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*La Wynyard—she brings a new brand of beauty
to the screen with her exquisite performance in
“Cavalcade.”*

The Goddess Diana *of* England

By James Marion

Here's the story you've been asking for—all about the new acting sensation, Diana Wynyard

HOLLYWOOD'S very newest sensation is a tall young Englishwoman stage-named Diana Wynyard, but born Dorothy Cox.

She came to these United States one year ago with the intention of conquering the American stage; she remains to triumph on the screen instead.

She is a broad A-ed woman with small eyes, blue-gray, and a careless manner of tossing expensive coats across low chairs which is most effective!

She is a woman apparently instilled with the belief that she has an ugly mouth, and she must spend hours conniving ways to improve the fault, especially when her lips are in action.

She is, of course, interesting to you because, although she has been in Hollywood only six months, she has already been featured in four important productions—"Cavalcade," "Rasputin," "Men Must Fight" and "Re-Union in Vienna." Not in years has a newcomer so suddenly and so completely dominated the country's screens.

Miss Wynyard told me her story at the M-G-M studio café, where she applied herself industriously to a small bowl of chicken broth, which alone comprised her luncheon—already she has acquired the American custom of hunger-dieting to retard fat.

She wore a semi-modest black gown and one of those absurd little hats that perch on women's heads like the caps worn by organ grinders' monkeys. Inasmuch as the fairer sex has decreed that such im-



Above, a scene from Miss Wynyard's first film, "Rasputin," with John, the Profile Prince. The girl gave a good performance even though surrounded by Barrymores!

av
The unforgettable Jane Marryot of "Cavalcade"—Diana Wynyard's flawless portrayal that hurled her into the first rank of screen actresses.

mature hats are the style, I can find no fault other than my personal opinion that tall, angular women—such as she—should wear more hat. Not more hats; more hat.

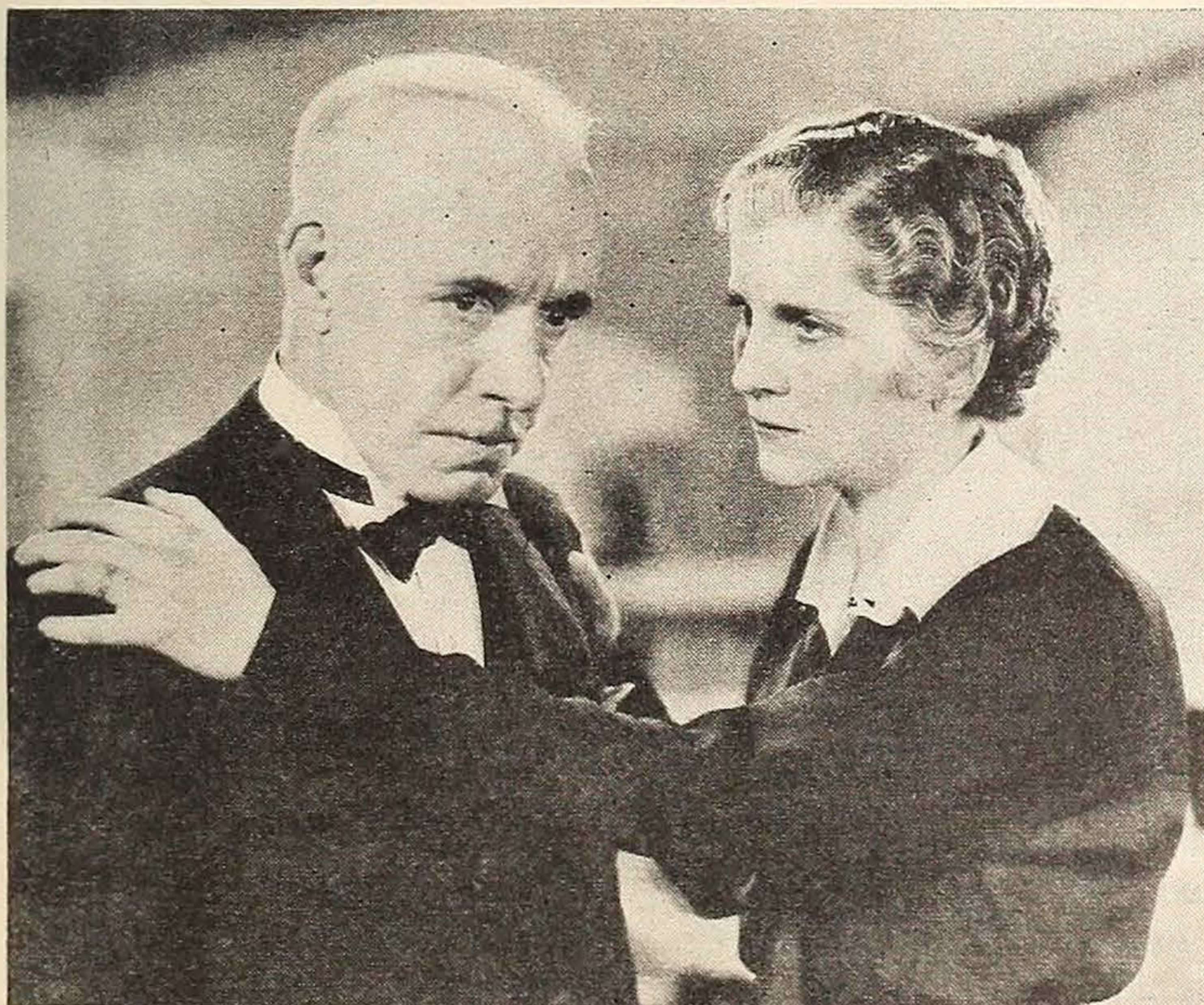
After six months in Hollywood, Miss Wynyard is still amazed that the home of motion pictures is a narrow-minded, provincial small town, rather than the broad-minded city she had been warned to expect.

She is shocked that Hollywood hosts encourage the presence of photographers and newspaper reporters at supposedly private parties, particularly since the press is apparently invited for the sole purpose of photographing and reporting the social life of guests.

"Many is the time," complains Diana of England (to distinguish her from that Greek Goddess), "many is the time I've been halted in the act of lifting a bite of food to my mouth, and warned not to move until cameras duly recorded the quantity of my bite."

"Too often I have talked away merrily and freely, only to discover a person at my elbow frenziedly taking notes on my conversation. I have become so cautious that I peer about nervously before I dare accept a second food offering. I should heartily dislike to see my photograph in a newspaper bearing the caption: *English actress doubles on potatoes!*"

Miss Wynyard was born in London, twenty-seven years ago January sixteenth (Continued on page 78)



Here is still another facet of Wynyard's gem-like art—her characterization of the devoted wife in "Men Must Fight," with Lewis Stone.

The Goddess Diana of England

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last, the daughter of an English business man who later joined the Royal Army Service Corps.

Studio biographers report that "she had a normal, carefree childhood," but—well, please listen!

Rather than normal, at least four years of her youth were filled with terror. When she was eight years of age, the World War began, and it did not cease until she was past twelve. While her father was at the front, she lived with her sister and mother, near the Woolwich Arsenal, which was a constant target for enemy raiding planes. The dull, incessant booming of cannon across the channel was often interrupted by the nearer roar of exploding bombs, dropped by German fliers in mad efforts to dynamite the arsenal. Had success attended these enemy attempts, the blowing up of that arsenal would have erased thousands of lives, Diana's perhaps among them.

Naturally, children were not permitted to stray far from their homes. Play was rare, food was scarce, and sweets were almost none. Quiet was so infrequent that even when the volcanic booming did cease momentarily, the silence was more terrible than the noise.

Death stalked constantly with Diana's thin shadow—and if *that* was a "normal, carefree childhood," then her biographers are correct and I am in error.

After the Armistice—and when human ears had adjusted themselves so they could hear *despite the silence*—she was sent to private school to study for a career, a career as a teacher of domestic science. Perhaps that early training is responsible for the fact that today she more resembles a capable housewife than a distinguished actress.

"A school play was responsible for my switch in ambitions," Miss Wynyard says, "but I finished my domestic science course before I undertook the study of stage technique under private tutors. Not until I was nineteen did my parents permit my first public stage appearance at the Globe Theatre in London."

From that moment until she faced motion picture cameras for "Rasputin" her heart and soul were dedicated to the stage. But professional love, like Hollywood marital affections, is subject to change without notice, and Diana is now as devoted to the screen as she once was to the stage.

About her physical appearance, Miss Wynyard is extremely modest. "I was never interested in motion pictures because English producers told me I did not photograph well," she says. "In America the producers apparently think differently, but I have seen myself in several pictures and I am inclined to agree with my English advisers.

"When I saw my first rushes, I wondered if so bad an actress could possibly succeed. The same reaction, I learned subsequently, occurs to most stage players who see themselves on the screen for the first time."

If you would like a few personal details, let me tell you that Diana of England is five feet and six inches tall—taller than Garbo—and she has golden brown, bobbed hair. She is not pretty; *handsome* better describes her.

She rides horseback English saddle—(there is patriotism for you!)—and she swims, but otherwise she is not athletic. She reads, Diana says, almost everything except this country's so-called "humor" magazines, which she thinks are most unfunny. She declares that the prime dif-

ference between American and English humor is that people of the United States like risqué stories, which Britishers do not as a rule relish.

She likes physically big men, probably because she, herself, is statuesque—certainly there can be little romance between a tall woman and a man she must stoop to kiss. With the usual reticence of her nationality, she refuses to indulge in the common American practice of "designating favorite masculine stars." Her studio publicity department vainly sought to have her go into public ecstasies over Clark Gable, but she fooled the boys and raved about Jimmie Durante.



This, according to Sari Maritza, is the ideal way to demonstrate the title of the next picture she'll appear in. The name of the picture? "A Lady's Profession!"

A few months ago, newspapers screamed the unusual news that Katharine Hepburn, making her screen debut in a motion picture with John Barrymore, refused to be awed by that great star's presence. Interviewers and writers manufactured bannerlines to describe her poise in scenes with *the Barrymore*, who usually frightens newcomers silly.

If Miss Hepburn deserved praise, Miss Wynyard should be thrice applauded, for her debut in "Rasputin" was made with the *three Barrymores*, and she regarded them with utter complacency. Not once did she display the slightest nervousness in the company of Lionel, Ethel and John, and Hollywood greatly enjoyed her unruffled calm amidst the continual Barrymore storms.

Perhaps this very lack of awe is greatly responsible for her progress to practical stardom in so brief a period on the screen. Certainly the producers, accustomed to nervous fear on the part of movie newcomers, have exhibited respect for this slight woman who refuses to be frightened by either great opportunities or great stars.

And that, I believe, may account for the fact that Diana Wynyard, with little of Garbo's mystery or Marlene's witchery, has already achieved pinnacles that other talented actresses have striven for years to reach.