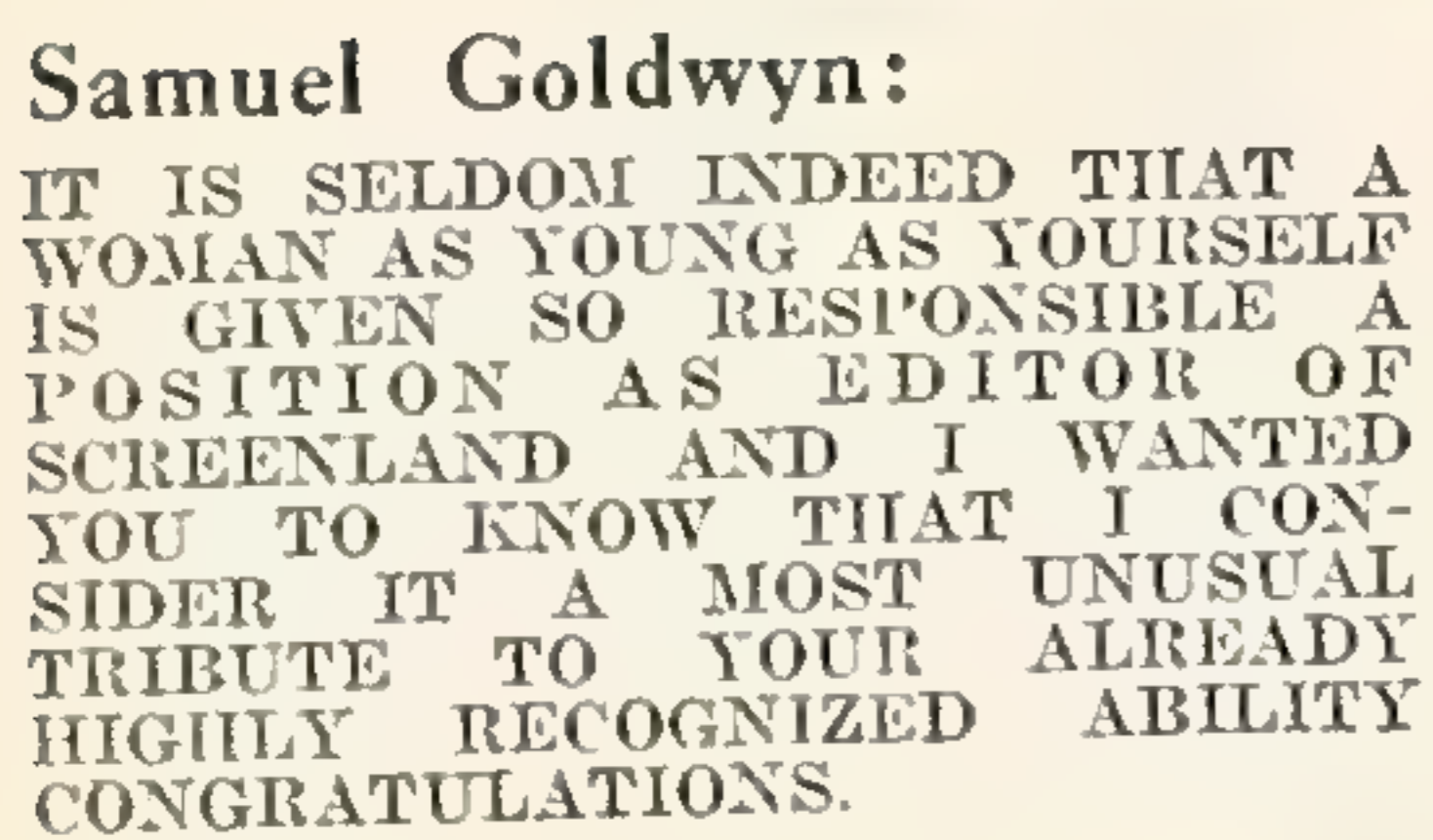
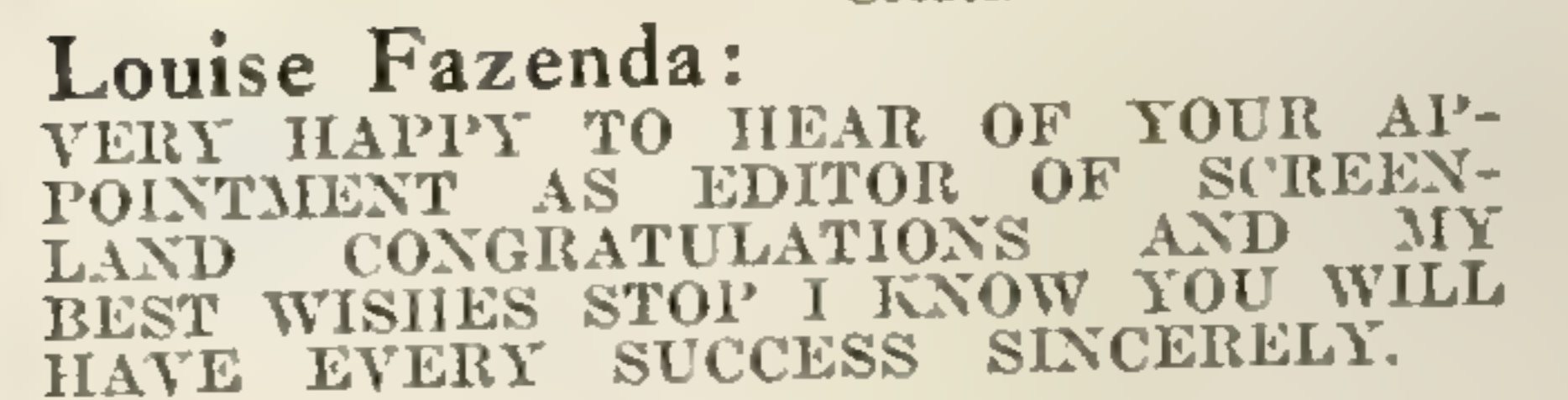
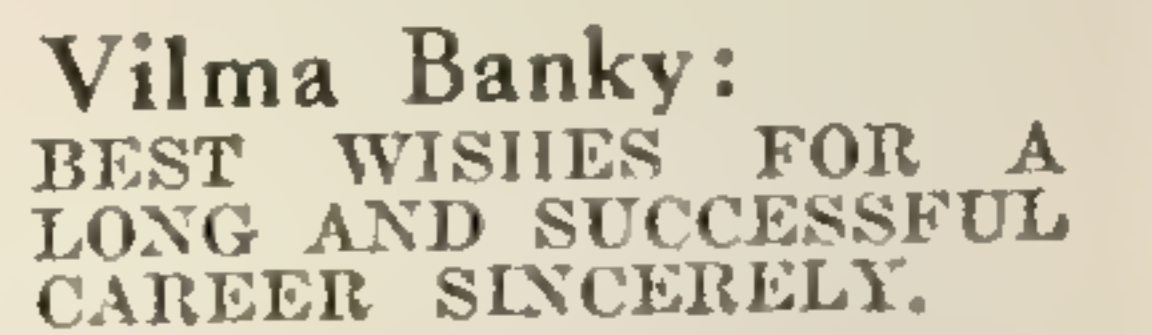
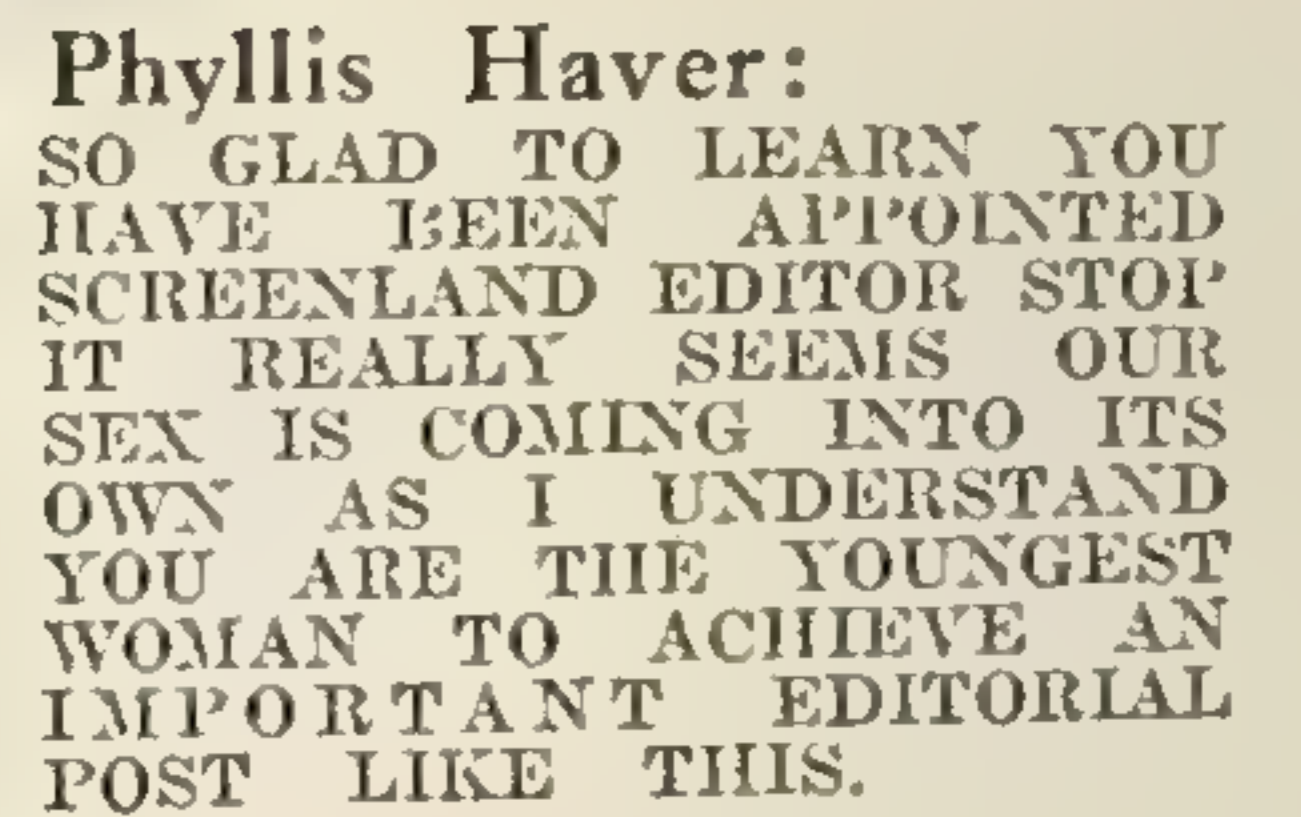
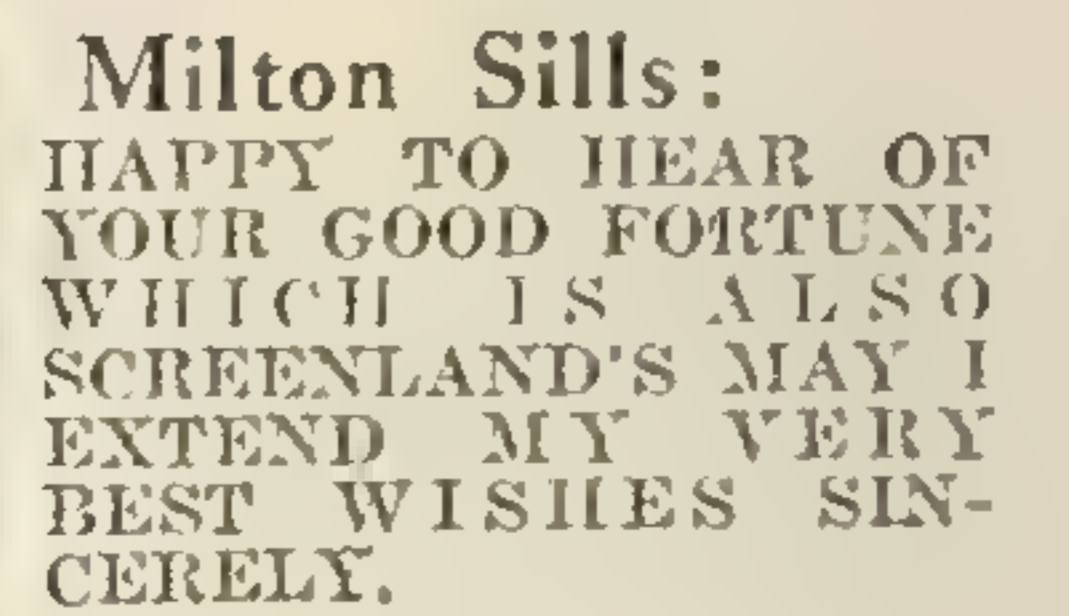
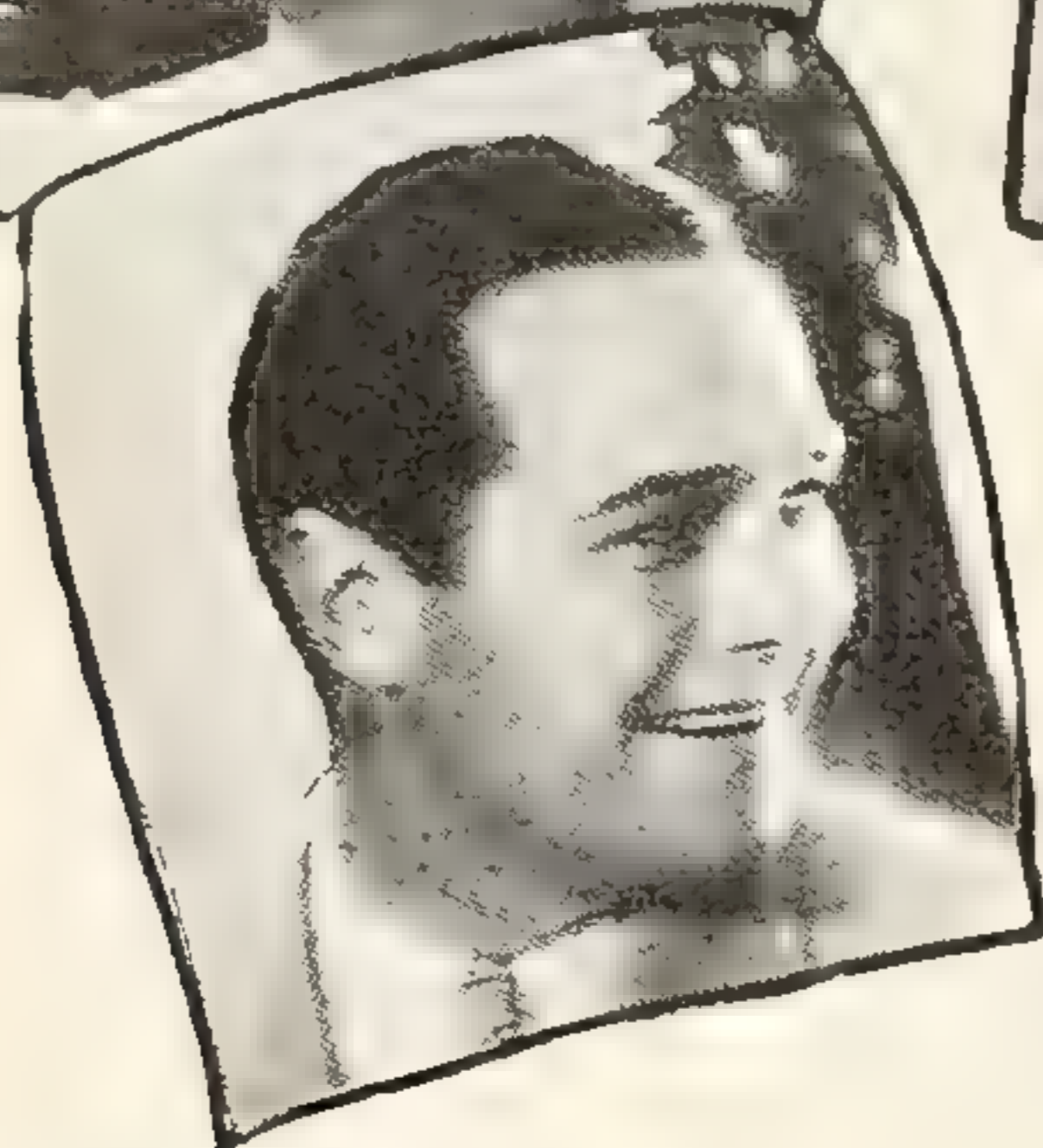
**Richard Arlen:**  
SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES.

**Carl Laemmle:**  
CERTAINLY GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR SPLENDID NEW POSITION AND KNOW YOU WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL SUCCESS HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS AND EVERY POSSIBLE GOOD WISH.

**Joan Crawford:**  
ANOTHER GIRL MAKES GOOD STOP WE MUST ALL STICK TOGETHER BEST WISHES AND THE BEST OF LUCK.

**Irene Rich:**  
CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND SCREENLAND.

**Jack Mulhall:**  
I AM SURE WE WILL LIKE SCREENLAND MORE THAN EVER NOW STOP BULLY FOR YOU.





# from Hollywood

The stars send best wishes to Delight Evans, the new editor of Screenland.

**William Boyd:**

IT GIVES ME DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED TO EDIT SCREENLAND STOP THE LADIES ARE CERTAINLY TAKING THE LEAD AND THE BOSS OF SCREENLAND HAS ACTED WISELY TO PUT YOU IN CHARGE.

**Madge Bellamy:**

MAY YOUR REIGN AS SCREENLAND EDITOR BRING YOU GREAT SUCCESS.

**Dolores Costello:**

WISH TO EXTEND CONGRATULATIONS YOUR NEW POSITION STOP AM SURE SCREENLAND IS TO BE COMPLEMENTED ON CHOICE STOP SINCERELY.

**Mary Philbin:**

CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW POSITION AND EVERY GOOD WISH FOR SUCCESS STOP HOPE THE FUTURE HOLDS MUCH OF SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT FOR YOU.

**Laura La Plante:**

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR POSITION AND WANT TO SEND MY BEST WISHES AND CONGRATULATIONS AT ONCE.

**Corinne Griffith:**

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS UPON YOUR NEW POST AS EDITOR OF SCREENLAND CERTAINLY THIS IS A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT FOR SUCH A YOUNG GIRL HERE'S WISHING YOU ALL POSSIBLE SUCCESS CORDIAL GREETINGS.

**Monte Blue:**

HAPPY TO LEARN OF YOUR PROMOTION STOP KNOW SCREENLAND'S CONFIDENCE ADMIRABLY PLACED STOP WISH YOU ALL SUCCESS IN WORLD.

**William Haines:**

MERIT WILL TELL STOP SINCERE GOOD WISHES.

**Estelle Taylor:**

DEAR DELIGHT THE TITLE EDITOR IS NO SMALL THING FOR SUCH A CHILD AS YOU BUT WITH YOUR ABILITY I KNOW THE PICTURE GOING PUBLIC WILL THINK YOU HAVE A LONG GRAY BEARD AFTER READING YOUR EDITORIALS.

**Reginald Denny:**

CLEVER GIRL DO CONGRATULATE YOU AND WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS IN THE WORLD BUT AM SURE YOU WILL HAVE SUCCESS FOR TALENT LIKE YOURS CANNOT BE HIDDEN BEST WISHES ALWAYS.

**Charles Rogers:**

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS WE ALL KNOW WILL BE YOURS.

**Rod La Rocque:**

WISHING YOU ALL SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY.

**Mary Astor:**

HAPPY TO KNOW OF YOUR NEW APPOINTMENT BEST WISHES.

**Ronald Colman:**

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW POSITION WITH SCREENLAND I AM SURE THAT YOU WILL FILL IT WITH HONOR.

**May McAvoy:**

YOUR APPOINTMENT TRULY DELIGHTFUL NEWS STOP CONGRATULATIONS BOTH YOU AND SCREENLAND AND HOPES FOR HUGE SUCCESS STOP SINCERELY.

**Billie Dove:**

MOST GRATIFIED TO KNOW DELIGHT EVANS HAS BEEN MADE EDITOR OF SCREENLAND STOP PLEASE CONVEY TO HER MY FELICITATIONS.

**Jean Hersholt:**

IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE THE TALENTED SUCCEED AND IT IS A REAL PLEASURE TO SEND CONGRATULATIONS AND ASSURANCES OF MY VERY BEST WISHES FOR GREAT SUCCESS IN YOUR NEW POSITION.

**June Collyer:**

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW POST AND BEST WISHES ALWAYS.

**Esther Ralston:**

ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD ON YOUR NEW VENTURE IT IS INDEED AN HONOR TO BE THE ONLY GIRL FAN MAGAZINE EDITOR.





# Marie Prevost's Lingerie

as won by  
MISS HULDA E. SEYFERT  
Circleville, Ohio

☞ The contest over the color of Marie's hair was an exciting one. It was won by Miss Seyfert with a brief letter, logical, witty and wise.



☞ Marie Prevost takes her ease for the last time in her negligee, content and brunette, for Hulda insisted that Marie's hair must be kept dark.

## Lot Talk

Laura La Plante had to pass an unusual test during the making of *The Last Warning* under the direction of Paul Leni. She termed it her 'scream test.'

In several parts of the production which was made with sound and synchronization, Laura was required to give vent to blood curdling shrieks. These were developed, printed, heard and seen to find if they were too loud or too soft to produce the proper audience reaction to the thrilling situations. Laura sat in with the director and viewed her 'scream test' and learned the proper intensity with which to scream a la Movietone.

It's been a busy week for Marie Prevost. She completed her featured role in *The Exodus*, the Mormon tale she made in Salt Lake City with Ben Lyon and Russell Simpson; and she received word the next day that she was wanted for some dialogue scenes they are going to add to *The Godless Girl*.

A very unusual accident occurred on the Douglas Fairbanks lot in connection with the filming of *The Iron Mask*. One of the two hundred horses, galloping through the village of St. Germain, threw a shoe which struck the tripod of one of the cameras,

shattering the leg, and then swerving upward narrowly missing the very valuable right eye of Henry Sharp, chief cameraman.

While apparently the breaking of a tripod leg is no serious matter, this particular tripod was specially built to dampen the vibration of special speed shots and will have to be rebuilt at great expense.

Things are not always what they seem! Take, for instance, the following titles of forthcoming Paramount pictures—

*Redskin* is not a story of sunburn. There are no football sequences in *Interference*.

*The Case of Lena Smith* does not concern a bootlegger's products.

*The Drums of Oude* hasn't anything to do with a jazz band.

You won't find a ghost in *The Haunting Melody*.

*The Docks of New York* wasn't a medical picture.

Neither *The Four Feathers* nor *The Canary Murder Case* is a fowl story.

No wild animals have been hired for *The Wolf Of Wall Street*.

*Tong War* isn't at all about ice men. *Abie's Irish Rose* has no horticulturist.

And *Sunset Pass* doesn't deal with complimentary theater tickets.

Hollywood's new super-power broadcasting plant, KNX—Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express Station, has made its formal debut to the radio-listening public.

Extensive plans are being made for an inaugural program unique in the history of radio broadcasting when this station begins operations on an exclusive wave channel with 5000 watts power for the first time from its headquarters at the Paramount studio in Hollywood.

Recent tests of KNX's huge transmitter located in the San Fernando Valley at Sherman Oaks have brought replies from listeners scattered throughout the United States, Canada and Alaska. Reception in the Middle West is particularly strong, according to the reports, and it is expected that when KNX operates on its exclusive wave length beginning November 11, with interference from other radio stations completely eliminated, listeners on the Atlantic seaboard will have little difficulty in tuning in the official station of 'Motion Picture Headquarters.'

Reports from Hollywood describe excellent results achieved in the filming of early scenes of Harold Lloyd's first talking picture.

"Harold's voice tests have registered exceptionally well," it was announced by William R. Fraser, general manager of the Harold Lloyd Corporation. "This was to be expected as he has had many years of stage training playing in stock and legitimate companies before turning his talents to the screen. His stage experience is proving invaluable in the making of this sound production."

Lloyd is seeking a new leading lady for this picture and hundreds of tests have been given. The choice will soon be announced.

Pouring of concrete has been finished on one of the big new 'sound' stages at First National Studios, and the walls of the second are rising rapidly.

The first unit is expected to be ready for use within a few weeks, as three shifts of workmen are busy twenty-four hours a day on the contract.

Construction work on these stages for 'talking pictures' is probably more technical than on any other form of building, as the completed stages must be absolutely proof against sound or vibration of any kind.

The walls and floors must be on separate foundations, with rubber packing and air joints connecting floor and walls at the foundation. This is to prevent vibration.

The foundations are provided by piers of reinforced concrete, sunk into the ground. Trenches are built to a depth of twenty feet all around the building to prevent surface vibrations, caused by trucks, trains and explosions, from reaching the building. Other unique features of sound stage construction are:

All wood used must be kiln-dried to eliminate resin, which generates electricity that often causes vibration.

Nails can never penetrate more than two thicknesses of wood, and they cannot be used in hard wood.

All bolts must be insulated by washers of lead.

All joints, whether of wood, plaster or metal, must have special insulators.

The doors must be as ponderous as bank vaults, to repel sound and vibration.

The entire floor area is composed of earth, laid over an insulating layer of shock-absorbing concrete.



# MORE Numerology

*¶ The letters of the stars represented by numbers give strange prophecies which the players enjoy discussing.*

By Helen Ludlam

**B**EN LYON proved to have very intriguing numbers to read and while I spoke of him last month I did not tell all the interesting revelations given by his numbers.

This year being a 'One' for Ben it means that he begins something new. Either it is something that he has wanted to do for a long time or else it is just that he begins another contract or perhaps another type of part. It may even be that he will begin a new phase of existence—he might go to another country or he might marry. (I forgot to mention that last to him, thought.)

"That is interesting," said Ben, "because I just finished *Hell's Angels* with Caddo which took me ten months to make, and terminated my contract, too. I didn't re-sign because having to stay so long on one picture was a pretty severe strain, and I decided that free-lancing would be better. I went from Caddo to FBO. It has interested me to see the different attitude I have as a free-lance actor. I feel such a responsibility toward the company I am working for. I feel that I have to almost break my neck to give the best I have. Before when I was under contract I had a sort of disgruntled feeling. I don't mean that I shirked, but I felt I was being pretty nice to them and every once in awhile I had to catch myself for feeling actually imposed upon. Just now, of course, I'm all up in the air about flying. It's certainly keeping me close to the field."

I told him that in 1923 there was a change in his life which set the future course of his work.

"Why, there was," said Ben. "That's the year mother and Jessie Bonstelle persuaded me to do a season of stock which I needed terribly for training. I did it and then went back to New York and landed a fine contract. If I hadn't had that year of stock I'd probably be selling lawn mowers somewhere for a living to this day."

June Collyer's sudden rise to fame interested me and I asked her what her numbers were. I found from them that the early part of June's life probably found her in poor health which it was her job to overcome. It was then her task to be a medium for some individualized expression of work which might separate her from her surroundings and cause her to live alone but which would give her an opportunity for subjective development. The middle cycle of her life helps her to make a name for

herself along some creative line of endeavor. The desire of her inner nature is to do some fine thing for humanity and to serve in an impersonal way. She impresses people as being a worker, either physical or mental—that is up to her, and she expresses originality of thought and action; is inspiring, interesting and a charming companion. Before she changed her name to June Collyer her companions never thought of her as a worker, always as a happy, carefree girl.

This year for her being a two she has many details and adjustments to make because of a new beginning last year. In June's case it was leaving her home and going into pictures. This year, of course, she is busy learning more of the work she has chosen to do and trying to perfect herself in all its details so that next year she can express through her personality what she has learned. June ought to give us some very good work in 1929, so watch out for it.

"Well, there must be something to it," Miss Collyer said when I told her what I had discovered. "When I was a child I was always ill—always fighting for life, and it is only in recent years that I have begun to feel well and strong."

"It seems an accident that I got into pictures, yet I suppose nothing is an accident if numbers are true. Certainly last year marked a beginning for me—a drastic one."

"Allan Dwan was looking for a society girl to play in *East Side West Side* and after he had taken test after test he got discouraged. He seems to have a single track mind because he wouldn't go on until he found just the type he wanted. He was at luncheon with some friends and a man was present whom I knew only slightly but when he heard Mr. Dwan's railings he thought of me and told Mr. Dwan about me. He said he didn't think I'd play the part but something made him speak about me anyhow. I was of course delighted but more in fun than anything else I made the test. My parents were willing for me to play the part if I wanted to, but then came the surprise. I was told that if I played the part I would have to sign a contract so that if I made good they could put me in other pictures, and that meant that I would leave for California as soon as *East Side, West Side* was over."

"I was just frantic. My parents told me to decide for myself; that if I wanted to

try it they would back me up though I had never been a day away from home and to part with me for so long was almost too much for them to think about.

"It may seem a small thing to most people but it was the first time I had been called upon to decide anything important for myself and I knew that my whole life, perhaps, might be ruined if I didn't make the right choice. Although I knew how bitterly my parents would miss me I felt that if I didn't take this marvelous chance that seemed tossed to me from heaven, and at least try to make good, they would always be disappointed in me. I walked the floor most of the night struggling with myself. More than failure I dreaded loneliness and I knew that I would have to go to California alone. But I finally decided to sign the contract and with my mind firmly made up my heart was at peace."

"But oh, it was terrible that first month. I called New York on the phone almost every night, and then my mother was able to visit me for a few weeks with my brother, and after she went home my other relatives came out and then I went east for awhile and could see my daddy whom I missed as much as mother. Daddy and I have always been so close. And now in September mother and my brother are coming out again and I am hoping against hope that sometime soon Daddy will be able to practice out here altogether. He has so many clients in California that it is just possible."

And so the little girl who had the courage to give up all she held dear just so these same beloved ones should not be disappointed in her is finding that she will not lose them after all.

While it seems to the outside world that we just have a marvelous opportunity and take a new job, these things are often in the nature of lessons for us which we would do well to give our best attention, for they are really tests of our soul and indicate by the way we meet them whether we are ready to rise or just stay where we are. Our decisions do not always launch us upon the high-road of wealth and prosperity, but insofar as we can truly say that sincerity and selflessness motivated our actions we can label the chapter 'good.'

If any of you are interested further, if you will send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter I will be glad to tell you what text book I use and with whom I studied.



## She's Just a Lonely Kid—Continued from page 19

in the world has something fine in him if we had enough sense to see it. We're all so darn stuck on ourselves, is the trouble, and think that anything anyone else does that we don't happen to do is not quite nice.

"I thought I'd die with those hoop skirts and would take them off and hang them on a tree. Every time Elmer was ready to take a scene he'd tell the assistant to get me and my hoopskirts together, and he'd always give me plenty of time to get ready.

"Well, I was only fifteen then, and I'd met a lot of different kinds of people and liked them, so I was as friendly as a puppy, but gee! you should see the looks I got from some of those dames! Elmer stuck up for me and when I bawled my eyes out he told me to forget it. Afterwards the people discovered that I was harmless and I made friends with some of them."

"Did you have red hair in that—it looked so dark on the screen."

"My dear, it was, and how. That's what made me so sick. I had to dye it jet black and the dye couldn't have been good or something, anyhow it poisoned my scalp and went all through me. I thought I was gone sure.

"I boarded in the same house with the cameraman and his wife and she took care of me. Doing the picture was a lot of fun. Elmer used to tell me stories about the scene I was to do, and then when he had me all pepped up and interested and my imagination going strong he told me to go ahead and carry the scene as I felt. That's the way we worked."

"There's Dorothy Arzner," I said, "looking like a million dollars as usual." Miss Arzner always wears tailored hats and gowns, usually white silk."

Clara jammed on the brakes. "You-hoo!" she squealed, and waving a frantic hand to attract Dorothy's attention.

"Dorothy's some peach. I didn't think I was going to like having a woman direct me. You expect a man to try and boss you around but you resent it in a woman. I got the surprise of my life in Dorothy. She never bossed once but believe me you knew there wasn't to be any fooling—everyone did. She has so much strength of character and it shows in her face and in her walk. She doesn't stride, but you know she's there.

"It's a job to be a director, particularly for a woman. After everything else is done there are the supervisors to talk to and the people that are bothering about how many dimes you are spending. Gosh!"

We pulled up at one of those confections called houses in Beverly Hills.

"Do you mind waiting a minute, dear? I want to run in and see Robert Castle. He is a German boy that hasn't been over here very long. He is awfully upset and I just want to cheer him up a little."

She bobbed out looking like a sunbeam dancing up the stone walk.

Warm-hearted little Clara! So much demanded of her, and she is still scarcely more than a child. And what a life the world's most popular girl leads! No matter how upset she is about something that has gone wrong; no matter how much she wants to think out something in her personal life that troubles her, she has no time to do it. And if she answers someone crossly or abruptly or refuses to do anything it is said: "Isn't Clara Bow a vixen? I knew she must be, the high-hat minx!"

So Clara just can't be cross.

I remembered what Elmer Clifton said of her that day. And unconsciously he showed a pretty fine spirit himself.

"Me discover Clara Bow? Not on your life. No director discovers anybody. This patter about directors discovering people gives me a large pain. A director can't put one single thing into an actor that isn't already there. All he can do is to cultivate it and bring it out. That he can do if he has the sense to see it and it is valuable for the person, but he doesn't create anything.

"When Frederick James Smith, who was then with Brewster publications, and who picked Clara as the beauty winner told me about her I was looking for just such



☞ One fine Day—in other words, Alice, one of the latest movie girls to do a talking picture.

a kid. She had the most acid test ever handed out to a youngster and if she hadn't had the goods she wouldn't have passed.

"We went up to a little office in Times Square where a camera had been placed. Clara had about six feet square space to do her stuff. She had never faced a motion picture camera before.

"I told her that she was on a beach and she was to throw rocks at some ducks flying out over the water. Her little face mirrored every emotion. For a moment she was still; then, in imagination, she picked up a rock and flung it at the ducks. And in that little two-by-four room, cramped for space, unfamiliar objects crowding all about her, she gave us the illusion that she was out on a wild shore throwing rocks at ducks. She never did the scene better. Later when I told her that she was a little stowaway and had to be careful to get on the boat without anyone seeing her although there was no boat for her to get on—just a fake entrance on the shore which matched up with the long-shot—her portrayal of fear was perfect.

"Why was she able to do that? Because in her little mind she was on that shore and climbing into that boat. And when you talk to her, her face expresses every thought that comes to her. If I said,

'Clara, you hate this man, you do thus and so to him,' her expression would follow every word, and become hard and ugly. If you told her to show love for someone, her face would be suffused by the most marvelous, most radiant expression. Another thing about Clara that shows her artistry: she is perfectly natural whatever she does. That scene in *Ladies of the Mob*. She fell down in the mud and dirt of the gutter and took that man's head in her arms. You knew darn well she was thinking of that man and what to do for him. What was happening to her clothes or her make-up didn't matter a hang.

"She is a great artist. But she isn't a better artist now than she was in that first test taken in a Times Square office. She is only a more finished one."

Clara came dancing back to the car, and clambered in. "It's really too mean, the disappointments in this business. Robert was to play the part, and then they give it to someone else! Of course Paramount has Neil Hamilton under contract and this boy isn't and they have nothing else to put Neil into and so they give this boy the gate. That is the real reason, I suppose.

"That's where Dick Arlen used to live. He and Joby have a darling house near Tuluka Lake. They designed it themselves. Their bedroom is adorable with little niches all around for holy statues and candles and ivy and books. Joby is a Catholic, you know.

"Then the bath is so clever. It is enormous with one of those sunken tubs that you have to go down two steps to get to. I should think a maid would drown herself trying to clean one. She'd have to stand on her head, almost.

"But the cutest thing is the way she has the dressing tables fixed. They are long, built-in ones, side by side. Each has a full set of electrical appliances such as vibrators, and for a curling iron, and proper lights and everything. Joby says she and Dick have so little time together when they are working, and Dick always is, that she hit on this plan of having two dressing tables—then they can chatter together while he is shaving and she is doing her hair. It's bobbed now, though.

"Dick and I got shot in *Ladies of the Mob*—did you know that? Gee! the bullets whizzed all over—for some scenes they have to use real ones. One hit me and I went limping to my dressing room, just a portable one on the stage. Dick came along after while and asked me where I was hit. I told him I couldn't just say, but that I'd have to eat my meals standing up for a few days. When I asked Dick where he was hit he said it was worse than that."

We were passing one of the Beach Clubs just then and Lina Basquette, looking marvelous in just the shade of yellow crepe de chine that suits very dark-haired people, wandered out and toward her car. We waved and you-hooed but Lina was absorbed in conversation and didn't hear us.

"Speaking of accidents—did you hear what happened to Lina? Well, my goodness, she was working on a platform and things were all set when Pev Marley got a brain storm and stopped everything. 'What's wrong, Pev?' said Cecil (Cecil De Mille). 'Well,' said Pev scratching his head, 'I don't just know whether I'll move the camera forward a foot or Lina back a foot. Guess I'll move Lina back a foot.'



They had no sooner moved the platform and Lina had climbed on it when, bang! went an enormous iron bolt as big as a base ball *right where Lina's head had been!* Well, of course it was terrible. Everyone turned white and one person got sick and it was an hour before they could go on with work and even then you could tell that their minds kept wandering back to what had almost happened.

"Lina has had so much tragedy in her short life that everyone wants her to stick around until something nice happens to her. I think she is very clever and that she has a great future."

As we turned into the long stretch toward Malibu I asked Clara what she did with herself after hours, and got a great surprise.

The world's most popular girl has almost no playmates. She chums around with a little girl not in pictures, Tui Lorraine, but in the industry she has no close friends.

"I guess we don't understand each other very well. I like to talk and plan about what I'll do when my day on the screen is over and most actresses put that out of their minds entirely and dodge the subject whenever it comes up. I don't. I know quite well that you can't overcome a thing by ignoring it. The axe only finds you unprepared when it falls. If you face things and make some provision for them you get the upperhand of fate and have some chance of winning—otherwise—good night!"

"Most of my friends are writers—isn't that a scream—you'd not think it with all the slangy publicity that's gone out about me. I don't know what people think I'm like but I bet it isn't anything like what I really am. Do you know what you are like? I don't always know myself. Sometimes I do things that I never in the world thought I would or could do. But I like to talk to writers because they usually know about things that interest me and talk without effort. And I like all kinds of people—I don't care what they do or what class of society they belong to—if they are congenial I like to be with them.

"But I hardly ever go to parties or give them, and goodness how I hate restaurants and groves and night clubs! I like to sprawl out on the beach and swim and all that. Then I like to read. No—no one ever thinks that of me. They always think I'm trying to break some man's heart and they're just disappointed if I don't. I really have to keep a lot to myself and I'm happier so."

By that time we had reached the beach house and made one dive for the water—I had to climb into someone else's suit that barely fitted my generous proportions—but la, what's an inch one way or the other.

After a dip and a dinner I was driven back to Hollywood in state by Clara's chauffeur. The last glimpse I had of Clara was standing alone in the doorway of her little cottage waving goodbye. The light

from the living room cast an aura around her bright, luxuriant hair and graceful figure and it struck me that the girl who receives 35,000 fan letters a month, the girl whose pictures draw double lines in front of the box-office, the only girl in pictures, whose name, according to statistics, fills the house regardless of what picture she is in (and the only man whose name does this is Lon Chaney); the girl who is the darling of America, as Mary Pickford is its sweetheart, is Clara Bow, and that she is perhaps the most lonely little girl in Hollywood.

I don't mean that from a sob angle. Clara has too much richness in her own nature, too much vision into unseen things for her ever to *feel* lonely. But the social life that you would expect a girl like Clara to lead is not there. For Clara has no sympathy with the social whirl.

"What do you get out of it?" she demanded. "Nothing but late hours, and I can't stand them. Oh, once in a while of course—but when I'm working I have to turn in early. What would my dear public say if I appeared with rings under my eyes? A star can afford new clothes, if she wants them, but she can't afford rings under her eyes. Particularly in the frothy things I play. I'm just dying to play heavy dramatic roles, but I'll never be able to. The world wants Clara Bow to make them laugh and be happy, so Clara has to do the best she can about it and some of the sincere letters I get make it all very much worth while."

## *The Newest Picture Girl—Continued from page 15*

of luck and a straight nose and therein lies the story.

The day before production started on *Redskin* the casting director's office on the Paramount lot was sunk in gloom. A Navajo maiden was their dire need, at least a girl who could look and act like a daughter of America's oldest race was the unfilled order that haunted the 'no men' of the industry.

Now a girl who can look and act like an Indian lass is a rare thing in Hollywood. The flora and fauna of this country runs to preferred blondes, and the few brunettes who are 'camera-broke' possess aquiline French noses, trimly upturned Irish noses or supercilious Italian noses, none of which can possibly emulate the noble straight-lined nose of the Navajo.

Technicolor tests were made by the mile. According to the exhausted laboratory workers, a round four hundred and sixty three individual and separate tests were through the 'soup' before a few yards of film marked 'Gladys Belmont—test for *Redskin*' was projected before a discouraged array of studio officials.

One straight nose, two sparkling dark eyes, and a pair of high cheekbones won the day for Gladys.

The holocaust that followed is interestingly told in Gladys' own words.

"Three days after I had made the test for 'Cornblossom,' I had actually forgotten the matter. One does, you know, in Hollywood. I was eating dinner when the telephone rang. A strange businesslike voice informed me that I had been selected for the role and to be packed and ready the

next morning at eleven o'clock to leave for the location in Arizona and New Mexico.

"I spent the rest of the night laughing, crying, packing and calling a few friends to pass on the glad tidings. I didn't get a wink of sleep that night or the next one on the train that rushed me to Gallup, New Mexico. From Gallup a car drove us through one hundred miles of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. In fact, I forgot that I was cross, nervous and deadly fatigued. Arizona and New Mexico are two wonderful places to cure a case of frayed nerves."

Recent bulletins from the *Redskin* camp in Arizona report that Gladys is surpassing all expectations in her Indian-girl role. According to Director Victor Schertzinger her part is one of the most difficult in the entire production, and one that would tax the resources of an experienced player.

The childhood and girlhood of our Newest Girl in Pictures reads like that of thousands of other dark-haired, brown-eyed youngsters. She was born in Pueblo, Colorado, in 1911. Because of her father's business the family changed residence frequently. When Gladys was three years old she was included in the census list of Lewiston, Montana. Later Mobridge, South Dakota, enrolled the Belmont family, but New England claimed them one year later. Gladys' education was completed at Great Falls, Montana, at the St. Angelena Ursuline Academy.

Another change awaited the Belmont family. This time it was California. Perhaps Gladys had just a tiny hope that their

path would finally lead to Hollywood and the studios, perhaps not. But it's a likely hope for a young miss of sixteen to possess.

Fresno, the land of the grape, was the first stop and then a call to Los Angeles brought cheers from the entire family.

On a rainy day in January, 1928, Gladys Belmont screwed up her courage and paid a visit to the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood and succeeded in convincing them that she was capable of doing extra work. Several weeks later she received a call for her first part. It was at the Paramount Studio and the production was *Red Hair*, starring Clara Bow. Gladys was given a lovely white satin evening gown and sent down to a stage that had been transformed into a gaudy cabaret. It was Gladys' first introduction to Hollywood's gay night life that goes merrily on in the middle of the day.

Luck certainly followed the little Belmont girl, for she worked in *The Godless Girl*, *Don't Marry*, *The Last Warning*, *The Night Bird*, *The Boss of Little Arcady*, and *The Camera Man* in quick succession.

Then the news was broadcast, as such news is in Hollywood, that Paramount was making a desperate search for a girl to play the lead opposite Richard Dix in *Redskin*. It would have been bad business, according to the extra's code, not to try for a test, and Gladys is a good business woman. She took the test and forgot about it. You would too if you had been before the testing cameras as many times as Gladys.

