

Oregon Writer Types Scenario of His Life

Roseburg Native Is Noted Filmland Figure

Julien Josephson Writes Interestingly; Exclusively for The Journal Amusement Section, of His Adventures in the Celluloid World, Where He Is Prominent for His Many Good Works:

[Editor's Note: Julien Josephson, native of Roseburg, who recently made associate editor of the Golden State scenario department, has been to that lucrative position after a more remarkable than any story he ever wrote. Up to four years ago his father was a teacher. He couldn't realize a penny on his hard-earned education. Many a letter did better than he in business. He tried to get into the picture business, but with a determination to get into the new art of picture writing, he wrote some of Charles Ray's greatest successes.]

By Julien Josephson
I was born in Roseburg, Or., the exact date being a detail which you must pardon the sensitive author for not wishing to reveal, but it was something less than a century ago. The three most still alive who remember the important natal event unite in declaring that it was further impressed on their joint and several memories by the peculiar circumstance that the old clock in the tower of the Odd Fellows' hall, after a silence of seven years and a half struck 13 times. However, as I am not superstitious, I pass this weird happening without comment.

My early life was largely spent behind the counter of a small-town general merchandise store—where everything was sold, from a box of hairpins to a bale of hay, and where the destinies of the nation were settled around the big barrel stove by the local cut-throat marksmen. Here I witnessed some of the worst arguments and the best marksmanship of my career. For a number of years I held down the job of rough-and-ready salesman—thereby gaining an intimate and sympathetic understanding of these simple small-town and country folk, with their eccentricities, their odd views, and their native honesty, shrewdness and goodness of heart. From this source I planned a wealth of material that was afterward to be invaluable as story and picture atmosphere; but I didn't glean any other kind of wealth, I might add.

Deciding that I wanted a college education, I attended Stanford university; took all the useless and ornamental courses, and was graduated by the skin of my teeth—possessed of a confused mess of half-baked erudition. Back to the little old home town I betook myself, bent on showing 'em how to run a mercantile establishment according to the big-time methods. With my Greek, Latin and other ancient and deceased culture, and with a streak of impractical energy about a yard wide in my make-up, I ran the business according to the best classical authors and went broke like a gentleman—emerging from the financial wreckage with \$21 in real money in my pocket and a balance of 33 cents in the bank. (Note—I never drew out the 33 cents.)

Kindly but misguided friends poured into my discouraged and therefore ready ear the honeyed suggestion that I enter politics. They induced me to run for justice of the peace, assuring me that my training, education and calm, judicial mind fitted me admirably for the exalted post. I ran like a lame small with bunions on one foot and a ball and chain on the other, and went down to utter defeat. Even at this remote date, I shudder to think that I might have been elected!

Finding nothing to do in the old home town and preferring to starve in some other place, I betook me to San Francisco. Here I took a fall out of about every kind of human endeavor permitted by the common law and the statutes. I coached students in Greek and Latin, and when this played out, I became a special policeman; then I whiled away some weeks in the strenuous vocation of inserting woman's size 6-EE feet into size 4½-A shoes. (To this experience I owe the almost superhuman strength of the thumb and forefinger of both hands.) I have sold everything from a diamond ring to a correspondence course on "How to Become a Great Violinist Without Losing a Day From Your Regular Work." I have toyed with a pick an' shovel in the interest of better roads; I have written stories for magazines—that is, intended for magazines.

And it was this wild idea that may be I could learn to write photoplay stories that led me, somewhat less than four years ago, to do a deed of transcendent rashness. At that time, upon a fateful day, I decided to escape from the bewitching of retail barter where I had been incarcerated for some months. Though appreciating that my sudden departure



Julien Josephson

would be a crippling blow to the institution, though we're raved by several of my fellow slaves that the last man who quit his job here came tottering back in the final stages of starvation, I boldly, though regretfully, informed the manager of his impending misfortune. Starved for a moment into a human being, he offered me a raise of \$5 a month, but I merely poured forth my profound thanks and remained firm in my decision to retire from the commercial world.

