

SOCK-WHAM-BAM-

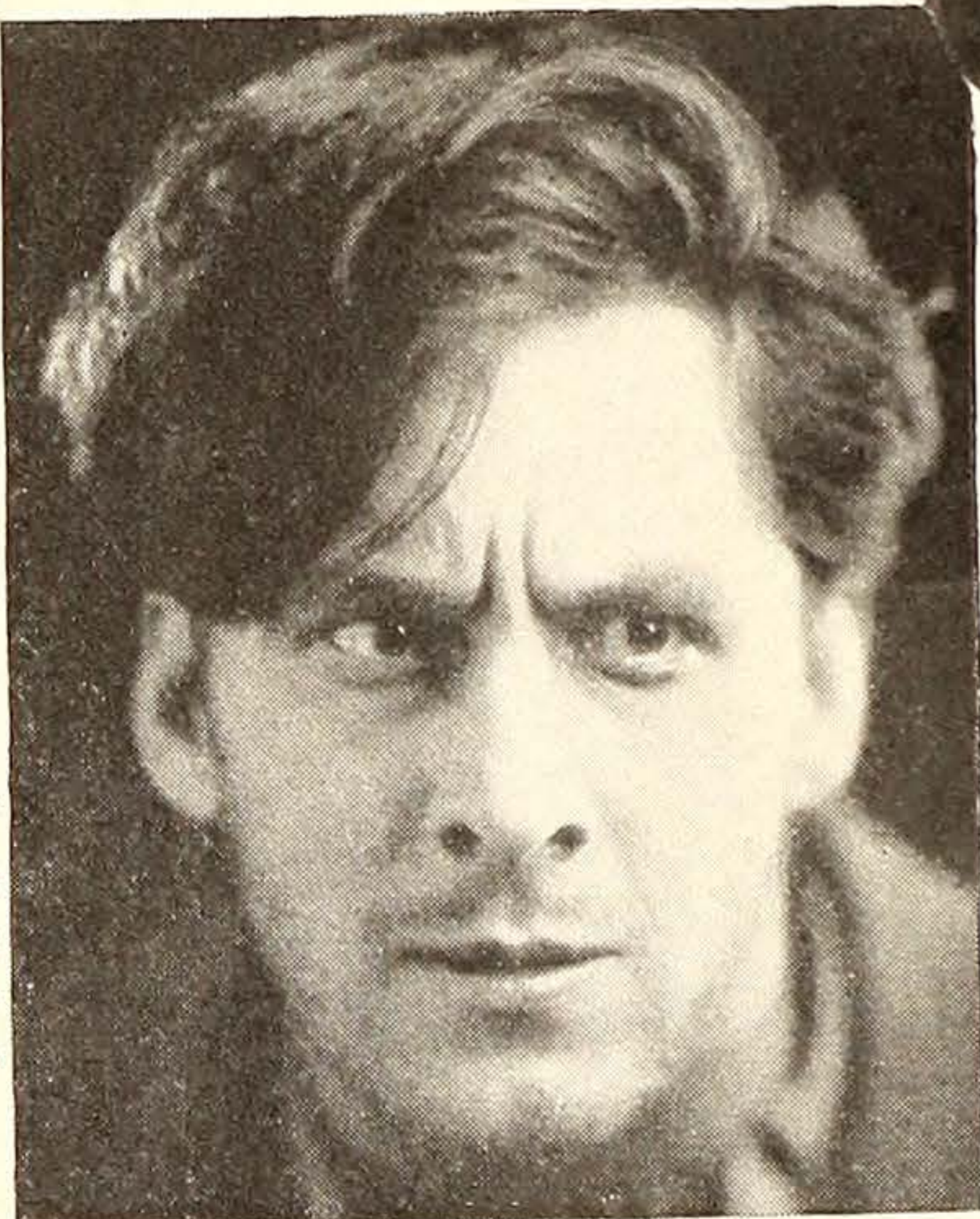
By Delight Evans



☞ *The hearts of the ladies never change. They still like 'em rough.*

☞ *The sun on the beach is no more glowing than George's smile.*

☞ *In 'Sunrise' George O'Brien gave a fine dramatic performance.*



EVERY little muscle has a meaning of its own. Ask Gilda Gray; she knows. But on second thought you'd better not ask Gilda. Because if we once get talking about Gilda we may not be able to stop. And this is supposed to be about something entirely different. A different set of muscles—just as good in their own way, though. Oh, yes. And warranted to give us girls a thrill. And I must say it's about time we girls were having our innings, to say nothing of outings.