The wheel of chance stopped for Gladys. How far will it carry her? Who knows?

**SCREENLAND for January will be edited by Delight Evans, the girl whose reviews have made her famous. "Variety" labeled her the "Flapper Editor." She's the youngest, snappiest fan writer. Get the January SCREENLAND!**



## On Location—Continued from page 41

I found the ring? I'm sure I'd be so interested whizzing through space that I'd forget all about pulling the ring until I landed—and then it would be too late."

Pulling the ring, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with aviation if there are any such left, releases the parachutes. It can't be pulled until the victim is turtling through space.

Ralph Graves kept popping over to sit near a very attractive young lady around whom I immediately scented a romance. "His fiancée?" I enquired. "No, his bride," said Harold Wilson, script clerk for Mr. Hill. "Ralph met her just after Christmas in San Diego—she is a San Diego girl, and they were married a few weeks afterwards. This is his first picture since the honeymoon and what does he draw but a location to San Diego, which pleases them both. Mrs. Graves isn't in pictures and wonder upon wonders, doesn't want to be, though she is pretty enough to make quite a splash if she cared to."

In a location chair, with a bandaged foot propped up on a bench and a sateen cushion, was a familiar face. "That looks like Sumner Getchell," I said.

"It is," replied Carroll Nye who had picked himself a soft place in the sand. "And he is the sweetest, most good-natured kid I ever met. That foot has given him a lot of pain but you'd never know it from him."

It seems that Sumner who has been doing several talking comedies—and by the way, listen for his half apologetic little chuckle when you hear them or see them—what are we going to say now that we both see and hear a picture? Anyway, Sumner, a flyer himself, with about three hundred hours in the air to his credit without an accident, slips on the treacherous footing of the concrete runway just beneath the surface of the water and falling, does himself a lot of damage. His ankle was sprained, broken and the ligaments strained—all at once.

"It's good all my scenes down here are taken in a plane so I only show from the waist up," said Sumner. "It would sure be a tough break for the company if I had to show my feet," which gives an indication of the boy's character. There wasn't a word about what a tough break it was for him.

"That's a peach of a bandage," someone said.

"Isn't it, though! The Navy doctors sure know their stuff all right. Between them and Carroll here I'm getting along fine. Carroll did everything for me at first—missed a trip to Tia Juana and everything

because he thought I couldn't manage alone."

I had heard so much about George Hill that I was very interested to meet him and watch him work. He didn't know it but I was around the lot when he made his first picture, eight years ago, and everyone thought then that he would make a fine director, but he was so good-looking that they wondered why he didn't become an actor.

Above our heads thundered seventy five or more planes doing their daily dozen. Each flier has to spend two hours in the

"Everyone in this outfit is cracked over aviation," he said. "Gets into your blood down here. You don't realize what limitless possibilities it offers until you see these boys dashing up to San Francisco to weekend with their family or running over to Denver on an errand. Time and space is reduced to nothing, comparatively speaking. And think of the discomforts air travel eliminates. No dust, no heat, no trouble about changing cars, and snoring travellers."

"Sure. It would be great if you could depend upon getting there," said I with a wise look.

"Just as safe as the train if you get a responsible pilot. Look at the air mail. For five years or more those boys have been delivering mail with less accidents chalked up against them than the train service shows. And then, look at the view you get. Will you have some fruit?" he asked offering a community box of pears, apricots and grapes.

"I'm always dying or something in pictures," continued Carroll. "This one I get cracked up on my first trip alone, probably because I am scared to death. A good many of the boys are scared on their first solo flight, I find. And for the period of instruction it is now customary for each instructor to carry a sand bag or black jack so that if a boy gets scared and hangs on to the controls too stiffly, he just gets a crack over

the bean that puts him out and the instructor can pilot the ship to safety from the front seat. Until they did that there were a lot of casualties among the recruits and their teachers."

Novarro is crazy about flying and wants a plane of his own; so does George Hill.

There was such a sense of order and poise on this location that I asked a few questions about the boss for I find that as the boss thinketh so think the rest. There was no rushing about, pacing up and down, worried looks or any of the things usually found to some extent in the best regulated film units. Mr. Hill had plenty of time while his assistants were setting up for the next scene to make a few friendly remarks to a guest making her feel perfectly at home and welcome, which is something of an achievement for a busy director. I discovered the reason for this was that Mr. Hill planned his whole day's activities the night before, often sitting up until two and three in the morning, with the result that he knew exactly what he wanted to do, how he wanted to do it and had prepared other work in case of emergencies. He arrives on the set each morning as a general arrives on a battlefield with everything thought out in detail. Consequently



Carroll Nye and Sumner Getchell on location for 'Gold Braid.' This is NOT a scene from the picture.

air or be fined or court-martialled or something terrible, and it gave some of the boys considerable worry to have to wait around to be movie actors when that two hours was hanging over their heads. "I wish," one of them said anxiously, with his eye on the sinking sun, "they'd get through with me so I could do my flyin'."

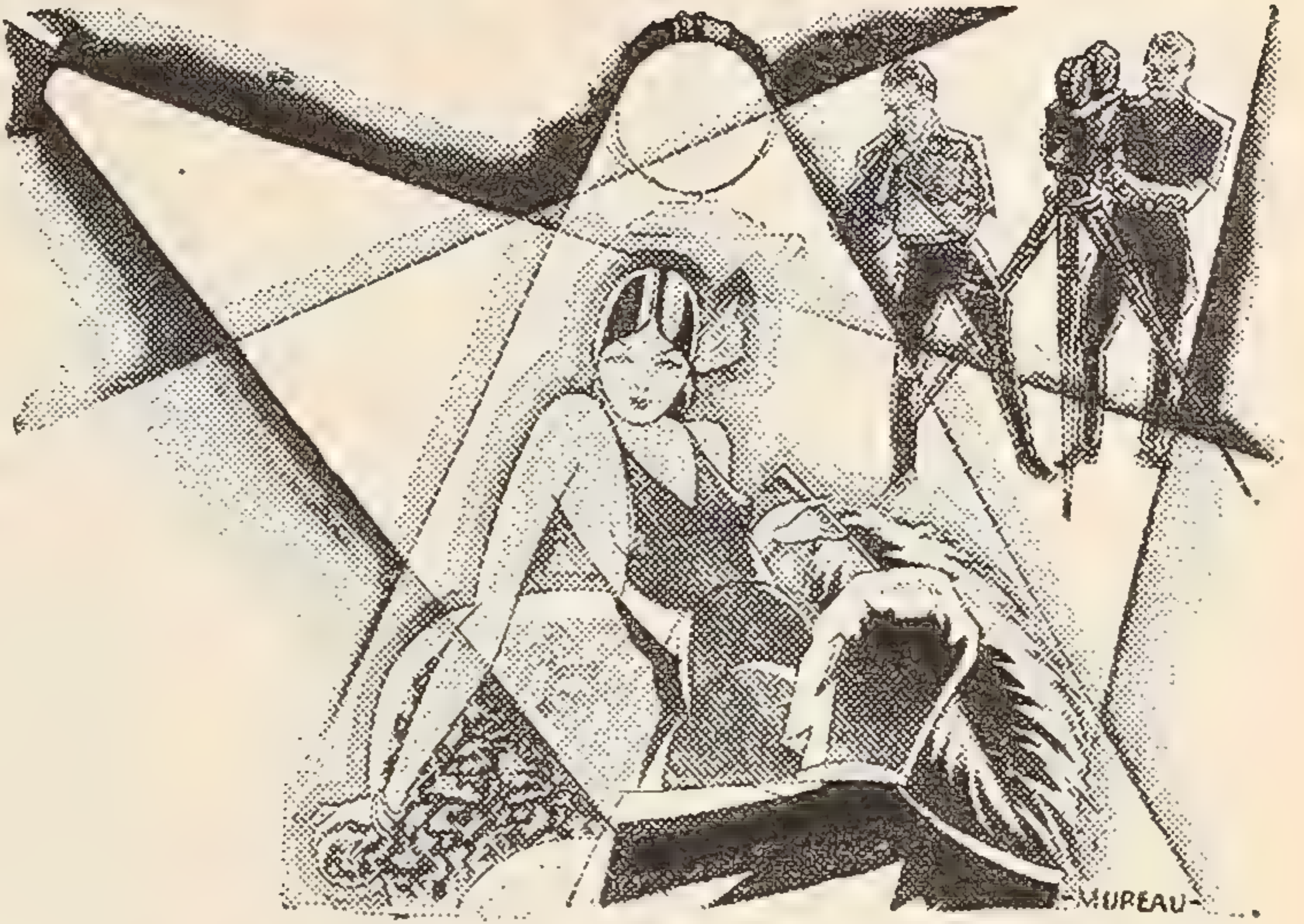
While they were 'setting up' for the next shot George Hill gave me a eulogy on the merits of air travel. "Just think. The Admiral left here at nine this morning for Los Angeles Harbor where he will inspect the Lexington and around three o'clock he will be back here again. Ordinarily that trip would take two uncomfortable days. Today he just climbs in his plane, shuts himself in his 'office' with his papers and his secretary and forgets everything else until he arrives on the Lexington. On the Lexington, mind you, he doesn't even have to get into a boat to board the carrier, he lands right on its deck. That's service. Before we know it we will be able to shop in China in the morning and have chop suey at our Beverly Hills homes at night."

"All ready, Mr. Hill," said Dave Howard, his assistant; and as Mr. Hill burst into action Carroll Nye dropped into the chair he had vacated.



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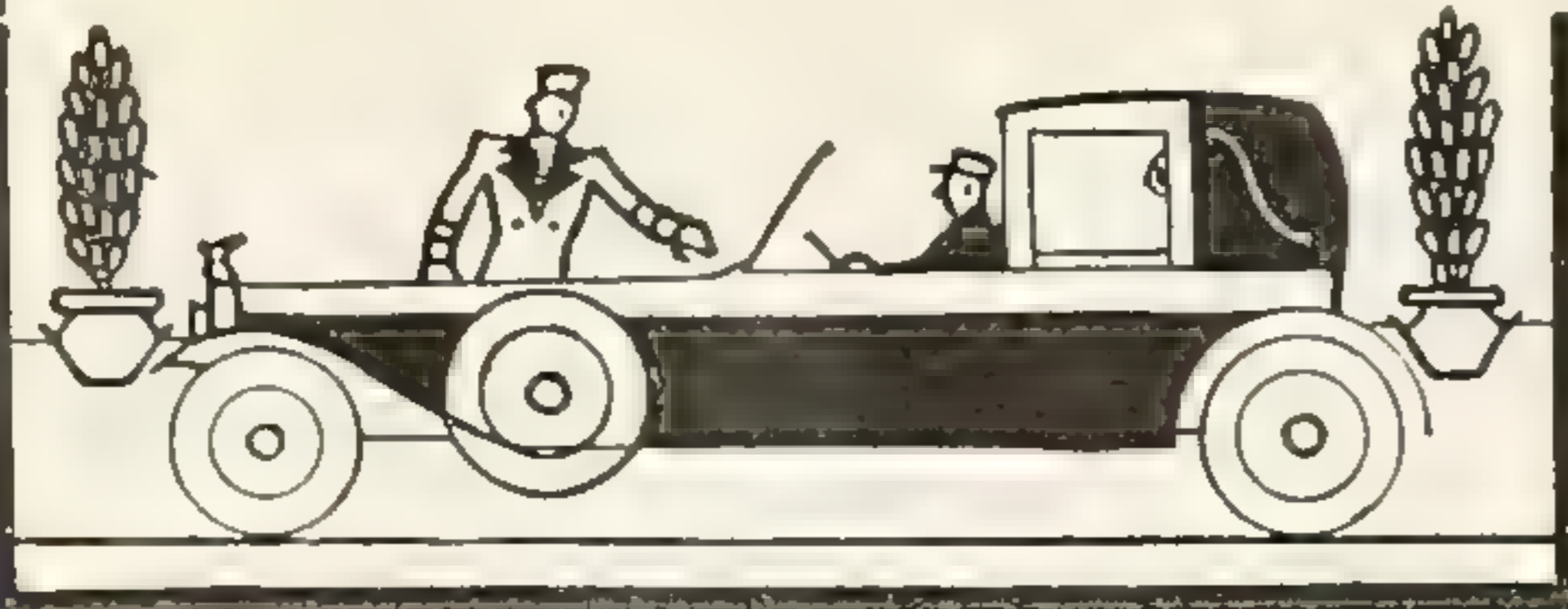
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he is not tearing his hair between scenes planning details in the action.

All directors do this after a fashion; few do it systematically, but those who do save production costs and frazzled nerves. Incidentally, they get the best out of their actors and staff.

"An amusing thing happened this morning," Ramon said, "Two aviators were in a long shot with Carroll, Ralph and myself. Just now George wanted to get a close-up of the same scene and sent for the aviators. The marine on duty told him that he couldn't get those two boys just now because one was in Los Angeles and the other over the desert on his way to Arizona. He said they would both be back in the morning and asked George whether that would be all right."

Although Ramon likes *Gold Braid* he is restless to do a picture that has more to it than the ordinary program picture offers. "What difference do a few more dollars make to me?" he demanded with kindling eyes, "I have more now than I will ever spend. I feel that I should be doing pictures that give more than just amusement."

"Sometimes life seems very empty and I wonder if what I have done has been any use at all. I think not, and then I realize that my work has been the means of sending my brothers through college and helping my father bear a heavy burden. And then, too, a letter will come from some sweet, clean-minded person telling me what some situation or other in one of my pictures has meant to them and to the handling of their own problems, and I think, 'well, it is worth while.'"

My harvest on this location was pleasant memory of everyone's hospitality, a craze for the progress of aviation and a terrible sunburn, which is still with me after three weeks of care.

I had been told by Virginia Kellogg, who, besides being script clerk for Fred Niblo, does all of his personal publicity, that Mr. Niblo's company would be working in Verdugo Hills, about an hour's run from Hollywood the next day, and invited me to spend it with them.

The next morning Ralph Wheelwright, press representative for the Niblo unit, called to take me out to the location.

It was just ripping. Under the most beautiful old oak trees was a regular carnival scene. There was a stage, and two or three circus-wagons and half a dozen tables at which fifty or more lads and lassies and soldiers made merry.

The story is supposed to be the life of the famous French actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur. It probably deviates some from the historical account, but what does that matter if it entertains?

This particular sequence was before the child became famous. She was singing in this traveling circus and at a request from the soldiers leaves the stage and wanders over to their table for a song. Of course they tease her and it gets rather rough. So rough that her guitar is broken and the girl is reduced to tears of anger and mortification. To her rescue comes Nils Asther, commander of the troupe and really a prince, though she doesn't know it. He reproves the men sternly, restores the broken guitar and bracelet as charmingly as if the little songstress were a princess of the blood, for the gallant young noble has fallen in love with the beautiful girl. However, when she leaves the scene he winks knowingly at his men, showing them that he didn't mind their actions in the least and had only come to the rescue so that he could make a personal hit with the

young lady. So he wasn't such a gallant at heart after all.

The clever thing about this treatment is that the costumes are a heterogeneous collection from every nation under the sun so that there would be no hard feelings when the picture is shown in foreign countries. Even the actors are chosen from several different countries and the salutes belong to no army at all. It is simply a tale of human nature — love, hate and romance—which is the same fundamentally in every land.

An interesting thing about this scene was that it was supposed to be at night but such is the trickery of photography, that, taken in the daylight with the film treated with dark blue, or shot through dark gauze, the effect is much better than if it were actually taken at night. All this was explained to me by Alexander Toluboff, Art Director for the unit. Mr. Toluboff is a graduate of the Russian Royal Art Academy and is an architect and engineer of some note. He is working on the set for the new Garbo Picture, *A Woman of Affairs*, and also did the *Mysterious Lady* set.

Harry Rheinhardt, son of John R. Rheinhardt, the composer, is technical director and told us an amusing experience he had recently during an air flight. They were circling over Palm Springs for a location for a picture and got over the most treacherous air currents in the west which hover above Palm Canyon. Mysterious winds twist a plane into tail spins and do all sorts of curious things—"and right over this interesting spot we ran out of gas," said Harry. "We thought we were sure gone, for there was no place to make a quick landing, and then we spied an alfalfa field on the other side of the railroad. We came down and flew under the telegraph wires—that's how near beat we were. Just as we were climbing out of the plane the farmer came running up and balled us out for ruining his alfalfa crop. 'Say, listen,' I said to him, 'When you are up in the air with nothing between you and death but a man's alfalfa field you land on it. We'd have landed on your bed if it had been big enough.'"

The scene was taken where Joan, who has been lifted to the table by the soldiers, is tripped up and falls into their arms. A close-up of her ankles was about to be taken when it was discovered that Joan wore an anklet. So the whole production had to be suspended until Joan's anklet was removed.

"Now boys," said Mr. Niblo, "Remember that catching Miss Crawford is the most important thing you have to do."

"It's important to me, anyway, if it isn't to you, Fred," said Joan.

"It's important to us," said Sven Borg who was Greta Garbo's interpreter when she first arrived in this country and who is now doing exceedingly well himself in pictures. "Because, if we don't catch you we lose our jobs."

"Where's your English?" said the young count Troubetskoy smiling.

"I said job," Sven retorted glaringly. And they both burst out laughing.

Virginia Kellogg, who is the most attractive location hostess I have ever known, excused herself for a moment to make some notes on her typewriter which had been brought out to the location and placed on a long table providing her with a little office. In two seconds she was back. "Well, that was short and sweet," I said. Virginia laughed, "I don't see why I should write more than is necessary. Every night I complete the details in a



# "He can't play... turn on the radio" they all shouted



## but my revenge was sweet

"NOW that everyone is here, let's tune is on a good station and get some snappy dance music."

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station."

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this *would* happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played afore at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

### A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal "Blue Danube Waltz." A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one

started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned . . . when I had learned . . . how?

### The Secret

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A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

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"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

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Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was envious because they could entertain their friends and family.

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lengthy paper—out here I just put down the thoughts so I won't forget."

This twenty-year-old girl ought to have a special article all to herself and maybe she will some day; for, from a photograph I saw of her, she would be a knockout on the screen. She has all the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth but with it she has poise and judgment that belong on much older shoulders. A writer herself, she knows what things about a production a writer wants to know; and being very young she knows what the fans want to know, so her chaperonage is an extremely beneficent one.

In the fall off the table Joan smashes her banjo. "What a pity that instrument is broken," I exclaimed.

"That's just a break-away prop," Virginia informed me. "There are ten of them. It isn't a real banjo, just an imitation one. There are about twenty hoops for the clowns to jump through. Airplanes are made the same way that have to have a crackup. The pilot takes the plane up and changes to a real one in mid-air, though I have never seen that stunt done myself."

Joan sat beside us while she adjusted her ear-rings. "They are so heavy they nearly kill me," she said rubbing her complaining ears. "I am not used to wearing them and anyhow these weigh a ton. I think I'll hang them on with a silken thread—they'll never show under this thatch of hair."

There were box lunches for everyone and we ate them picnic style on one of the carnival tables — Joan, Virginia, Ralph Wheelwright, Nils Asther, Fred Niblo and I. Mr. Niblo wondered why in the world producers changed the name of a well-known play or novel when it was picturized. Well, that has been one of my stumbling blocks too, and I was all puffed up to find that Mr. Niblo and I thought along the same lines on this particular subject. I never could see why a producer would spend half a million dollars for some yarn because of the publicity break it gave and then turn around and change the name, thereby losing all publicity value.

"They say they can't film *A Woman of Affairs* because it is immoral," said Mr. Niblo, "and then they film the identical story, even accentuating it in spots, call it by another name and that's all right. It isn't fooling anyone because it is explained that the story is taken from *A Woman of Affairs*. Therefore it would appear that the immorality lies merely in the title. Now what's immoral about the words, *The Green Hat*, and what's immoral about the title *Rain*? They call it *Sadie Thompson* and it gets by: the same story, the same action—only they make the erratic gentleman a missionary instead of a minister—heaven knows why since according to statistics ministers are as human as the rest of us and no stronger than most of us."

It did me good to hear this celebrated director state himself thus, and I'd like to have just one waterproof reason why the habit continues.

Nils Asther saved all his candy, cakes and grapes for his English sheep dog that he brought with him on his last trip abroad. It has no tail, after the manner of its kind, and has long curly silver grey fur. It was tied to Nils' natty roadster and looked with longing eyes toward its master and the goodies it knew he would bring.

Aileen Pringle is playing the Duchess in this picture and a stunning one she makes. I was quite surprised to find Miss Pringle a very merry, witty person, not at all the stiff highbrow I had imagined from the

stories I had heard of her literati gatherings. "Oh," said Aileen, with hands upraised, "I don't dare invite a writer to my house any more. They are banned. Musicians, lawyers, or doctors, but no writers."

Virginia Kellogg had told me that Miss Pringle had tea served every afternoon. "How on earth do you do it? Suppose it holds up production?"

"It should," said Aileen swiftly, "and it would save money for the company. By four o'clock one is all in, what with the heat from the lamps and the waiting around. A hot cup of tea and a Zed just puts new life into people and they can do much better work the rest of the afternoon."

"Why a Zed?" I asked, thinking that there were much nicer biscuits to be had.

Aileen's eyes twinkled with mirth, "Because Zeds are good for what ails most people. And they eat them and wonder why they feel so much better. So I really feel that I am doing a great work by having tea every afternoon at four regardless of whether the lights are twinkling or not, and by serving Zeds."

Then we went over to see the seal. Yes, a trained seal who got up on the stage and balanced a ball on its sensitive nose and got fed for it. The seal had to work the next day and its owner was all for leaving it there overnight. The decision was put up to Jimmie Fleetwood. "She can leave it on the set if she wants to," said Jimmie, "but if it walks out on us during the night or anything funny like that happens, don't look at me, that's all. I don't mind having it out here all night, but I won't be responsible." So the seal went home.

And then there was a juggler and a contortionist with the most gentle face I have almost ever seen.

