

T E X A S
Press Clipping Bureau

DALLAS

From

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Hollywood

40

Gossip

By ROBIN COONS

DALLAS, Texas (And Points West)—Well, it's been a grand trip. Everybody here? Boy, could I use some sleep!

Lost your baggage? Well, They'll round it up for you. did I tell you what happened to mine? Yeah, found it a while ago. That bag the airline gives you for overnight stuff. Mine never showed in Fort Worth. Checked everywhere, no soap.

Up t'the hotel room in Dallas a while ago the airline agent comes in and I tell him about it, and Ed Schallert of the L. A. Times speaks up and says what nice outfits these airlines are, they not only give you a sleeper bag but they equip it for you. Pyjamas and toothbrush and shaving articles and he doesn't know what else 'cause he's used his own.

Something clicks and I say "And not by chance a grey flannel dressing gown, Ed?" And light dawns on Ed, too, and he says, "Not—?" And I say "Yeah." And it's a haw-haw-haw all around.

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WELL, let's go, plane's ready.

Nict town, Dallas. Amon Carter of Fort Worth, "where the West begins," says Dallas is 'where the East peters out," but that's the way it goes.

Here in Dallas, where they've more people than Fort Worth, they pretend not to notice the "feud" — much. Matter of fact, Dallas does seem a bit more conservative than its sister town—but probably that's because we saw Fort Worth a-whooping for "The Westerner" premier and Dallas, for the "second premier."

Hold on tight, we're off, we're up. There goes Bob Hope, beelining it for his berth and some sleep—and does he need it! Matter of fact, if anybody on this junket needs some rest it's these movie people. That Gary Cooper's his own best endorsement. Did'ja see him lead the Conga at that charity ball last night?

Say, that hotel in Fort Worth had something—giving each of us a boy to look out for us. Mine, named Fred, musta come straight from "Gone With the Wind." What's life going to be like without a valet now?

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SAW little Doris Davenport dead on her feet at the Varsity Club party this afternoon, but she wasn't giving up. She was bright as any of 'em at the premier, and I bet she signed as many autographs as the next one. She never did see the picture. Gotta give a hand to Walter Brennan, too—they love that boy, don't they? And Edward Arnold. . . .

Say, something's funny. Sam Goldwyn's been making impromptu talks for two days and he hasn't pulled a Goldwynism, not one. Bet Sam never did pull a Goldwynism. Fact is, I bet Sam's work on this junket has done more to blot out the caricatures of movie producers than all the words you could write about 'em. And when Sam and Bob Hope got down on the floor, on the premiere stage, and wrestled for the microphone—man, it was funny. Great act. Maybe Sam ought to be in pictures.

Say, d'ye suppose Amon Carter would give out with his recipe for those rancho beans? I'm gonna quit eating—just gonna spend the rest of my life dreaming about those BEANS. . . .