



Crow Charles
Mack

Two Black Crows *in Hollywood*



Crow George
Moran

While the world rushes hurriedly pro and con, George Moran and Charles Mack murmur about Big Moments in Screendom

Overheard by Teet Carle

MORAN—At last us is in Hollywood.

MACK—Two babes in the Hollywoods.

MORAN—Oh, that is so old.

MACK—They says the old gags is the best, after all.

MORAN—Who says that?

MACK—The title writers.

MORAN—The first thing we gotta do is take a test.

MACK—A test? This ain't no college, is it? For that test I reckon we gotta write a theme-song.

MORAN—What you think of Hollywood make-up?

MACK—So nice and informal.

MORAN—Everyone do seem glad to see us.

MACK—Yeah, we found that out. I finally bought a house from one of 'em, though.

MORAN—Wish I knew what to wear 'fore the camera.

MACK—Well, I was in a show once and I found out that light black is blacker than dark black.

MORAN—That's silly. How can you have dark black in black?

MACK—I wouldn't be bothered about that.

MORAN—Why *should* light black be blacker than dark black?

MACK—I couldn't figure out no other reason unless it was because I put the light black on thicker.

MORAN—Well, all I can say is I wish I had IT.

MACK—Who cares about it?

MORAN—Well, Clara Bow has IT.

MACK—What of it? What about it anyway?

MORAN—She has IT, that's all.

MACK—Let her have it. Who wants it anyway?

MORAN—She does. She likes IT.

MACK—What's her idea in having it?

MORAN—How do I know? She just has IT.

MACK—Ah'd rather not hear any more about it. Just what is it, that's what I'd like to know?

MORAN—It's IT, that's what it is.

MACK—What happens if a person has "that"?

MORAN—You're so dumb. I hope the story they got for us is as good as "Wings."

MACK—Some little old show I never even heard of.

MORAN—You heard of "The Rough Riders," didn't you?

MACK—You wasn't the head man—say, what's your idea in bringing that up?

MORAN—Hope we got a good writer on our pictures. They say there's some pretty level heads in Hollywood's writing business. What you think?

MACK—They is so soft.

MORAN—The heads?

MACK—Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that.

MORAN—One of our stories is by Octavus Roy Cohen.

MACK—Yeah? Where was he going?

MORAN—I bet you heard that from Elinor Glyn.

MACK—No, it couldn't have Ben Hur.

MORAN—You're so funny I can't hardly keep from laughing.

MACK—I got a good gag for the story. I jab you in the third scene.

MORAN—You do, and I'll grab you by the fireplace.

MACK—You can't make money that way.

MORAN—I'll be the leading man in this play.

MACK—You do and you'll be misleading.

MORAN—Me and the heroine will be closer than the air in the subway.

MACK—Close affection? Like one sardine for another?

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Moran and Mack, all fever to begin their first talkie, are waiting for the studio to open. Brother Mack barks that they may see the early bird catch the worm. Brother Moran murmurs something about what worm, anyhow?

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Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.



Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by
Harris & Ewing.

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MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

Two Black Crows in Hollywood

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MORAN—The more I see of you the more I realize that the bone of contention is the jawbone.

MACK—Yeah, but the trombone is next. Buddy Rogers found that out.

MORAN—You've been concealing something from me.

MACK—Sure, I ain't no Salome

MORAN—If you'd be serious we could be stars. They even make a star out of animals. Look at Rin-Tin-Tin.

MACK—Is that the dog in Fidophone?

MORAN—Even if that was good I wouldn't like it.

MACK—I'm looking for that dog. I want to get him to pawtograph a picture.

MORAN—What's your opinion of the star system?

MACK—A certain amount. But the system shouldn't interfere with auto driving.

MORAN—Why shouldn't it?

MACK—The part of the system that rides motorcycles.

MORAN—Well, just remember that the star gets his name in lights.

MACK—What lights?

MORAN—Any lights.

MACK—Who wants a light? I ain't even got a cigarette.

MORAN—Here comes an actress. Don't you think her mascara is too heavy?

MACK—Let's help her carry it then.

MORAN—She's certainly one girl in a thousand.

MACK—Yeah, the other 999 is in the casting office over there.

MORAN—You think you is a rising youth now, don't you?

MACK—I ought to be. I eat yeast.

MORAN—Well, you certainly rose up and left the dinner check with Evelyn Brent when we et with her last night. Why'd you do that?

MACK—Well, didn't I hear that in Hollywood the woman always pays?

MORAN—And while you talked with Dick Barthelmess, you kept me standing around like a fool.

MACK—Could we help the way you stand?

MORAN—And you mortified me by telling Lon Chaney we had to dress for a political party.

MACK—I'd-rather not hear any more about that.

MORAN—You even refused to pay that fellow for the patent make-up box he sold you.

MACK—Course. He said it would pay for itself in a little while.

MORAN—That girl there makes the little things count. She's the studio school teacher.

MACK—She trusts me. Lets me carry her pocketbook. Nothing in it, though.

MORAN—If you'd just get serious we'd be a success. Just think, our pictures will be seen by people all over the world.

MACK—Even in the uninhabited sections?

MORAN—I can't be bothered with you. I'm going down to the set and listen to our orchestra rehearse. I think it needs more wind instruments.

MACK—I'll bring our electric fan.



Since the great days of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew there have been no fine domestic comedies in the film world, but now Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason are very sure they can fill the bill. The first of the series of talkies will be "Meet the Missus." The conspirators, left to right: Director Gillstrom; Mrs. Gleason; Al Cohn, supervisor and author, and Jimmy himself

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