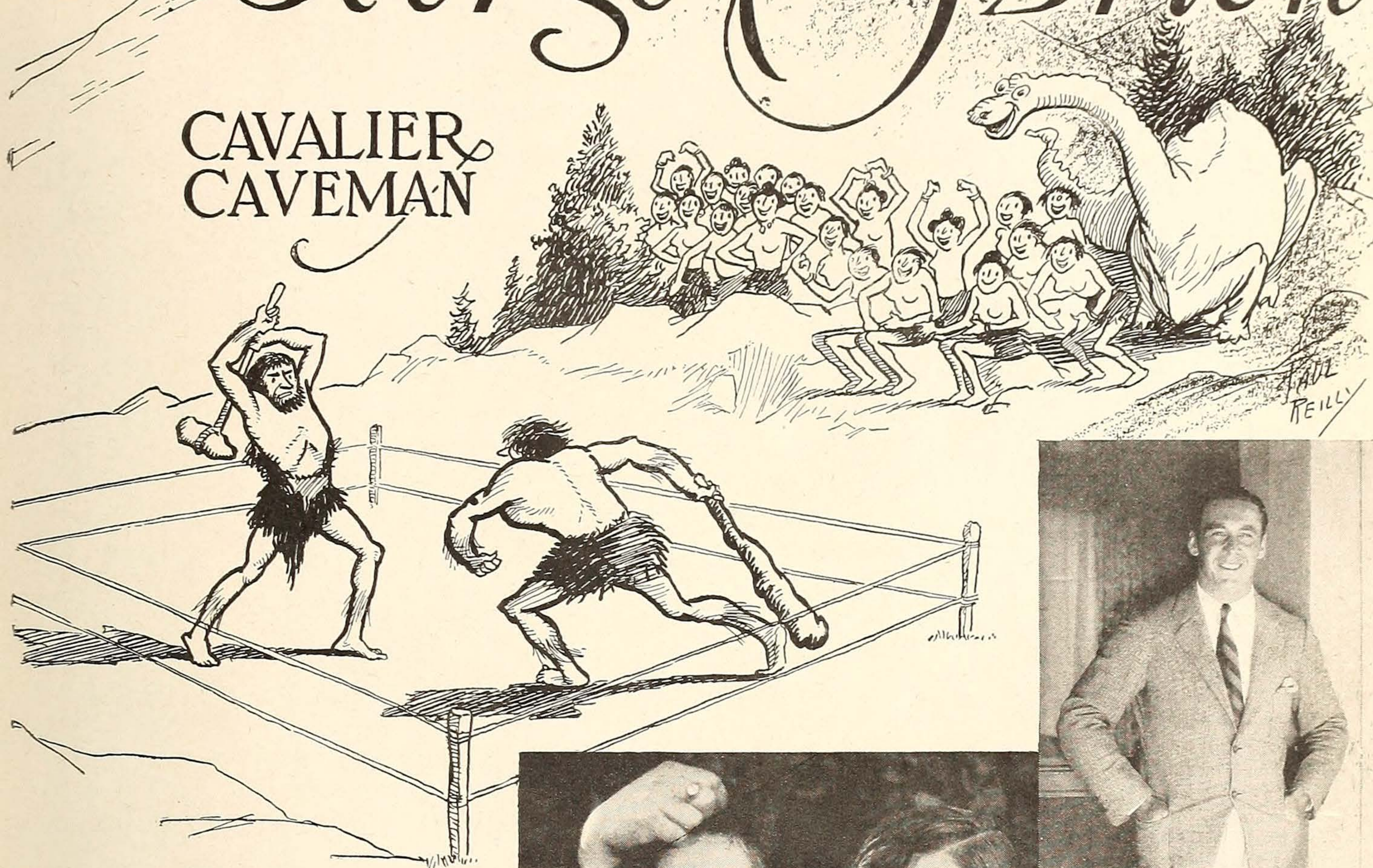
You may think that girls aren't interested in muscles. You're wrong.

Take the cave-girl for instance. She usually managed to start a scrap between the rival heavy-weights of the cave-dwellers athletic association so they would fight it out in her front-yard, while she stood by and cheered or hissed. The weapons were clubs and muscles, mostly muscles. And how she loved to see 'em ripple. The big thrill for her, however, came not with the final punch that left one less cave-man in the community, but in winding the champion

— BIFF-ZUMM!

George O'Brien

CAVALIER
CAVEMAN



around her little finger. She promptly took all the conceit out of the conqueror by making him run errands for her. She kept him in training. And so it goes.

The fighter: strong as Samson, and you know what happened to him. Tough as a rhino—but muscle-bound at the slightest personal touch. The big sock-and-wallop boys win the applause from the little Delilahs—a hand where they need it most. Ladies have always loved fighters—but ladies have never stood in line to see one before. Now—meet the champ! George O'Brien—168 pounds, ringside. The mitt-and-emotion man of the movies. Ta-Ta!

I can remember when the only O'Brien we knew was a dish of potatoes. That was in the days when movie heroes were sheiks. They had to have that something that calls to mind gondolas and garlic, romance and ravioli. If they did any fighting it was with swords; no fisticuffs—dear me, no. Nothing so vulgar. But they received their body blow, my dears, when G. O'Brien came into the movies, though they didn't realize it right away. It took the movies some time to become accustomed to the change. But once the girls began appreciating Mr. O'Brien's uncouth, rough ways, they

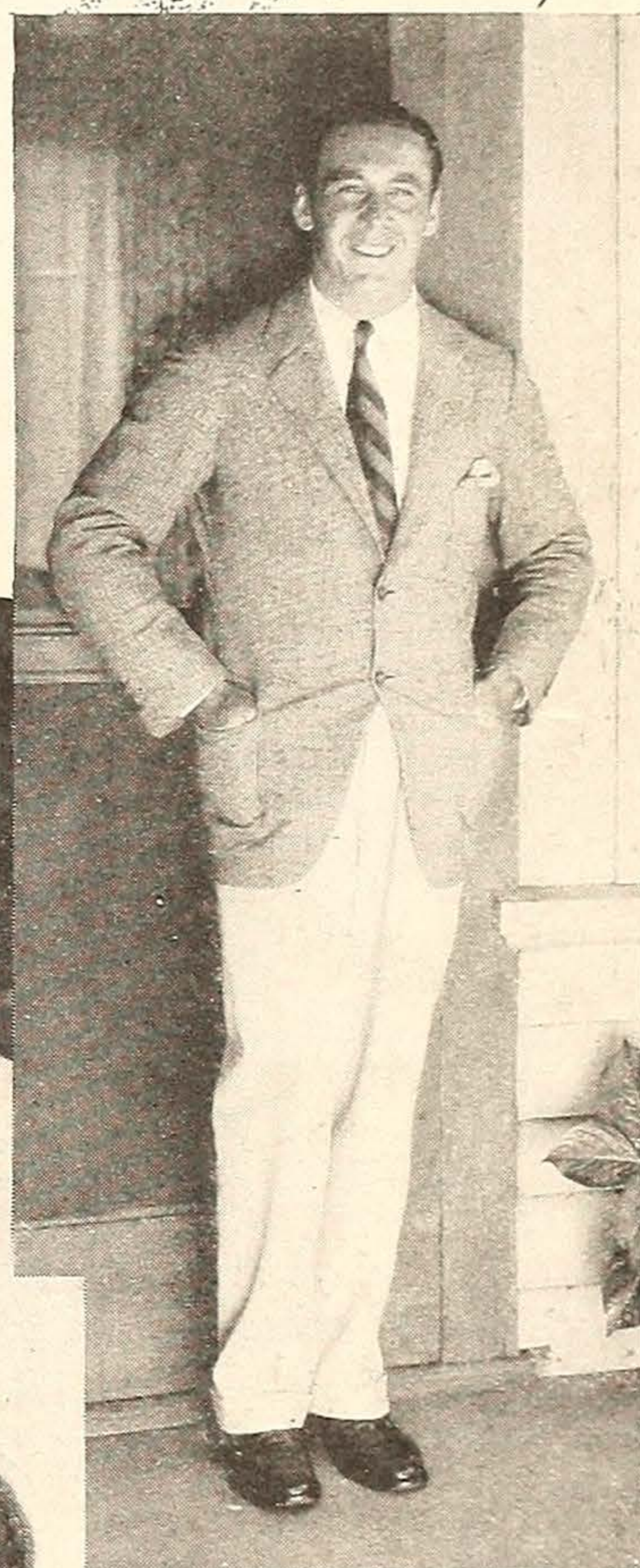
gave in—caved in, in fact. And now the screen is just one big, happy prize-ring. There's a perpetual championship bout being waged, and we're (Continued on page 102)



☞ 'Is Zat So' went over with George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe as comedians.



☞ In 'East Side, West Side,' George combines the actor and the fighter.



☞ George O'Brien off stage. Just a regular San Francisco boy.

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George O'Brien, Cavalier

Continued from page 23

all of us big-hearted bums. Sock 'im, Georgie! We've got our money on you.

O'Brien doesn't look like a movie actor. He looks like a prize-fighter. And he wanted to be a prize-fighter once, but his folks wouldn't let him. They couldn't very well object to his becoming a movie star, and now the joke's on them. He's been fighting practically ever since. However, George has shown them he can put it over without the aid of the gloves. In *Sunrise* he shows an artist's soul. Here's a fighter who's as sensitive as a prima-donna. Director Murnau had his choice of all the leading men in Hollywood and he chose William Fox's white-hope. George justified the choice by a brilliant performance without a trace of Tunney technique. Now that he's proved he can do it, I hope he goes back to fighting. For George may be a movie star to his mother but he is just a fightin' fool to me. I don't think of him as an actor who slaps on make-up and goes through scenes at a director's bidding. He packs a pre-historic wallop that makes us all cave-sisters under the skin.

Don't get the idea that he's one of these strong, silent men. Wait till you hear him in *Movietone*. And you will soon, for he is going to be the first of the Fox stars to speak out. Just to tide you over until then, I'll let you in on that voice. It's one of those Irish voices — rich, and soft, with a bit of a brogue. Something like John McCormack's in his best records. That voice has been in the family for generations.

George is Dan O'Brien's boy—the San Francisco O'Briens. Dan was chief of police in the city of the golden gate, and it looked as if George might follow in his footsteps. The folks wanted him to be a doctor, and George had his heart set on the prize-ring; so he became a movie star!

George says: "Dad thought every man in any walk of life should know how to protect himself. And he said to me: 'Son, there are two things you must always remember: that you are a gentleman, and not to be afraid to fight if you have to.'"

And I understand George has a good memory. He seems to be able to protect himself pretty well, and that he is a gentleman clear through nobody will deny—even if he does have a trainer instead of a valet, and spends most of his spare time in a pool room or with dumb-bells. While he was in New York making a picture and, later, vacationing, he certainly concentrated on that pool room. Yes—the swimming pool room in his hotel. And he swings a mean dumb-bell. He tumbles out of bed at six o'clock a good many mornings to box with his trainer, too. No—George hasn't forgotten.

He admits he knows a lot more about developing muscles than defining them. He was sent to college to study medicine, but he soon discovered the track and the gridiron, and did practically all of his studying there. As the time for anatomy examination drew near, George was rapidly becoming a star athlete. Fortunately for him, the war came along about the same time; and he joined the submarine division of the Pacific Fleet. There he had a chance to fight all he wanted to. By the end of the war, George was light-heavy-weight champ of the Pacific!

Dan O'Brien said that was all right,

but a little more college education wouldn't do any harm, either. So back George went to Santa Clara College. Summer vacation found him at a rodeo in northern California, where he met Tom Mix. The famous screen cowboy liked the Irish boy with the broad grin and broad shoulders, and told him he could use a lad like him to carry a camera around. George took the job—and that was the last that college ever saw of him. Before long he was playing athletic bits in westerns, and occasionally doubling for some player. His muscles again—George admits it—won him his big chance. Director John Ford had been watching him, and as he wanted an extraordinarily athletic young man for the part of the pony express rider in *The Iron Horse*, he offered it to the O'Brien boy, who looked like just about the strongest set of muscles in Hollywood. The rest, as Anthony said to Cleopatra as he entered her tent that evening, is history.

Life for George became just one fight after another—on the screen. That was all right with him, too. After his success in *The Iron Horse*, he was given the lead in *The Fighting Heart*, which called for a scrap with Victor McLaglen, Canadian Army champ, and with Jack Herrick, who was Jack Dempsey's sparring partner. In *The Roughneck* there were fights, too; but the big stunt in that film was a sixty-foot drop from the deck of a ship. George likes to tell about that.

"The captain of the 'Emma Alexander' didn't know we were going to do this jump, and all I had was the word of the director that I'd be picked up by a motor launch, ordered to be sent out from San Diego. No platform was built, no preparations of any kind were made; and the motor launch was not in sight; but the captain was coming, so—I jumped. When I saw the captain again, he roared at me: 'I knew that Dan O'Brien had a son—but I didn't know his son was a darned fool!'"

George probably wouldn't tell you about it, but I know he once saved the life of a leading lady who couldn't swim. He spends most of his evenings in Tom Mix's gymnasium instead of at parties; and he's a handball fiend and a basketball star. Apparently the only form of sport in which he does not indulge is flying; and I expect he is taking that up right now.

While he was in New York he attended a luncheon of the A. M. P. A.—short for Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, or hard-boiled press-agents. They are the boys who make a living extolling the virtues of stars and their pictures; so it isn't strange that they view a star with slightly skeptical eyes. To get by this bunch, an actor has to be super-human. Every week some star or director is guest of honor. George got by. They liked him. And a story got around that put him over even better. Seems he was scheduled to make a personal appearance in New Jersey where many are called but few will go. At the last moment George regretted the kind intentions that had prompted him to promise to 'appear'—it was the same night as the Dempsey-Tunney fight! He could have called it off, and he wanted to, because he is a friend of Dempsey's, and prize-fighting is a minor passion with him. But he kept his word to the theatre manager and went to Jersey instead. To anyone who knows movies, and movie actors, and per-

sonal appearances, this definitely stamps George O'Brien as a cross between a saint and a nut, but a mighty nice nut.

Richard Dix, who knew him when he was just struggling for a foothold in pictures, says there's no fellow in the game any squarer or cleaner. And by the way, to hear O'Brien tell it you'd never guess he had any kind of struggle at all. He doesn't mention the hard pull; he only mentions the lucky breaks—which is the only way in which George O'Brien resembles a sun-dial. Virginia Valli, who

co-starred with him in *Paid to Love* and *East Side West Side*, and might reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced against him—for leading men and leading ladies, unless they are Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert, usually reserve all their affection for their love scenes—says he is modest and unassuming and fair. And you can ask anybody else and I think they'll tell you the same thing. But if you ever meet him don't ask him to let you feel his muscle. You might get a good, gentlemanly sock in the eye.

Ask Me—Continued from page 4

Ohio School for Deaf. In a jiffy, are you? I'll bet a lemon jello, you've been sampling some gelatin dessert. You can address Mildred Davis Lloyd at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Natalie Kingston, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. May McAvoy, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Marceline Day, Chas. Delaney and Roy D'Arcy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Baby Peggy is in vaudeville now. Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Dwan are working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fay Wray can be reached at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Larry Semon at Chadwick Studios, 1449 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Florence of Walthamstow, England. You think 'SCREENLAND is an absolutely ripping film magazine,' do you? I refuse to deny it. Clive Brook is playing in *The Devil Dancer* at the Cecil De Mille Studios. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman are featured in *Leatherface* for Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. As we no longer have a fan club department, I'm sorry that I can't comply with your request, but let me hear from you again.

Miss M. S. Detroit. Thanks for the introduction—I'd know you any place. Black eyes, brown hair and not too fat—and your number? I have that too. Speak to me any time, I never forget a face. Ramon Novarro is 28 years old, and you can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Betty Bronson is playing in *Open Range* for Paramount. Rudolph Valentino died Aug. 23, 1926.

Jester, Mount Airy, N. C. I'm a modest little thing, but I agree with you that you can learn a lot from my department. I never answer many foolish questions, jest'er few, so you're next. Art Acord was born in Stillwater, Okla. in 1890. He has been married but is now divorced. Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamha, Nebr. in 1892.

Just a Half-Pint from La. Can't you make it a case? Plenty of space—Southern hospitality—well, you know what I mean. Address Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Why don't Jack Mulhall play in Western pictures any more? Better ask Jack. You can address Tom Mix at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Jack Hoxie, Producers-Distributing Corp., Culver City, Cal. Jack Holt and Fred Thompson, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Mary Pickford, United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. Monte Blue, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

L. L. Houston, Texas. In plain colors, you were 'tickled pink' to find some one to write to for addresses of your 67 favorites. Haven't you forgotten a few? Miss Vee Dee has not posed on a tiger skin for her photograph lately, but when she does, SCREENLAND will show it and no kiddin' either. Johnny Hines can be addressed at Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lois Wilson, Viola Dana, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Avonne Taylor, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Sebastian, Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Barbara Worth, June Marlowe and Jean Gerard are at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

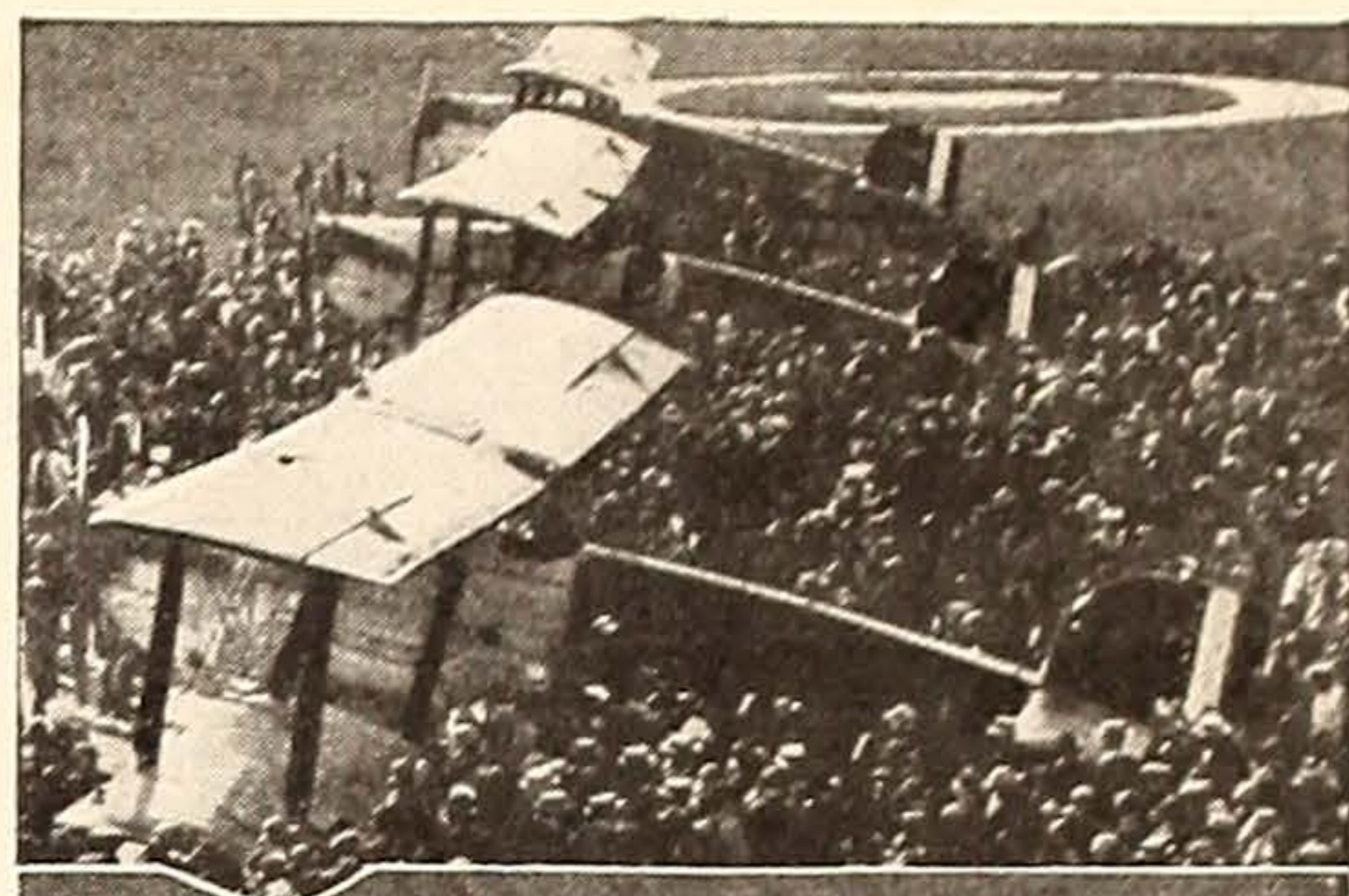
S. S. of Jersey City. Help, relp, you omitted the O! Harry Carey is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jack Hoxie, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. You can reach Warner Baxter, Bob Custer and Tom Tyler at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Coogan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Blanche Sweet played opposite Warner Baxter in *Singed*, a William Fox Production. You can write to her at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

A Lover of Movies, Topeka, Kans. That's what you all say and one of these days, I'm gonna get desperate and believe you're kidding me. Ronald Colman is 36 years old. John Gilbert is 30. Bebe Daniels is 26 and Lew Cody don't or won't tell how old he is. John Gilbert is playing in *Fires of Youth* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Some of Bebe Daniels' old pictures are, *Nice People*, *Pink Gods*, *The Crowded Hour* and *The Palm Beach Girl*. Gloria Swanson has starred in *Madame Sans Gene*, *The Coast of Folly*, *Stage Struck* and *Fine Manners*.

Josephine of Yonkers, N.Y. Are you sure you have seen Miss Vee Dee in pictures? Perhaps you are thinking of Clara Bow or Jackie Coogan. Guess again, girlie.

M. V. Chicago, Ill. Thomas Meighan is now playing in *The City Gone Wild* at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Be game and write to him; he likes to hear from his friends. Danny O'Shea was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1906. Before going into pictures he was in vaudeville. Address Danny at F. B. O. Studio, 780, Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Red Grange has not told me his age but when he does, I'll let you know.

Inez of Brooklyn. If your dreams come true, you'll become an actress and act, too. Loud applause—clap—clap! No, Lois Moran is not married. Lois says she is 17 years old and she should know. She



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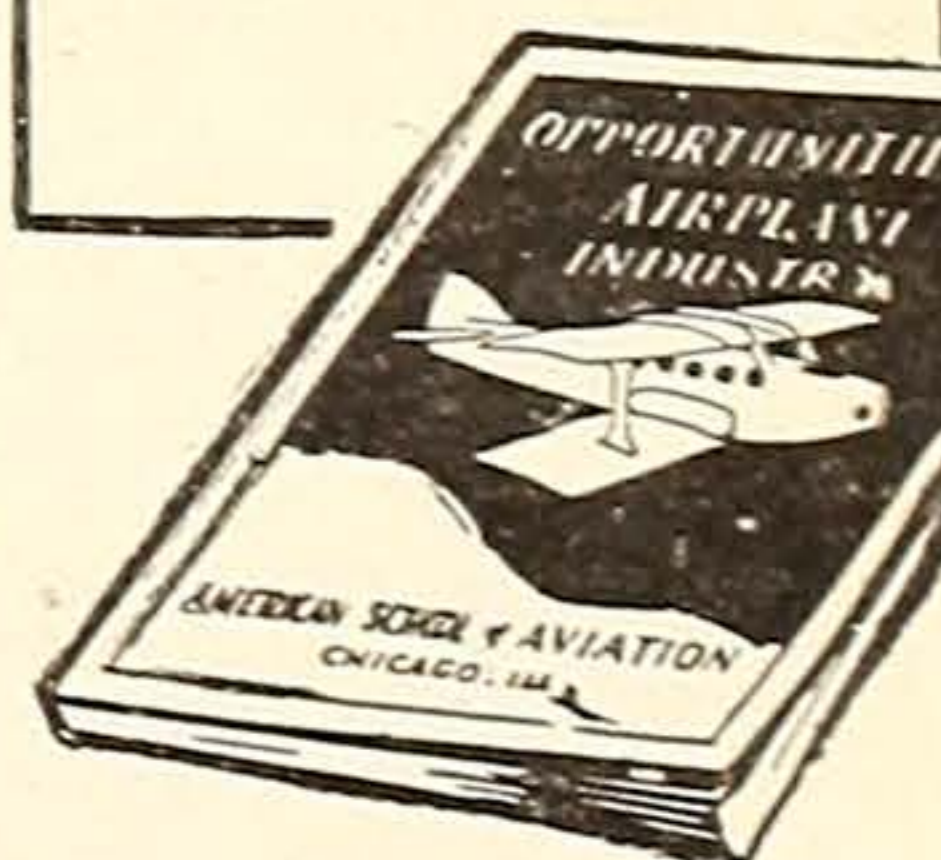
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