

# Folly and Farewell

By MARIE BLIZARD  
1936 NEA Service, Inc.

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
LINDA BOURNE, 30 years old, is left alone in the sudden death of her father. PETER GARDNER, newspaper reporter, helps her to find a job in the society news. Linda is in love with DIX CARTER, but he has already agreed to marry another girl. When Peter asks her to marry him she agrees, but postpones the wedding.

**HONEY HARMON**, film star, comes to Newtown, making a "personal appearance" for Peter to interview her and sell her a scenario written by Linda. Peter turns down a job in Hollywood, but when Linda receives an offer there she accepts it.

**IN HOLLYWOOD** no one pays any attention to Linda until one day, at a conference, she suggests that COOPER VENELE, an actor, has been miscast. She is quoting Peter, though she has never met him.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XII**

FOR two months Linda had spent the days since her arrival in Hollywood sitting with her feet on the pulled-out drawer of her desk, idly reading old scripts. At lunchtime she had found a secluded table in the Commonwealth lunch-room, then wandered over the lots, watching the making of pictures and going back to write a few little letters to Pete in which she pictured herself as Alice in Wonderland. Studio life was fascinating to watch, but Linda had been bored.

Then came that fateful day of the conference. Linda had been invited out of courtesy. Directors, producers and writers had met to discuss the falling stars, the pictures that were not good "box-office," and out of it all had come one suggestion from the unknown Linda Bourne. And a falling star had become once more a brilliant possibility.

Linda was no longer bored. The studio had bought Myron's "Life of Keats" and they were already at work on the picture for Cooper Venele.

Linda was famous. Miracle girl, they called her. But, by this time, Linda was no longer surprised by Hollywood. And a little time she forgot it hadn't been her own idea—that she had only said what Pete had written. She had long since thrown away the telegram from Pete. She accepted her increased salary as easily as she accepted her move to the executive offices and the services of a secretary.

When they brought her a copy of her original script, which Pete had sold to Honey Harmon almost half a year before, Linda thought the plot was really her own. If there was a third character that Pete had written into it, long before she had written it, Linda didn't remember and Pete had never told her what he had done.

When Linda made the first speech that made her famous in moviedom that day she took several rounds of the ladder of success at once, but when, three months later, lunching casually with Hogarth James who had played English character parts for the past five years, she suggested that he had a kind of menace in his kindly face that was exactly right for a series of new mystery stories, she was made!

She forgot that Pete Gardner had pointed this out to her after a movie they had seen together at the Palace at Newtown.

It wasn't lonely for Linda in Hollywood after that. She had moved from the hotel to an apartment house, bought herself a modest car, and, like everyone else in Hollywood, wanted to the movies.

A young woman with power—and Linda had power since she was credited with "discoveries"—need not have feared loneliness. Linda could be useful and she was attractive.

She was chic. She learned to dress well. Any old hat and knitted things didn't go. In Hollywood the fashion was sports clothes and evening clothes, and Linda's tailored white tweed, her broad-shouldered, slim-hipped tailcoats, her fresh violets, white or deep purple, which she always wore, were distinguished. Her evening frocks were beautiful. Her all clothes were beautiful. Her soft, clipped voice and her dignified bearing were often unkind contrast to her sensational sisters in the picture colony. Picture people wanted to know Linda for herself, as well as for what she could do for them.

She spent money recklessly on clothes. She bought a good car, not because she wanted to create an impression but because she liked to drive a good car. She gave parties. They were gay and intimate. Dinners for four or six, at the most, and never for two. Sundays she was "at home" from 4 to 7, serving a discreet number of cocktails and excellent food. It became smart to be invited to a Bourne Sunday afternoon.

Linda knew the stars, the important directors, the producers. She went to the fights, the football games, to Palm Springs and Arrowhead for week-ends. She spoke a few words into the "micro" at the important openings at Sid Graumann's Chinese Theater. She became a celebrity among celebrities, and she still wrote to Pete, but her letters grew less frequent and told him more than she thought. Pete knew he had lost her, and pride kept him from intruding into the life she had made for herself.

Pete put himself into his play. And one day it was done and he sent it to New York.

Linda was in Hollywood 18 months before she met Basil Thorne. Not that she didn't know him by name. Or by reputation. Thorne was the director who had made the great money-making musicals. His pictures had brought a new medium to picture making. Extravaganzas, they were like their creator. Dazzling, gargantuan, filled with contrasts, romantic, worldly and incredible.

Linda met Basil Thorne at Honey Harmon's bungalow at Malibu. She drove down with Cora Jarrett, editor of a movie fan magazine.

"Maybe you'll like him, and maybe you won't. Most women do," Cora, speaking of Thorne, said to Linda. "I would be hard to describe him. I don't know whether he is a cad or a gentleman. I don't even know whether he is ugly or handsome. He's that kind. Most women are crazy about him, but maybe it's just Hollywood. He is having a cycle of blonds now."

"Cycle of blonds?" Linda asked. "Yes. When he first came it was the Dietrich type. Then he went in for gamins. Then he took the sophisticated ladies in his stride, so to speak, but now it's blonds. Must I say more?"

"You might mention one," Linda answered. "Honey Harmon."

