



Blonds Will Disappear— But Not In This Century!

Scientist Pictures Future Human Beings
Bald, But There Are Compensations

By Anne Bibb

BLONGS have only a few more years of life! The race of Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow is a vanishing one. Two hundred years from now a blond will be an extremely rare creature. . . .

By the year 2140 movie actresses will be brunettes and may have lost their hair altogether . . . and the Clark Gables will be as bald as a gooseberry.

Thus, Dr. Paul Radin, anthropologist and former lecturer at Cambridge University, England, now living in Berkeley, California, visualizes the future man!

The reason that blonds are destined to become extinct, says Dr. Radin, is that they are in such a small minority they will be overwhelmed by the more numerous brunettes. An increase in baldness is already manifesting itself.

Those who do not look forward to the prospect of having hairless great-great-grandchildren may take comfort in the fact that the scientist says that simultaneously everyone will become far more beautiful than people are today. Features will be clean-cut and noble. People will have beautiful, bright eyes. Facial expressions will be cheerful and animated.

DR. RADIN explains that features, stature and head form are influenced by food habits. As people are able to have better food and as information on what constitutes a good diet becomes more general, they grow more perfect physically. This results in finer and more pleasing features.

Teeth, in particular, are a feature which will be greatly changed for the better. Children are already more beautiful than in former times due to improvements in their food, the anthropologist points out. Ugly features will persist to some degree, but the average of facial beauty will be higher than ever before.

Head form is another point on which, if we could return for a tour of inspection of our descendants, we would be surprised, for Dr. Radin predicts a universal round shape. Long heads are dying out for the same reason as are blonds. They are so outnumbered that they have no chance of surviving.

But to expect big heads running around on undersized bodies, the result of increased use of the brain and lack of general exercise, as is often pictured by forecasters of the future, is unreasonable, according to Dr. Radin. Men of the present are continually doing more brain work, he explains, but size of the head and size of the brain have absolutely no relation. It is impossible to judge whether heads will become larger or smaller or whether they will remain the same size.

IT is probable, Radin believes, that there will be a considerable difference in stature, especially in the length of legs, between city dwellers and farmers. Inhabitants of cities, who sit at desks a large part of their time, naturally do not have the opportunity to exercise their legs.

With time, the difference will grow more apparent. The anthropologist cited a survey which has been made among European peasants who immigrated to New York. Their descendants were shown to have definitely shorter legs.

Facial expression is said by the scientist to depend on such factors of environment as education, pursuits and feeling of security. As uneasiness was to be seen in faces during the depression, so with the development of a secure and adequate society, faces in general will be cheerful and bright.

IN place of anxiety, people will be occupied with wholesome interests and will not only look more alert and intelligent, but will actually be so. The bright eyes which are today associated with intellectual types will become universal. Corpulence will not be so common as it is at



Dr. Paul Radin



A young man is Eddy Waller, but his portrayal of "old man" roles in plays has brought him fame—and the knowledge that youth is mainly a matter of thinking young thoughts. As the sketches show, Waller's makeup fools even his wife, and he learns his art by studying the actions of old men. The photos show Waller getting into character with his makeup; the actor as he appears off stage and in the role of an eccentric old man in "The Petrified Forest."

Beauty Parlors Won't Keep You Young, But Thoughts Will, Says Famous Actor

Eddy Waller, Who Fools Audiences With His "Old Man" Characterizations, Finds the Secret of Youth Lies In Keeping Mind Open To New Impressions

By Billie Harshberger

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ, moves on; nor all your piety nor wit, can change one word; nor all your tears wash out one line of it."

"NOT all your piety nor wit, nor barbers or beauty experts can change one line etched in the face by a mind that is old," declares Eddy C. Waller, famed character actor, who as a young man has depicted aged characters with such artistry that his work deceives the very elect themselves.

Would you have your barber or your beauty parlor girl keep you young? Then you deceive only yourself, declares Eddy, sounding the death knell of the illusion of youth. Age, he says, is mental!

I saw the actor as a very eccentric old man in "The Petrified Forest," and, watching him closely, was sure that I must be wrong in thinking him a young man. It was not just a matter of make-up—it was something more! A spirit of age, the very gestures, and voice, as well as the care-lined face!

