Blessed Scandal

By THAYER WALDO

©, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service

JAMES GIMBEL was to play opposite Hansen!

Swiftly spread the news through Zenith that the great Swedish star had insisted on having him, and it created a sensation, Nora Hansen and James Gimbel! A magic combine, this, recalling the halcyon days when films were voiceless. Their screen appearances together then had been the supreme movie thrill for millions.

But, with bombshell suddenness, sound came; in the first frenzy, Hollywood and its public alike went heart and soul for the theatrical tones of any ham who had ever spoken lines. With Gimbel's initial talking picture, his voice was found lacking the dulcet purr of the new favorites, and audiences turned away.

Nora Hansen fared better. Surrounded by an aura of glamor and mystery, press agent-woven, she remained sacred to her public. Two more silent pictures she made while studying English, and then her first talkie was released. The rest is history. Overnight, a wave of adulation for the rich, husky voice with its foreign accent swept her to a new and incomparable peak of fame.

All this came to every one's mind and lips with word of Gimbel's selection. But there were a few for whom the thing held deeper meaning—who remembered the hints of something beyond professional interest between Hansen and her co-star in the old days.

But now, they asked, wasn't there more than met the eye in the star's demand for Gimbel? To Fiberg, the producer, who had tried dissuasion, she had said:

"For five years you giff me my actors—nine or ten different ones—and I do not like any of dem. Now I shall haff de man I want. You t'ink he is—what-you-call-it—'t'rough'. Well, I show you he is still de best screen lover of all."

Never in all her career, had Hollywood's eagerest gossips been able to couple Nora Hansen's name with another's. Until recently, Gimbel, too, had been free of entanglements. A year before, however, he had unexpectedly married his newest leading lady while making a picture. She was almost an unknown in films.

Toward the actor Hansen displayed a rare warmth of manner, while he, in turn, seemed to regain the dash and zest of former years.

Then gradually, as the numerous love scenes were rehearsed and shot, a change began to appear in Gimbel's mood. Carefree ease gave way to tension and seeming passionate restraint.

Suddenly, as the last week of production started, Gimbel went to Fiberg with a surprise request.

"I want a two-day leave of absence," he announced; "I'd rather not tell you why, but it's very necessary."

To the producer's ears had come the current rumors, and now he stared quizzically at Gimbel. After a moment's silence, he said:

"Maybe you know it, and maybe you don't; but I was against putting you in this picture—and it looks like my hunch was right. They tell me you're costing us plenty for retakes and overtime wages. Now you want to tie everything up and take a vacation!"

The actor frowned with a touch of impatience.

"Just allow me these next two days," he repeated, "and I promise you'll have no further cause for complaint."

Fiberg started to voice a sharp refusal, checked himself, and gave a contemptuous snort.

"All right," he said disgustedly; "get out—and take Hansen with you!"

Gimbel whirled about, startled anger in his face. Then, slowly, the features relaxed in a broad smile.

"A splendid idea!" he exclaimed. "I'll do that!"

A brief notice informed the cast and crew that shooting would be discontinued for two days. Immediately gossip buzzed afresh, and a hundred theories of the cause were offered. All guessing, however, soon ended. At ten that evening, a news broadcast announced that Nora Hansen and James Gimbel, unaccompanied, had been seen arriving an hour before at Big Buffalo lake, a mountain resort fifty miles from Los Angeles.

Seated at home, Fiberg heard the item and came close to apoplexy. All too well he knew the public's distinction between spicy rumor and bald scandal. Frantically he phoned to Mile-Hi Lodge, the lake's one large hotel, told his name, and demanded to speak with Gimbel. After a brief wait, the actor's voice spoke in his ear, sounding excited.

"Where's Hansen?" Fiberg queried at once.

"In my suite; why?"

"You're fired!" he shouted; "fired—do you hear me? And if you don't get her back here in two hours, I'll have you arrested—I'll—"

A ringing laugh from the other end cut him off. When it was somewhat under control, Gimbel stammered mirthfully:

"Listen, you big stiff—it's a boy—an eight-pound boy!"

For one horrified instant Fiberg sought a memory of Hansen's lovely figure; then the actor was saying:

"Been expecting it for two weeks—ever since my wife came up here to dodge the publicity—but we just arrived in time. And listen—Nora says the darned kid looks like me!"

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

1. Rugs and carpets ought to be swept the way of the nap?
2. A new rug ought to be cleaned only with a broom for at least six months?
3. Heavy pieces of furniture ought not to stand on fine rugs because the marks left by them are almost impossible to eradicate?
4. A little vinegar in the water in which eggs are boiled will prevent the white from leaking out?
6. Ivory piano keys are kept white by cleaning with alcohol?

Now! Ease Sore Throat Instantly!

