



Above, Betty Furness was the girl of the moment when this photo was snapped!

Bruce Cabot is called upon for some graphic emoting in "King Kong," with Fay Wray.



By
Hale
Horton

"Cynic" In Love!

Bruce Cabot thinks he's "hard"—
but wait till you hear!

AFTER watching Bruce Cabot make love to seventy-three different women in seventy-three different screen tests, a producer decided he was the next great lover of the screen. So Mr. Cabot was cast as leading man to "King Kong," the gorilla!

Now all this would seem to call for Cabot being the cold, calculating, disillusioned, frost-bitten old cynic he thinks he is—if in reality he weren't the most sentimental and madly impulsive actor in pictures. But try and make him believe it!

"Never fall for a dame, pal," he once warned me while wrecking my rug with his frenzied pacing. "I can tell you it just doesn't pay. If she ever discovers it, she'll play you for a monkey and you'll be off your diet for a week."

"Be cynical, pal!" Cabot continued. "Cynical and hard-hearted. And cold-blooded. And think of yourself first, last, and always. You don't catch me being sentimental about 'em. Not the Old Master! I make it a point never to be sentimental about anything. I got no yen to get a poke in the nose! Life's like that," he said. "And the only way to beat it is first to get everything under control, then take it easy. Don't make a move until you've given it plenty of cold, calculating thought. Then when you know what you want just stick to it. Personally," he added, easily, "I've always known what I wanted. Ever since the day I was born!" Thus spake the lad who has fallen violently in love about forty times, and who has worked at an equally large

number of jobs. Just consider, if you will, his life:

Bruce Cabot had his inception back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he was born with his left ear nearly twice the size of his right. In spite of publicity blurbs he is not one of the "Cabots who speak only to God," but he's a Bujac which is almost as snorty. His father was the wealthiest attorney in New Mexico. His two uncles, Andrew and Leon Graves, are New York bankers with a capital B. And yet another uncle, Herman Harjes, was a J. P. Morgan partner and later partner of Morgan-Harjes bank over in Paris, France. Briefly his family name means social and financial prominence in Europe as well as the United States.

As a tiny, toddling, spindle-bodied tot, of some fourteen years, Mr. Bruce-Woocie was entered in the New Mexico Military Institute where he remained for three weeks before being overwhelmed with a "silly romantic notion" for turning cowboy—whereupon he ran away from school, fibbed about his age, and caught himself a job on a ranch.

A month or so later, when barely fifteen, Bruce began hearing about Dempsey and as (Continued on page 80)

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"Cynic" in Love

Continued from page 51

a result became fascinated with the promotion end of the game calling for busted beaks and cauliflower ears. And without giving the matter a second thought, he rode off the ranch and eventually talked a pug into paying him a salary as manager. For a while it looked as though our hero would develop into another Tex Rickard, and might have, had he not disagreed with his boss—a disagreement which ended by Bruce, the cool-headed cynic, knocking the pug out cold, thereby necessitating his immediate evacuation from the training camp.

"So then I caught myself a job swinging a sledge hammer," Cabot continued, off-handedly, as I backed across the room, "with the State Highway Commission. After I had been doing this sort of thing for a month or so, father put his foot down. For some reason or other he didn't think I was getting anywhere; so he shipped me off to the Sewanee Military Academy. I went there until I suddenly switched to the University of the South and back to the State Highway Commission again."

This time Bruce remained with them for six weeks before taking a surveying job with the Houston Port Commission. At this point he began reading Conrad, and as a result acquired a terrific yen for the sea. It was while working his way to France on a tramp steamer that he smacked a sailor in the nose and came within an inch of being thrown overboard; an incident topped only by his practically wrecking a hotel in Brittany because the management objected to the way his pal recited Shakespeare. His bill for damages added up to five-thousand francs—just a couple of examples of how Bruce practices his code of "never making a move until you've given the matter plenty of cold, calculating thought."

Upon returning to New York with three cents in his pocket, he decided to become an oil tycoon, an idea conceived when he discovered his father was drilling a well in Artesia, New Mexico. Unfortunately our hero's oil career was nipped in the bud when he fell violently in love with a Chicago gal who happened to be visiting near the well. And after giving the matter his usual thirty seconds of thought he followed her back to Chicago where she finally consented to be his wife—at a wedding which the newspapers hailed as being "of nearly international importance," which is a pretty swell wedding, indeed! Even for Chicago. And suddenly deciding to become another Jesse Livermore, Bruce began flirting with the market. So he took the fifty-thousand—that happened to be all his father had given him for a wedding present—and dropped it on the Chicago Exchange—an incident which precipitated a marital argument after which Bruce drove alone to French Lick Springs in order quietly to consider this funny thing called life.

Unable to stand the separation he wrote a long letter to his wife, apologizing profusely and taking the blame for the quarrel. His answer was a nice big bunch of divorce papers. "A few months later," Bruce now tells one, "when I returned to Chicago, her attorney said that if I'd even wired that I was sorry, my wife would have forgiven me. 'But I wrote her instead!' I told him. 'A twenty page letter—and didn't get an answer!' And he claimed she hadn't received it. That night upon looking through my trunk I discovered the letter—signed, sealed and ready to be mailed. Wasn't that a swell break for the Old Master to get?"

