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HOUSTON (Tex.) PRESS

Date SEP 20 1940

# Fort Worth Sees Stars -- 12 of Them

## 'The Westerner' Launched With Premiere That Beats All Premieres; Three Theaters Needed

By PAUL HOCHULI

FORT WORTH, Sept. 20.—Fort Worth bargained for three stars and got 12 to help set off the fireworks that always mark the birth of a Hollywood brain child.

In this case said brain child was christened "The Westerner" and was launched last night in a city that may look the same next week, but I doubt it. Travelling around to premieres is not exactly new to this department, but without tongue in cheek I'll say the getaway here wins the upper brackets of those I have drawn a hand in. When Fort Worth tosses a party they throw it out of this world.



Paul Hochuli

who sells tooth paste had the rest of the contingent on the ropes from the first wisecrack.

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**SUCH WAS THE DEMAND** for tickets, three houses were needed to take care of the some 8000 folks who crowded through the doors to see the Hollywood version of Texas law west of the Pecos. And what they saw was a glorified horse oprey that will appeal to action fans and those who like their women tender and men tough. Mr. Brennan did a neat job as Judge Roy Bean, shading Mr. Cooper for honors. I think you'll like it when you see it in Loew's in our town. It started there today.

The premiere was all that confirmed Hollywooders would demand. The usual searchlights pierced the sky, bombs burst with a London noise at least, and the populace clogged the streets for several block to get a glimpse of the folks their tickets of admission support in the style to which I could become accustomed.

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**INSIDE THE THREE THEATERS**, the entire Hollywood contingent took bows or passed the time of day over the footlights. Thanks to the fast patter of Hope, which set the tempo, the stage section was reeled off without any upsets, although Mr. C. was a bit embarrassed and the cat got the tongues of several others. The audience loved it.

The show was started by AMON CARTER, high papa of the premiere. He turned it over to BOB O'DONNELL, Interstate's general manager, who in turn passed the verbal baton to Hope. That worthy said speed was essential inasmuch as the premiere was to be given in "three theaters and five grocery stores." That gives you an idea.

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**AFTER THE BIGWIGS** had their innings, the 24 girls selected over the state were introduced and Miss Typical Texas was named. Sad to relate, the judges were blind and MISS FRANCES BURNETT, Houston's standard bearer, was not named. A Miss Abilene was the lucky winner of a trip to New York. She is MISS RUTH FOOTE. I still think we was robbed.

High spot of events leading up to the premiere was a party tossed by Carter at his Shady Oaks Farm. Some 200 visitors feasted on a typical Texas dinner, washed down by gallons of buttermilk. And sterner stuff. Goldwyn was given a belt and buckle diamond studded and the ladies received favors. Cooper was named a member of the Cowboy Club, the rules being suspended to take in a person under 50.

It was nice going by Fort Worth and worthy of Houston.

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**NOTES ON PREMIERE FOLKS:** The planes were a couple of hours late arriving, due to rough weather. Cooper had forgotten to pack his comb and looked like you and I after a night of riding. Some of the others, especially Hope, looked as if the bumpy flight had had them leaning over the old toprail. Firm ground and ideal Texas weather soon restored spirits and health.

That Miss Bond is a looker, take it from yours truly. And she dances without me stepping on her feet—quite a feat . . . Hope grabbed a major section of the arrival spot with his imitation of GENE AUTRY. . . . The stars did no less than six broadcasts, had three stage appearances and sandwiched in a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, the party at Carter's and a final ball. Rather a long day's work even at three or four grand a week . . . Goldwyn disappointed me. He didn't say "include me out" once.

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**OUR MISS BURNETT** got the thrill of her life at the dance when Cooper was her partner. It's a good thing her vacation has some time to run or she'd be giving her telephone subscribers some wrong numbers.

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**COOPER LED THE PARADE** and proved he was no drugstore variety of cowboy. His Wyoming training stood him in good stead . . . DORIS DAVENPORT, getting her first big chance in the movies, was a tickled little lady. She also was getting her first plane trip, and I have an idea she'd rather ride a horse back home . . . She has big ambitions to do dramatic parts. PAUL HARRISON, N. E. A. columnist on the trip, says she can do.

Speaking of columnists, there was a flock of them around the place. HARRISON, HUBBARD KEAVY, ROBBIN COONS, JIMMY FIDLER, and SHEILA GRAHAM led the contingent. You can expect some nice things about our state from them, judging from the way they took to the hospitality.

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**CHILLS WILLS**, the straight-shooting cook of "Boom Town," scored a hit with the youngsters. He and Hope always were surrounded by scores . . . Brennan looks a lot younger than you could expect, judging from the elderly roles he gets from the bosses . . . Arnold and Ruggles said they just came along for the ride, but earned their keep with cut-upery in the parade and on the stages. Arnold was pleased as punch when I told him I had read his autobiography . . . The parade was a credit to the host city. Every type of old vehicle was included, and filled with flocks of pretty Texas girls.