

Side Glances By George Clark



Why, I'm afraid I forgot to mention to the employment agency that my kitchen is rather small.

'Scarface' Finally Wins Out a Gang Film Title



Here are Paul Muni and Karen Morley, as they appear in Howard Hughes' 'Scarface,' intended to be the ultra of all gang films. Muni plays the title role and Karen is his moll.

BY DAN THOMAS NEA Service Writer Hollywood — After all these weeks of arguing with Will Hays and the New York censor board, Howard Hughes will release his gangster picture, 'Scarface,' under its original title.

Hughes went to a lot of work and spent some thousands of dollars in his efforts to please Hays and the eastern censors. He changed the title of the film several times and shot retakes on a number of scenes. But still these gentlemen weren't satisfied. So the young millionaire producer chucked the whole works and is bringing out the picture in its original form whether anyone likes it or not.

One prediction is that the public will like it—just as they would like other things which Hays and censors force producers to eliminate. True to prediction, 'Scarface' probably will be the last of a long run of gangster films. It is just about the ultimate in such a form of entertainment and until someone comes along who can top it, there is little sense in filming any more such pictures.

Unlike most types, each underworld film must surpass the preceding ones to be successful. That has been the history of gang films since their start.

Those which have been successful have been outstanding. The mediocre ones have failed at the box office.

'Scarface' according to its prelude, was made to show the true conditions in America today and how long such things are to be permitted. Every scene in it is said to have been taken from a real life incident.

That, of course, doesn't include the romance woven in to make the picture conform with movie standards.

The story is that of a ruthless young gunman who has ambitions

to control the underworld of an entire city and he will let nothing stand in his way, regardless of who or how many must be killed to satisfy his ambition.

Paul Muni, in the leading role, kills his chief in order to aid another in getting control of the gang. Then he begins to disregard the new boss—steals his girl (Karen Morley) and disobeys his orders to stay out of another gang's territory. The new boss tries to have him put "on the spot," falls and in turn is shot on Muni's orders. Throughout it all he is given the utmost loyalty by his lieutenant, George Raft, whom he kills in the end when he finds him with his sister, who has secretly married him. The sister in turn is killed trying to help Muni fight off the cops. At that the gang leader turns yellow—he can't go any more.

The entire cast of the picture does an excellent piece of acting—Muni as the rising young gangster, Raft as his chief lieutenant, Karen Morley as Muni's girl, Ann Dvorak as his sister, Vince Barnett as his "secretary" and Os good Perkins as the gang chief tain.

UNHEARD OF (London Tit-Bits)

A young commercial traveler set out for the first time to get orders in the west of England. At Plymouth he met an old commercial traveler, who asked him how he had got on.

"Badly," he replied. "I was insulted at every place I visited." "That's strange," said the other. "I've been on the road 40 years; I've had my samples flung into the street; I've been taken by the scruff of the neck and pitched downstairs; I don't deny that I've been rolled in the gutter, but I've never—" "Never!"

The annual cost of weeds to Indiana farmers is estimated at \$200 a farm, or \$44,000,000.

to the bus. Connecting pipes carry the hot gas to the motor. Dry wood is utilized because better results are obtained.

Any ordinary motor may be used, according to the inventor who also claims that oil consumption is cut in half.

Pretty Good Reason. From Paris, Vienna.

"Why did you break off your engagement?"

"Well, we were looking over our new house when my prospective mother-in-law said it would be small for three reasons so I graciously refused."

The wood burning apparatus is mounted upon a trailer attached

Wood Burning Autobus Operated in Germany

Washington—(UP)—Wood has been substituted for gasoline in an autobus operating between Hamburg and Bad Bramstedt with a saving of 65 per cent in fuel costs, according to reports received from Hamburg by the department of commerce.

The operator of the wood burning bus claims that his present machine has run about 7,000 miles without trouble.

The wood burning apparatus is mounted upon a trailer attached

FRENCH QUIT NEW SPELLING

Paris — (UP) — The movement to simplify French spelling along phonetic lines has just suffered another defeat.

For many years, the small and scholarly magazine, "Revue Philologique Française," advocating the simplified system, published all its articles in this manner, but today it has returned to the academic orthography. In explaining this change it states:

"Without giving up the opinion that academic spelling is incoherent and that it should be reformed we shall hereafter return to that form of spelling.

The founder of this magazine, which formed a nucleus for the movement, was the late Leon Cledat, former dean of the faculty of letters at Lyons and the author of an etymological dictionary. Among the changes that he practiced were the substitution of f for ph, s for x when such is the real sound of the letter, the dropping of h in the combination of Greek derivatives, and the omission of unsounded letters.

A MESS OF SPRING GREENS

From Portland Oregonian

Time amends all, and the old comes into its own, and is new again and has the approval of the elect. We are thinking especially of dandelion greens. Certain people whom we shall charitably refrain from designating, used to tilt their noses at mention of a mess of dandelion greens, and express their wonderment concerning the uncouth appetites of the commoners. They would shudder delicately to consider that they rubbed elbows perforce with a peasantry that found its consolation in a dish essentially plebeian—a meadow weed, and nothing more.

What was once thrift is now the fashion. Grandmothers who went about at robin time with wicker baskets and their trusty case knives seeking the juvenile dandelion wherever it might be, could not foresee that science and the mode must one day approve their frugal, honest industry. All that they knew, in their grandmotherly innocence, which closely approached the higher realms of wisdom, was that a mess of greens in the early spring of the year was good for a body, and that with a trifle of salt pork or bacon, and vinegar brewed of wind-fallen apples, the dandelions seemed to them and their men-folk to be elevated to genuine gastronomic desirability.

In the moon of the spring plowing, it might be, grandpa would be bound to express himself as having a sort of a hankering for a good mess of greens, seemed like. It was far too soon for best tops, and nobody ever saw spinach then. But in the south pasture, beaten by rain and drenched with sun the new verdure of dandelions might be found in abundance. And of this weed they had much comfort, in their primitive, untaught, rational way. It appeared then most providential that dandelions should put forth at such a time, betwixt winter and spring, when nothing else was in bearing.

The story tells also that it was as greens that dandelions first came to this western country, of which they were not native. There was a doctor, so it is recounted, who had two pale daughters, and in whose family the dandelion legend persisted admirably. A mess of dandelion greens in season, so he reasoned, would work wonders for the girls, because the dandelion not only was a food but one of nature's most dependable simples, as well, intended for the toning of the system in the early spring of year. So he wrote to the old folks back home wherever his origin may have been, and they sent him an envelope in which were contained the feathers, plumbed seeds of the dandelion, and these he planted with his project in mind, and doubtless with half a wish for himself. In this manner the weed was loosed and a very competent weed it is, but before his memory is targeted by reproach it should be considered that the dandelion would have reached us in any case, soon or late, and that it does afford greens. The daughters? Nobody seems to remember.

What is a weed anyhow? The question has been answered often enough, but the answer will bear with repeating. A weed is only a persistent species of vegetation for which mankind has not yet found a use. And a dandelion, by this reckoning, blossoms midway between the weeds and the beneficial plants, partaking somewhat of the nature of both. It makes a good mess of spring greens. Yet it is a weed. And it makes also, where the field slopes sweetly to the river, the field of the cloth of gold. So one cannot be quite certain about dandelions.

THE PIN TEST

The smallest fog particles have been measured by the Massachusetts Institute of technology. It was found that 25,000 of them could be placed on the head of an ordinary pin.

Not So Fast. From Tit-Bits.

"Henry," said Mrs. Gilpping, in tearful tones.

"Well, my dear?" replied Henry, looking up from the paper. "What is it?"

"If I were to die tonight would you hurry again?"

"Not tonight."

Advocates Municipal Opera



A permanent opera house, owned and operated by the City of New York, has been advocated by Rosa Ponselle, one of the leading stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The depression has hit the music world, in common with every other phase of art and business, and Miss Ponselle believes that the municipal opera is the only means whereby the people's love of music can be kept alive in hard times.

DEATH CLOSES RAINBOW HUNT

One of Last Picturesque Prospectors Dies in Lewistown

Lewistown, Mont. — (UP) — John E. Lee is dead here.

Known throughout the West as Golden Jack, Lee was one of the rapidly diminishing band of prospectors who remembered the days of the buffalo.

Like many another born prospector, Golden Jack never lost faith in his rainbow where he was sure that he'd find a pot of gold.

Many a tale is recounted of his verbal tilts in the days when a poker face and a six-gun were the most acceptable weapons.

Sought by Killer. Word came to Golden Jack one day that a known killer was "looking for him."

"Wall, I guess I'd better do me some looking, too," Golden Jack said.

Some time later he met his bearded antagonist in front of a saloon. "Lo, partner, were you a looking for me?" Golden Jack asked. And when the other man just glared his wrath continued:

Mess or Billy Goat.

"I long been a wondering if you be man, or billy goat," he freely insulted the gunman.

But before the other could answer, Golden Jack grabbed the flowing reddish beard, spun on his heel, the beard drawn across his shoulder.

"If you be a billy goat," Golden Jack went on to say, "you'll lead."

Somehow in the quick scuffle, Golden Jack had disarmed the killer. He then led him through the main street, a crowd following.

HUNTRY DUFFY

Aviation, already regarded as one of the safest means of transportation, will be made safer still if the invention of a young French aviator matures in keeping with its early promise. Apparently realizing the impossibility of a plane that would rise, fly and land safely under all conditions, impervious to the elements, pilot, motor trouble and interposing mountain ranges, he worked on the assumption that accidents are inevitable and set about devising some means of protecting the human cargo against injury if and when the crash comes.

He discovered that if a hen's egg is placed inside an ostrich egg and the combination is dropped, the ostrich egg will be smashed, but the hen's egg will remain intact. How he managed to invert the smaller egg into the larger one without considerable detriment to the latter is not revealed, but experiments must have satisfied the young inventor as to the soundness of his principle, for his next move was to construct a miniature plane in which he placed a lamb as passenger. Drooping the passenger was a sacrifice on the altar of experiment and probably were disappointed when the lamb, dropped uninjured from the wreckage of the model.

Encouraged by this outcome, the young inventor constructed a plane of regulation size, but having neither wings nor landing gear, and he himself made ready to play the part of the hen's egg. However, local sentiment intervened. The gendarmes refused to allow the experiment to continue, fearing the young man would make an omelet of himself. However, to carry on the metaphor, he grew quite hard-boiled about it, remonstrating that they were pecking on his rights.

At length they allowed him to haul his machine to the top of a cliff. They even went so far as to give active assistance to the extent of pushing it over the edge.

This cliff bore the high-sounding name of Escarpnoles and was, in fact, 150 feet high. They rushed to its base, ready to give that aid. The aviator, of course, had arrived first at the destination and by the time his assistants had reached the spot, which will no doubt at some future time be marked with a heliograph bronze "X," they found that he had extricated himself from the debris of the outer egg unscathed and uninjured.

There is, apparently, in this egg-within-an-egg thought the germ of an idea that, properly incubated, may hatch out into something that will rebound to the everlasting credit of its originator, the glory of France and the furtherance of aviation. No name has as yet been given the crash-proof plane. It should, and probably will, be christened for its inventor, Albert Sauvant, and as the Sauvant it probably will be known to the laity. But the French, sensing the fitness of the designation they already use for an airplane, no doubt will call this egg-motivated invention a "cratie."

Ed Lewis, rangy center of the Oregon State college basketball team, was elected captain for the 1933 season.

On 12 farms in Ohio in 1931 the official yield of corn was in excess of 100 bushels per acre.

Time to Stop. From Tit-Bits.

"It is high time," said the reformer, "that we had a moral awakening. Let us arise in our sight. Let us give our lives. Let us take care of our souls. Let us care our souls. Let us—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed a woman near the platform. "If this is to be a moral awakening, don't you dare take off another thing."

Maybe It's Weak. From Posing Show.

Husband: Every time I look at that hat I want to laugh.

Wife: Really—then I will leave it around when the bill comes.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Illustrations and text for 'THIS CURIOUS WORLD' including 'DOUTER PIGEONS', 'SPIDERS ARE VERY NEAR-SIGHTED', and 'SHOT TOWERS'.

Carryall Driven From Saskatchewan

Houston, Tex. — (UP) — Traveling 6,000 miles across a continent in a horse-drawn carryall is as nothing to George Walker, 70, who has accomplished one half of such a journey.

Walker owns a farm near Regina, Sask. Last fall he decided to forego the rigors of a subarctic winter by visiting relatives whom he had not seen in many years.

So he hitched his two horses to the aged carryall and began a trek that carried him first to his birthplace near Havre de Grace, Md., and later through the Virginias, Tennessee, Arkansas and across Texas to the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Simons.

Walker says the horses frequently average as high as 40 miles per day. He plans to start back to Saskatchewan pretty soon so as to arrive in time for game planting.

DOG LICENSE SALE DROPS

Memphis—(UP)—Sale of dog licenses here this year has fallen off. Bert Bates, city privilege tax collector, reported he has sold 50 licenses. In the past as many as 3,500 licenses have been sold here, and last year 1,200 licenses were sold.

SAVES SALT, PEPPER BOXES

Sandusky, Ohio—(UP)—The strange collection of Mrs. George Doerzbach contains 400 pair of salt and pepper shakers, collected from many states and foreign countries.

COURT IN A MINE

To take testimony in a mine disaster at Johannesburg, South Africa, a police court session was held on the 27th level of a gold mine, more than 7,000 feet under ground.

To 400 feet, but this tallest living thing in the world stands 172 feet higher than any of them. It lacks only three feet of being twice as high as the dome of the National Capitol in Washington.

FAILS TO STOP STUTTERING

Sanford, Fla.—(UP)—R. E. Sheaffer suffered from stuttering for two years following an automobile accident. He made a 1,900 foot parachute jump from an airplane here in an attempt to cure himself of the impediment, but the experiment failed.