Whereupon this fellow-who-disdains-sen-

timentalism went to New York in a futile attempt to forget. "I tried hard," he says as he paces and paces, "but I just couldn't get her out of my mind. She was divinely wonderful! And such eyes!" It must have been a month before he met Marilyn Miller. And what a flaming, brooding ten days followed! Mr. Bruce-Woocie's heart pounded like the bearings of a worn-out Ford. "I was nuts about Marilyn," he told me, as he kicked over a chair. "I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even eat! I



Loretta Young introduces Muggsy, her pup, to the cameras. Muggsy's ambition, according to lovely Loretta, is to be a kid star in animal pictures!

shouldn't have let her know I cared, but I couldn't help myself. And she gave me ice. So I decided to be cool and sensible about it." And his idea of being cool and sensible was to haunt the theatre at which she played, and to bury her in roses—until he met Frances Williams. Much the same thing occurred. Finally it got to a point where he-who-knows-about-women went off his diet completely and had to go west for his health.

"Yeh," said Bruce, "no woman's going to make a monkey out of me. So I went out to Hollywood where I figured I could turn some real estate into gold." On arriving in Hollywood, however, he changed his mind and took a screen test by means of a letter given him. "The test wasn't worth a damn," he continued, "so realizing that a movie career wouldn't satisfy me, I became a promoter." Whereupon he promoted night clubs and cafés, sold cars, sold real estate, rented houses and handled personal accounts, and did just about everything but sell the new City Hall, which, incidentally, wasn't built at the time. But don't forget he knew what he wanted! During this period he made himself bitter enemies, and fast friends, and fell in love regularly once a month.

His first romantic endeavor took the lush form of Estelle Taylor—this romance going swish some three weeks later when

it came to light that Estelle's marital relations with Jack Dempsey were a bit undecided.

After getting back on his food again, Bruce went to a dinner party where he met David Selznick who gave him the already famous screen tests. And Bruce became an actor. "Just what I've always wanted to be," he told me without cracking a smile. "Yeah," he added, "if a man just knows what he wants and sticks to it, he can't miss!"

Then, in quick succession he flamed the town's most noted beauties. Each time he fell like a log, and each time he went off his diet. First there was Gwili Andre, whom Bruce rushed up to on the set one day and inquired intensely: "When do we have dinner together?" Whereupon Gwili replied in that cool soft way of hers: "Were we going to have dinner together?" Which was Bruce's shortest romance.

However, it wasn't long before he started trotting with Sandra Shaw, cousin to Dolores Del Rio, and Lupe Velez with whom he bonfired for nearly a week. Then came Claire Windsor, followed by the charming Patsy Janss, daughter of the real estate tycoon. Regrettably enough this latter conflagration fizzled the morning Mr. Janss read in the paper that his daughter was "cooing" with one Bruce Cabot, R.K.O. featured player. "Cooing, eh!" he snorted at his astonished daughter. "And right under my nose, too!" And although Patsy tried to impress upon him that "cooing" meant nothing but dancing and dining together, things remain a touch cool on the Janss front porch. By that time, however, Bruce had gone head-over-cinders for Laurie Lisk, Doheny's niece, and furthermore that young debutante, Betty Edwards, had come into his life—into the life of this lad who advocates handling your women rough! Of the lad who never makes a move without giving the problem "plenty of cold calculating thought." The lad who considers sentimentalism and romanticism traits to be abhorred. The lad who says that if one is to get on in the world he must be hard-hearted and cold-blooded and think of himself first, last and always—and who illustrated his point by swimming a mile off shore in a heavy sea to save a prop-boy from drowning.

"Yeah," I hear him drawling, "never fall for a dame, pal. I can tell you it just doesn't pay." And it was while listening to him on that day that a great light descended upon me and I tingled as I invariably tingle when giving birth to a sterling idea. "Listen, fellow," I said. "I've just thought of an angle for a yarn on you. I'll pretend that you're not overly sentimental and a wildly impulsive guy. In fact I'll pretend you're somewhat cynical—" Whereupon Bruce stopped his pacing abruptly.

"Pretend!" he yowled. "Say, listen, you! I'm the most cynical guy in Hollywood, and don't you ever forget it! You don't catch me falling for any dames. No sir! Not the Old Master! By the way, pal," he mumbled after a moment of thought, "do you know Loretta Young? I happened to lunch with her out at Fox the other day, and is she swell!" And after losing himself completely, he added: "I tell you she's the most feminine gal in town. I wonder if she'd like to go to the Grove?" And upon suddenly regaining consciousness he gave me as wicked a glare as I've ever received, and stomped out of the room and slammed the door. And for the past ten days he's been dancing every night with Loretta's sister, Sally Blane. "Yeah," says Bruce, "Sally puts Cleopatra in the class of a walking futility!" Thus endeth the saga of Hollywood's awful cynic—of the guy who invariably knows what he wants!



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