

# The Hollywood Story

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CHAPTER XXI

"One of my clients," Riddle said, "is getting married." He paused impressively. "Grand. United's biggest star," he added.

"Not Sylvia Patterson?" cried Louise.

"None other."

Dan said, "Who's she marrying?" and Riddle shook his head. "I'm not telling, but you can try to guess."

"Not Garry Sloan?"

"Not a chance."

"Probably some millionaire," Louise Watkins ventured. "Sylvia would."

Johnny Riddle chuckled and filled a plate with small sandwiches.

"Not bad," he said. "The man's a broker, and he's a millionaire. Now don't ask me any more questions, and keep it under your hat. . . . Got an apron, Dan? I'm about to serve tea."

The crowd lingered for another hour, and then it broke up, but Johnny Riddle remained to loaf and chat and to propose a picture show. He said he was anxious to see the new George Arliss film. "Come on along I can get passes."

"Why don't you take one of your girls?" Paul Collier drawled lazily. "Why don't you take a couple of them?"

"Why don't you go off some place and die?" Johnny retorted. He said, "I'm out of love, anyway. I've just been broken over again."

"You look broken-hearted," Collier said.

"I'm tired of it all," Johnny said with a grin.

"What you need," said Dan, "is a new client." He chuckled softly over his cigarette. Riddle, at any rate, had a heart that didn't bruise very easily. Johnny was able to shed his numerous rebuffs like a duck shedding rain drops; he was as philosophical about them as he was about the monthly statements he sent out. Some day, Dan thought with a smile, Johnny would get a pretty new publicity

client who would fool him completely by marrying him, and then there would be the devil to pay unless she put a pair of blinkers on him.

Collier, now, was different; vastly so. Dan tried to imagine him getting crazy about a girl, but girls meant nothing in Paul's young life. Dan surmised that might be one of the reasons why women thought Collier so attractive, though there were sufficient other reasons why they should think so. And he remembered a story about Collier, how a beautiful young featured player had fallen for his nonchalant charms and had virtually trailed him all over Hollywood, and had her trouble for her pains.

He believed, too, that Mona Morrison was becoming interested in Paul. The night they had gone to the public dance hall in Los Angeles there had been evidence of this to a person who possessed sharp eyes. An occasional look from Mona, a word, a smile. . . . Remembering Eva Harley's flimsy protective feeling toward the little red-haired girl, Dan knew a moment or two of uneasiness; but he thought: "Paul's common sense."

Johnny Riddle's voice broke in on his reverie, demanding to know if they were going with him to the movies. Paul Collier yawned and stretched lazily, and got up, and Dan said:

"Well, I'm for it. We haven't been out of the house today except to get dinner."

"Call up and see what time the feature goes on," Paul told him. "I'm for getting a bite first and then going for a ride after the show."

Dan obeyed. And after he got the information he called up Anne Winter.

"Just checking in," he said, when she came to the telephone. "Survive the party all right?"

"Absolutely."

"Get plenty of sleep?"

She had, Anne informed him, slept until noon. And she laughed. "Mona," she said, "wants you to know that I've had the best of care. She brought me my breakfast in bed."

"That's a lot more attention than I got," Dan informed her, and he complained about Collier. Rimmer saw very little of her during the next few weeks. Anne was busy, and so was he. Rumors were flying around the Continental lot now, but despite them there was feverish activity. Among his associates it was whispered that Adamson was trying for some kind of production record with which to impress the prospective new owners of Continental Pictures.

"He wants to hang onto that job of his," Dan was told.

From another: "If Lawson Brothers are as smart as I think they are, Adamson hasn't got a chance."

The week-end following Collier's party Rimmer and Collier drove down to Agua Caliente. Dan had never been there, and he went out of curiosity and for the ride, for the tourist season was over.

"It might not be here next winter," he explained to Collier, who thought it queer that Dan wanted to go to Caliente in June.

"Where do you think you'll be?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe back in New York. I'm not such a yow out here."

"You're eating regularly, aren't you?" Paul said. "Shut up."

Some days later, when Dan tried to interest Anne in a Sunday of swimming at Santa Monica Beach or Venice, she told him she already had been invited to a party at Malibu. About ten or a dozen from the east of the picture she was working in were week-ending at the beach," she said.

"I'm jealous, Anne."

"Yes, I know you are," her tone a little scornful.

"No feeling. Why don't you ever believe me?"

"I do sometimes."

