

The Romance That Hollywood Couldn't Destroy

Have you believed any of the rumors from Hollywood that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are near the parting of the ways? This story should end such rumors, for good and all. Here, for the first time, is the inspiring inside story of the world's most famous romance—as it stands to-day!

WHEN headlines recently told the world that Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern, his third wife, had parted and that she was suing for divorce—did

you wonder about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks? Did you wonder if there could be any truth in the rumors that their famous romance is also falling apart—going the way of so many Hollywood marriages?

It is time to put an end to such rumors and such wonderings. For here, as solid as bedrock, is one romance that Hollywood could not—and cannot—destroy. Let me tell you what happened one evening just before Douglas Fairbanks recently sailed for the South Seas to film his new travelogue:

Shortly after dinner, at six-thirty to be exact, Mary Pickford left their newly-remodeled house, Pickfair. Doug had not dined at home—in fact, he was not expected to return from the studio until sometime around ten. His business, however, was finished earlier, and he 'phoned to say that he was coming home immediately. Mrs. Fairbanks, the butler informed him, was out. No, sir, there was no message. She had not said where she was going.

At nine-twenty, Mary returned. She found the house in an uproar. Doug had come in at eight and, believing Mary might have gone to visit her brother, had called Jack. But Jack had not seen his sister all day, so Doug 'phoned a cousin. Mary wasn't there, either. Nor was she at Doug, Junior's place.

Doug's Bad Scare

IN rapid succession, Doug talked to a dozen intimate friends upon whom Mary might presumably have been calling. No one had any idea where she might be. The search, begun with no serious intent, suddenly became intensely serious. Doug paced the white carpet of Pickfair's drawing-room. Suppose she had met with an automobile accident! Suppose she had

been kidnaped! For years they have been receiving kidnap threats and ignoring them—

The anxious husband had reached a fever pitch of imagining and was on the point of phoning all the hospitals, when Mary appeared. Totally unaware of the havoc her absence had wrought, she had been visiting a girl-friend, the only really intimate friend with whom Doug had failed to communicate. She had been gone a scant three hours of the early evening, but unless the militia had been called out, there could hardly have been a greater furore made over her disappearance.

And this is the Hollywood couple that rumor has had on the verge of separation!

For many months, reports that all was not well in the Pickford-Fairbanks ménage have constituted a gossipers' holiday. What started these reports is just one of those inexplicable things—that is, inexplicable even in Hollywood where rumors grow on every bush and eucalyptus tree. So generally accepted was the theory that a divorce impended, that soon Hollywood would believe nothing else. Certainly the film gossipers did everything in their power to help their predictions find fulfilment. There seemed to be a concerted drive to force a separation.

How Gossips Watched Them

THE avidity with which Mary and Doug's little private hilltop has been kept under surveillance is nothing short of amazing. Everyone going or coming has been observed and reported upon. The royal guests of Pickfair have always been subject to comment. Hollywood resents the fact that Mary and Doug entertain nobility and do not use their guests

to obtain a fanfare of publicity. This seems, to the Hollywood-trained mind, a scandalous waste of good newspaper space.

The Fairbankses' home was watched for fellow actors and actresses into whose visits a secret romance might be read. Hollywood, you know, has never graduated from Main Street. It still peeks from half-closed blinds and no one dares to have a party-line telephone.

Unfortunately or fortunately—depending upon how you look at it, there were enough nice young chaps and equally nice young



Evening Galloway

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, as you would see them if you went up to Pickfair—a happy couple who “don’t mind” what Hollywood says. This photograph was taken by Burton Holmes, world-famous traveler

By
JACK GRANT

ladies among the Fairbankses' immediate circle of friends to afford the scandal-mongers with plenty of material for gossip. Rumors were current that linked Mary's name with Buddy Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown and a number of others. Doug was said to be interested in Lupe Velez, a Hawaiian princess, a British peeress. Totally erroneous, these rumors all added, nevertheless, to the festive spirit of the gossipers' holiday.

Even some of the recognized magazine writers entered the game. Mary was interviewed by scores of people who hoped to scoop the world by being the first to print a story of her marital woes. What they obtained totaled nothing, but their imaginations ran riot.

They imagined that a stark, bitter tragedy lay just beneath the surface of her brave exterior. And if you want to get a writer excited, just suggest an unwritten tragedy! Writers searched deeply for "the secret Mary was trying to hide behind a wan smile."



Russell Ball

This new portrait of Mary Pickford tells better than words that she is a serenely happy woman, unworried by stupid gossip. Now making "Happy Ending," her first picture in several months, she hopes to finish it in time to join Doug in the South Seas, where he is filming a new travelogue



Its occupants have not changed with the years, but Pickfair, itself, now remodeled, resembles a French chateau

"You could plainly see," they said, "that she did not tell ALL. She talked bravely enough, but underneath lurked her true unhappiness. Her lips smiled, but her eyes were sad. How tragic to have so much and yet be so unhappy!" (You know how sob-sisters can sob. There is no need for us to go further.)

Mary and Doug have done a splendid job of ignoring the whole situation. They have never once given any rumor dignity by denying
(Continued on page 84)

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This book is on file in many Public and Medical Libraries, including the National Medical Library. Record of past sales—OVER 1,000,000 copies.

The Romance That Hollywood Couldn't Destroy

(Continued from page 29)

it. Nor have they publicly discussed it. The only recognition the rumors of their impending divorce have received from either of the Fairbankses was when Mary said:

"Let them talk about us. We really don't mind, for when they're talking about us, they're letting someone else alone. It can't hurt us—but it might hurt them."

It was one of the most thoroughly convincing statements I have ever heard. I was immediately positive that the Fairbankses did not "mind." Perhaps they would be pleased if rumors were less vehement. But their love is built on too strong a foundation to be destroyed. That may be a hazardous assertion, but it is my sincere conviction—borne out by what I know of their life together. I believe that this is one romance that Hollywood cannot wreck.

I have never known of a more beautiful devotion than this one that binds Mary and Doug together. It is not manifested in elaborate outward displays of affection. If they bill and coo, talk baby-talk or otherwise behave in the proverbial ways of lovers, they do so in private.

Instead, their devotion has taken on the aspect of tradition. Their life together is filled with little courtesies to one another—the sort of courtesies, tiny in themselves, but enormous in total, that most newlyweds practise assiduously at first, then forget. Mary and Doug never forget.

Doug seldom goes downtown that he does not return with some gift for Mary. Amusing, ridiculous little gifts, but tokens of his remembrance. He sends flowers every day, despite the large garden at Pickfair. And Mary still blushes when people ask her who sent the lovely corsage she wears.

Raced 6000 Miles to Mary

BIRTHDAYS, holidays, particularly Christmas, are elaborately observed by both Doug and Mary. Remember how Doug rushed home from Europe last year to spend Christmas with Mary? He did not have time to clear his baggage at customs and catch a trans-continental train. So he left his luggage and caught the train. He might have flown part of the way, but Mary worries about airplanes. Flying, therefore, was not to be considered.

Can you reconcile divorce rumors with this picture of a husband speeding across an ocean and a continent for the sole purpose of being with his wife on Christmas Eve?

Until very recently, Mary and Doug traveled together everywhere. Then Doug, with his incurable wanderlust, decided to film a travelogue ("Around the World in Eighty Minutes"). Mary's production plans for "Kiki" prevented her leaving Hollywood, so Doug was forced to go alone.

This was eagerly seized upon by the gossipers as being of considerable import. A permanent separation, they said, was just around the corner. What they did not know, or chose to ignore, was that Doug was all packed twice and each time decided to remain just another day or two.

When he finally sailed, he sent Mary several radio messages every day of the crossing. After landing, he continued to send daily cables and whenever possible put in wireless telephone calls that he might hear her voice half-way around the world.

Doug's use of the telephone when he is in Hollywood amounts to a fetish. If he decides to go to the golf course, he calls Mary to advise her of the fact. He calls

again to announce his arrival at the clubhouse. Completing his round, he immediately seeks a 'phone and reports his score. He says he is on his way for a rub-down at his private gymnasium. Leaving the gym for home necessitates still another 'phone communication.

How many wives can boast such knowledge of their busy husbands' whereabouts every moment of the day? You may say that it is inconsequential, but you must also admit it is charming. It also helps to explain Doug's mental agitation when Mary was missing for three hours that evening. Generally, he knows exactly where she is.

There are no secrets in the Fairbanks family. Doug has enormous respect for Mary's business acumen and she always finds him willing to help her with any of her problems. Theirs is a partnership in every respect. Advice is offered as advice, to be accepted or rejected as the other sees fit.

Absolutely no professional jealousy enters their relationship. Each is an avid admirer of the other's pictures. Mary believes Doug is one of the great screen personalities of all time. Her favorites among his rôles are *d'Artagnan* and *Robin Hood*. His favorite among Mary's rôles is irrevocably *Dearest*, the perfect wife, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In his choice is implied a delicate compliment.

To Doug, Mary is ever the perfect wife. To Mary, Doug is the dashing, romantic husband. She looks after him, worries about him much as she would about an overgrown boy. His constant attentions and courtesies she reciprocates in kind. She accompanies him as he hurries about the world, though it is doubtful if she cares as much about travel as he. She plans to join him in the South Seas, if she finishes "Happy Ending" in time.

I tell you, it is a beautiful marriage and charming companionship these two enjoy. It is based upon love, respect and intelligence—three factors much too strong to be buffeted into dissolution by stupid gossip.

How They Forgot Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD can't separate these people. Their marriage ties are forged by a great love, a love that has been strengthened, not abated, by twelve years of marriage. Hollywood has lost its power over their destinies. Once, perhaps, the influence of the film capital had power. But not to-day. To-day Mary and Doug are accountable only to themselves and to each other.

Their last battle with Hollywood was fought—and won—a year or so ago. Mary had a problem she found herself unable to solve. It was not a personal problem. It concerned her career. Tired by her inability to cope with the situation, her nerves gave way. For the first time in her life, she ran away from something.

Packing her bags, she took five hundred dollars and set out—her destination unknown even to herself. Doug was informed when he came home that Mrs. Fairbanks had driven off by herself in her own car. She appeared, his informant continued, to be in no mood to be trifled with.

Doug sensed, rather than knew, what had occurred. He had no knowledge of where she might go, but he had the instinct of love. Driving at break-neck speed, he followed his hunch.

Mary had not been in her room at a Santa Barbara hotel fifteen minutes, when the telephone rang.

"This is Douglas," her caller said. (Mary never uses the nickname, "Doug.") "I'm downstairs. Wouldn't you like me to come up?"

"Oh, please do!" she answered, breathless with relief.

The battle was won at that moment. Hollywood ceased to exist for either of the Fairbankses.



So ashamed of her Poor Complexion *she locked herself in her room!*

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. *Couldn't, couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

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Are You Up-to-date about Doug, Jr.?

(Continued from page 47)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he is never bored by him.

He has a sudden, combusive temper—a characteristic that he neither condones, nor attempts to curb. On the contrary, he is never quarrelsome or pouty. He can't apologize.

He hates knowing what he is going to have for dinner before he gets it. He enjoys his meals—as he enjoys everything else—in "surprises."

At times he is intensely interested in clothes, going in for an elaborate wardrobe. At other times, he will lounge around for weeks in an old sweater and a slouch hat. He says his interest in clothes is seasonal. He usually dresses better in the winter.

What Money Means to Him

LATELY, he has acquired a vast respect for money. Not because he particularly wants a lot of it—but because he does not want to be worried by the lack of it. Looking back, he is proud of the fact that he has been hungry and broke in most of the interesting cities of the world; that's why he got such a kick out of his rôle in "Union Depot." In Hollywood, he prefers to be affluent. Two months before he was married, he owed fourteen thousand dollars. It didn't worry him—but the constant ringing of the telephone was a nuisance. He considers his subsequent success on the screen in the past two years the best break his creditors ever had.

He is not particularly like his famous father—except in one respect. Both are mentally and physically restless. Too much of the same scene, the same person, the same conversation bore both of them in record time. Neither Fairbanks is a "food-for-thought" conversationalist. Philosophies and introspections, the fireside-and-pipe moments of life, are not for them. Strangely enough, Doug, Jr., is more sophisticated than his father. But he does not have as much sex-appeal.

He takes out his humor in jokes, tricks and anything else that he figures will upset the vanity of another person. He calls his father "the Old Man" because it annoys the original Fairbanks—thus pleasing young Doug mightily. It would annoy him to hear anyone else use that term for his illustrious parent.

Now the Two Dougs Are Pals

THERE may have been a time when a breach existed between father and son. It has been successfully and companionably bridged. Through a series of misunderstandings, thwarted objectives and incompatibilities, they have arrived at a splendid and real friendship—a too-rare trait between father and son. Doug, Jr., is delighted that his father has "snapped out" of what he termed his former "smug, repressed outlook on life." He says, "He's beginning to realize what a lot of fun life is, for the first time. I'm glad." They spend many of their mutually restless moments together performing tricks on one another, playing on the United Artists foot-

ball team, smoking innumerable cigarettes and generally finding occupations that will relieve them of sitting down. Doug, Jr., is on just as excellent terms with his mother, now the wife of the musical comedy star, Jack Whiting.

In the society of attractive women, Doug, Jr., is politely flirtatious. His compliments are inspired by an elementary conception of feminine psychology. His surface understanding of women has led him to believe that they enjoy flattery. So he flatters them. Though he does it neatly, it still smacks of duty, rather than inspiration.

Certain inflections of his voice, certain glances from his eyes and certain given phrases are, no doubt, part of his "stock" repertoire, trotted out to fit the occasion—and the lady. Any number of Hollywood's fair charmers have probably been the "secret passion" of his life—for conversational purposes. Doug's polite flirting is nothing to upset the calm and peace of his own hearthstone—though it may have been innocently responsible for several silly gossip stories that circulated so recently of "trouble" between Doug and Joan.

Why He Doesn't Flatter Joan

HE has never seen or met a woman whom he considers as attractive as his own wife. Because he honestly believes Joan the ultimate in feminine chic, charm and beauty it is difficult for him to say so. He conserves his "stock" compliments for women far less alluring, who couldn't possibly believe him if they were in their right minds. A great many women of Hollywood are not in their right minds, which has earned Doug the pleasant reputation of a drawing-room *Don Juan*.

To his work he brings a complete "burn up" enthusiasm, which alternates with an indifference for certain rôles that makes his screen performances utterly inconsistent. When he believes and feels a rôle (he believed in "The Barker" and "Dawn Patrol" particularly), he imbues it with a sensitivity and rare feeling that is only a little short of great. In "I Like Your Nerve," he turned in one of the most slipshod performances ever shadowed on the silver screen. For this reason he is the bane of critics, who have him down on their list of "six best performances" one month—and on the list of the "six worst" the next.

He is particularly good at stealing a picture from a so-called "star" personality. He has not been so successful in carrying star pictures alone—to date. Yet advance whispers from First National are to the effect that Darryl Zanuck, production boss at the Burbank studio, was so enthused about Doug's work in "It's Tough to Be Famous" that he wrote him a note of enthusiastic praise three days before option time—which is no time to be flattering in Hollywood unless you mean it. Zanuck did. The new contract is salted away, calling for pictures in which he will be splendid and indifferent, enthused and "cold"—which isn't in the contract, but is, very much, a part of the make-up of Doug, Jr.

Did You Know That—

Doug, Jr., one of the few American stars capable of making French versions, is now making one of Joe E. Brown's comedies, "Local Boy Makes Good"?

Before the Lindbergh kidnaping, Ann Harding was warned to guard her three-year-old daughter, Jane—and took the advice?

Ethel Barrymore has at last succumbed to the talkies, and will soon make a picture with Lionel and John?

Even Marlene Dietrich doesn't get as much mail at Paramount as Sylvia Sydney?

M-G-M is planning to remake "The Big Parade" as a talkie, and that Laurence Stallings, who wrote the story, is now writing the dialogue?

MP 5/32