"Oh Honey, my patroness!" "Your hostess, will do," Cora answered. "We all know Honey bought your first script, but don't let her get the idea that she has anything to do with your success. Honey has a way of making unexpected use of a little thing she thinks belongs to her. Incidentally, she thinks Thorne belongs to her. I thought I'd tell you just in case—"

"I remember someone who belonged to me once and she wasn't above appropriating him."

"In Hollywood?" Cora asked. "No," Linda answered briskly. "Just what I thought! You've been out here a couple of years and I haven't heard about a single romance, Linda. Is it this someone back east?"

"It isn't anybody at all. No romances. All work." Linda wanted Cora to get her mind off the subject. Cora was a Hollywoodite and she could use any information herself. Not that Linda had any to give her. There had been no romance in her life, unless she counted Pete, and after so many months that was so remote that Linda forgot most of the things she thought she would always remember about him. She thought of him now, and missed him suddenly. Not because he was Pete, but because she was a girl and she had no one to love. And then she met Basil Thorne.

(To Be Continued)

## FRATERNITY AIDS FIELD'S WIDOW

HEAFFORD JUNCTION, Wis., May 21. (AP)—A speedy reply to an appeal for financial aid today assured the widow of Eugene Field, the poet, that her picturesque resort estate would not be lost through a mortgage foreclosure. Her son, Eugene Field II, said he believed his mother would accept the "splendid offer" of the New York alumni chapter of Phi Delta Theta to advance \$5,000 needed to satisfy a judgment against the 155-acre estate. Mrs. Field had invested her savings, about \$60,000 in the place. Field was a Phi Delta Theta.

Hearing on conformation of the foreclosure sale was scheduled for Saturday. The fraternity's offer came a few hours before Jesse P. Henry, chairman of a civic committee restoring Field's boyhood home in St. Louis, notified the 80-year-old widow, ill with heart disease, that he had appealed to President Roosevelt for aid in her behalf.

Assistance from the St. Louis group also was promised, the poet's son said. The machine-like removal of hats in elevators on which women are passengers has become a meaningless gesture, as futile as it is foolish, making men an object of derision—even among ourselves—causing strong men to cringe and women to titter.—U. S. Representative Maury Maverick, Texas.

There is a deplorable tendency already observable on the part of some children to consider their duty to the attentions they shower upon her on Mother's Day.—Dr. Charles Francis Potter, New York clergyman.

The first grains of wheat grew wild on the steppes of Asia, thousands of years ago. This wild wheat was the genesis of the grain that we know and use today.

## Flapper Fannie Says



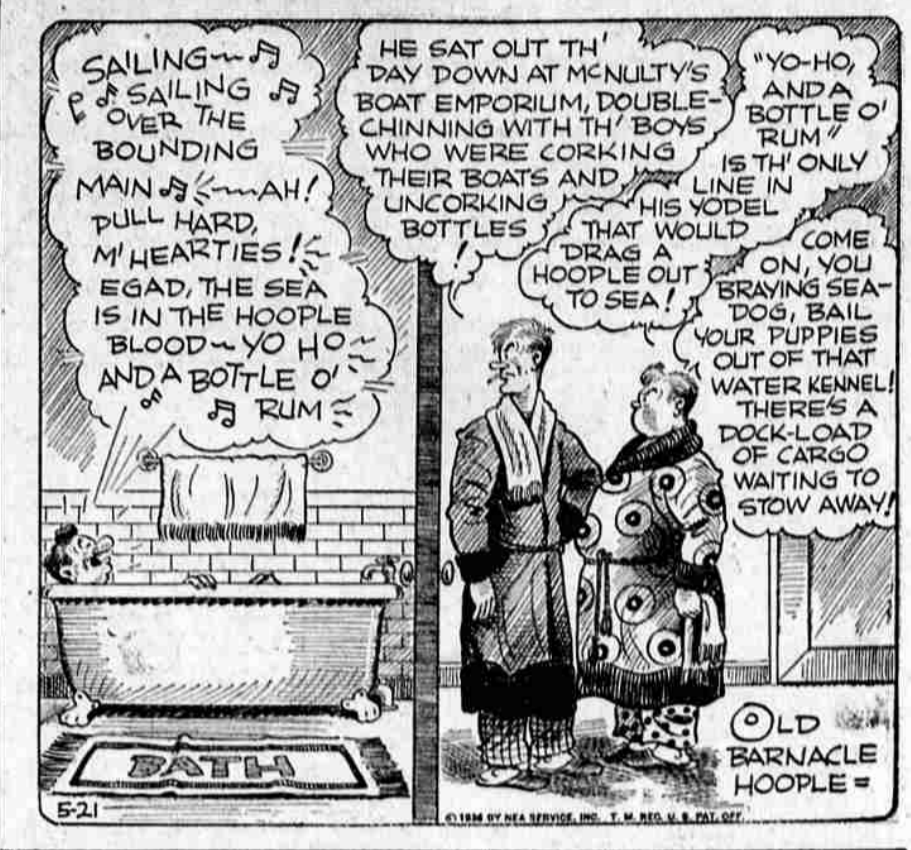
A pirouette by Pierrette puts Pierrot in a whirl.

## OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OLD BARNACLE HOOPLE =

## MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

## WASH TUBS



BY CRANE

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN