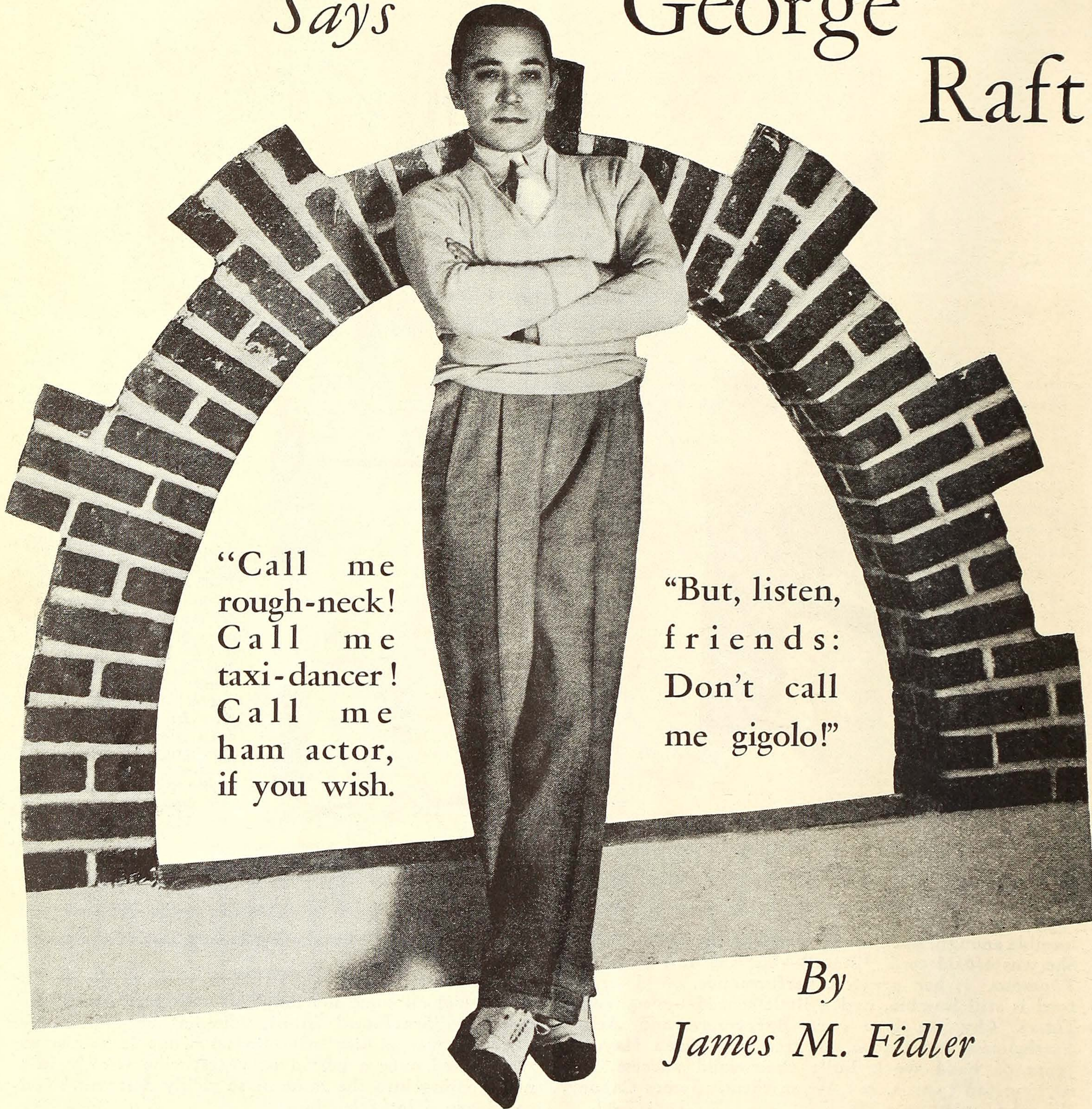


"I'M NO GIGOLO!"

Says

George

Raft



"Call me rough-neck! Call me taxi-dancer! Call me ham actor, if you wish.

"But, listen, friends: Don't call me gigolo!"

By

James M. Fidler

IN "THE VIRGINIAN," the title rôlist says to *Trampas*, "When you call me that, SMILE!" He delivers this ultimatum directly after *Trampas* hurls an insulting term that begins with *son* and doesn't end with *shine*.

Likewise, George Raft boils when the term *gigolo* is applied to him. That's his fighting word. Of course, Raft will fight at the drop of a hat, even during his most peaceful moods, and if there is no hat to drop, that is all right, too—George will fight regardless. But he is particularly pugnacious when he hears himself called *gigolo*.

"I am not a gigolo! I never was one! I will punch

the nose of any man who says I am or was—try me!"

Thus, in no uncertain terms, does Raft deliver himself. Furthermore, he declares that the American public confuses the definition of the word. A *gigolo*, in this country, has come to include practically all men who earn their livelihood in professions that depend strictly upon feminine trade. The original and true meaning was descriptive of a class of males who were supported by women; in other words, *kept men*. This meaning was gradually broadened to include young men who married wealthy old dowagers.

"One writer stated that I glorify the gigolo," muttered

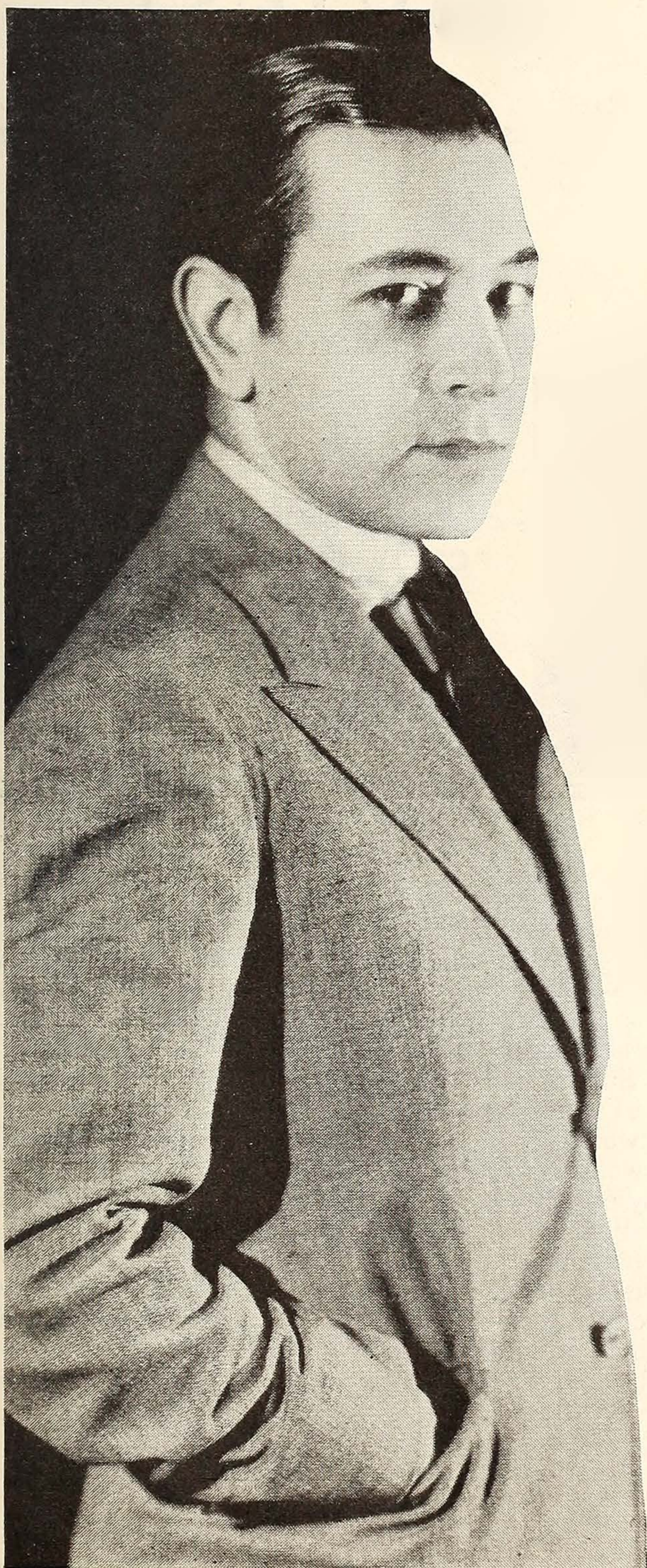
Here's the frankest story ever written about a motion picture actor

Raft. He spat savagely, as if to clear his mouth of a bad taste. "Can you glorify a sewer rat? I know only disgust for such men; why would I exalt them?"

"To be frank, I recently rejected one of the finest motion picture stories I ever read because my rôle would have been that of a gigolo. Had not such an unfortunate publicity blast made it appear I was once one of the breed, I might have taken the rôle and perhaps won renown. But I don't want to be known as a gigolo, and I am positive that the picture, combined with the publicity that has been broadcast, would confirm me in the public mind as a first-class kept man!"



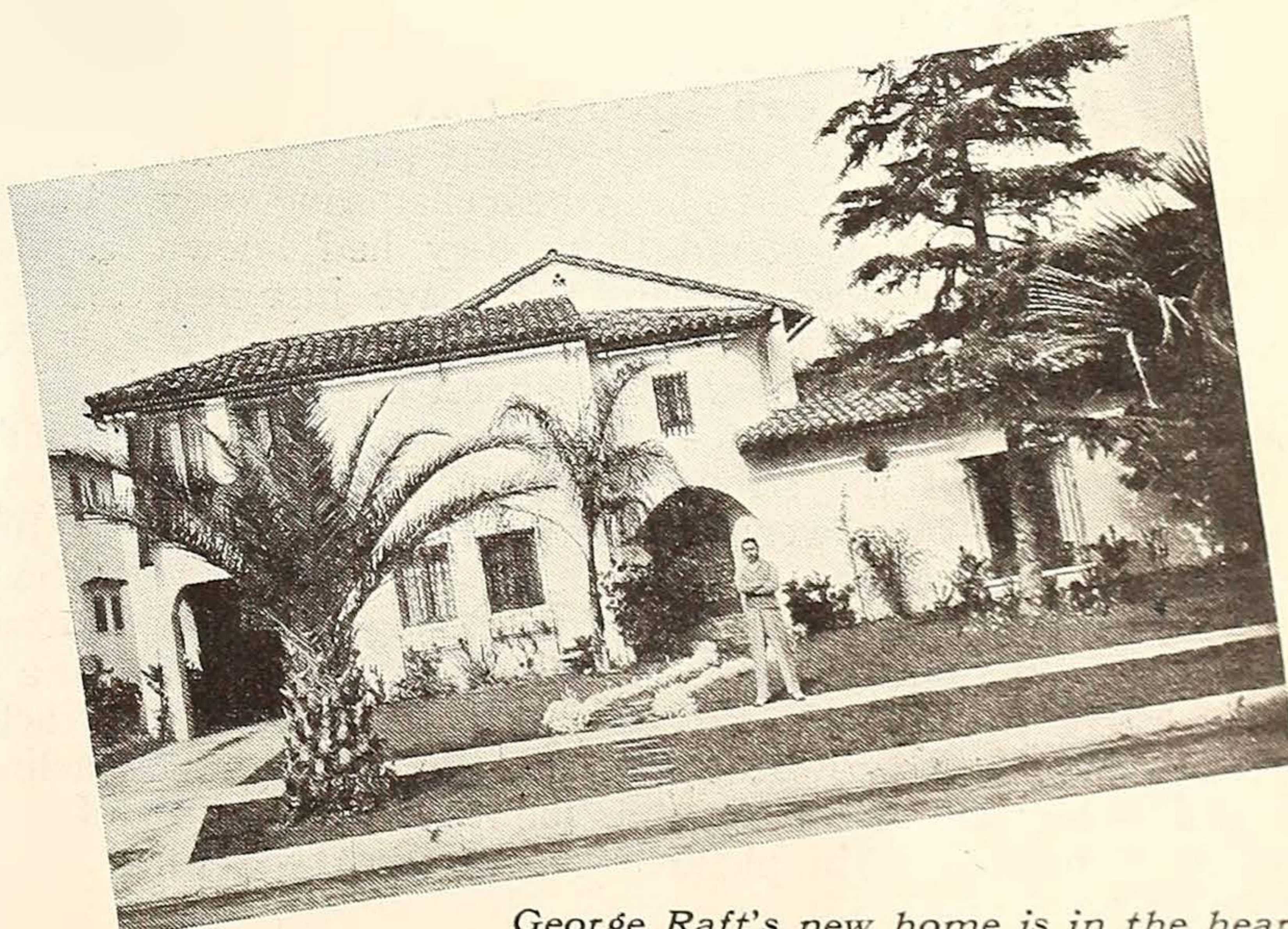
That Raft look! Here it is levelled on pretty Gertrude Messinger while George holds her make-up box for her. This picture answers the question, "Why do movie actresses like to work on the Paramount lot?"