And suddenly it was over and everyone made a break for the cars which pulled out one after another in an unending line. "Look at the fleet," someone cried as about twenty cars whizzed down the road on their way, not home, but to the studio thirty miles away to see the rushes of the previous day. Then they could go home.

I think one of the most beautiful pictures of the year will be *Redskin* and next month I shall tell you what the company had to go through to give it to you.

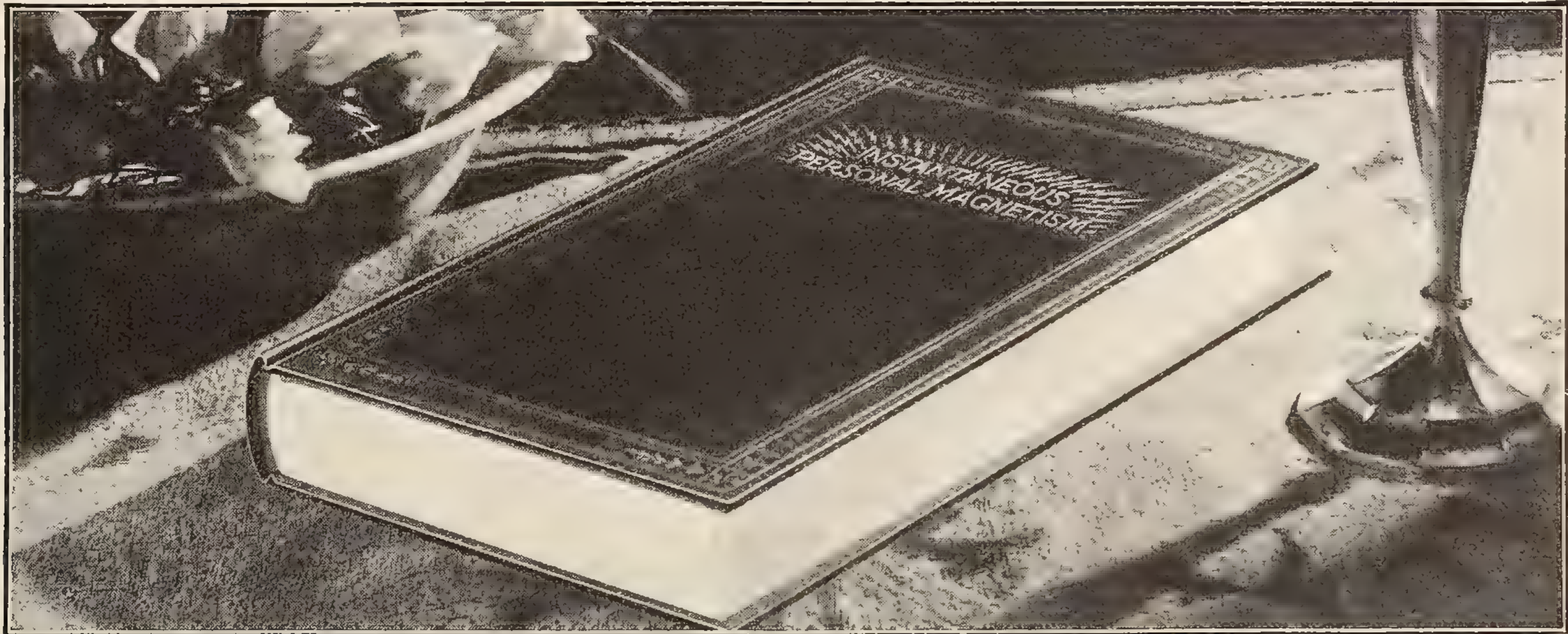


Alma Rubens as Julie in  
'Show Boat.'



# This Singular Book Wiields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

*Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!*



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It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

### Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

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Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$25 to \$50 each for instruction books. But now through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore, Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

### Book Tells You

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- How to gain perfect nerve control.
- How to read peoples' feelings by watching their mouths.
- How to read peoples' thoughts by watching their eyes.
- How to develop a magnetic eye.
- How to make your face appear 20 years younger.
- How to control others by a glance.
- How to use Magnetic Healing.
- How to end awkwardness and timidity.
- How to attract the opposite sex.
- How to get ahead in your business or profession.
- How to make your subconscious mind work wonders.
- And dozens of other vital topics.

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Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

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The Desert Healer.....	E. M. Hull
Big Brother.....	Rex Beach
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The Flaming Jewel.....	Robert W. Chambers
The Night Riders.....	Rigwell Cullum
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## Al Jolson — Continued from page 27

I know I've never had any training. I ain't any good. And some day folks are going to find out about it.

"Yea. I been married. But I never had a baby. God, if I could have a baby"—his voice trembled. "I'm gonna get married again. Ruby Keeler's the girl. She's the best little tap dancer you ever saw. And beautiful, too. Don't smoke or drink. And say, out in Hollywood, I had the only happy four weeks of my life. Ruby was there. We swam and played golf. And laid out on the sand. And now we're gonna get married. If people'd only leave me alone. I love Ruby and Ruby loves me. But everybody keeps writin' and telegraphin' and advisin' . . . 'Don't marry her. She's fifteen years younger'n you. You won't be happy.' I've never been happy before. And now—if I can only be happy . . ." But he never finished. He walked out of the room.

That same night he married Ruby Keeler. And the boy from the Washington tenement and the girl who has risen to fame as a dancer from a New York tenement, sailed to Europe in a floating palace, occupying the luxurious bridal suite.

Al Jolson is an artist. Not because he blacks up and sings and horses around. Not because he is a comedian with years of experience on Broadway. But because as Asa Yoelson, he knows hunger and poverty, cold and heartbreak. Because he has tramped miles of pavement in search of work. Work he didn't find. Because he has stood out in the snow and pressed his nose against the window pane of a smart restaurant and watched over-fed women eat strawberries in January when ten cents for a hamburger and a glass of milk would have lifted the misery from his shoulders for that one night at least.

You seldom see rich men's sons writing the great books, painting the great masterpieces, or making a hard-boiled New York audience break down and weep over the commonplace story of a man who loses his only son in death. Death is commonplace. It happens every day, in hundreds of towns, in thousands of streets. But Al Jolson has grown so sensitive to laughter and to heartbreak that he can make emotion seem real to you, he can actually bring it home to you, even though you are sitting in a gaudy theatre, surrounded by all the artificial appliances of the present day stage.

Al Jolson began life in a tenement house in Washington, D. C. His father was a Russian emigrant who worked in a slaughter house at Bennings, Maryland—a few miles distant. His mother—a beautiful Caucasus peasant girl—found the Land of Liberty so strange. So strange that after her arrival here she could no longer sing the lusty contralto songs of her native village, which she had always sung in the Caucasus when she was at work in the fields, or home at night making the porridge for the supper. In America, she kept on working. But she had the heavy heart. Pretty soon she stopped working—and breathing. The thread of her life was snapped by the terrible longing for dear familiar home sounds and scents. But the pattern of her life lived again in her little son, Asa Yoelson, who was now left alone to shift for himself.

Soon a step-mother came to help the older Yoelson bear his loneliness. But Al, as he began to call himself now, was too young and too miserable to understand how a man can bury the one love of his life in the ground and yet a few months later

be attracted by the softness of red lips and the warmth of gypsy eyes.

It wasn't long before sons commenced to be born to the new mother. That completed Al's childhood misery. To lose his mother and find her place filled so promptly was a bitter draught. But to discover that he must share the only thing he had left in a changing world—his father's love—with these alien babies, that decided him. And so he ran away from home. But he didn't run far.

Around the corner from the then famous Poli's theatre in Washington which fronted on Pennsylvania Avenue, was a notorious cafe called 'Bucket of Blood.' Nobody ever went there—officially. But often, diplomats wearied by a dull play or harassed over political conditions, would slip out of their theatre boxes, through the side exit of the theatre, down the iron steps, into the darkened street, and down again another flight of stairs into the dim 'Bucket of Blood.'

On this particular December night, twenty-five years ago, the dean of the Diplomatic Service in Washington, slipped away from his theatre companions and descended into the cafe for a little refreshment. He was worried by news he had received that day. The troops of the Sultan of Morocco had massacred the Jews at Tesa. Perhaps this unnecessary cruelty would embroil his country. Perhaps even other countries. "What misery seems to dog the destinies of 'the chosen people,'" he thought to himself as he carefully sipped his brandy. "Hounded from one country to another. Segregated in cities to their own walled ghettos. Discriminated against in commerce, in art, in politics—ah well, this brooding won't do," and he was about to rise when he heard the fresh voice of a child, singing a curious chanting song. A song which dealt with labor and pain and death. A song which dealt with wine and life and love on the Steppes of Russia.

Amazed, the Ambassador caught the meaning of those Russian words. Putting on his *pince-nez*, he peered across the smoke-filled room to where a Jewish boy of perhaps twelve was standing in front of the piano. With one dirty finger he traced out the melody along the white and black keys of the old instrument. The child's face was dead white. His hair shiny black. His eyebrows made broad sable triangles on each side of a pinched forehead. He sang with an inherited, untrained richness which made the elderly diplomat exclaim: "Clearly the lad doesn't know one note from another."

With an impetuosity far removed from the daily control which the Ambassador wore like an iron sash over the region of his heart, Monsieur walked over to the boy. "What is your name?" he asked with authority. "What is that song you are singing?"

"My name's Asa Yoel—Al Jolson," the boy corrected. "And the song is one my mother learned me. I never heard no name."

"Why are you not at home? Do you not know the police will arrest you if you are found here?"

The little Jolson's face became a study: "I don't wanna go back home. I've run away. The boss here—he lets me sing sometimes. Sometimes I get money. I gotta earn my livin'."

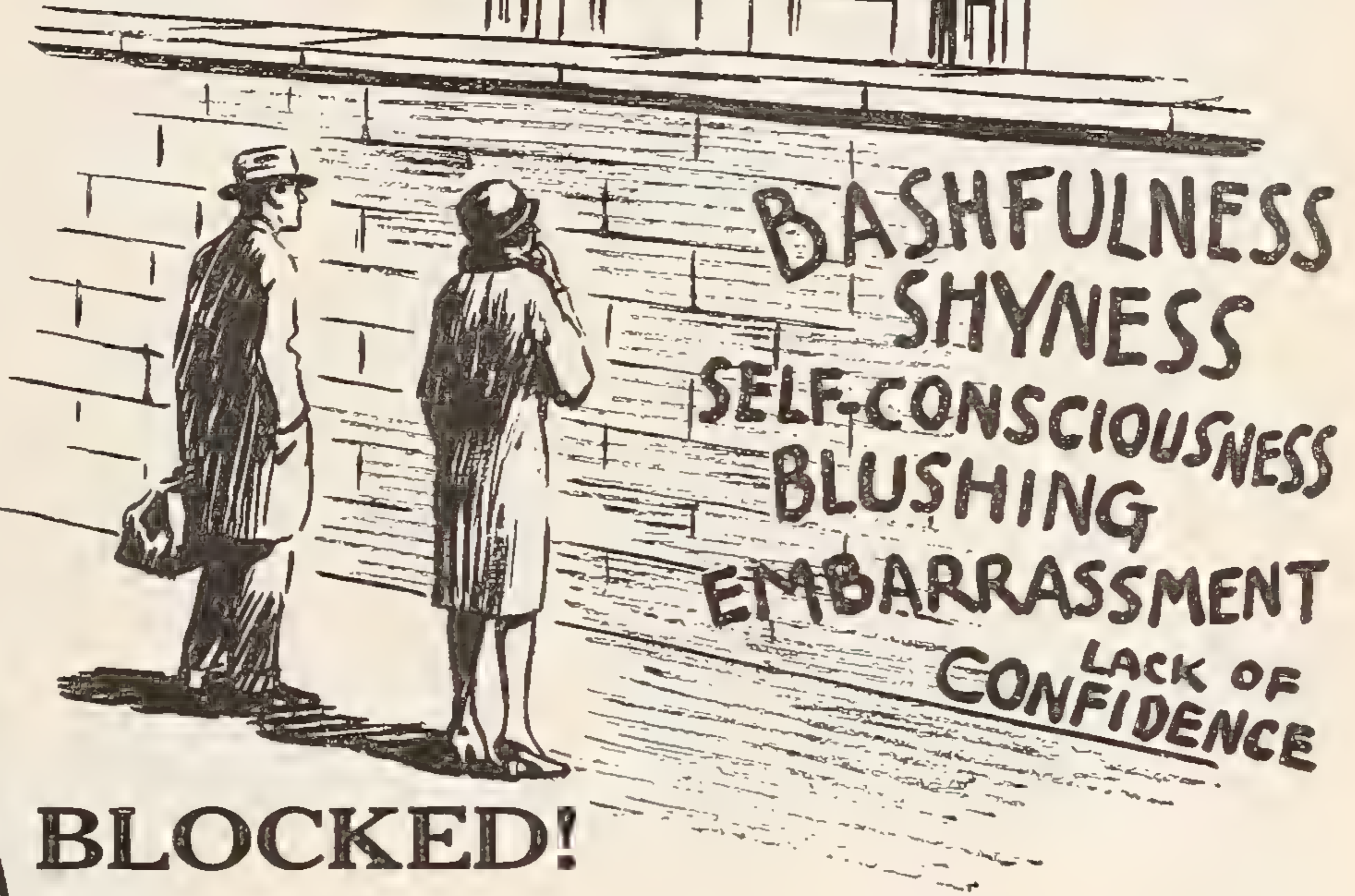
The Ambassador stroked his white goatee. Here was something entirely beyond the confines of his knowledge of international



# Are You Bashful?



**"LET NONE THAT ARE TIMID ENTER"**



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DO YOU ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

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But never mind, she won't mind waiting "for our ship to come in", if she's the right sort. But she does expect LOVE—the love of a REAL MAN. What right has a sickly, puny WEAKLING got to offer LOVE to a girl? How can he expect her to look up to him if he's a human scare-crow? How can he ask her to pass up the strong, handsome fellows and wait for him? What chance has he got to make good in life? You need STRENGTH and STAMINA and VITALITY to get ahead in this world.

How do YOU stack up alongside of a REAL MAN? Take a look at the picture above. Compare yourself with that superb model of MANHOOD. You know that EVERY girl craves the love and protection of a man like that! What a build! When an arm like his steals around a girl's waist, don't you KNOW she'll be thrilled?

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How would you like a development just like the one you see in that picture? Sure you can have it! What I did for that man, I'll do for YOU. Just give me a few minutes a day in your own home. I'll lay out a course of training for you that will GROW MUSCLES ALMOST OVERNIGHT. I'll make you over from head to foot. Just you watch the happy, admiring expression in your sweetheart's face when she sees the marvelous change in your appearance!

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law. Presently, he put a shrewd hand into a tight pocket and extracted a dollar. "Take this and go home. You are too young to be abroad by yourself. Run away—if you must—but delay it until you are older."

"Yes, sir," answered the subdued Jolson.

"Come now with me—to make more sure," the foreign envoy ordered on second thought.

Together the white-haired Ambassador in his long tailed coat, his high silk hat and his many decorations, and the almost ragged Jewish boy walked out into the snowy night. But at the pavement their paths parted. The Ambassador Extraordinaire returned to his metier. The Jewish boy to his slum. But for the first time in his life, Al had sung for the world of the great and he has been singing for that world ever since.

Back at the miserable house on Four and a Half Street, Al couldn't stay. It was like a knife in his thin little body to see another woman, another family blotting out the image of his well-loved mother. So again he ran away. This time for good.

To see him today, sitting in his richly furnished suite, surrounded by friends, admirers, food, drink, music and laughter, you can't conceive that this was the same starved boy who ran away twenty-five years ago. In the lowest dives and saloons of this country, he wandered for years, singing his little songs. He had to give up his Russian folk chants for snappy American songs. But while he changed his songs, he did not change his method of singing. Always he kept the richness, the pathos, the beat of the Russian Steppes.

At first the saloons paid him nothing but his supper. Or sometimes the privilege of sleeping on a shelf at the back of the saloon where the night watchman kept his lanterns and clock.

But after a few years, the boy managed to worm his way into Al Reeves' burlesque troupe. A little later he tried vaudeville by himself. But he wasn't very successful.

One night when he was down in South Carolina he watched an old clown who was work around the theatre. His speech, voice, gait, everything he did seemed funny to the northern bred Jolson. "I believe I'll black up. Maybe people will think I'm funnier."

Al Jolson as a white face actor was just another performer. But when he covered his face with burnt cork, he was a hit overnight. In 1911 he joined Dockstader's minstrels. And it was while he was playing with them that J. J. Shubert saw him and liked him—and engaged him to play at the Winter Garden with the famous

Gaby de Lys, in a play called *La Belle Paree*.

Jolson only had a minor role in that performance. And it wasn't such a sweet part at that. For the Winter Garden had up until that time been a livery stable. And although the livery stable was ended, the smell of the horses lingered on.

Nearly everybody is familiar with Jolson's stage successes. It is hardly necessary to follow him through the *Whirl of Society*, *The Review of Reviews*, *Vera Violetta*, *Honeymoon Express*, *Dancin' Around*, *Robinson Crusoe, Jr.*, *Sinbad*, *Bombo*, and his last and most recent stage success *Big Boy*.

Even in 1925 on the opening night of *Big Boy*, even after playing successfully to Broadway audiences for fourteen years, Al Jolson had literally to be kicked on the stage. That old fear, that old stage fright, that old unhappiness still seized him: "I ain't any good," he moaned, his head in his hand. "I don't know how to sing. Maybe my voice—maybe it'll go back on me tonight. Oh God, I ain't—" but at that minute two husky stage hands grabbed Al by the shoulders, and Al found himself somewhat informally standing before the spot lights. Moistening his lips with his broad tongue—a trick he does every few moments both in singing and talking—Al commenced to sing. And it wasn't three minutes before the blackface comedian held the audience in the hollow of his wide, perspiring palm.

What Al Jolson wants we all want—Happiness! The poor man thinks if he were rich he would be happy. But when money comes to him, he finds he can only eat one meal at a time, wear one suit of clothes at a time, and that a Rolls Royce will carry him no place he can't go in a Ford. There are usually three ways that most people seek happiness: one is by devoting themselves to a religious life. Another is by creating a worthwhile book or picture or play—some dramatic episode that will live when the brightness of our eyes and the softness of our hair has been forgotten. The third is by leaving as our little contribution to immortality, a healthy, worthy, affectionate child. All the heartaches of our lives can be forgotten in the happiness of our children. All our dreams consummated in the achievements of our sons. And surely nothing could be more satisfying than for a man or a woman, as Shakespeare wrote:

To be new-made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou  
feel'st it cold.

## Harold Lloyd's Christmas Gift--Continued from page 29

as to how you got it.

There are eight knives, eight forks, eight spoons and forty-seven other things that you nor your guests will know how to use.

For some unexplainable reason Lloyd's success hangs, in the public mind, upon his ability as a producer.

But, he is essentially a fine actor.

Else, how can we account for such a continuous string of clever characterizations from *Grandma's Boy* to *Speedy*.

And, speaking of gags, try to remember just one in any picture you have ever seen that compares to the fade-out in *Grandma's Boy*.

Harold was carrying Mildred across a creek, stepping from one stone to the other.

And the last stone against the farther bank turned out to be a pig that jumped up and scrambled away just as Harold stepped on it.

For several years Professor Lloyd has been conducting a school for comedy.

Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Marie Mosquini, Fred Newmeyer, Sam Taylor, Tim Whelan, Fred Guiol, Beany Walker and Snub Pollard at one time or another graduated from this university of hard laughs.

Others have written themselves self-addressed diplomas to this Hall of Fame but their mail went to the dead letter office.

Copying Harold Lloyd is like imitating Sousa's Band on a jew's harp.

Everybody knows Lloyd's rubber rims haven't anything inside them

But there's lots behind.

*Speedy* is all about a gang of ruffians trying to steal a horsecar line.

In spite of Harold's efforts to circumvent them, they do not succeed.



## Mary Pickford's Gift

(Continued from page 28)

away because she felt so sort of tired-like. The next show came and went, and Mr. Johnson knew that something must be wrong.

"Never you mind if you miss a couple of her pictures," I heard him say, as she sat propped up in bed. "Your Mary's in Europe now, but it wouldn't surprise me one single bit to have you hear from her any one of these fine days."

Then it came—a post card—name and address fixed exactly right: "To dearest Grammy Shauer, with much love from Mary Pickford."

On a certain morning, in gay New York, the papers told of how Mary Pickford would arrive that day in town; how, between boat-docking and train-leaving time, she had two hours in which the city meant to pay her homage.

In all the great big city of New York, our Mary chose the bedside of her staunchest fan.

And so, when 'the Little Princess' was to offer a Christmas gift through SCREENLAND Magazine, I felt the chance had come when I might tell the year-round Christmas story I have known. Sitting on the *Coquette* set at the United Artists Studio, beside Miss Coquette, herself, 'America's Sweetheart' hadn't the slightest idea that our 'interview' was all settled in my mind; she hadn't the slightest thought that sitting beside of her was Grammy's daughter's daughter, who knew entirely about the ever-Christmas spirit in her heart.

She wanted to give a nice desk set, she said, because she felt that everybody, boys and girls together, would like to have it for their rooms. The vanity case she had given some time ago didn't include the boy-friends to such a nice extent, and particularly for Christmas, she decided folks would need a desk set very much to write those many, many Christmas 'thank you' notes of joy.

I agreed, and asked her what she'd have me ask her friends. She said she'd like to ask a question that she really needed answered by her fans. She had thought about it a great deal, and had decided that she must know what were the opinions of her fans about her voice. In her mail, so many friends of hers have told how delighted they will be to hear her voice in these new talking pictures, but very few have said exactly *why*. She wants to know, for talking pictures are so new, and with you fans her final judges, she knows that what you have to say will be the greatest help that she could have.

"Why do they want to hear me talk?" Mary Pickford said to me.

"I suppose they are just curious," I laughed, with a twinkle in my eye, "or maybe they think that such a little girl as you are hasn't any voice at all!"

"No," said Mary, rather more seriously than I had expected, "maybe they have seen me so much on the screen that they are tired of me, and want to hear my voice to have a change."

That was too much for me. I really should have put her right across my knee, the way you've seen it happen to her time and time again upon the screen.

Without a word I rose and left, never turning back to say a last 'goodbye' until I reached the corner of the set. Then, with a smile, I used the words that Grammy Shauer, with the fullest heart, had simply said: "There couldn't be another Mary Pickford."

# Why Fat Returns when folks stop starving

One may reduce by starving, but the fat returns when one stops. The reason is this: Most people who are over-fat have an under-active thyroid. That is the gland which largely controls nutrition. Until this deficiency is corrected, much food goes to fat.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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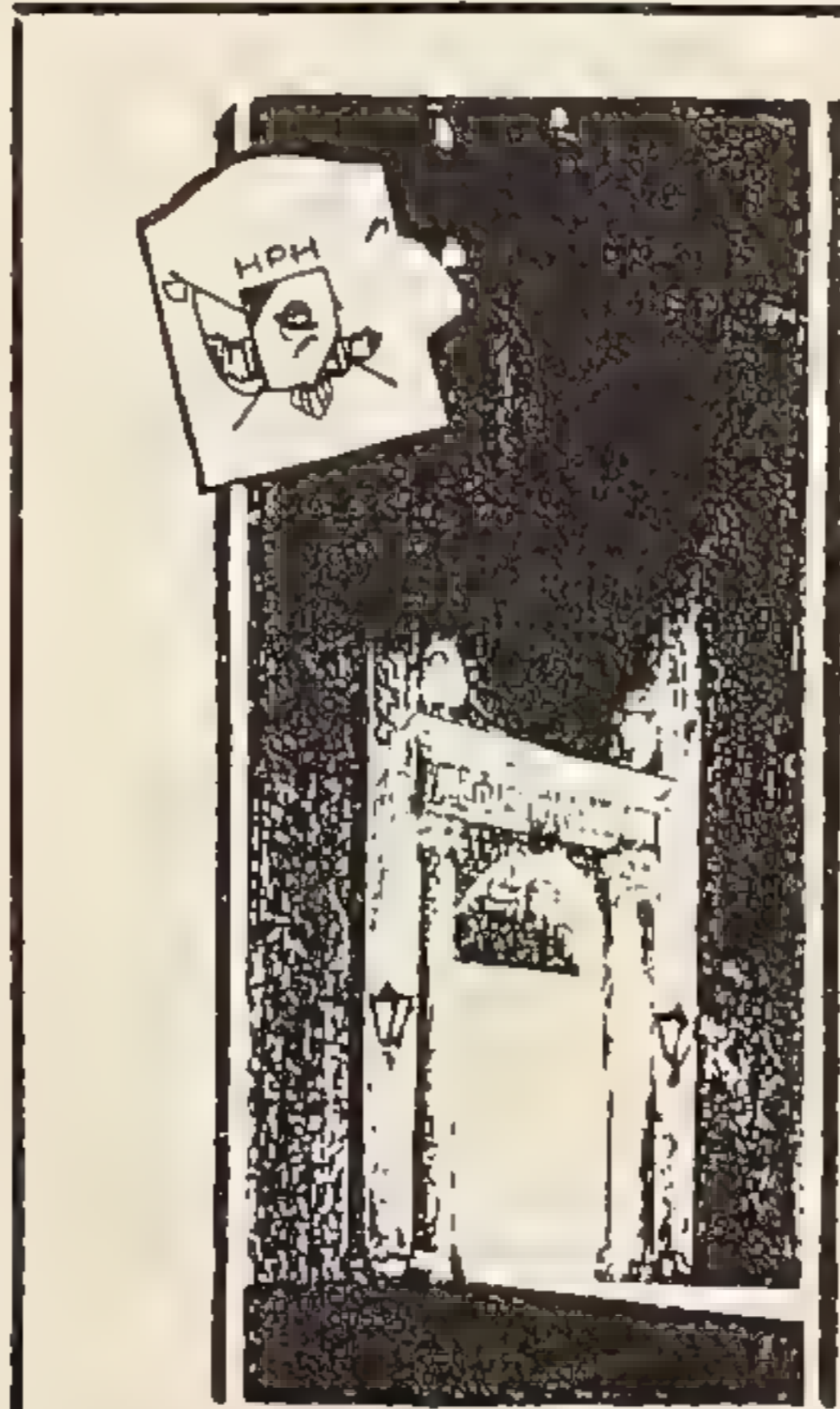
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*In New York—Continued from page 39*

ahead of the other Hollywood girls now because she has had such valuable stage experience—working under such direction as David Belasco's and enjoying a profitable run on Broadway. She says she will not go on the road with *The Big Fight* because she doesn't want to be away from pictures that long. Monta Bell directed her in a short-reel talking subject for the Actors' Fund, and her voice is said to register very well. Some smart producer will probably try to snatch her right out from under the movies' nose, and then her love for pictures will be put to the test! Anyway, Hollywood can boast that one of its best girls has made good in a big way on Broadway.

\* \* \*

Norman Kerry is in town. Norman, the debonair; Mr. Kerry, the slightly mysterious. I say mysterious because, just when I think I have tracked him down, he eludes me—he and his snappy little moustachios. I see him here and I see him there—at the theatres and at movie first nights. Mostly alone; always immaculately and handsomely attired; and looking oh, so interesting. The story I hear says that Universal and Metro-Goldwyn were both angling for his services and that each company thought the other had signed him, and so stopped bidding. But I can't believe that any wise film company would stop bidding for Mr. Kerry's services. I know I wouldn't. More about him later. I'll get him yet.

\* \* \*

Make me a child again, just for tonight! Then I could play with Jackie Coogan. As it is, Jackie is polite and charming and well-behaved but a little too formal. He likes grown-ups all right; but he is slightly bored with them, especially interviewers. That's why I like Jackie. He remains, in spite of all his fame and his fortune, just a perfectly delightful, natural and normal small boy.

The Coogans, father and son, Jackies Senior and Junior, have a vaudeville act now. They played a week at the Paramount Theatre in New York. All the town apparently turned out to see the Kid and his dad do their stuff. Their act is amusing, though a trifle sophisticated for the children who come to see Jackie in the flesh. Son kids father and father spoofs son. I am sentimental. I should have preferred a more respectful and dignified presentation of the talents of the Coogans. But Jackie is a picture in his juvenile replica of his father's Oxfordian attire. He dances, he recites. And you're glad you came. But Jackie, personally, is so much more charming. There is not much of the actor about him and very much of the boy. He's going-on-fourteen. He is nice and brown from swims in the California sun. His big brown eyes brim with life. His smile is engaging. He looks for all the world like Douglas Fairbanks when he grins.

"I'm going to school in Switzerland," said Jackie. "We have vaudeville engagements in London, Paris, and Berlin, perhaps other foreign capitals. Then I'll enter school and stay there a term. I'll only be allowed to speak French, I think—and I don't know any, yet—or very much. Yes, I want to do pictures again. Comedy-drama—that's the sort of thing I do. I like *Wings* and *The Air Circus*. Arthur Lake is great; so is Richard Arlen. I love aviation. I want to fly in my own plane some day. They won't let me now. On account of the insurance."

He never saw *The Kid*. He was just four years old when Charlie Chaplin chose him for the role. His wise parents, and Chaplin, thought it best not to let the child see himself on the screen. And when he grew up a little more, it just happened he never did see it. He has seen several scenes from it—he uses these shots in his act; but never the complete picture. He likes *Johnny Get Your Hair Cut* as well as anything he has done.

He seems a singularly unspoiled child. That is, he is even more unspoiled than most boys of his age with dotting parents and prosperous surroundings. Before you have talked to Jackie very long you are conscious that you're in the presence of a very rare and unique person. You cease to regard him as a youngster. You think of geniuses and wonder if this small boy isn't going to grow up to be somebody even more important than the baby who won the world's love in *The Kid*. Just keep your eye on Jackie Coogan. He was no accident.

\* \* \*

Connie Talmadge and Peg stopped off before sailing for France. Somehow I don't think Constance was so very happy about going to Europe this time. She is to make at least one picture at the Nice, France, studios where Rex Ingram has been working. Her first will be under the direction of Louis Mercanton, well-known French director, and will be called *Venus*. United Artists will release it. It is, I believe, a little more serious than the sort of thing Constance usually gives us. There's a rather interesting angle on this Talmadge picture. You remember Connie's last husband was Captain Alastair MacIntosh, the interesting Scotchman who is said to be a good friend of the Prince of Wales and other important people. Well, he has just married again—an American heiress named Leila Emery is the new Mrs. MacIntosh—and she, by the way, was once rumored engaged to Michael Aslen, the novelist. (And while we are on the subject: Mr. Arlen is married to Countess Atlanta Mercati—and isn't that a gorgeous name?) The point is, that Captain MacIntosh has been working with the Ingram company at the Nice studios, in some executive capacity. The question arises, will he still be there when Constance arrives to make her picture? Probably not; but isn't it exciting to think about?

\* \* \*

Hail, hail, the Gang's all here!

Fatty Joe Cobb, and little Farina, and Jean Darling, and Mary Ann Jackson, and Harry Spear, the tough one, and 'Wheezer,' in private life Bobby Hutcheson—all here.

Our gang from the Hal Roach Studios are on their personal appearance tour, and so of course they came to New York to do their act at the Capitol Theatre. Their director, Robert McGowan, was here too. He is just the nice, understanding, sympathetic sort of man you would expect to find directing a bunch of kids. They adore him and he's crazy about them. No wonder they get such results!

Joe Cobb looks just as you'd expect. He's a nice boy. Farina, who is really Allen Clay Hoskins, Jr., is the chocolate drop of the troupe, as as lively as he looks. Mary Ann Jackson is a cute little trick, while Jean Darling, the leading lady, will doubtless be a screen beauty when she grows up; in fact, she is now. Harry Spear comes of a theatrical family; his grandfather was stage manager for Charles Frohman and his father an actor. 'Wheezer,' the baby of the



company, is just two and a half. Have you ever heard how he got into pictures? When he was thirteen months old his favorite amusement was riding a trick bicycle his father fixed up for him. A neighbor took some pictures of him with an amateur movie camera. Robert McGowan saw the pictures, realized that the child was a miniature goldmine, and promptly signed him for the Gang. Christened 'Wheezer,' he is world-famous at two-and-a-half!

They are all happy, care-free kids. Their parents, or some relative, accompany them on this tour. In Manhattan they met the Mayor, visited the Statue of Liberty and City Hall and all other points of interest, and made a great, big hit. What tales they'll have to tell the kids back home when they return to Hollywood!

### Books for Fans

(Continued from page 8)

chapter on the screen. Then his weird meeting with Nina T—and a flash-back to explain how it was that she should be a priestess in a native village could be shown.

Horn's determination to rescue Nina from the natives, and Little Peru's arrival in Africa would then have to be displayed on the screen to hold together the thread of the story. Finally there would be shown the rescue of Nina, the fight with the natives and the romance of Nina T—and Little Peru. A closing shot would show Trader Horn turning away from the beach as Nina and his friend sail out of his life. Perhaps the whole photoplay might be put in a frame, using Trader Horn himself as he is today in the beginning and at the end of the picture, to give a suggestion that he were actually telling the story.

Can you visualize such a picture? Certainly it has enough story and enough material to rank with the best. Perhaps we may handle it in the way I have outlined. Perhaps not. That is a matter yet to be decided upon. But, however we do handle it, I am safe in making the boast that it will be one of the most entertaining of pictures. We intend to film it in British East Africa, at a place approximately in the center of the Dark Continent. This correctness of locale, the exciting story we have to work with, and the popularity of the book itself should certainly make it a picture worth seeing. I have never been so eager to begin work on any picture as I am to start filming *Trader Horn*.

The circumstances surrounding the purchase of *Trader Horn* by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for filming purposes are interesting. On its first appearance in the bookstores, *Trader Horn* was not very seriously considered by the motion picture industry. As far as I know, during the first few months of the book's circulation no one made a bid to buy it for motion picture uses. Then, when it was an established best-seller, Irving Thalberg read it while abroad, and was so impressed by it that he immediately wired to the home offices in New York to purchase the book at any price. Negotiations were entered into with the publishers, and *Trader Horn* was bought at one of the highest prices ever paid for any book, and certainly the highest price ever paid by a motion picture company for a non-fiction work.

Not to have read *Trader Horn* is to have missed one of the greatest literary pleasures of the decade. Everyone, young and old, light-hearted and serious, should read this dim memory of bygone days and long-ago adventures.

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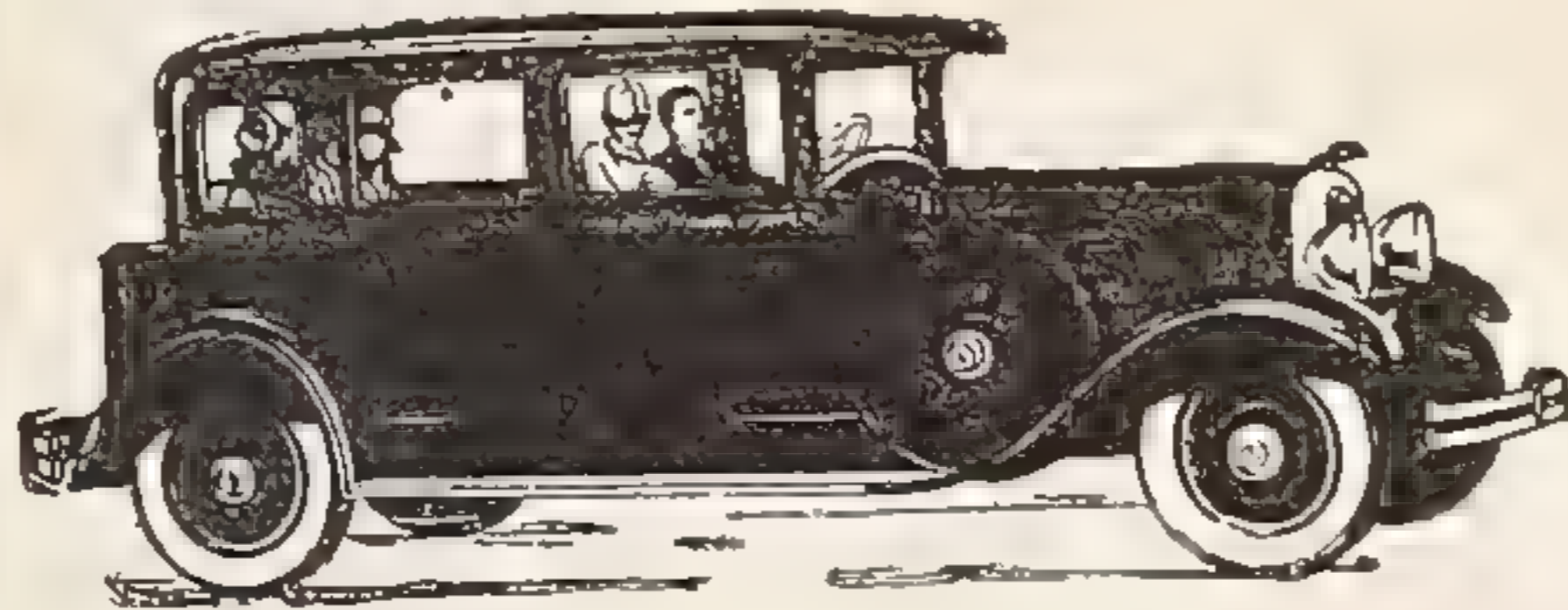
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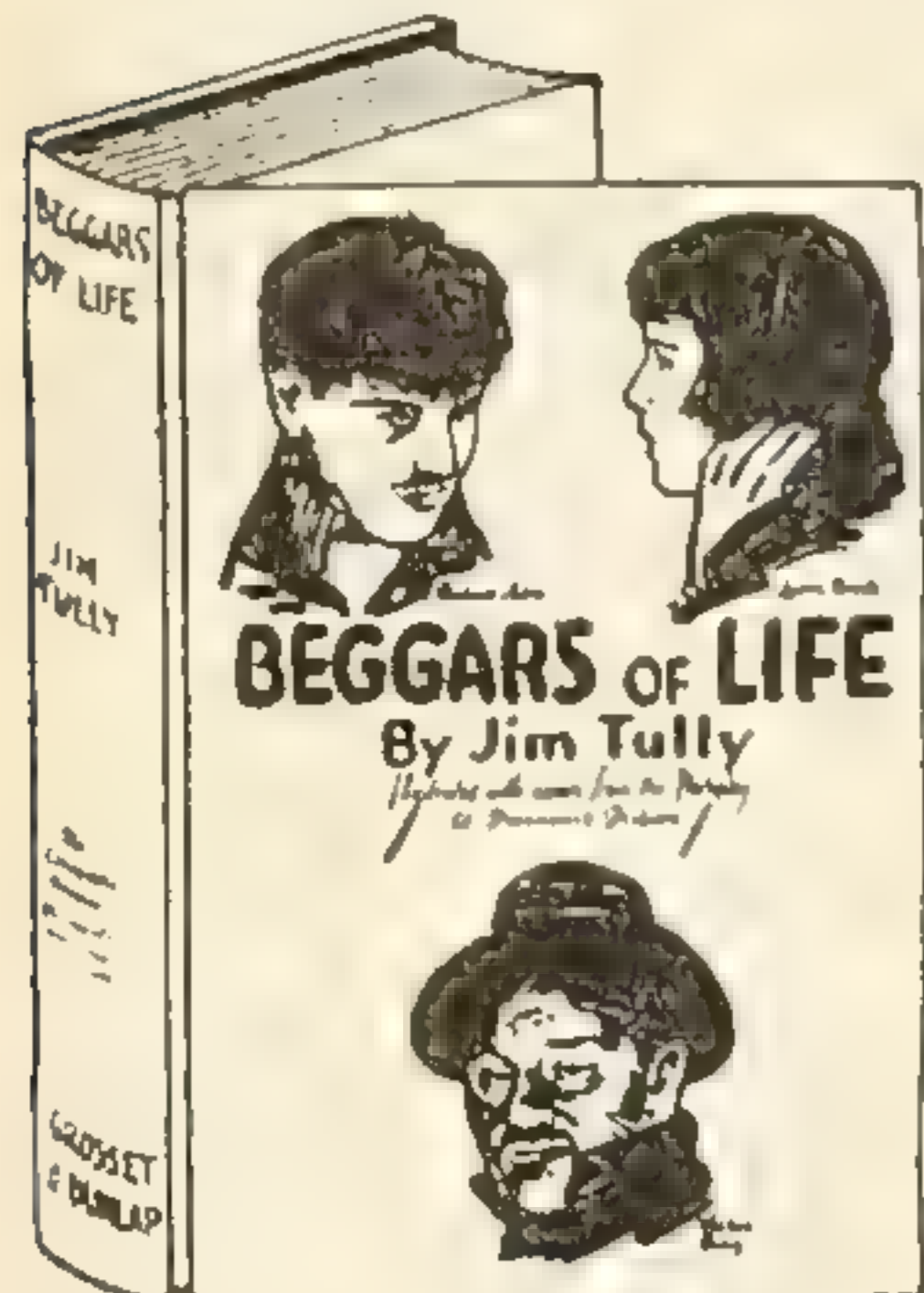
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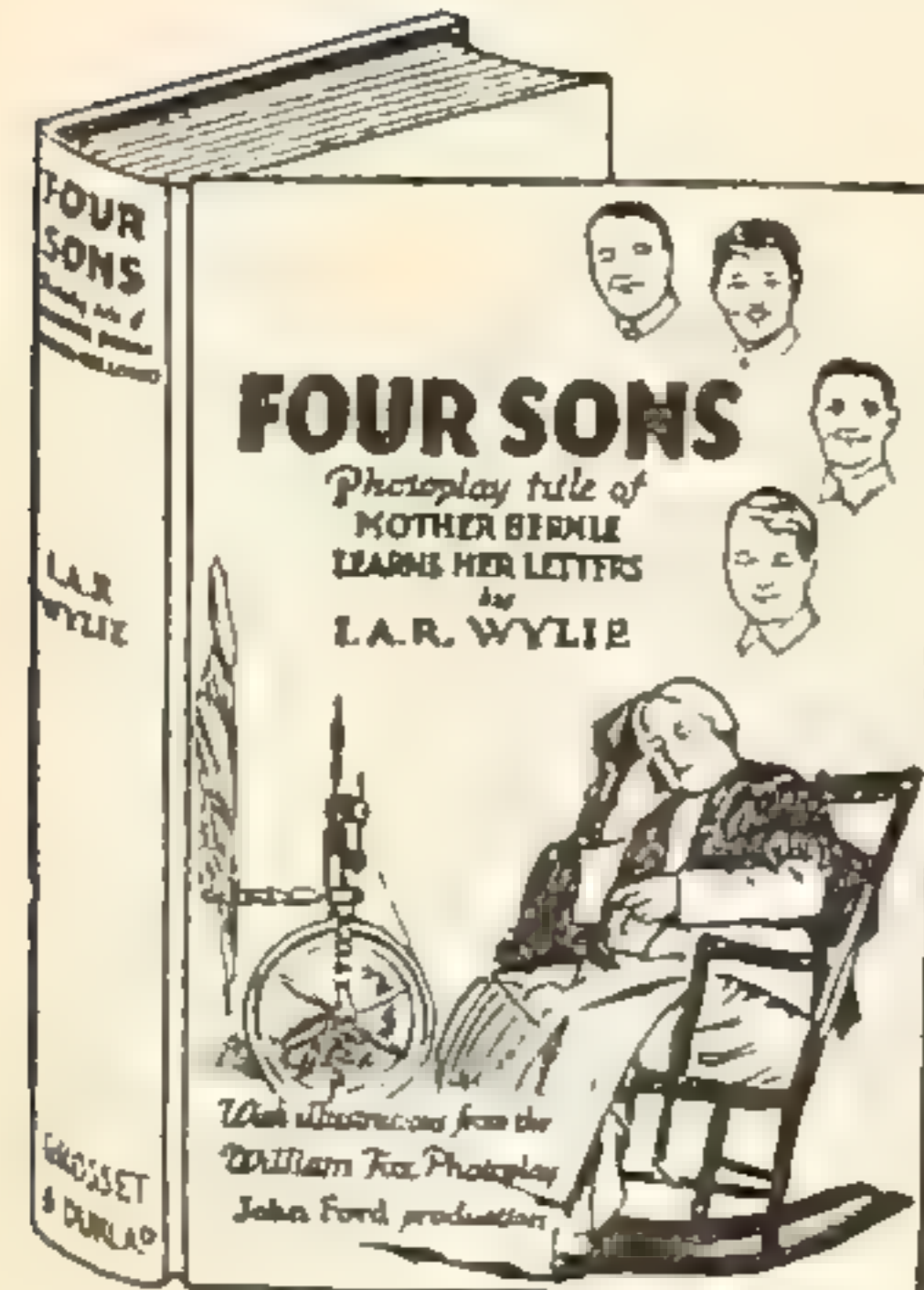
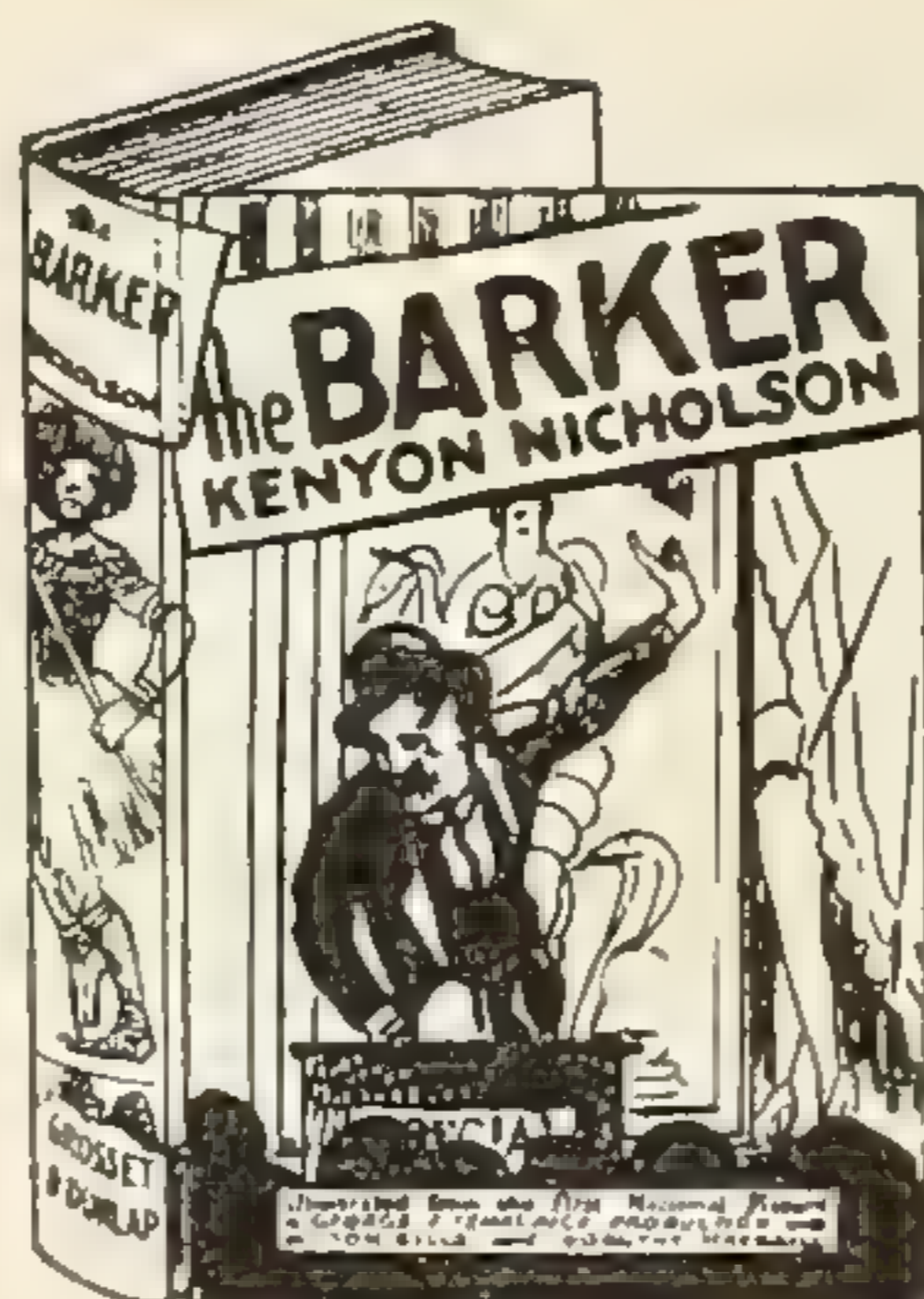
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## Hollywood Sphinxes

