

Little Glory's Copy Book

Young Miss Swanson's first
fling at Art and Belles Lettres

JUST before Gloria Swanson set out from New York to Hollywood to make her next picture, she cleaned house. You know how it is when you clean house. Everything turns up, from Grandpa's moustache cup to the postal cards Uncle Ed sent you from the St. Louis World's Fair.

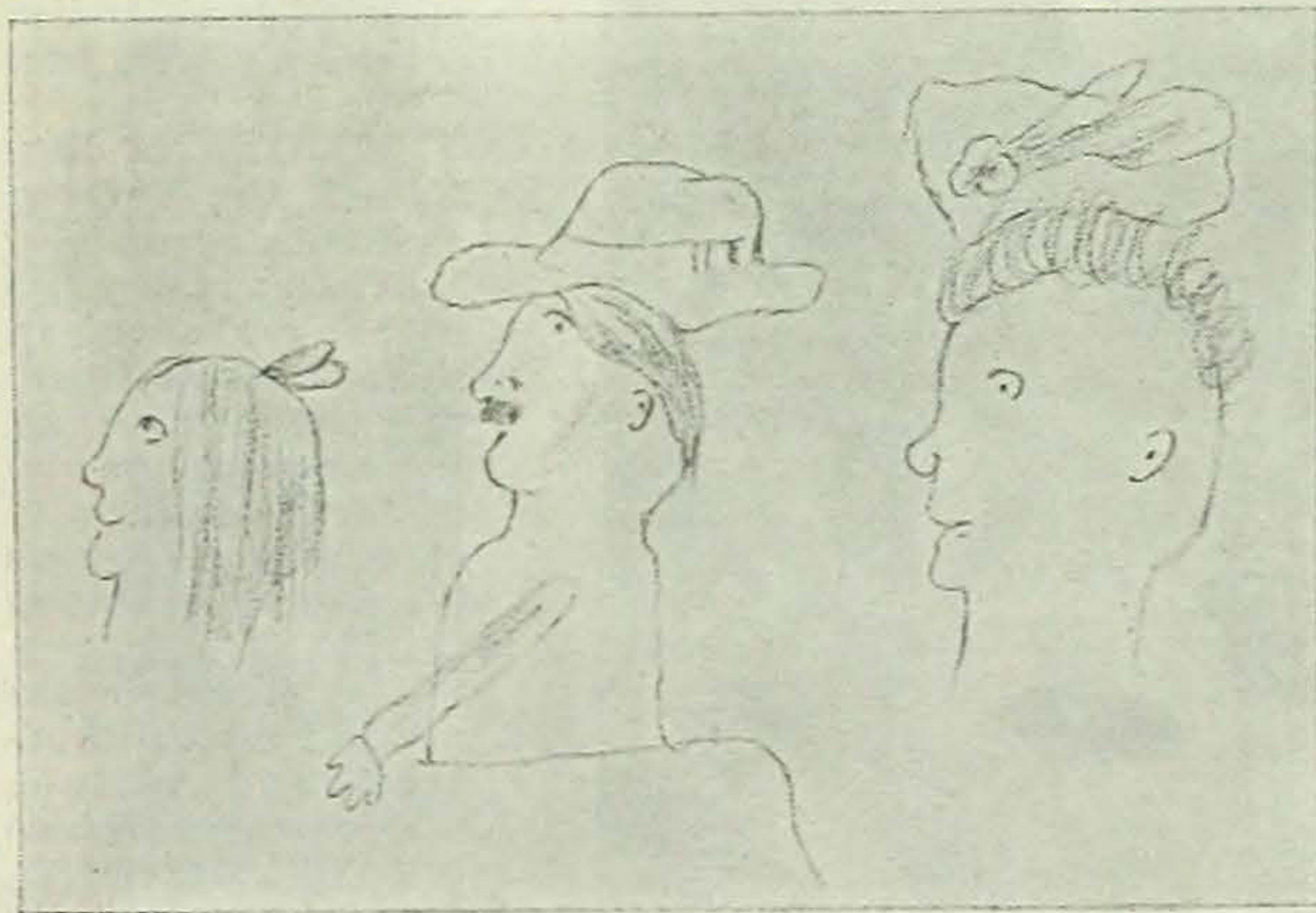
In the bottom of an old trunk Miss Swanson found some old photographs and a copy book, packed away since her childhood in Chicago. Gloria took one look at the photograph, reproduced on this page, and tried to throw it down the elevator shaft. The Marquis de la Falaise rescued it and insisted that the solemn child with the hair-ribbons represents the real Gloria.

The sketch, printed below, was Baby Gloria's penciled impressions of papa, mamma and her young self. And the literature was Gloria's first flight in the field of self-expression.

ria



Cheer up, mothers! This ugly duckling grew up to be the swan of the screen. It is Henry Falaise's favorite photograph of his wife



I am pretty
Have bird fly?
I have a pretty cats
Glory Swanson

My papa is
good.
My mamam is
good.
And dan the
baby. Glory

Gloria's philosophy of life—as viewed from the first grade