The term gigolo was first applied to Raft when it was learned that several years ago he worked as a taxi-dancer in a public restaurant-dance palace. It was his duty, as one of several gentlemen employed by the management, to dance with unaccompanied feminine patrons who felt the urge of Terpsichore. For this duty, sometimes pleasant but more often irksome, he received a ticket for each dance. At the end of an afternoon or evening, the management paid him for his tickets; the more tickets, of course, the more money. The majority of ladies who danced were middle-aged and homely; the sort of women who *must* pay. Few were good dancers; most were clumsy; many were fat. When Raft went home each night, he soaked his numbed, trampled feet in hot water, after which he rubbed them with olive oil.

"But I was no gigolo," he insists. "I earned an honest living. As a taxi-dancer, I made seventy-five dollars or more every week. As a clerk in a store, I might have earned twenty-five. Whatever else I may be, I am not dumb; I'll take seventy-five in preference to twenty-five any day, provided it is honestly earned."

Raft learned patience when (*Continued on page 89*)



George Raft's new home is in the heart of Beverly Hills—and here's George in front of it.

The Ghost Walks with Nancy Carroll

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years—and they're so excited, God love 'em! I've never been there, but from all they've told me, it must be heaven. Suppose they're disappointed! Suppose the place is filled with black strangers!" She brushed the thought away.

"Anything can happen in Ireland, and that's why I'd like to have my party there. Do you know, my grandfather once played cards with the devil?"

"It was this way. He was a man who loved his game of cards, my grandfather. One night, there was nobody at home who would play with him, and he was very cross; he sat there, shuffling the bits of pasteboard and grumbling.

"Sure and I'd play with the devil, if he'd only come along!" he says.

"And with that, comes a knock on the door.

"Grandfather jumps and his heart skitters about, but he goes to the door, bold as brass. 'Who's there?' says he, down deep in his throat.

"The Story Teller!" comes the answer.

"In Ireland, at that time—and maybe today, for all I know—men who called themselves Story Tellers used to go from place to place weaving tales for their supper or a night's lodging or a bit of silver.

"Grandfather lets him in, and a chill breath comes with him. He has a scarf about his neck, and though the room is warm and the fire is blazing, he refuses to take it off.

"After he's told his story, he suggests a game of cards. They play and the Story Teller keeps winning. Grandfather steals little glances at him, as he sits there, studying his cards, and he sees that the man's ears are pointed, like little horns. Grandfather begins to shake and tremble so that a card goes fluttering to the floor, and when he bends to pick it up he sees that the stranger's feet aren't feet at all, but cloven hoofs!

"Grandfather's hair is standing straight up on end by this time, and he stumbles to the door, stammering something about more wood for the fire. But he doesn't get more wood. He gets a bottle of holy water and runs back quickly and throws it on the Story Teller, and the dreadful creature vanishes in a *whoosh* of smoke!"

Nancy's own red-gold curls stood up a bit, too, and her bright blue eyes were twice their usual size.

"I'm horrifying myself!" she chuckled. "Everybody who comes to my party must enjoy being horrified, because that's the fun of Hallowe'en.

"I'll never forget my first Hallowe'en. We lived in New York, but in summer we'd go to New Jersey beaches, and this year we'd had such a marvelous time at the beach that mother took us down again for Hallowe'en.

"We were dressed in sheets and everywhere you looked it seemed as if there were ghosts. Finally Father made us all sit around in a ring, and he turned out the lights.

"He began to tell a story about a man who had been murdered in that very house and how his spirit always came back on the nights that shades go walking to try to gather up bits of his former body.

"He's here in the room now," says Father, in a terrible whisper. "These are his teeth!" And we passed the teeth from hand to hand—they were really kernels of corn, but they felt like teeth and everybody shrieked.

"And this is his hair—" That was corn silk, the dry pieces that feel so dead.

"And these are his eyes—" And what do you think that was? GRAPES! All clammy from being in the ice-box. I won't forget the feel of them if I live to be a hundred!

"That's the sort of entertainment my guests will get at the haunted castle party!"

"I'm no Gigolo," says George Raft

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he was a taxi-dancer. He learned to grit his teeth and maintain an expressionless face while hefty females promenaded on his toes. He acquired the taciturnity that marks his work in the motion picture "Scarface." If you have not seen that screen drama, by all means do, for it will introduce you to Raft as mere words can not.

Many of the women he danced with were married. They were middle-aged wives who thought themselves wicked when they sneaked away for an afternoon of dancing. No doubt their husbands were trotting younger females elsewhere. But as many more of the women were not married, and from many of these Raft received insinuating invitations to become a gigolo. Some promised fine homes, servants, all the money he could spend; in short, the same promises that wealthy old men sometimes proffer pretty young girls. In both cases, the older ideas are similar.

Some young girls accept old men's invitations; others do not. Some taxi-dancers yield to the promises of old women; Raft did not. As far as fat old dowagers were concerned, he retained his youthful innocence. Young ladies? Well, er—let us return to our subject. *The idea!*

Raft refused all such vicious propositions because he possesses an inborn respect for himself. In all fairness to him, it is unjust to term him a gigolo today. In his own words, spoken somewhat bitterly, "I have been given the ill repute without the

reward that might have been mine had I done something to deserve the name." It is not right to call a man a thief until the proof is irrefutable. Raft would as soon be described a thief as a gigolo!

"I could never be a gigolo, even if my personal dislike for the vocation permitted," he says. "During the few hours I spent daily in my guise of taxi-dancer, I was sickened by the innuendoes of absurd old women, who were as silly as spinsters playing postoffice, and no more serious than a gin marriage. The one or two times during my life when I was tempted to chance a gigolo career, the thought of dwelling constantly in the company of an old hen with chickenish ideas restrained me.

"But sex really has little to do with my antipathy. Sex has its importance in life, and forever will have. My own tastes do not include women in the *roaring forties*, but I can conceive that other men's animi may differ from my own. My principal objection to gigolos is that they abuse masculinity. Man was placed on earth to work and provide for woman. When he shirks his duty and leans on woman for support, he misuses his purpose and his self-respect goes into the discard. I like my self-respect.

"Call me rough-neck! Call me taxi-dancer! Call me ham actor, if you wish.

"But listen, friend: *Don't call me a gigolo!*"

IRENE DUNNE in "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"
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Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sun Tan... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
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