(Continued from page 23)

knew how to make her eyes and her—er—general expression speak for her. She was used to permitting her director to issue orders to her, her leading man to make love to her, her villains to deceive her—all without answering back. And now—suddenly, with no more warning than the pleasant presence of Al Jolson in Hollywood—she is called upon to rise and make a speech. Unaccustomed as she is, she must talk on, and on, and on—far into the night. (As a matter of cold, hard fact, many of the spoken scenes made so far for talkers had to be made at night because the daytime sounds penetrated the studio walls and spoiled everything.)

A wistful look—a provocative glance—a pretty pout—a mocking smile, with variations—the girl stars of Hollywood were experts of pantomime. But now they must study a new art. And what are they going to do, these Baby Talk Ladies? They have always depended so upon lines. But speaking them is a little different from shaking them. The girls of the golden west know all the tricks but now they must learn the diction. They are bright girls and it won't take them long to learn. But they had better get busy right away.

Or they will be drowned out in the general bedlam. What with Jolson and Lionel Barrymore and Conrad Nagel and George Bernard Shaw and Edward Everett Horton and Barry Norton and Wheeler Oakman and Cullen Landis and Arthur Lake and all the rest making so much noise. Hear, hear!

Jolson started it all. He would. The Mammy singer is the Pappy of the talking pictures. He did all the speaking and most of the singing in *The Jazz Singer*. Thus the hale and hearty sex with the strong voice was one jump ahead of the frails at the start. But were we down-hearted? Well, just a little. But May McAvoy came to the rescue. May had kept quiet, with great strength of character, all through *The Jazz Singer*. But when she was cast in *The Lion and the Mouse* she couldn't hold her tongue any longer. Though the competition was so keen, May spoke right up. In a grand and noble speech she said: "I don't want your money!" and the audience cheered this little bit of a girl with the high ideals. Just then Buster Collier with his deep bass voice stepped in to share May's scenes, and Alec Francis and Barrymore added their baritones, and I must confess that poor little May was more or less lost in the melange of sound effects. In this corner, Battling Barrymore, heavy-weight champion of the speakies. And in the other corner, a little mite of a wisp of a girl trained for the silent drama. The decision on *The Lion and the Mouse* verbal battle went to the gents.

But May kept right on talking. She held her own in *The Terror*—though she had to scream to do it.

Dolores Costello, one of the loveliest of all the silent stars, found her voice in *Glorious Betsy* and *Tenderloin*. But—dear, dear!—if Conrad Nagel, veteran of many stage productions, didn't have to step in and with the best intentions in the world, take the words right out of the star's mouth! With a few well-chosen and courtly speeches he stole those two pictures. But Warner Brothers have all kinds of confidence in Miss Costello's eventual ability to make herself heard as well as seen. They have given her a great, big part in *Noah's Ark*, which they call 'a picture to top any ever made.' Here's

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hoping Dolores' voice won't be drowned in the flood.

Dolores' sister, Helene, was the heroine of *Lights of New York* and had her chance to speak as well as to exhibit lines. This was the first '100% All-Talking Picture.' Helene is thus made immortal—and her voice, recorded in Vitaphone, a museum piece for future generations. Won't she feel silly, though!

Gladys Brockwell was the First Lady of the Talkers. Her voice, it seems to me, was the first to register effectively on the speaking screen. Mary Carr, also of *Lights of New York*, managed to make herself heard, but Miss Brockwell, with her stage training, conveyed the illusion of reality, and her voice rose above the mechanics of the method. Chalk up Miss Brockwell, boy, as the first feminine voice to compete with the masterful men.

Don't forget, dear friends, that the surface of the talking picture has not yet even been cracked. It may sound as if it has at times, but it hasn't really. It's only in its infancy—just lisping along. You remember yourself, when you were in kindergarten—just feeling your way, cutting out paper dolls or doing some other darn fool thing, and bored to death all the time,—it's just something we must all get through with, and as rapidly as possible. When the Hollywood girls have all learned their A, B, C's and their I, O, U's, then is the time to begin to criticize them. Right now all they need is encouragement. Come on, now—stop making cracks about the way they speak through their pretty little noses—and only yesterday you were writing fan letters to 'the shapeliest little nose in all the world,' you big hypocrite, you!—and take a long, deep breath for them. Listen to a recording of your own voice and see how good it sounds. There—I thought that would shut you up! How about your own sound defects?

What I think the girls should do is to get up a round robin to present to John Barrymore. This little petition should beg dear, kind Mr. Barrymore to start a class in voice culture, giving the untrained actresses of Hollywood the benefit of his wonderful experience. Mr. Barrymore must realize his chance to perform a great service to mankind—saving both stars and audience many weary, painful hours. Barrymore could fill the Hollywood Bowl three classes a day with eager ingenues. They would prefer that he wear his Hamlet costume while teaching, and they wish to remind him that the first lesson should be 'How to Say I Love You.' I really don't think it is asking too much of Mr. Barrymore and if he has the best interests of Hollywood at heart I am sure he will accept this opportunity to help the maidens of the film colony to find their voices.

Of course, there are other teachers out there. And they are all pretty busy, let me tell you. Pretty actresses are spending every minute they can snatch from their work learning to talk. A fortunate few apparently know how already. Mary Pickford, for instance. Her very first voice test amazed everybody who had forgotten that Mary was a famous stage star once upon a time, before she made a great name for herself in pictures. A protegee of David Belasco, dean of American managers, she captivated New York as the star of *A Good Little Devil*. Mary hasn't forgotten what Belasco taught her, and when she spoke into the microphone it was in a cultured, well-trained soprano. Miss Pickford is making *Coquette*, the stage play, in sound—with herself and her company, mostly recruited from Broadway, speaking the original dialogue. She will also make an

entirely different, separate version—a silent motion picture for those theatres which have not yet installed sound equipment. Her voice and diction will doubtless be an inspiration to all the girls in Hollywood, as Mary herself has always been.

Clara Bow has a voice to match her personality! This is great news—and it means that a voice brimming with it and everything will soon come to us from the screen.

So far, the most entirely satisfying feminine voice to speak from the screen—or wherever it is it speaks from; let's not get technical just now—belongs to Louise Fazenda. Her voice is in character. It matches Louise's richly comic spirit. Fazenda has never disappointed us yet and she never will. If they invent feelies Louise will be good in those, too. And I think that will be true with all of the really great and potent personalities of motion pictures. I'll bet you'll love Mary's voice—and Clara's—and John Gilbert's. I know you will like Harold Lloyd's voice—it is boyish and exuberant, and you will hear it in his next comedy. As for Rin-Tin-Tin's bark, it has a carrying quality.

Madge Bellamy and Louise Dresser in *Mother Knows Best* demonstrate the value of a former stage training. Just the same, the untutored Barry Norton, especially when he sang *Sally*, the theme song, more than measured up. For one Fazenda and Bellamy and Dresser, we have Barry and John Miljan and Arthur Lake and David Rollins and Neil Hamilton, in addition to all the other men I have mentioned who have made good in a big bass way.

When some of my best movie girl-friends speak from the screen, I don't know them. That Vitaphone-Movietone thing certainly does something to nice sweet girlish voices. It doesn't flatter Sue Carol's. And as girl to girl, Josephine Dunn, weren't you startled when you heard yourself talking in *The Singing Fool*? You never talked like that to me. On the other hand, the Vitaphone reproduces Betty Bronson's child-like treble with amazing fidelity. Just as the movie camera is unkind to certain faces, no matter how charming, so, apparently, the recording equipment picks on some voices for no good reason. It may have something to do with lack of training, or it may be accounted for mechanically. I don't know anything about that. But I do think we should make allowances. Gosh—we have to!

They say the stage actors, who were never much of a success in celluloid, are having the laugh on our beloved movie stars. Well, let them laugh. They look forward, perhaps, to crashing the studio gates with their vocal histrionics and showing up our darlings. Well, let them try. But don't let them forget that they may have to learn screen acting if they hope to make a howling hit on the screen. The art of movie pantomime, which the merest movie actor must master, is somewhat different from the broad and sweeping gestures of the 'legitimate.' Thank goodness! I'm not trying to pick a quarrel with Mr. Ryskind of *The Stage Coach*—but I am just reminding everyone concerned that he who laughs loudest laughs longest, or something.

Boys and girls together, we're all learning. And any old invention that can startle Hollywood right out of its Rolls-Royce calm and snap it into its old-time Ford enthusiasm is worth anything we have to pay for it. It's a lot of fun no matter who wins. So far the ladies have been shouted down and the gentlemen hold the stage. They'd better make the most of it while they have it. Texas Guinan and Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker are on their way.

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## At Papa Laemmle's Hollywood Circus

Continued from page 21

a bosom friend of Rosabelle's, Mrs. Lillian Ehrman, who came as a bareback rider.

Little Lord Fauntleroy seemed at home at the circus, even if he has grown up to be a very big boy. He was Dr. Fejos with his mask off, but even then it was hard to recognize the director in the blonde curls.

"I had the worst time with my legs," he declared, "because I had to shave them above the socks and kid shoes."

"Now doesn't that take the poetry out of Little Lord Fauntleroy for you?" murmured Patsy.

"And," Dr. Fejos went gaily on, "I wore the costume at dinner, with my butler giggling all the time he was serving, so that I am sure I shall never again command the same respect in my own home."

Barbara Kent came with Dr. Fejos. We see her about with him a good deal, but both declare it is merely friendship between them. She looked adorable in Alice blue circus riding costume, tarleton skirts, tights and all.

Lois Moran looked adorable as a bareback rider. She and young Laemmle go about a good deal together these days.

Josephine Dunn appeared soon, looking very cute in a green velvet Spanish costume, declaring that she was a sword swallower, but had just run out of swords. Glenn Tryon offered to furnish her with one, but she hastily declined, saying that she was very psychic and this wasn't a good evening for sword swallowing. She said that she had intended coming as a tight-rope walker, but that Edith Mayer—Louis B. Mayer's daughter—had got to the costumer's before her.

One must say that Edith looked awfully cute in the costume, with its wide gauze skirts, even though she had bare legs instead of the traditional tights, her legs being a lovely dark tan. Irene Mayer was there, too, looking charming.

Glenn Tryon obscured his undeniable good looks behind the make-up of a circus roustabout, but created a lot of fun. His wife, a beautiful blonde, wore a long beard which looked suspiciously like one of those old-fashioned switches we used to wear, and said that she was the bearded lady. We decided it would take anybody as dainty and pretty as Mrs. Tryon to get away with that.

No circus performer ever looked as lovely as did Patsy Ruth Miller in her short black circus riding costume with its gold trimmings. She pretended to tame a stuffed lion, and of course she claimed a great deal of masculine attention.

At the side of the tent was a contrivance consisting of a cage containing a swing and a large red couch, and at one side of the cage was a target at which balls were thrown. We saw Mrs. Ehrman swinging happily in it one moment, and next we heard a feminine shriek. The gag is that if anybody hits the target, the swing in the cage breaks and down goes the swinger to the red couch below. Neil Hamilton tried it afterward, declaring that he was the spirit of the carnival. Patsy Ruth, Barbara and some of the other girls took tumbles also.

We found Carmel Myers looking pretty in a leaf-brown costume, and she said that she was "what was left over in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume department!" I believe she afterward made up her mind that she was a gypsy fortune-teller, but was taking a night off from her job.

Paul Leni, the director, was there dressed like Emil Jannings in *Variety*, and there were Sol Lesser, Al Hall and Wesley Ruggles as clowns. Nat Goldstone also was a clown, and Tom Reed and a lot of others.

"There are so many clowns," declared Patsy, "that I do hope there won't be so much professional jealousy that they all forget to be funny!"

Arthur Lake was comical in a feminine rider's costume, tarleton skirts and all. Mervyn LeRoy was great as the ring-master, the long tails of his cutaway coat dragging on the ground behind his short figure.

Edna Murphy, LeRoy's wife, came as a trapeze performer, but as there were no trapezes, we don't know whether she could really do gym stunts or not. Sam Jacobson came as the village Simple Simon.

George Lewis was another clown, and his wife was a charming trapeze lady.

Agnes Christine Johnston's costume was the most novel of all. In fact, she later drew a prize for it. She was the Tattooed Lady. Of course the tattooing was painted on. The funniest feature was the picture of a fat lady painted on Miss Johnston's back, which changed expression of the face when Agnes wriggled her shoulders!

Joseph Schildkraut and his wife, Elise Bartlett, came quite late, because both had been working late in *Show Boat*. Joseph came as a Russian peasant, but a rather wealthy peasant, one would say, inasmuch as his smock was of cream-colored satin. Elise was Juliet, and said that she belonged to the wax works, if they ever had wax works in a circus.

Laura La Plante was late, too, she also having been working in *Show Boat*. She still wore her dress of the nineties, declaring that circuses had always been just alike anyway, so they could pretend it was an 1890 circus.

John Boles looked handsome in evening clothes, and probably was intended to represent the tenor in the concert of the circus.

Walter Pidgeon as a clown paid a great deal of attention to the bearded lady, Mrs. Tryon, dancing with her several times, so that Glenn pretended he was going to fight a duel with the handsome clown, but Pidgeon said comically that he was quite willing to be Pagliacci and give up the lady and suffer.

Entertainment was varied and amusing. There was a crystal-gazing fortune-teller. Maurice Fleckles, who, made up as a Persian shah, wasn't recognized by anybody, and simply amazed everyone by telling each one all about himself. He rather worried Patsy Ruth Miller by telling her that she was soon to be married.

There was the funniest of burlesque tangoes danced by Mervyn Leroy and Arthur Lake; and there was a comic acrobatic act by Messrs. Jackie Goodrich and Jack Leonard, professionals, assisted by Glenn Tryon; and there was a wow of a burlesque wire walking act by Arthur Lake.

There was a grand march with some of the beautiful girls riding the camels and elephants, which were on wheels, and which the actors towed along. Carmel Myers, being without an escort, grabbed a life-size paste-board man from his sentinel position at the flaps of the tent and walked him along.

After the show, there was dancing in the arenas, and then there was supper, which was served out by the big swimming pool,



under the trees, at long tables, picnic fashion.

"Just the jolliest party ever!" remarked Patsy, as we made our way homeward, tired and happy.

"Oh, here's Esther Ralston! My dear, I hear you nearly got hit by a submarine over there in Honolulu—I mean your boat of course! What cute little freckles on your nose!"

Jobyna Ralston was giving a shower for Priscilla Bonner, who, you know, is about to marry Dr. Bert Woolfan of Hollywood. The shower was being given at Jobyna's home in San Fernando Valley, where she and her husband, Dick Arlen, have the quaintest, loveliest Spanish home built beneath huge old walnut trees.

We had just met Esther Ralston, who had lately come from a trip to Honolulu.

We gathered in the living room to await Priscilla's coming, and when she did arrive, she looked as radiant as a bride-to-be should look.

Mary Lou Lewis, George Lewis's wife, Virginia Brown Faire and a few others were already there, and we discovered that a number of the young actresses besides Priscilla were going to be married. That cute little Duane Thompson, for instance, is engaged to Buddy Wattles of the *Hit the Deck* musical comedy company, and Florence Gilbert we hear is going to be married, too.

Nobody had told us that it was Duane Thompson's birthday until somebody whispered it to us. It was also Jobyna's and Dick's wedding anniversary. So Duane and Jobyna had to rise and make a couple of bows when we found out.

Mary Lou and Marian Nixon are great friends.

"And that's in spite of the fact that Mary Lou used to come on the set when I was George's leading lady, arriving sometimes right in the middle of a love scene, but she never was cross about it. And I was Richard Barthelmess's leading lady, too, when his bride came on the set. She didn't mind, either. I'm beginning to lose my conceit. Maybe I'm not so nice after all," remarked Marian.

By the way, Marian was wearing a wonderful antique bracelet which Ben Lyon had given her.

Scotty, Jobyna's big dog, came into the room.

"Oh, don't be scared, girls—he's perfectly party-broke," declared Jobyna.

"All the girls are wearing that indelible lip-stick," remarked Virginia Brown Faire. "It doesn't come off on anybody, and it doesn't even come off at night!"

Nearly all the girls were stockingless. They had beautifully tanned legs, the method of acquiring the tan being to oil the legs, then lie bare-legged in the sun. The oil keeps them from burning, but they tan nicely.

And speaking of going stockingless, Sally Eilers, who is, by the way, the very newest Hollywood bride, she having eloped and married a magazine writer, inquired whether any of the girls manicured their toe nails. We found out that Mary Lou Lewis does!

There was a flurry toward the patio when the last of the guests arrived, including Barbara Luddy, Marion Douglas, Nan Howard, Jeanette Loff, Mrs. Arthur Rankin, Pauline Curley—who is married now and seldom works—Mrs. Dorothy Reid and a number of others.

Lunch was served out doors, under the patio trees, and then everybody hurried into the house to see Priscilla open her gifts,

which included all sorts of beautiful and useful things for a house.

Then bridge caused the party to grow quiet, and nobody left until the trees in the valley were casting lovely long shadows at sunset.

"Yo, heave ho, and a bottle of rum!" sang Patsy, as she drove up to my bungalow door that morning.

"Why, Pat," I exclaimed, "Why so nautical, not to say naughty from a Volstead point of view?"