Anne had a gorgeous time. She spent wonderful hours in the sun and water, she didn't burn, for which she always had been thankful, but she came back a shade darker. Fred Hurley, the director, was in the party, and he was very attentive to her in an easy, gracious, friendly way that Anne liked. She liked Hurley; he

showed her as much consideration as the featured players, professed to be enthusiastic over the progress she was making.

And she was progressing, now. The picture was in production, now. After endless days and days of monotonous drill, the dances were ready; Anne had tapped and kicked and tapped through difficult routines until she prayed for rest, had stopped at the sudden rasped command of the dance director, and then over and over again, hour after hour of it. And Hurley had given her the song he had promised her. He was not sorry, he said, hearing her rehearsal; it was Anne Winter's song.

Anne danced as she sang it, danced with her hands on her hips and with her arms flinging wide in abandon, with a chorus behind her following. She smiled as she sang, smiled with flashing teeth and curving lips and vivid sparkling eyes, and she sang in a low, smooth, mellow-sounding voice, with a microphone following her about overhead.

She went through it many times before Hurley was satisfied; there were difficulties with the chorus; an extra "mike" was needed, a tapping low to catch the rhythmic placing of dancing feet; the sound chief had a new suggestion that Hurley thought would help. And once, after going through the number, Anne swung away from the stage and found Garry Sloan watching her.

He was leaning against a step-ladder, one foot on the lower step, an arm resting on an upper one. He looked bigger and brawnier than ever with his white shirt open at the throat and the sleeves rolled up past the elbows, baring powerful forearms. He wore white flannel trousers, somewhat soiled, and his hair was a bushy tawny mop.

As Anne passed near him he put out his hand and she stopped. She had seen a whole stage cease activity at a gesture from Sloan, and utter silence reign where, an instant before there had been bedlam. When Garry Sloan held up a hand people stopped.

"Miss Winter," he said with a smile, and he straightened up from his lounging stance, spread his feet, he thrust his hands in his pockets. "How are you?" he asked.

Anne smiled, too. "Very well, thanks, Mr. Sloan."

Sloan jerked his yellow head toward the set she had just quit. "I've been watching you," he said, and paused, and Anne waited for him to speak again.

"Very nice," he said.

"You mean—"

"I mean you," Sloan's smile broadened. "I mean your voice is very nice. I like it. I've been listening to you sing."

A compliment from Garry Sloan! Anne Winter's hands closed and unclashed nervously. "Oh, do you really mean it! Thank you."

Sloan said, "I was just thinking. You were an extra girl the last time I talked with you, weren't you?"

Anne nodded. "That was in 'Married in May.' And you gave me a bit, don't you remember? Oh, if you only knew what a thrill I got out of that!"

Sloan laughed easily. "I know right away you weren't meant for extra jobs. Wasn't I right?"

Anne gave a little uncertain laugh. "Well—" she began, and stopped, and Sloan gestured toward the set again as if that held the answer.

He asked her: "Have you studied voice? . . . I don't think so," he ventured, and Anne confirmed this. And he said, "I'm not sure that you ought to; there's something about it just the way it is. . . . Only, there's a man here in Hollywood who can accomplish wonders in about a dozen lessons—if you can afford him."

"I hope I can," said Anne, and Sloan promised to give her the man's name and address. "He's given pretty good voices to some of the people around here who never suspected they could sing a note."

His eyes inspected her critically in her scanty costume, and Anne stood, one hand on her hip, waiting for him to speak again, uncertain whether to go or to wait for his dismissal.

"Are you under contract now?" he asked presently, and Anne said, "Why, no; I'm just engaged for this picture."

"Well, something ought to be done about that," said Sloan.

(To Be Continued)

## PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quillen

Add to obsolete sayings: "Fill'er up."

Optimism is the triumph of faith over facts.

A man doesn't really sigh for the good old days. He just sighs for a lost appetite.

A he-man, daughter, is one who despises the movie hero who seems the ideal he-man to you.

The worst feature about that baby mix-up in Chicago is its probable effect on movie producers.

MAYBE THE ART OF CONVERSATION JUST SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED BECAUSE IT IS CALLED BRIDGE NOW.

There's just as much money in hard times. There's just as much blood in a dead man—but it isn't circulating.

Chief Justice Wheat rules that miniature golf isn't golf. It's just putting around.

France and Italy are willing to bury the hatchet. You can tell by the way they look at one another's necks.

AMERICANISM: Painting soft pine to imitate oak; trying to achieve culture by the same method.

Publicity is what enables climbers to reach the top. Look what it has done for thermometers lately.

AMBITION IS THE QUALITY THAT KEEPS DAN FROM SPANKING WILLIE FOR THROWING ROCKS AT PAASING DERBIES PROVIDED HE ALWAYS HITS THEM.

You can tell a Chinese army that is inspired by Reds. The privates grab part of the loot in-

China has a mountain of alum 100 feet high.

Oh Boy! What Joy LIFT CORNS RIGHT OUT

The English Way

Right from England comes the new, better, joyful way to take out corns—roots and all.

Callouses go along and you can rub off that hard skin on heels and toes with your hand—the magic treatment.

Ask Whitman Drug Co., or any leading druggist for a package of Radox—put 2 tablespoonsful in a gallon of hot water—do this 2 or 4 nights in succession—then lift out the corns.

This joyful exhilarating foot bath is simply great—you'll enjoy every minute of it and your burning, sore, tired, aching feet will feel better than they have for years—ask for Radox and foot comfort will be yours.—ADV.

foxy phann

LOOK BEFORE YOU DRINK—IT MAY BE YOUR LAST LOOK—

WELL, YOU SEE JUDGE, IT WAS LIKE THIS—

THANKS TO BILL HIPPO, DETROIT, MICH.

Correct this sentence: "When I was your age," said dad, "I felt very grateful for the kindness of my parents."

NEW YORK.—Jack Levy didn't like Sing Sing prison so he sewed himself in a mattress to get out. Everything went well enough until the mattress was on its way out of the prison gates. There guards saw it looked bulkier than usual, and investigated. They found Levy and he was returned to solitary confinement.

Corrections To Errorgrams

(1) Crocodiles, not alligators, are found in the Nile. (2) Egg-laying reptiles are called oviparous, not viviparous. (3) The hind legs are missing from the larger crocodile. (4) Crocodiles cannot turn their heads, owing to the construction of the neck. (5) The scrambled word is NOWHERE.

## ERRORGRAMS



THEY'S Scrambled

HERENOW

Neither here nor there.

There are at least four mistakes in the above picture. They may pertain to grammar, history, etiquette, drawing or whatnot. See if you can find them. Then look at the scrambled word below and unscramble it, by switching the letters around. Grade yourself 20 for each of the mistakes you find, and 20 for the word if you unscramble it. Look on this page and we'll explain the mistakes and tell you the word. Then you can see how near a hundred you bat.

## Question on History

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- HORIZONTAL
- 30 Chase.
- 31 Behold.
- 32 Registered for appointment.
- 33 Sun.
- 34 Iron pan.
- 35 Lows.
- 36 Clergyman.
- 37 Where is Mt.
- McKinley?
- VERTICAL
- 1 Who did Charlotte Corday kill?
- 2 Above.
- 3 To proffer.
- 4 Unit.
- 5 To corrode.
- 6 Bed lath.
- 7 Side of a leaf.
- 8 Supped.
- 9 Note in scale.
- 10 Home.
- 11 To root up.
- 12 Pedes.
- 13 Heavy string.
- 14 Celestial body.
- 15 Street.
- 16 To saturate.
- 17 To graze.
- 18 Knife.
- 19 Brought up.
- 20 Memorial.
- 21 Screen.
- 22 Music drama.
- 23 Of city.
- 24 Long cut.
- 25 Corner.
- 26 Spring.
- 27 Call for help.
- 28 Senator.
- 29 Mother.
- YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
- SPEEDWAYS
- MALAR ABETS
- SAVAGE SALTINE
- ALONE B SPEAR
- PER REACH SPA
- GNU
- LISM GODS SHE
- NOOSE I MATERS
- GALORE WALKERS
- PALMY ELDER
- RESEMBLES

## SIDE GLANCES



When a school-boy, Raymond Poincare, war-time president of France, who lived in the province of Lorraine, carried an umbrella whether there was rain or sunshine. Classmates nicknamed him "Prudence Lorraine."

## Out Our Way



## Freckles and His Friends



REDDING THE NEW FOREMAN ON CLEM BROWN'S RANCH—OUT HERE FOR HIS HEALTH.

OSCAR'S UNCLE CLEM— OTHERWISE CLEM BROWN—WHO IS A MAN OF FEW WORDS...

## In a Nut-Shell!



FRECKLES AND OSCAR WERE THROWN FROM THEIR HORSE AND THE BAG OF MONEY CUT FROM THEIR SADDLE...

## Ask the Tooth



## Mom'n Pop



## Ask the Tooth



## Ask the Tooth



## By Blosser



## By Gowan