I made my way back to his dressing room the following night to watch him put on his make-up for the role. He was not just putting lines in his face, as old-time character actors used to do, but deftly working in shadows—those subtle things that come before one has even seen a line! Slowly, with much artistry, he was putting in his face and his hands that "set" look of many experiences and a definite opinion!

Here, he explains, is the thing that makes you old! Experience! Knowledge! Plus these is an unwavering conviction, born of both the experience and knowledge combined!

"YOU never 'sell' an old man an idea he doesn't want to believe," said Eddy, as he leaned back and did a character sketch of an old man being diplomatic (but retaining his critical attitude). The role depicted a shrewd old person, in whose eyes was a knowing glint—one who had a definite set to his mouth.

"You just know," explained the actor, "that when you are out of sight he is going to be sarcastic about your idea—and he will still think just as he did before—and maybe boast about how right he is and how wrong you are, because he 'knows from experience'."

"You mean, then," I asked in despair, "that there is no such thing as combating the years and their tell-tale marks?"

"Oh, I don't mean that at all!" expostulated Eddy, "I mean that you must keep growing mentally to keep young. You must stay young in your viewpoint—be willing to learn, just as you were at 25. The year that you begin to feel that you know all about things is the year that you begin to age. You must keep vital!"

Among many outstanding characterizations were the aged one in "Welcome Stranger"; the old English servant in "The Masquerader"; the father in

present, for people will be taught that there is nothing else from which people die so fast. They will continually be on their guard against it.

Radin said he believes there are no grounds for considering that the human race is degenerating. He claims the future will see a fusion of the races and the white race will face the problem of not remaining so white.



you change the mind, says Eddy, you cannot change the face!

WITH the make-up I saw the actor put himself in the "mood" of an old man. He actually puts himself in the part of the character, actually lives in the role!

Even to watch him rise from his chair was to watch an old man's failing strength. His voice changed, as he went over a few lines of the play, and seemed to lose some elusive quality of strength.

He was not Eddy Waller now—he was an old man—one who had "grown old" in an hour's time in the dressing room. Even when he told me goodbye, just before he went on the stage, not meaning to act old, he did it with an odd suggestion of declining years. He was living his part!

Then I left, resolving to find my youth in libraries and world events rather than in beauty parlors and barber shops!

MYSTERY SHIPS

The President
Royal Mail Packet
Steamer Lost in 1841.

BOTH sides of the Atlantic talked for months about the sensational disappearance of the *President*—described as "that magnificent steamship belonging to the Royal Mail Packet Service." She had sailed from Liverpool on March 11, 1841—and should have made New York in about



12 days. On board were 121 men and women—27 passengers, and Captain Roberts. The passengers included such famous men as Lord Fitzroy Lennox and the London actor, Tyrone Power.

Rumors flew from London and New York and back again: the *President* had been held up by storms . . . her rudder was damaged . . . Mrs. Roberts had received a letter from her husband saying his ship was safe. Lloyd's investigated every story, and all were false. The *President* never made New York or any other port. It had vanished from the ice of the sea.

Like other ships which dropped from sight, the *President* left no wreckage whatever—no piece of ship's furniture, no lifebelt, spar, no evidence of that accident occurred. Yet the vessel was constructed of wood.

It was almost certain that a lifeboat would have floated, or that some part of the ship must wash up on some coast over a period of years. Nothing has ever found.

NAVAL experts scouted the theory that the *President* had foundered in mid-Atlantic. Other ships not so sturdy had come safely through ice floes and gales. They were sure the lost steamship was afloat somewhere south toward the Western Isles or the West Indies.

Ship's officers were often cruel in those days, and perhaps the seamen had mutinied—killed the captain and passengers, plundered the vessel and destroyed it on some tropical shore.

A newspaper reported that a bottle had been picked up at sea containing a brown paper scrawled with these words: "The *President* is sinking. God help us all. Tyrone Power."

Because of other unfounded stories, this was not taken seriously—no one checked the handwriting. If the message was authentic, why did it not give the place of the catastrophe, and the reason?

The *President's* disappearance is as much a mystery today as the fatal day when she was overdue in New York.

And the Camera Caught It!

One of a Series of the World's Most Unusual News Photographs



Here's a nose dive for you—and the alert photographer clicked the shutter at just the right moment. Imre Petuchazy, of Hungary, took this spill at one of the jumps in the 5000-meter cross-country equestrian event of the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles.