

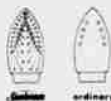
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Glamour Girl

(Continued)



Jean's first big hit was "Hell's Angels" with Ben Lyon (above, left); her last before death in 1937 was "Saratoga" with Gable.

City, the model of magnetic femininity the world over, wealthier than she needed to be, more sought-after than she wanted to be, idolized perhaps more than anyone ought to be, asked daily for sophisticated comments by sophisticated interviewers, was now once divorced and once widowed—and she was barely 21.

She busied herself even more with her work, and seemed to be doing battle with the surface glitter of Hollywood by becoming simpler and friendlier than ever. Miss Big never acted like Miss Big. Between scenes, Jean Harlow would chat with a stage hand or an electrician. Then, as though for a final swipe at the glitter, Jean took a cameraman, Hal Rossen, for her third husband. After a year, this marriage ended in divorce.

Three years later, her friends sensed that Jean had grown older and wiser. She was learning to live with herself, so perhaps she was ready for the right man. The right man seemed to be actor William Powell. Their marriage, some thought, might take place as soon as she finished "Saratoga" with Clark Gable.

It was late Spring of 1937 when a gall bladder inflammation caused her to stop work in the film. The ailment spread and soon poisoning set in.

But everything would be all right. The world knew it, and especially Jean Harlow knew it. No one had ever been healthier—or luckier. She'd survived two airplane accidents and six automobile crashes with no damage but a skin abrasion on the left elbow. She'd never had a tooth filled. Diet? Never.

Her favorite treats were filet mignon with baked potatoes, ribs and sauerkraut, steamed clams, chocolate layer cake, and almost any flavor of ice cream.

But everything wasn't all right. Doctors gave her two blood transfusions, then put her in an oxygen tent. One news service reported she refused an operation that might have saved her life because she was sure she could win without it. But she couldn't.

The night Jean Harlow died there was a remarkable spectacle in night clubs across the country: pleasure-seekers stood up at their tables for a minute of silence. Broadway pitchmen hawked little copper medals with her image. And at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, William Powell, a despondent, almost broken man, bought her a magnificent \$25,000 mortuary chamber.

For a long time now, Hollywood has sought but never found a replacement for the Blonde Bombshell who also sought but never quite found herself.

Perhaps her greatest trouble was a confusion of identities between Jean Harlow and Harlean Carpenter. Once at a party, the platinum blonde from Kansas City was playing "Murder Mystery" and let loose a gay witticism that delighted everybody. Somebody said, "That's wonderful, Jean. Who did you hear say that?"

There was a slight, dramatic pause before she uncorked another:

"For goodness sake! Can't I get credit for anything except a wild head of hair and a low-cut dress?"



"Watch out for your dog, Mister... mine's a fighter!"