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JACK CARSON, the actor, has a theory about actors. He thinks they should be allowed to act, not goes down, but she reaches land, and IOWA run to type.

If Jack ran a studio he'd knock a few show traditions into a cocked

He'd give comics a change of pace; make serious players or character actors of them. Those who consider themselves dramatic artists he would sum-

marily kick in the pants by deflating them with light screwball roles. Then, before they got used to their new habiliments, he'd cast them in entirely different kinds of parts.

Jack Carson

"An actor," Jack says, "is a man who presumably can act, one who can impersonate any type of person with believability.

"Guys I've known for years at Warners' came up to me after seeing 'Roughly Speaking' with 'Hey, Jack! I caught you last night. Why didn't you tell me you could act?'

"At first I was sore as a hornet. 'Don't these people know they're insulting me?' I told myself. Then I got to thinking it over and realized they weren't to blame.

"They were simply following the old Hollywood custom of typing a guy and leaving him there to rot. "In the four years I'd been at Warners' I'd done little more than goon roles."

Never Misses

But there were those at Warners' who saw beyond Jack's make-up. And among them was Mike Curtiz, their ace director, who thought Jack worth taking a chance on.

So they took him off his bicycle (he'd just completed five pictures in less than five months) and handed him the "Roughly Speaking" script. "They didn't have to tell me about

that story," Jack says. "I'd read the book and loved it. It was human, real, believable. It was the stuff America is made of."

Personally, I think Jack's roughneck days in pictures are over. He's now just about finished a solid role since." opposite Joan Crawford in "Mildred Curtiz made them see the light the studio realizes what it's got in Jack.

Charles Ray country - bumpkined his way to obscurity. Warners should remember its insistence on typing Allen Jenkins and Frank Mc-Hugh as Damon Runyon characters. That didn't exactly help their careers, although both (overseas on USO tours) managed to maintain much of their popularity and are probably headed for comebacks.

Edmund Lowe apparently "O, yeahed" a couple of times too often as Vic McLaglen's tough buddy, because the customers typed him as the big, rough marine sergeant, and there he's stayed. Roscoe Ates' stuttering served him for years. He, too, needed a change of pace, which he didn't get.

Came Up From Vaudeville

Jack knows all about typing, because he came from vaudeville, a questionable art form that finally gasped, rattled and died because it refused to change with the times. He and a guy named Dave Willock teamed up while at Carleton college at Northfield, Minn., in a sort of happy chappy act that sprouted corn from every seam.

Dave and Jack sang and danced and said what they hoped were funny sayings in whatever public houses they could get bookings. From high school auditoriums they progressed to chautauqua, very smalltime vaudeville, and broadcast over fourwatt radio stations until they reached comparative big time by appearing at the Paramount theater in New York City. That's when vaudeville gave up the ghost, and Jack, having nowhere else to go,

headed for Hollywood. RKO, Jack's first bosses, must have seen him only as a man who should lose the girl in pictures, because for six straight films Jack lost Ginger Rogers to other guys, includhave liked the way Jack lost his ladies. At any rate they sent for him to lose Bette Davis to Jimmy Cagney in "The Bride Came C.O.D.,"

ners regular. "It isn't," says Jack, "that I mind clowning. All I ask is that the clowning be natural-believable-pertinent to the role, not just some gag writer's idea of unrelated humor. I'll clown. Otherwise write me appearance annoys you."

Better Late Than Never

When Lillian Gish is seen in "Susie Slagle" she won't be able to do all the parts offered her. Lillian has quality. Don't forget John Houseman of the theater brought Lillian back to the screen. . . . "The Road to Utopia" with Bob Hope and

Bing Crosby will get its first unveiling in the Aleutians. Bing's trying to cut in his program just before the picture goes on. . . Rochester has been added to "For Better, For Worse," at Metro. He son said, "Go to the store house and did "Broadway Rhythm" there.



Red Raskall By CLARK MEEKIN W.N.U. SERVICE

non, whose horse, Madoc, was sold to clear a debt when her father died, sails from England for America. Lark's ship Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. They manage to hobble Lancer, a fine horse that had escaped from the sinking ship. Lark finds herself a prisoner at the inn run by Cony and Mag, who plan to hold her for ransom from David North's firm. David North was her sweetheart. Lark tries to run away, but Cony catches her and she is locked in the attic. She escapes and is happy to find that her pursuer this time is David. She falls into his arms. Galt comes along and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk.

CHAPTER XI

He pulled up by the boat rail, threatening Galt. Lark screamed and tried to climb into the yawl, begging the sailors not to let Cony touch Galt. One of them gave Cony a push, sprawling him in the prow

again. He lay there moaning. "He's my bound boy," Cony said thickly. "I got a right to punish a bound boy that tried to murder me!"

"Suppose he is a bound boy! He's worked for Conv and stood all sorts of mistreatment for six years! Isn't that enough? He's a better man than Cony. Now are you going to let Cony kill him? Galt could have killed Cony, a while ago. I wish he had!"

Unconsciously Lark was appealing to Matson. It was not a deliberate thing, and not because she had any hope of finding sympathy in his face. It was simply that his face was quicker than the others, there was a certain amused comprehension there that the other faces lacked. He was a rapier among bludgeons, cruel perhaps-cruel certainly, but there was flickering light in his wide-set pale green eyes, a look of the gentleman about his graceful hands, his manner of standing there, wrapped in the folds of his black cape, a quality of assurance and judgment and thought.

"You make a very moving plea." Matson's voice was gentle. "Are you-fond of this bound lad?"

"Of course I am. He's the only person on this coast who has treated me with decency, much less kindness. I was wrecked on the Tempora and I've been held here ever

"Mag has told me about you." lerce." I honestly think since Mike Matson looked at her thoughtfully. "I'm not surprised you tried to run "I've heard a lot about you, too,

Dr. Matson," Lark said. "It certainly can't hurt a man like you to set Galt free of these Vurneys. Surely you'll do that much!" Matson smiled a very little. "Suppose we step inside the inn," he said, "and talk about it-Miss Lark Shannon!"

Then give Galt your protection first!" Lark was weary past any weariness she had ever known, but she felt a surge of new life, new hope, when Matson nodded and crisply ordered Cony not to touch

"As a matter of fact," Lark found she could think better now that the immediate danger of punishment of Galt was over, "Galt can buy himself off his last four years of service. He and I, together, caught the red stallion, Lancer, and hobbled him on a certain island. Cony will undoubtedly try to get the horse and claim the hundred pound reward, himself. But I want everybody here to know that Galt Withe, and I, Lark Shannon, caught that horse. The reward is due us, and not Cony. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Matson said with faint impatience. "Now are you quite ready to talk with me for a while?"

Lark nodded, feeling deflated, rebuked. She followed him past the sailors and the staring curious gipsies, up to the inn.

He chatted pleasantly with Lark about the weather, his voyage over, the tragedy of the Tempora's sinking. If she had not seen him murder that sailor last night, Lark could have been at ease with him now. Certainly he tried to put her at ease. It was a little harder, now, for her to credit David's tales of his villainy and Galt's thorough distrust and fear of the man. But, criminal ing Ronald Colman. Warners must or not, surely his interference in her affairs and Galt's was a very practical stroke of luck. His sympathy for her was evident.

"Haven't you something better to and that's how he became a War- wear than that filthy calico?" he asked petulantly. "And your hair -your hair!"

"I have the dress I was shipwrecked in." Lark felt the angry red rising in her face. "I hadn't exactly arrayed myself for your ap-In other words, if it belongs there proval, Dr. Matson. I'm sorry if my

"A woman should always be dainty," he said as she stood up, "whatever the circumstances. There is no excuse for a beautiful woman to forget her appearance. . . . Wait a moment!"

Mag was coming with a tray of tiny tomatoes that rolled about like red marbles. Matson looked at her with loathing. "Take them out and wash them in spring water! Don't | to help anybody living, it would have bring them in hot and dusty. Bed them in leaves with the drops of

cold water on them." Mag sighed and turned, and Matget this girl something to wear, while you're about it. Something lemon | fearing Cony. I'm going away. In | to insult you, sir." yellow, or thick rich cream. Not, time I'll send you money if there be !

THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shan- | in heaven's name, the muslin you | a money debt for the rest of my fouled with your own wearing last | term. I aim to go and take Lark, night! Get her a cape, brown or too." blue and quite soft so that it can blow in the wind. . . . And a ribbon for her hair, copper velvet if you can find it. I shall arrange the ribbon in her hair. . . And Morocco slippers. I shall wait."

rope like un's old man?"

kept un's old man from chokin'."