I sold my typewriter and my overcoat; deposited my watch and chain as security for all I could get on it from a skeptical and unfeeling Israelite; negotiated small loans wherever I could, took the boat trip because it was cheaper, and arrived in Los Angeles with some \$12.45 in my pocket and eager hopefulness in my heart. I went to several studios but was informed that they were full-up on writers. Between the cafes and the cafes my operating capital dwindled steadily—while the good ship JOB failed utterly to appear on the horizon.

Finally, acting on purely a hunch—and this being the last trip I could take until I replenished my finances by some lucrative form of menial labor—I went out to the Culver City studio of the New York Motion Picture company, whose presiding genius at that time was Thomas H. Ince and whose galaxy of writers included such magic names as C. Gardner Sullivan, "Jack" Hawkes and John Lynch. As I entered the waiting room, delicately known as the "bull pen," I stated my business to the efficient, curt individual at the counter and was cheered and surprised to find that he was human—the first one of the species I had yet found in this particular position. He took my card and my message to Mr. Ince.

At that time I did not know how busy a man Mr. Ince was or how appropriate the term "waiting room" sometimes is. Well, I waited—from 9 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon. Mr. Ince was engaged in important conferences and, naturally, had no time for the unknown, naturally, had no time for the unknown, naturally, had no time for the unknown. He was attired for the motor and the common "Home, James," was written large upon his determined countenance. Knowing that this was my last chance, I timidly yet determinedly grasped the great film potentate by the lapel of his

borrowed half a dollar from my admirable landlady, boarded a train for Culver City, and after a bearable and very anxious wait was inducted into the sanctum.

The interview was brief but resolute. Mr. Ince first informed me that while my story was probably not the greatest piece of screen literature ever written, it was, possibly, on the other hand, not the worst. He explained that, in the skillful hands of his staff writers it could be mangled into usable shape; and that he would therefore buy it. He named a liberal price, which I hastily accepted. He then advised me that he would give me a month's try-out on the staff and that if I delivered the merchandise the position would be a permanent one.

My office was a dressing room at the extreme end of the lot—and here I had plenty of privacy to ponder on the immensity of my task, and the security of ideas. However, I worked hard, hard, hard. I wrote, and rewrote, and then destroyed and wrote again. I infested the "bull pen" with my scribbles, and gained an idea of the work of the director and the camera man. I harried attentively to the words of advice vouchsafed me by the seasoned craftsmen of the department—and I tried to profit thereby.

That was nearly four years ago—and as I have recently become associate editor of Golden State department, under the supervision of "Jack" Hawkes, under whom I had my early training, I feel that my work has been, in a modest degree, at least, successful. Satisfied with my business, I did both, conscientiously—just as anybody else can do if he brings to the task enthusiasm, determination and hard, hard work.

Exhibitors to Ask Widespread Fair Campaign

EVERY motion picture theatre in the United States will advertise the 1931 exposition to be held in Portland, if plans outlined and approved Thursday at the weekly meeting of the Motion Picture Exhibitors League of Oregon carry through.

The league repeated its pledge to aid the fair commission in every possible way and adopted a plan to undertake to interest all similar organizations in the nation in furthering the fame of the fair. Exhibitors everywhere will be asked to screen slides advertising the fair and to promote efforts to win state representations at the exposition.

Throughout Oregon the league members will exhibit special film trailers heralding the fair, the wonders of Oregon scenery and novelty advertising stunts, together with a continuous projection of slides from now on until the date of the big show.

That was the big business of Thursday's meeting at the Imperial hotel. The other matter that occupied the attention of members was the presence of C. S. Jensen, president of the league. Jensen's arrival was announced by a chorus of acclaim that he construed to be an enthusiastic tribute until someone, when the introduction of visitors was called for, presented him as a visitor and demanded that his presence as such be spread upon the minutes, inasmuch as he has missed a good many recent meetings.

To retaliate against his fellow showmen, Jensen wielded a wicked gavel and rudely halted the weekly sponging contest sponsored by Gus Metzger. All extra spoons (those not stuck up in coffee cups) were confiscated until the meeting was adjourned.

Leon Errol, Once a Portland Player, Is Busier Than a Bee

Ever since that night last winter when Ziegfeld's record-breaking "Sally" opened in New York, Leon Errol, former Portland player, has been the busiest being on three continents. In such demand has he been for attendance at public functions and celebrations that he threatens the established long-distance dining and speaking records hung up by such veterans as Chauncey M. Depew, Patrick Francis Murphy and Irvin Cobb. The full count shows he has been bidden to 27 public and private banquets, 19 of which he attended. At six of them he was the highest-to-goodness guest of honor, and at the others he was either the toastmaster or chief wit.

But even that is mere incident in his merry round of diversions, a check-up of which reveals that he has staged and personally rehearsed four big musical shows, including "Snapshots of 1921"; conceived and produced six vaudeville acts and sketches for artists on the "big time"; taken part in four Lamb's Gambola, being the Collier of one; aided in producing and appearing in the two spectacular Actors' Equity benefits at the Metropolitan opera house; withstood the pointed personalities of 35 newspaper interviewers; smiled at 11 cartoonists as they maligned him to his face; made requested contributions to 13 magazines; sat five times to prominent painters; had his portrait, in natural and otherwise; posed once for his clay counterfeiter before a noted sculptor and been photographed 31 times.

And all this, while devoting nearly four hours every night and two afternoons each week—a total of 32 hours weekly—to his performance of "Sally" in the New Amsterdam theatre. Even this does not include such minor social activities between performances as breaking in a brand new automobile; making two aerial flights; playing golf on every course within 100 miles of his dressing room and the pleasure of twice being confined to his bed, all within the same period.

One of the most difficult orders he has been called upon to fill, necessitated his leaving the city on two consecutive nights after the play, to proceed to Stamford, Conn., there to conduct all-night rehearsals of a new successful musical show then preparing for its Metropolitan premier.

But aside from this Errol has been bored with idleness when not playing pieces for Eric Ziegfeld.

"FATTY" A BUSY MAN
A trip half way across the continent just for "local color" will be the record Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in his latest picture, "Via Fast Freight." The company, under the leadership of James Cruze, director, will go to Chicago for a number of the big scenes, including streets, department stores, freight yards, etc. Upon their completion the company will journey back to Hollywood to make the interior scenes.

STAR'S NEW PICTURE
Ethel Clayton has completed her current picture, "Her Own Money," which she has been making under the direction of Joseph Henabery. She is scheduled to start work in "Exit the Vamp," an original story by Clara Beranger. Frank Urson, who made "Walkies Raisin' Last Year" pictures, will direct.

Simple Life a Happy One for Portland Girl

CAN a motion picture actress lead the "simple life"?

Most persons would answer this question in the negative, for they have gained such a fixed opinion that stage folk, when not working, engage in a continuous round of gaiety that it would require considerable evidence to convince them they are wrong. Novelists may be responsible for this belief, or it may be due to isolated stories in the news gossip; nevertheless, it is strongly entrenched.

But there is one actress who is an advocate of the simple life, and what is more, really lives it. And the rapidity with which she has climbed the ladder of fame attests the value of her theory.

This actress is Jewel Carmen, Portland girl, former pupil at St. Mary's academy here and wife of Roland West, head of the film company that produces her pictures.

Many a housewife who thinks her round of existence is dull and routine really has more exciting times than this winsome cinema actress. Miss Carmen began her stage career when only 20 years old in Portland. During the heart-breaking days as an extra in the studios she was performed compelled to live the simple life, and finding it so valuable in conserving her strength and made good by working hard, earnestly, conscientiously—just as anybody else can do if he brings to the task enthusiasm, determination and hard, hard work.

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JEWEL CARMEN, Portland girl, who started interesting career here, tells of possibility and value of living the "simple life."



Portland girl is called an unusual artist: She doesn't drink, because it makes her sick. And yet, in her new picture, "Nobody," she is compelled to register

intoxication. However, so sure is her power of mimicry that it is a successful performance.

She doesn't smoke. She tried it once and didn't like it.

She retires at 11 o'clock every night. She uses no face powder, lip stick or rouge—and how many women can make that boast?

She knows practically nothing of Broadway "night life," having been in New York's two largest hotels only once.

And she makes her own dresses and frequently her own hats and evening cloaks.

You will agree that these rules give her authority to speak on the value of simplicity of living.

During the summer months Miss Carmen makes her home with her producer-husband, Roland West, on her yacht, Agnes, in the bay off Fort Washington, Long Island, but life on board is more domestic than nautical. Every cabin betrays those little touches which only feminine hands can bestow.

A sewing machine, on which she makes her clothing, is one feature of the yacht, and she runs it skillfully. She is just as proficient with the ranges in the galley, and tempting are the dishes she prepares there.

Miss Carmen began her screen career as an extra at the old Triangle studios. Her success in minor roles led to her being given more important parts, and one day she found herself leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks, appearing opposite him in "Manhattan Madness" and "The Half Breed."

The public immediately was captivated by her, and she was given a contract by the Fox Film Corporation, appearing as "Les Miserables," "A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Conqueror." She starred after that in "The Right to Love," "The Confession," "The Girl With the Cham-

pagne Eyes" and "You Can't Get Away With It."

"There is no reason why screen actresses should grow old in their twenties," says Miss Carmen. "Keeping one's youth is easy. The main points are to get lots of fresh air, sunshine and sleep, and to lead the simple life. I get nine hours' sleep every night."

Her program will be as follows: "Dardanelles" (Black); intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; "Tricks of the Trade," arranged by Henri Keston (imitations of all musical instruments); newboys' minstrel, (a) trombone and cornet duet by Al and Joe Zook; (b), male trio, Jack Kemp, T. Henderson and M. Naylor; "School Days" and other songs in which the public can join, and selections from Miss Modiste (Harbor).

"Scotty" Cohen and Joe Harris were the committee appointed to select the program. Tommy Luke and Tommy Swivel headed the committee of business men which agreed to help the newboy entry in the contest, to compete for the \$500 prize offered the civic organization bringing the largest attendance at the Liberty theatre Sunday noon concert between the hours of 12 and 1 p. m.

Ralph Ince is now directing Elaine Hammerstein in her Selwyn play.

Newsboys' Program In Liberty Contest Holds Much Interest

Portland newsboys had many long conferences with Henri Keston, Liberty master organizer, before they selected the five numbers for the noon concert which they will sponsor in the Liberty \$500 music contest today.

Their program will be as follows: "Dardanelles" (Black); intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; "Tricks of the Trade," arranged by Henri Keston (imitations of all musical instruments); newboys' minstrel, (a) trombone and cornet duet by Al and Joe Zook; (b), male trio, Jack Kemp, T. Henderson and M. Naylor; "School Days" and other songs in which the public can join, and selections from Miss Modiste (Harbor).

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FOX NEWS NO. 79

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CONDUCTOR AND PIANIST

SUNDAY CONCERT

12:30 Noon Today

"Norma" Overture V. Bellini
"Serenade D'Armour" F. Von Flon
"High Jinks" Selection Rudolf Friml
"Dance of the Camorristi" Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari
"Valse Des Fleurs" P. Tschalkovsky
"Second Hungarian Fantasia" Thos. M. Tobani

WEEKDAY CONCERT

"High Jinks" Selection Rudolf Friml

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