

## Movie

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Ten Cents. For the first eleven years of this life, that is what someone paid for me to watch a movie. Even afterward when in High School, with a paper route for those dimes, that was the toll for Saturday's combination double Feature, News Reel, comedy shorts, Serial Adventures. And I missed few Saturday movies those four years. Then two years in the local College, while employed as Colonial Theatre Doorman, it was impossible to miss whatever was offered by that First Run, Second Tier Movie house.

Have only an inkling of those wasted hours. In fact, except for Abbott-Costello, and Three Stooges misadventures, actors and movies are vague memories.

The first movie seen was courtesy of cousin Dick Slagel, visiting from Pittsburgh. He volunteered to take me to see the movie, **Hells Angels**. I was eight. Dick promised flying adventures about WW I and prepped me for an action adventure. Yes, there was plenty; death and defiance. But without prompting from my older cousin, the eye-popping moments was the absolutely beautiful, scantily clad, Jean Harlow, romancing the boys after their heroics as aviators. To say the least, our small town had never see such a beauty.  
She was 18 when the movie was made.

Seeing Leonardo's David before viewing any other sculptures' work, is bound to have the viewer think less of the efforts of other artists' products. Jean Harlow had that effect. **Hells Angels** was a Break Through adventure. Howard Hughes produced the movie. Began as a silent film, it was changed, released as an early Talkie. Sensational to those accustomed to reading film clips of all dialogue. And, there were scenes photographed in full-color in this predominantly black-and-white film; another 1930 rarity.

Still, to this juvenile first-time movie patron, that remarkable Platinum Blonds' beauty dominated the screen whenever she appeared.  
Death, heroism, adventure: phooey; where's the blonde?

I have never viewed Hells Angles again, do not wish my imagination shattered by flaws the movie or she might contain.

Best black & white movie? Olivier's **Hamlet** may qualify at the finest, because it is the only film for which I paid for three separate showings. Oh yes,

Ophelia was a Danish platinum blonde, again in living black and white.



