THE ROANOKE RAPIDS HERALD-Roanoke Rapids, N. C., Thursday. April 20th, 1933

Next Week At The Imperi

IMPERIAL

PROGRAM

NEXT WEEK -- AT THE IMPERIAL



Evelyn Knapp is "Playing Hostess" at the Imperial next Monday-Tuesday. She is shown above with Arthur Pierson and James Murray only attraction next week, starring in a scene from the picture, "Air Hostess."

The Nemars will appear in person at the stage of the Peoples kind on the road. Don't miss it. theatre with no advance in prices. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Peoples theatre. No advance in

Service will take care of Nemar at moderate prices. after the drive when he collapse.

"Air Hostess," which True Story Magazine readers will remember as the intimate revelations of a modern Venus of the giant passenger planes which ply the Air-

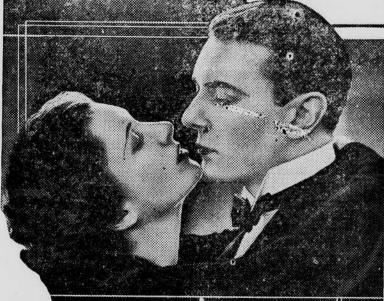
ways of America, has been brought to the screen and offers Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Thelma Todd in leading roles. It is the Monday-Tuesday attraction at the Imperial.

George Brent does a daring feat in the picture, "The Key Hole," at the Imperial next Wednesday-Thursday. To escape the irate husband of Kay Francis, with whom he is co-featured, he climbs across a vine from one balcony to another six stories above the ground. He makes it without slip.

With no stage attractions announced late Thursday afternoon, "Obey The Law" is the Friday-Leo. Carrillo, while Tom Mix is offered in "The Fourth Horseman" See Nemars on the stage at the for the Saturday attraction.

Nemar says: Why send your prices. By far the best show of its money out of town? Trade at Home Owned Stores. You will al-Nemar says H. G. Hodges has ways find the finest of fancy grobeen repairing watches for twenty ceries, vegetables and fruits at years and he certainly knows his the "M" System. You are always The W. C. Williams Ambulance business. Remember expert work sure of the best, and the prices are no higher.

NEXT WEEK — AT THE IMPERIAL



Kay Francis and George Brent form a new star team, cast as a dazzling love cheat, and a notorious love spy respectively in the new picture, "The Keyhole," at the Imperial Wednesday-Thursday.







A:

Story of RICHARD DIX by Irene Dunne

HAVE you ever taken yourself into a corner and given yourself a good talking-to? It's a pretty smart thing to do, every once in a while. It sweeps the cobwebs out of your brain and clears it for plans and problems of the fu-ture... at least that is what Richard Dix believes. He's been holding conferences with himself for a great many years now ... and out of these talks with himself have come the resolutions and achievements which have carried him to stardom in motion pictures.

He's written himself letters, too ... three of them marked milestones in his career! One of them was about work ... one about wine ... and one about women. You'd have to be a nastier snooper than the most callous columnist to divulge the contents of those three letters... they are like a diary... and, like a diary, sacred. But Dix will tell you this much... that the first letter he wrote himself he signed Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr. . . . for Richard Dix is a pseudonym he took when he first went on the stage against the wishes of his family.

But he wanted to be an actor, so he went out for

the dramatic club ... and there began another theatrical career that was destined to end in star billing in Hollywood. It's a funny thing about grease paint ... even when it's applied by amateur hands ... it sort of seeps into the soul. Once you've acted, you want to do it again. Dix did ... he acted all over the lot ... all over the country ... in stock companies from St. Paul to Norfolk, Virginia, and back to Broadway, by way of Texas.

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There's a lot more to tell about this man Richard Dix ... we'd like to repeat some phrases from those letters, too. But briefly: He saves his money and spends his energy generously on every job he's assigned. He plays a fast game of tennis and a deliberate game of bridge. He likes blonde women ... blind men ... youngsters who ask questions ... old drivers of horse drawn cabs ... who sit on the plaza of Central Park in New York and recount the glory that was Gotham's years ago. He can handle a team of wild horses or a squalling baby...he's that strong and tender. He's the sort you know would write his own obituary modestly ... but you hope not for many, many years.