"We're invited," Pat told me, "to go with Belle Bennett and her husband, Fred Windermere, on their yacht for a week-end vacation. Now isn't that enough to make anybody break into song?"

I admitted it was. We were to dine at the Yacht Club at San Pedro and leave on Belle's yacht, the *Wee Dove*, for Catalina about ten at night. Everything happened as scheduled, and the night was simply heavenly.

In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ford, Irving Willat and Billie Dove, who is Mrs. Irving Willat, you know, and one or two others not of pictures, with Fred Windermere acting as skipper.

Arriving at Catalina after the smoothest trip in the world, we all went to sleep like babies, after the yacht was moored. In the morning we all tried to be very nautical, using only nautical terms, and everybody was fined who dared call going below going 'down-stairs.'

Billie Dove loves to fish, but the rest of us put on bathing suits and took a dip in the clear, smooth waters of the bay.

We were awakened in the morning by a Filipino boy, the ship's cook and general utility man, who brought us each a glass of orange juice on a tray, accompanied by a little package. Opening the package we found that our sweet hostess had given us each a present in the form of a silver-and-cloisonne pin, some in the shape of boats, others in the form of fishes.

Following our swimming and fishing expeditions, we donned what we called our pirate suits, which Belle provided for us, and which were made of cretonne. They consisted of loose trousers and long coats, and we tied bandannas around our heads. These were very comfortable and convenient.

We visited the Isthmus and landed at Avalon a couple of times to take in the concert and dance a bit at the big hotel.

On the trip to the Isthmus we sailed past Doug McLean's yacht. Doug was entertaining a party of men on board his boat, the *Faith*, named for his wife. He hailed us and said he was out of gas to cook with, and would we lend him some, which we did. Next we sighted the *Tiburon*, Conrad Nagel's boat. We hailed her, stepping aboard for a few minutes to say hello to Nagel and his wife and their guests, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

At Avalon we met a perfect bevy of film people, including Jean Hersholt and his wife and their little boy, the latter the image of his dad, and we also met William DeMille and his bride, Clara Beranger. They had been fishing, but didn't give a very good account of themselves as to their catch.

Both Billie Dove and Belle Bennett looked so cute in their pirate suits that we told them they should have stories written around those costumes.

Billie always has luck at her fishing, and we ate some of her catch for dinner.

"This is the laziest, happiest life I have ever known!" murmured Patsy, as she lay stretched in her chair on deck.



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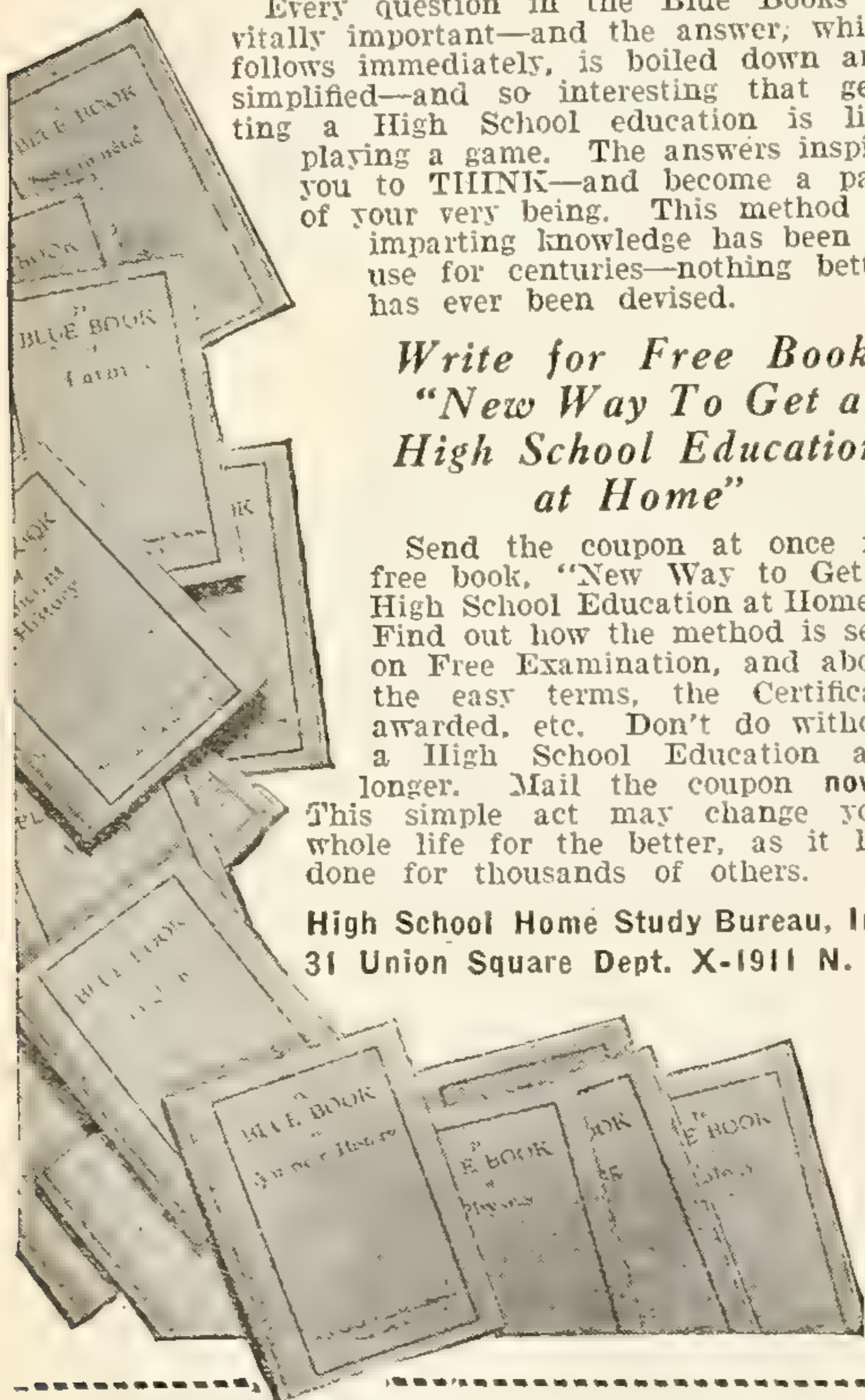
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May McAvoy has never fallen down in any part she has played but when she goes roller-skating it's another story.



## As They Do Unto Others Continued from page 17

the highest stardom.

The time came when Louise herself could play Santa Claus, which she did on every possible occasion. Her greatest role was when she played it for a bashful young boy in the cutting room who had secretly confided his screen ambition to her. Mack Sennett was looking for a new juvenile.

"Try George," said Louise, pointing to the lad standing in the doorway.

"George?" laughed Sennett. "Why, George is a cutter. What does he know about acting?"

"Well, I'll risk playing opposite him," answered Louise bravely. "I'll dare you to give him a chance."

The Great Impresario turned in his tracks. "George," he called out, "beat it home and get into your best clothes. I want to make a test."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sennett," replied the gaping lad, "but these are the best I own."

"All right, then wash your face and be on the set in five minutes."

George O'Hara was on in four. Do you remember the *Fighting Blood* series? Yes, George has done well.

But the finest bit of Santa Clausing the ancient Casting Director told me was regarding George Fawcett. This grand old

Character Actor while trouping in the South, met a handsome lad playing on the University of Alabama football team, and not only did he tell the boy that he thought he would screen well, but promised if he ever came to California he would help him get into pictures. One of those long-distance promises so easy to make and hard to fulfill. A year or so of correspondence. Then darned if the boy didn't come! Came as a coach for the Alabama team in the great East-West football game in Pasadena.

Did Fawcett welch on his promise? On the contrary he arranged for a test at a certain studio. It was rotten. Then he sent the boy to M.G.M. The test wasn't much better. Through? No. Next time he took him personally to M.G.M. and stayed with him during the trying ordeal. At last the boy came through and was put on contract.

Fawcett then took his protege right into his home and during the weeks and weeks that followed while the young neophyte was doing 'bits' his patron saint was coaching him in all the tricks of make-up, camera angles and registration. Finally his chance came. He was given the lead in *The Fair Co-Ed*, playing opposite Marion Davies. It's been Christmas ever since.



Yet there are dull people who no doubt wonder why Johnny Mack Brown believes in Santa Claus.

Another charming example of the Christmas Spirit came under my own observation. I was directing Will Rogers in *Two Wagons—Both Covered*, and one day returning to our homes in Beverly Hills we stopped on a side street of Culver City. Will got out, and sauntering up to a little cottage I watched him talking to a tearful woman standing in the doorway. As he was leaving I saw him slip her a roll of bills that would have choked a rhinoceros.

"What's the idea?" I asked him when we were on our way again.

"Oh, that's Buck So-and-so's wife," he answered with embarrassment. "Poor old Buck got himself all broke up doin' a horse stunt at the studio a while back. The poor fella's through, I guess, s'far as ridin' goes. Of course the boys at the studio passed the hat to help out on expenses. But you know, Rob, it's after the excitement has blown over and things is quieted down that the real trouble comes. I jest got to thinkin' if her house was paid for the missus wouldn't have to worry so much."

And now Will has gone East to take Fred Stone's place in the show Fred was scheduled to appear in. Publicity? You don't know Will. The fact that it looked like publicity was the hardest part of the offer. No, it was the Christmas Spirit pure and simple. You see Will had encouraged Fred to fly, and when his friend cracked up Will felt terribly. And all the more so because Fred was worrying over his manager's bad luck. It had been a bad year and the manager had counted on Fred pulling him out of the hole. Then the crash! In jumps Will and offers to help in any way he can—even to cancelling his own immensely profitable lecture tour and taking Fred's place. Don't you think that Dillingham, Fred and Dorothy Stone believe in Santa Claus?

No, We may not have the props—snow, sleigh, or reindeer—necessary to enact the Legend of Santa Claus, but his Spirit is here. Nor does it manifest itself only at Christmastide. We have it in Movieland the year 'round.

## The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 65)

were not, let us affirm our sure conviction that all previous laughs record for the same period of time were shattered by their antics. The Record, as enthusiastic about the comedy, says of the dancing. "The 16 Market Dancers, girls who have been well trained, deserve special mention for their good work." The Bulletin praises the fact that the other principals have been so carefully chosen. The Inquirer boosts everything. The News raves so that the suspicion lingers that the press agent wrote the notice.

So maybe we might just as well have written the review ourself. At any rate, we agree with all the kind things. And as Variety says, it looks as though Sam Harris has a smash hit on his hands. We want to add our praise to Raymond Sovey, who made the lavish sets, to Oscar Eagle, who directed the book, to Kalmar and Ruby for their songs, and to Gus Salzer, who directs the orchestra.

We nearly forgot. Imagine! The book of *Animal Crackers* is by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind.

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## Marian Nixon, Trouper

(Continued from page 52)

and that makes her look slightly more saucy. But she is still exuding that sweet charm that had been her greatest asset in 1923.

She told me things about herself. She feels that her marriage, while a great mistake, taught her things that will in time improve her acting. Also, she thinks her experiences have given her a more generous view of mankind in general.

"Until I married, I could never convince directors that I could play any other than innocent, wide-eyed ingenue parts," Marian said on the morning I met her. The meeting took place in her home. Hers is a little Spanish bungalow. It is situated on a quiet street in Hollywood. Marian's room is very feminine. Light blue walls and lighter blue ceiling. A blue carpet that melts under the feet. The bed, wide and low, is covered with a lacey spread. Lace pillows are everywhere. Fancy dressed dolls sit on the bed, on chairs, in corners. A chaise lounge stands beside a window. Seated there. Marian looks out over her garden and listens to the ripple of a tiny fountain beneath the window sill.

"Until I married, directors would not give me acting parts," Marian went on. "But after I married!"

Yes, after she married came more sophisticated things. Such pictures as *Red Lips*. In this, Marian enacted a drunk scene. In slight 'teddies,' she spent hours in a room with Buddy Rogers. She kissed him. Held him close. Vamped him. Marian Nixon of 1923 could never have done that. Yet *Red Lips* she regards as her best picture performance.

Marian told me that everything changed after her marriage and divorce. She bobbed her hair and went places. She won several dancing cups. The old Marian never went to dance halls.

"I had been so long relegated to the type of old-fashioned, sweet girls that I felt the part," Marian said. "When I changed my life and appearance, my inner self felt more modern. I must have looked different, else why did Universal give me a picture like *Red Lips* to do? And why did First National give me *Out of the*



James Ford, a newcomer.



Ruins? And why has Pathe given me—*Oh Geraldine*, a story not unlike *Red Lips* in theme?

"Of course, I'm happy. I was never satisfied in the parts I used to play. I wanted to do things. I used to see people like Lilyan Tashman and Evelyn Brent and Madge Bellamy and Olive Borden and I would sigh: 'Oh, if they would only let me do such parts.' But they never did. Not until I married and was divorced."

Marian's ideals haven't changed with her ideas. She will marry again, she says; and she adds, "for keeps, the next time." She has saved her money and is fairly well to do. She expects to save more and become really rich. She wants to travel, to go places abroad. Later, she wants to settle down and have a home and children.

Right now she is dividing her time between Ben Lyon and a certain very fine fellow whose name means nothing to this

story because he is not a movie star. Ben and his rival are having a merry fight for Marian's hand, neither having won as yet. If they should happen to withdraw, it would only leave the way open for a dozen or more other fellows who have ambitions to become A-1 with the little Nixon girl.

Marian did live with her father and mother. Mrs. Nixon recently passed away. Now Marian and her father are closer pals than ever and keep house in Marian's quiet little home. There are just the two of them—and a canary and a cook who is also the house maid. Marian was never pretentious nor expensive.

So, despite the bobbed hair and the marriage and the divorce and the new sophistication, there isn't much change between Marian Nixon, 1923 and Marian Nixon, 1928.

Unless it is the greater number of her friends.

## Fazenda for Laughter—Continued from page 37

you would pull her coat around her and put out your hand to see if you could feel a draft of any kind that might be playing on her feet."

"Yee-ees?" said Louise.

"Yes," said I, "and that is why I am here—to talk to you and then to write something about you and your little 'Mama.'"

Louise brightened.

"Oh, that is the easiest thing in this great big world," she smiled. "All I have to do is invite you to my house, and to sit you down with Mama for even ten minutes! In that short time you will find out that ever since I entered this world there never has been a child anywhere near like me; you will learn that I am a 'very remarkable fellow;' you will be amazed to find out what a terribly dull and ordinary place this earth would be if it weren't for Mama's little Louise.

"All you have to do is come over to my house tomorrow night. That, remember, is a *date*."

Now it was Monday night, and a much different-looking Louise opened the door for us and led us up the stairs into the room where Mother Fazenda sat.

"Remember, Mama," laughingly cautioned Louise, "that everything you say is going to be used against me, and you had better not make me out either too good or too bad."

Picture Mrs. Fazenda, glowing, ready to talk on her favorite subject; picture her sort of settling back on the couch, her white hair soft and wavy, her eyes shining, and making an even more beautiful painting than the beautiful one, done in oils, which hung on the wall behind her; just picture her, smiling, ready to tell me about her comedienne child, Louise.

"All mothers worship their children, of course," began Mrs. Fazenda, "and because Louise was my only baby, I likely made more of her and thought more of her than even most mothers do."

"You know, Marion," put in Louise, "mother really didn't get me at my worst, because she was gone all day and Grandmother took care of me."

"I guess maybe Louise is right," continued Louise's Mother. "You see, we were poor—very poor—and I worked all day. She was lucky to have a grandmother to take care of her."

"I was lucky, all right," laughed Louise, "but I don't think I'll ever get over the way grandmother used to make me come in the house every day and sew a patch-

work quilt! Nobody will ever know how I hated it. Children just didn't have to do these things, then. It was what grandmother had to do, so it was what I had to do. Wait until I show it to you."

Louise left the room to get the quilt.

"She certainly did despise that sewing," went on Mother Fazenda, "but I firmly believed that if her Grandmother were to take care of her all day, every day in the week but Sunday, I should keep my hands off and let Louise know that Grandmother was boss. But Louise was really very easily handled."

I could see that Mother Fazenda simply could not resist that last line, and as Louise returned with the lovely little quilt, I couldn't help thinking how wonderful it would have been if Grandmother could have seen how sort of warmly the now successful Louise carried it in. It was sewn every stitch by hand, and it wasn't a bit hard to picture the little Louise bending over it, perhaps watching the children playing outside, pricking her finger, and hating the thing as much as her eight-year-old self could hate any other thing on earth.

"The funny little patch-work quilt," she mused. "I really love it now as much as—oh, as much as I love to cook."

"Aha—you cook," said I, "and I suppose the new husband has to suffer through without a word."

"And I like that! The trouble is that they keep me so busy at the studio that I can't find a single second to do any cooking. It's doubtless just as well, though, because, honestly Marion, I am a good cook, and if I had time to do very much of it Hal—(Note—That's the new husband) would doubtless gain pounds and pounds."

I laughed. However, I do agree, because Louise is good at anything she undertakes. When you have known Louise as long as I have known her, there is never a doubt in your mind about that. From the time she was a small girl, she started doing things and getting places. Many little girls wouldn't feel that they could earn much at the precious age of eight, but Louise did—she had a paper route, and helped buy her clothes even then, "to make it easier for Mother."

"We had lived right here in Los Angeles ever since I was a baby, but I didn't dare suggest the movies. From working in an office to being in the chorus on the stage was all right, but I didn't dare suggest to Mother that I enter the terrible, terrible movies. And, as usual in such cases, when I did get up courage to timidly and gently



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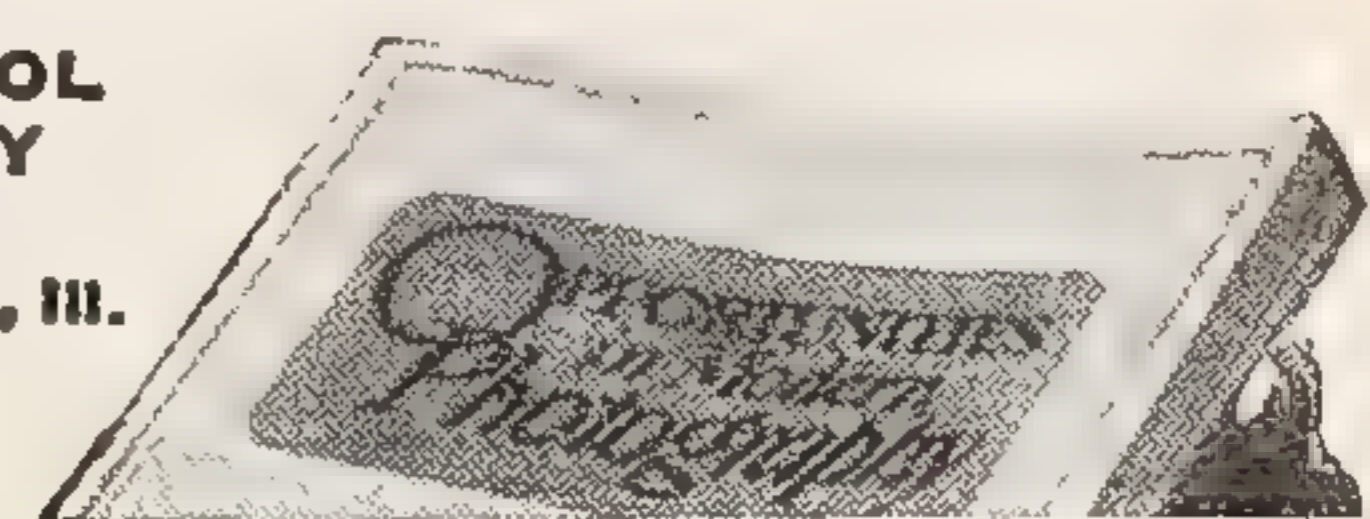
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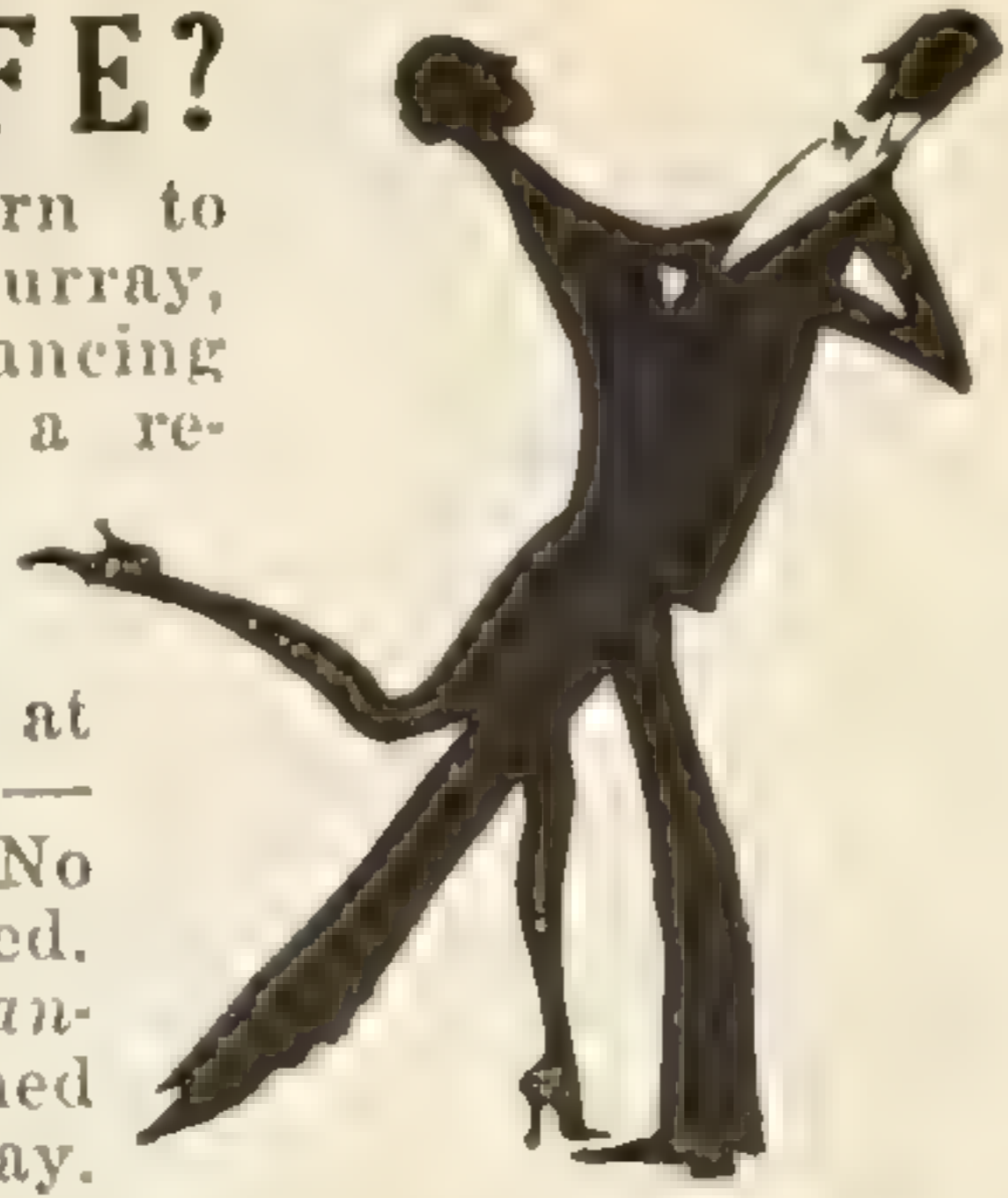
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approach the subject, Mother thought it was a great idea."