"You've got to think about now."

please! You're exhausted and done

out with-with the fight and with

worry. You're going to leave here.

have thought he did."

self. . . ."

cheeks?"

you-"

clothes."

help us-" Her voice broke.

green leaves. Matson looked at it

critically when she set it down,

picked up a tomato, popped it dain-

Mag said, "You owe a bill for her

"Tote it up." Matson ate with en-

joyment, wiping his lips with his silk

handkerchief. "And get the custom-

ward money from the horse."

you how grateful-"

to succeed."

evening?"

tily into his mouth.

I'm going, too. . . .

"Well," Mag bellowed, "come here, queenie! Think un self a smart one, don't un? Got a great friend in Matson, haven't un?"

Lark said, "I don't know. I wish I did." She went into the store room. "Un wish un did!" Mag shook out a blue satin cape till its folds snapped and crackled. "Well, I know! I know he'll sicken o' un's

mean ways an' slit un, so!" She took

scissors from an open trunk, ripping

Lark's dirty calico from neck to Roughly she stripped Lark of the dress, slipping a creamy India silk over her head, jerking its high tight waist in place, yanking the embroidered bottom flounce smooth over

ribbon sash angrily, swishingly. "I knowed un was bad luck when first I seed un!" Mag kicked a pair of laced slipper-sandals toward her. "Now un be in for bad luck un's own self! I've lost better wenches than un to that Spanish Cat in there,

Lark's torn petticoat, tying the light



first seed un!"

more wenches than I've got bugs in my bed bunk. Un'll come beggin' back to me, likely, an' will I an Cony help? We will not!"

Lark quietly put on the sandals and laced them. Mag was rummaging in the sea cask, pulling out a bolt of gold-sewn brown ribbon, measuring a quivering length, snipping it clean. She threw the cape and ribbon over Lark's arm and pushed her ahead, into the scullery, locking the store room behind them. The back scullery door opened, and Lark saw Galt standing there, just standing staring at her.

"Oh, Lark, un be so beautiful! Oh Lark!" He had cleaned himself up and put on fresh clothes, but aside from that, there was a new authority about him, a look of maturity and dignity, which Lark was struck by at once. "You mus'n't bargain with Matson, Lark. Not for anything, least of all, me."

Lark said, "Galt, please! I think he'll help us, really I do!" "Oh, he'll help un, all right! He'll help un both a great wonder!" Mag snatched up her broom and went at Galt. "Un get out!"

Galt took the broom away from her and broke it in two pieces across his bent knee. He stood there staring down at Mag.

"I vow un look a killer proper!" She backed away.

"I'm not going to kill you." He glanced toward the curtained door- ny." way to the big room and took two steps across the scullery to Lark. "I never saw a woman so pretty and sweet as you be, Lark. I've gone and done you a great hurt, getting us caught the way I did. I wish you hadn't ever spoke to Matson."

"He'll hear you!" Lark whispered. "Galt, I had to!"

set and thoughtful, on Mag.

"The barber fellow cut my hair." Galt put a self-conscious hand on his short, sailor - fashion, brown locks. "I vow it looks a sight." "It looks fine," Lark said nervous-

"But David isn't at all important ly. "You look fine. But, Galt, I must go and talk with Dr. Matson. in the Cargoe Riske," Lark said hastily. "He owns only the tiniest He's going to help us-I know he is. interest, and really, Dr. Matson, I But maybe you'd better wait-" don't think the Cargoe Riske would 'I'll wait for un-for you, I mean," Galt said quickly. "I can't put much

give any-well-I mean-" Matson laughed until the tears faith in Matson. I'm uneasy in came. "You poor child! You fancy my bones. But if he was to want I expect repayment from your young Mr. North for helping you?" His to be you, Lark. . . . I'll bide right here waiting, Lark." laugh changed to a look of annoy-Galt turned his blue eyes, deep-

ance. Very red and embarrassed, Lark "You nor Cony will lay hand to said, "Mag and Cony did. They said as much straight out. I didn't mean me again," he said quietly. "I'm not

and I. I can't tell you-"

after your safety."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

them for all my insurance. I would

be a very poor client, not to look

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