

So This Is Gloria!



GLORIA SWANSON has a sixteen-room house in the swellest part of Beverly Hills. She has three very expensive foreign automobiles and rides in a Ford which she drives herself. She has ten servants, two full-bred chow dogs, two ex-husbands and one husband who's a French marquis and spends most of his time in Paris.

She used to get \$35 a week and lived in a Hollywood bungalow court.

She has so many dresses and hats that she hasn't the slightest idea what they total to. She has two hundred and twenty-five pairs of shoes, and the only reason she knows the number is because her size is one and a half. You see, they were taking a shoe-shop scene once and the props department couldn't supply enough shoes so small. So she sent her chauffeur home for her own, and when he got back, they counted them on the set. She was more surprised than anyone else when they told her the tally.

When she shared a Sennett studio dressing room with Mary Thurman and Maude Wayne and a couple of other girls, she didn't know a toot about how to dress. But she couldn't, even then, stand the touch of any material rougher than silk next her skin.

So she used to wear long silk bloomers that came down to the tops of her silk stockings, to prevent the rougher material of her dress brushing her legs. The other girls used to laugh at her because she looked so funny in the long panties.

In those days, when she had a half dozen outfits hanging in the family clothes closet, she thought she was lucky, and in her latest

A Flashing Pen Picture of La Belle Swanson, Who Fought Her Way to Wealth and Fame

picture she wears twenty-two changes of costume.

Most of her clothes she has designed and made abroad. She pays thousands of francs for a dress with a famous maker's label. Then she redesigns it completely and has it altered and the famous dressmaker wouldn't recognize anything but the goods. She never wears the same evening dress more than

twice—and then in different cities.

When she travels, she changes her attire for each stop along the line. Sometimes she changes her clothes as many as six times a day.

She has no favorite color, and no particular color is taboo to her. But whatever she wears, it must all match or harmonize.

CLOTHES, in short, are a very important factor in life to Swanson. And food is just something that has to be done. She eats just about anything that's set before her, and very little of that. Often she forgets all about it and when she's working on a picture, she eats so carelessly and so irregularly that she usually has to be doctored for a tummy-ache by the time the picture's over. She eats few sweets, but loves chocolate ice cream.

She has two cooks—one in her home, the other in her studio bungalow. Whatever they fix her, she eats. When she's working on a picture nights, she brings her own lunchbox to the set rather than eat the food provided by the studio. Then she shares so much of it with her co-workers that usually she hasn't enough left for herself.

By Harry Lang

Gloria Married a Marquis and Lives Like a Queen!

She won't drink coffee or water that hasn't been boiled. She's unreasonably afraid for her health. Once, at night, she broke out in a cold sweat when she realized she was walking in a dark room in her bare feet and might step on a rusty tack.

Like many a military hero, she's really a coward, but has a great reputation for courage. She's afraid to be thought afraid.

ONCE, in a De Mille picture, she lay down unarmed and unprotected on the floor and let a full-grown healthy lion crawl over her. Everybody praised her for her great bravery. Alone in her dressing room afterward, she went into hysterics.

She was a Mack Sennett bathing girl and, to this day, she can't swim a stroke. And once she dived twelve feet off a pier into twenty feet of ocean water. She was afraid she'd lose the rôle if she didn't. They fished her out half-drowned.

When she was Mrs. Wallace Beery they lived in one of those tiny "California bungalows" where you couldn't help seeing Wally's spare shoes under the bed, and they had one car between them and no chauffeur.

Now she lives in her mansion with her girl friend, Virginia Bowker, her daughter, Gloria, and her adopted son, Joseph, her secretary, the children's governess, the first maid and the second maid, the butler, the cook. She has two gardeners and a chauffeur, a Lancia roadster, a Rolls-Royce town car and a Rolls-Royce roadster, and that Ford. She prefers to drive herself, letting the chauffeur ride beside her, and she's uncomfortable when they're going more than thirty. She lets the secretary run the house.

She adores sunbaths and if you could get a peep into that private upstairs porch you'd see more of Gloria than in either the Sennett or De Mille era.

Swanson loves to dance. She likes social affairs, but not big ones. Her idea of a good party is about ten people. Never, until a few weeks ago, did she give an affair solely for women. She prefers the company of men to that of women. At a mixed party, she's a perfect hostess but when she gave that all-female

lunch party she was all at sea as to how to entertain them.

Her hobbies are her children, her work and herself. She will not permit the children to pose for publicity photos. She sends them to public school because she wants them to live a normal child's life. "I don't want to penalize them for being a star's children," she says.

She works with fierce intensity. During production, she averages less than six hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. She gets up at seven, is on the set in make-up ready to begin work sharp at nine. She forgets lunch time frequently. She never finishes looking at rushes and planning the next day's work until midnight. Often much later.

She has an hour's singing lesson daily and never misses it. She foregoes lunch, rather. She can't play the piano or any other musical instrument. In her dressing bungalow she has a radio-phonograph combination but never plays the radio. She prefers classical music to jazz but doesn't spurn the jazz entirely. The world's astonishment at finding she could sing in "The Trespasser" astonishes her, in turn, because ever since she was a child she could sing well.

SHE used to stand before a mirror and grieve over her big teeth when she was young. When she talked or laughed, she'd cover them with her hand. She doesn't like that upturned nose of hers and never did, but insists she's never had a plastic operation to tone it down. Her skin is olive and her eyes blue. She is much smaller than she looks on the screen and she wears high heels and long dresses because she wants to be tall. Her hair is dark brown and when the sun shines on it there are red gleams in it. She loves to wad it up under a beret and then yanks the beret off and lets the hair fall about her shoulders. It's not bobbed.

She thinks she could be a good sculptor and has made a bust of her daughter. A noted sculptor praised it and Swanson says: "When I have time, I'm going in for that."

She loves to travel and when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

~to be continued~