1 Crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water.

2 GARGLE thoroughly—threw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.

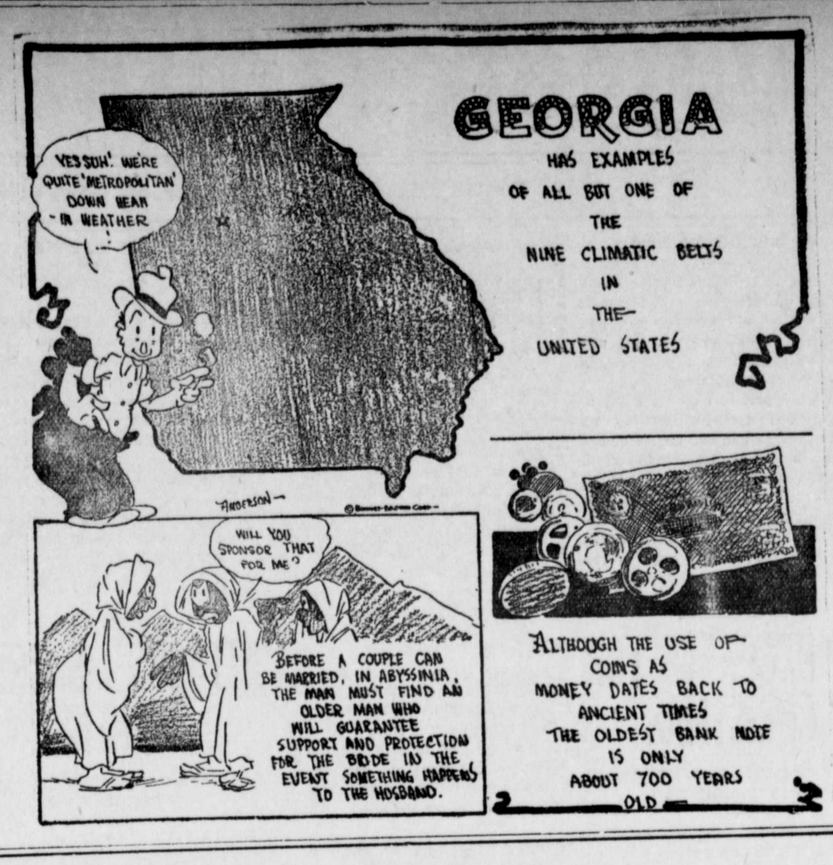
3 Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

Remember: Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as *two or three minutes!*

It requires medicine—like BAYER ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists throughout America are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you get *real* BAYER Aspirin for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles.



NO. 13798

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

Washington, D. C., October 7, 1933.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHESTERTOWN

in the Town of Chestertown in the County of Kent and State of Maryland has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be compiled with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

NOW THEREFORE I, J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHESTERTOWN

in the Town of Chestertown in the County of Kent and State of Maryland is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statues of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand and Seal of office this SEVENTH day of OCTOBER, 1933.

(SEAL) J. F. H. O'CONNOR.
o14-10t. Comptroller of the Currency

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

THE FEATHERHEADS

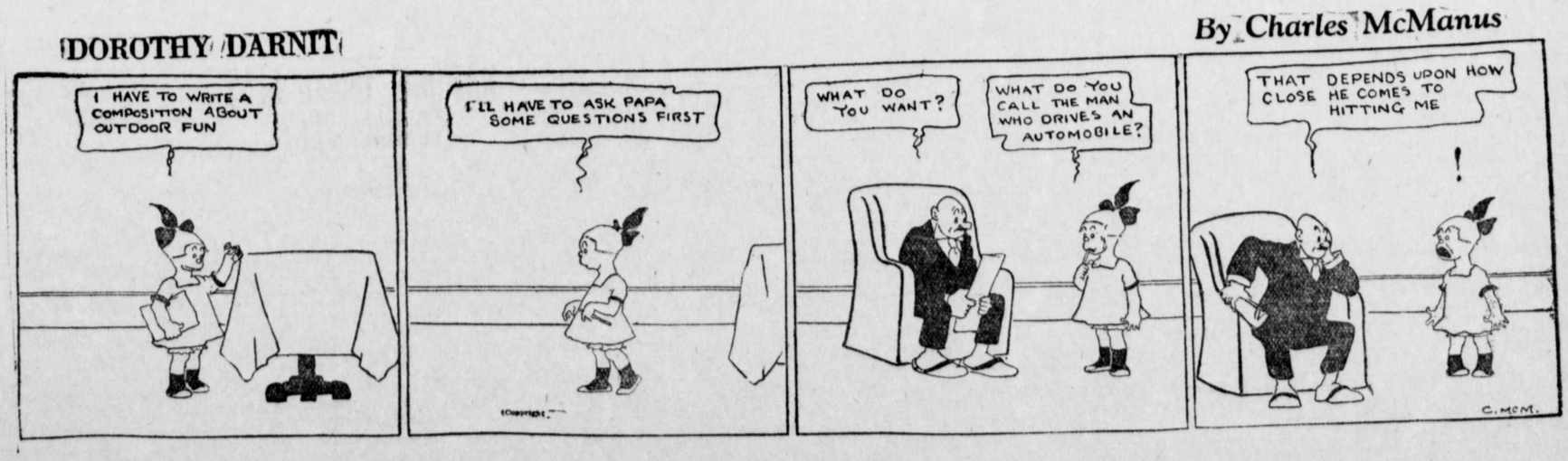
By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

SNOODLES

By CY HUNGERFORD

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8227-0840