I looked over at Mrs. Fazenda. It must be pretty nice to have an understanding mother like that, and it can't be very bad, either, to know that your only chick, your only curly-headed baby girl, has made a mighty nice success of life. Some cynics say that children aren't a comfort, but I never did believe that, and Louise is just another proof that I am right.

"The day I did my first day's work as an extra was about the most exciting day of my life. I don't know why it is, but the movies get into your blood. Once you are in them you might as try to live without them as without your daily meals. Don't you see the hundreds on the Boulevard, Marion, with perhaps nothing to do for weeks at a time, but still the movies are part of them, in their blood, and they simply cannot leave them for something else? It 'got' me like that the very first day. I loved them."

"And at the studios they saw her ability right away," put in Mrs. Fazenda, all smiles and eyes shining. "It wasn't any time at all before she was doing bits and things. That's why I was so willing from the first—I knew they could tell talent when they saw it. Those producers know what they want."

Louise looked at me and winked, as much as to say, "I told you Mother thinks I'm good, didn't I?"

"Of course I had the usual disappointments. Then one day Ford Sterling asked me why I didn't go over to Mack Sennett's and see if I couldn't get some work. Mother said she thought it was a great idea, because I was always 'clowning around' anyway. After that, you know I played in a number of comedies and was somewhat successful."

I looked around the beautiful room, with the great rafters, all the exquisite furnishings and the quiet suggestion of wealth. "Somewhat successful" was merely somewhere near right. We all know what Louise did for Mr. Mack Sennett's comedies some time back. When she started her roles in feature length pictures, we all know what she started doing for them and is doing for them yet. Wait until you see her in *Noah's Ark*, and all those others. No wonder she hasn't any time to cook for the brand-new husband! They keep her so busy that all she has a chance to do is kiss her poor Hal goodbye!

I arose. It was time for me to go.

Louise stood up, and put her arm around her lovely, gray-haired 'Mama.'

"Don't you think this Mother-of-Mine is very, very sweet, Marion?" she asked.

"Be still, Louise, be still!" admonished Mother Fazenda. "What if Marion put that in her story?"

And there it is! And the only thing I want to add is that Louise Fazenda Wallis is exactly like her mother.

## Charlie Chaplin Gives a Graflex Camera

(Continued from page 31)

company. 'The Mummie Birds' went from place to place, invariably playing Xmas week in some out of the way town. Probably up in Scotland, where the cold at that time suggests Iceland.

One December the company arrived in Glasgow on Xmas eve. They had to open up that night. Around the small fire in their room, Charlie and his fellow actors started talking about their work over a few hot drinks.

"I'd like to do something better than this," Charlie remarked. "The people see me, but forget me the next day. I want to play parts that are always remembered—parts that mean a lot."

Out of his thirty-shillings-a-week-salary Charlie and the others pooled together and a couple of players were sent out to purchase provisions for their Xmas dinner the next day. Whatever else happened, they could not let Xmas pass by without meeting it with smiles and happy hearts.

Today, Charlie does not have to go to such extremes. You all know where he is. Today he has indeed done parts to be ever remembered by all who have seen them.

Charlie's pictures are as popular today as they were when they were first made. This has been proved because all have had another release and are still drawing crowds to see them.

How many other pictures, made ten and fifteen years ago, could survive a reissue today? Very few, I imagine.

Charlie's antics and clothes are for all ages and time. The people who were, let us say, five years old in 1913, when his first comedies were made, are just as crazy about him today at twenty.

In spite of his big position, his money, he still thinks of his starved youth, his poverty and his heart aches. These things come to him like the remembrance of an unfinished canvas to an artist. And in recalling his own early youth Charlie thinks

of others.

To all the fans who admire him, Charlie wants to extend a hand in Xmas greeting, and a gift. As he can't do that in reality he has decided to do so in spirit, through the mediumship of SCREENLAND.

The gift he offers is a Graflex Camera. All you have to do to get it is to write a letter stating which you consider is Charlie Chaplin's best picture and why. The best letter will win the gift.

Think of all the Chaplin films you have seen. There is *The Kid*, in which Charlie introduced Jackie Coogan to the world and fame. *A Dog's Life* and *Sunnyside* are other older pictures. You might prefer them, or *Shoulder Arms*. *The Pilgrim* showed Charlie as an escaped convict who found himself mistaken for a clergyman. *The Gold Rush* took him to Alaska. *The Circus* was his last production.

At present Charlie is working on *City Lights*. The city is none in particular. For five months he has been working on the story. It is entirely different from any other he has made. At the beginning of it he will be seen in a mythical kingdom, dressed in brilliant uniforms, radically different from his battered derby, baggy trousers and canoe-like shoes, though he dons these for the story proper.

*City Lights* will not be released until the beginning of next year. In the meantime, consider all the others you have seen. Then, filling yourself with Xmas cheer, sit down and write out your opinions as to which you consider the best and why you think so.

Charlie's Xmas gift of the Graflex Camera is a worthwhile present. There will be a silver plate on it, with the winner's name inscribed thereon, as presented from Charlie Chaplin.

So don't delay. Write up your ideas and mail them in to SCREENLAND who, with Charlie, wishes every fan a Merry and Happy Xmas.



## New Screenplays—Continued from page 51

It might be called 'The Metamorphosis of Leatrice Joy,' for Leatrice in this film turns out to be a brunette Greta Garbo. Gone are the boyish bob and the negative appeal. Here is a girl that any man could love and all women will hate. So soft and yielding she is, so humorous and fine. She portrays the kind of girl every man seeks—one who will be a good sport but one who never forgets the true meaning of the word 'gentil.' She's really splendid. And she's really beautiful. I never thought she was before.

The movie is only a light little comedy about a young married girl who loves her husband, John Boles, but all the same, likes a good innocent time, too. The villain comes in the person of H. B. Warner who plays the man about town. His characterization is touching. He makes your throat choke up when your sympathy isn't supposed to be with him at all. But it sometimes happens that even a man of the world falls for a pretty, decent girl. And when such a man does fall, it takes many a weary year to get over it. But when you see Leatrice, the new Leatrice, in *Man Made Woman*, it won't surprise you at all.

### WATERFRONT

Pretty Dorothy Mackaill, as the daughter of a tug-boat skipper, stepping about the garden of her home built on the end of a San Francisco pier, her rounded little hips shown to excellent advantage in a pair of tight-fitting, white-duck trousers.

That's all there is. Until Jack Mulhall, after a couple of fist-fights in a dance hall, persuades her to marry him and go live on a farm—far from the temptations (if any) of the *Waterfront*.

Still—the hips, topped by Dorothy, are well worth seeing! See if they aren't.

### HOME, JAMES

That little blonde cut-up, Laura La Plante, has knocked another home run. This time it is Charles Delaney, son of the department store owner where Laura works, who endows her with one room, kitchenette and bath—pardon me, I mean, with castle, emerald necklace and Rolls Royce.

Delaney falls in love with Laura on sight. But to keep from embarrassing (?) her when he takes her out, pretends that he is the chauffeur instead of the owner of the car. Well, well, just imagine a boy like that.

The film is a scream. Laura makes it that way. The kid's clever. And deserves another eighteen inches of diamond bracelets. For a lot of impossible stuff was handed her in this picture, but she grins through it and carries off the honors.

### THE HEAD MAN

Nowadays when people seem bent on dragging politics and prohibition right up to the very altars of the church, this new picture, *The Head Man*, is one all small town folks will want to see. It will teach them a simple lesson that maybe nobody has ever had the courage to mention to them before: that small town politics are apt to be just as crooked and just as rotten as big town politics. There is usually only a shadow of difference between Tammany politics and the politics of Smith's Crossing, Iowa, or Oklahoma, or Maine, or Utah. For human nature is pretty much the same all over.

Charlie Murray plays the role of a once powerful politician reduced to a humble attorney—without clients, because he

wouldn't join his fellow gangsters—my error, I mean, fellow politicians in a crooked deal. But Charlie, consistent anti-prohibitionist that he turns out to be, stages a come-back. And in spite of getting himself thoroughly plastered, licks the political opposition and finds himself elected mayor—much to the mortification of the ladies of the town, who had tried to get rid of him.

Lucien Littlefield does excellent comedy work. In fact, you'll have a hard time deciding who is funnier: Charlie or Lucien.

### SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Going to see a Tom Mix picture is like coming home to familiar faces after long and weary days spent in strange, crowded cities. Tom brings the sharp fragrance of desert country to enliven our tired nerves and dusty minds.

Mix is a consistently good performer and in *Son of the Golden West*, you find him at his best as a pony express rider carrying gold and important documents necessary for the construction of the United States Telegraph which will bring law and order to an unsettled country.

How he pulls the stockade down, rescues the girl and brings the bandits to justice at one fell swoop is a particularly novel quirk. Something new in 'westerns' and a climax that you will all enjoy.

### FORBIDDEN LOVE

This is a picture that made me heartsick. Here the director had everything to make a marvelous film. And what does he do? Well, you tell me.

Here he has a superb cast: Lily Damita, the beautiful and clever actress with whom princes and dukes are said to be greatly fascinated; Harry Leidtke, one of the most handsome and capable of actors; Paul Richter who is a dead ringer in intelligence and dramatic ability for Conrad Nagel; here are scenes of unsurpassed loveliness, all the witchery of Paris, all the beauty of the surrounding country; here is a story of love, intrigue and passion—a princess who gives up love to do her duty to her country—all spoiled by the direction. This might have been a little masterpiece.

### THE DIVINE SINNER

Vera Reynolds does a Maria Corda on us. She leaves her Austrian home after the war and goes to Paris to recoup the family finances and assist a blind brother. She gets a job as a designer. There's a good fashion show, a grand carnival scene, a couple of check forgeries, and a crown prince. Through it all Vera, like Maria, retains her virtue and marries her prince.

### MIDNIGHT LIFE

Broadway comes to Main Street. Yes sir! Hot stuff in a New York night club. Gertrude Olmstead teams up with Eddie Buzzell, and puts on a good dance act. (Eddie, by the way, has just been recruited from musical comedy.) Francis X. Bushman plays the part of Lieutenant of Detectives and plays it well. Plenty of action, excitement and color.

### FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

If you want to see your old favorite, Lewis Stone, whose work in *The Patriot* was so magnificent, take in this newspaper-underworld story which has as its climax the bombing of the publishing plant. Marceline Day and Malcolm McGregor contribute good performances.

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*Ask Me—Continued from page 6*

Frankie at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Buzz Barton, 13 year old youngster who rides like the wind in westerns, began riding horses at the age of 3 years. Buzz made his first picture with Jack Perrin. You can reach Buzz at FBO Studios.

Ray B. of St. Louis. A third cousin of 'Skeets' Gallagher and you want to find him—step up, Skeets, and meet your relation from Missouri. You might try writing FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where he has been working.

Adaline F. from Chicago. Personally you're from the noisy city but I won't hold that against you—some of us have to live in Chicago. It is said that Ben Bard and Ruth Roland are engaged. Ben plays in *Fleetwing* with Barry Norton and in *Dressed to Kill* with Mary Astor and Edmund Lowe, filmed at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, but he doesn't say when. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Monte is in *Conquest* with Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner, produced by Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You can add-a-line to me any old time.

Curious Leonore of Leicester, Mass. Your praise of my department is vigorous and impartial. Please accept my ill-concealed thanks. Leatrice Joy was Babe Scott and Elise Bartlett was Gertie in *The Angel of Broadway*. Victor Varconi appears in *The Divine Lady* with Corinne Griffith; its a First National release. Victor was born March 31, 1896. He has dark eyes and hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, La. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Charles Delaney was born in New York City. He is married. Charlie's smile is a cure-all for gloomy disorders. His latest films are *The Branded Man* with June Marlowe; *Women Who Dare* with Helene Chadwick; *The River Woman* with Jacqueline Logan and Lionel Barrymore, and *Show Girl*, with Alice White.

Jimmy of La Grange, Ill. As a rule you find it best to thank me both before and after receiving—you win but what's the answer? Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Ind., in 1895. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes, is 5 feet 5 in. tall and weighs 130 pounds. Louise has just finished her work in *Noah's Ark*, for Warner Bros. She plays with Mary Astor in *Heart to Heart*, a First National release; also in *The Terror*, an all-talking picture, with May McAvoy and Edward Everett Horton.

Blondy of Minn. You are willing to get in the movies with the prettiest figure in your town, sparkling blue eyes and a row of straight white teeth—that's all right, Blondy; but the better studios require two rows of straight white teeth. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona, Dec. 5, 1910. Jackie Coogan has been attending a military school and has not made a picture since *Buttons*. I do not know the religious connections of the screen players nor do I know if Buddy Rogers has a 'steady girl' in Hollywood.

Miss Alice, Troy, N. Y. Here is another S. O. S. for an intelligent mutt actor, Buck or Byng—perhaps you want two mutts.

You tell me he played with Tom Mix and also in *Lightnin*. That film was released in 1925. Your favorite actor must be quite a gay old dog by this time. I can't seem to remember him and I thought I knew all the Hollywood dogs. I'll keep on the lookout and if anyone can find that dog, I will.

Helen R. of Nashotah, Wis. The genial George Bancroft played Happy Joe in *Rough Riders* and Noah Berry was Hell's Bells. George was born in Philadelphia. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Noah Berry was born in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 215 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. Charles Farrell and the late Charles Emmett Mack were in the cast of *Rough Riders*. William Boyd and Elinor Fair played in *The Volga Boatman*.

A Stranger from Chicago. Put down your weapons and I'll do my darndest to please you. Billie Dove is the wife of Irvin Willat, the director. She was born May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds and has dark brown hair and the loveliest dark eyes you ever saw. Words fail me when I try to describe these lovely screen beauties. *The Night Watch* is one of Billie's latest releases. Donald Reed and Paul Lukas help to make the film worth your money.

Muriel Lee M. of New Jersey. My head is in a whirl with all the favorable comments on my department—it's meat and drink to me. Have one on me. Irene Rich can be addressed at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd. She plays with Warner Baxter in *Craig's Wife*. Richard Dix a woman hater? That's bad news. But don't you believe all you hear and only half you see. Nils Asther played opposite Marion Davies in *The Cardboard Lover*. Nils was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Thelma Todd is playing in *The Haunted House* at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Just Bobby from Lake Javita, Fla. You are some hooper, aren't you? If you can dance anything, and everything, swim, play baseball, football, basket-ball, volley-ball, captain ball, ride any kind of a horse, row a boat and play tennis, I would call you a finished product and all set for the movies. So look out or some dumb-bell director will get you yet. Your favorite, Glenn Tryon, 'the Yankee Doodle Dandy of the Screen,' is one of Universal's busiest boys. Sue Carol is to play opposite Glenn in *It Can Be Done*. Barbara Kent plays with him in *Lonesome*. Glenn was born in Julietta, Idaho. He has black hair, dark gray eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was on the stage 16 years before going into pictures.

Edith E. of Fort Worth. You can 'heavy-date' anyone any time for a stroll on Broadway if you resemble Laura La Plante. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She has light brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She is the wife of William Seiter, the director. Laura will play *Magnolia* in *Show Boat*. Joseph Schildkraut will have the much-coveted part of Ravenal.



*Jonny G. H. of Chicago.* Will I ask Ken Maynard how old he is? Stop your kiddin'! I don't care how old he is. Ken was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He has black hair and gray eyes and is married.

*A Wolverine from Lansing.* Isn't it too grand for words? Mom and Dad will no longer feel constrained to read aloud the titles of our silent pictures to the neighbors and the kiddies. Keep your eyes open and you'll hear plenty with the new sound films. *The Lights of New York* with Gladys Brockwell, Mary Carr and Cullen Landis, is the first all-talking picture and is worth your thin dimes. Harold Lloyd is to do a speakie; what could be more fun?

*M. H. Mc. of Deposit, N. Y.* Can I tell you what pictures to see? Yes, I can but that's too easy; ask me another. I think you have reference to Norman Kerry who played with Mary Philbin and Betty Francisco in *Fifth Avenue Models*. You think Norman is a wow on the screen, do you? That sounds good but just what is a wow? He played with Lillian Gish in *Annie Laurie*, *The Unknown* with Lon Chaney and Joan Crawford, and in *The Irresistible Lover* with Lois Moran.

*Alice W. of Newark.* Walter Pidgeon was a well-known singer before the movies got him. He was born in New York City about 28 years ago. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. He played with Dolores Del Rio in *Gateway of the Moon* and in *Clothes Make the Woman* with Eve Southern. I believe he freelances but try writing him at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

*Screenland's Greatest Admirer.* Whoop-de-doo! Glad to meet you. Jane Winton was born in New York City but I haven't her age. She is the wife of Chas. Kenyon. James Hall's first picture was with Bebe Daniels in 1926, *The Campus Flirt*. Bebe Daniels appeared in pictures at the age of 8 years. Dolores Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, at Durango, Mexico. She has black hair and brown eyes. Ethlyne Clair was born in Talladoge, Ala., about 19 years ago. Her first part in pictures was with the late Barbara La Marr in *Sandra*. She has brown hair and eyes. You can address her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

*Ellen of Albany, Oregon.* Is my work a position or just a job? I've often wondered myself and when I get the right dope on the situation, I'll let you know. The Wampus Baby Stars of 1924 were Clara Bow, Elinor Fair, Gloria Gray, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Hiatt, Julianne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Marion Nixon, Alberta Vaughn and the late Lucille Rickson. Lina Basquette was a dancer before going into pictures. I do not have the home addresses of the players so you have a couple of laughs on me.

*L. C. W. of South Bend, Ind.* At your service, for I'm here to spread the personality. Several of your questions are answered elsewhere in this department. Read 'em and keep. Phyllis Haver is 29 years old. She and Marie Prevost have been good friends for many years. Jack Hoxie has brown hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 198 pounds. Ken Maynard is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 181 lbs.

*Kitty from Moscow.* Only in our country 7 months and you write a better letter than many American-born fans. No wonder you get your dates mixed when reading so many stories about the ages of the stars. Your favorites, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Barry Norton, are all 23 years of age. Barry was born in South America. He plays with Madge Bellamy in *Mother Knows Best* and with Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel and Charles Morton in *The Four Devils*. Another credit goes to Barry for his pathetic role in *The Legion of the Condemned*, causing many sniffles from the ladies.

*Christina M. of Philadelphia.* Your note has all the ear-marks of a well-turned compliment for our magazine, for which we give thanks. Percy Marmont comes from a long line of professional English people; doctors, barristers, and clergymen. He was studying for the bar in London when he decided to go on the stage. He became popular and was soon made a leading man. He came to America about 10 years ago and entered pictures. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 155 pounds.

*Robert B. of Sherburne.* Hoot Gibson is not married to Sally Rand but to Helen Johnson. Hoot was born July 21, 1892. He plays in *The Flying Cowboy* with Olive Hasbrouck and in *Burning the Wind* with Virginia Brown Faire. Address him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Bob Custer's real name is Raymond Anthony Glenn. His wife is Anne Cudahy. Bob was 28 years old on Oct. 18.

*Precious Pat, Elysburg, Pa.* You think I hand the fans a real treat, do you? To hand them anything else would be a crime. The Vidors have been swamped with names for their baby but I'll tell them your choice, Camilla Colleen, and may let you know how they feel about it, though they have already named the baby Antonia. No, Bill Haines did not play in *Hook and Ladder No. 9*. Edward Hearne was Dan Duffy, Dione Ellis was Mary Smith and Cornelius Keefe was Johnny Graham.

*J. G. from Virginia.* Another twin come to life or whatever twins come to when they are looking for each other. We'll have to give the movies credit for discovering more doubles, twins and other paraphernalia. Like that last word? As far as I know, William Haines uses his own name in pictures and as for a twin of the Haines clan, I've me doubts. Bill was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He has played in too many films to record here but here are a few of the older ones: *Brown of Harvard*, *Tell it to the Marines*, *Slide, Kelly, Slide*, *A Little Journey*, *Lovey Mary*, *Memory Lane* and *Mike*.

*Agnes of Newark.* Here's a quick one. Theodore Von Eltz can be reached at 1722½ Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. That's my definition of quick service or Eltz why bring that up?

*J. H. S. of Kemp, Wash.* Of course the late Enrico Caruso made a screen appearance in *My Cousin*. My error. Thanks for the correction. Is it any wonder Miss Vee Dee is wide-awake when she has so many up-and-coming readers to keep tabs on her? You just keep right on watching my step and I'll do the same.

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