Jimmy's manhandling of Mae Clarke in Public Enemy (1931) was a movie-making milestone. For years, admirers who spotted him dining out sent him grapefruit.

Jimmy with Anita Louise in A Midsummer Night's Dream, a 1935 film. He has always accepted any part that came his way. "If anybody blew a whistle and said 'Act!' I acted."

HOW I GOT THIS WAY

Jimmy the East Side kid knew what it was to flop on Broadway, but won overnight movie fame as a gangster who mashed his moll in the face with a grapefruit.

By JAMES CAGNEY,

as told to

Pete Martin

PART TWO

People are always saying to me, "Jim, off screen you're a quiet and apparently peaceful guy; yet you've played a lot of hoodlums and other forceful personalities. Have you known people like that in your past? And if you have, does your memory help you with such roles?"

The answer is, "Of course."

New York's East Side was full of colorful people while I was growing up. Many had unusual mannerisms of body or speech. I studied them, and from time to time I've used them. Maybe these mannerisms I've collected and have used are one of the reasons that, along with Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and Cary Grant, I seem to be a target for mimics. Most impersonators think they are taking me off when what they're really doing is imitating me imitating a character I knew back in the neighborhood where I grew up.

As George M. Cohan in Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942), he won an Oscar. Joan Leslie played Cohan's wife, Mary.

Love Me or Leave Me (1955): Doris Day as Ruth Etting, Jimmy as The Gimp, and Harry Bellaver as his bodyguard.

There was one guy, for example, who had a trick way of handling his body while he was engaged in a sidewalk debate. He held his elbows against his sides as he argued, and he made his points by poking his finger at you. When he met you, he never said, "Hello, how are you?" He'd ask, "What do you hear?" or "What do you say?" In 1938, when I made Angels With Dirty Faces, I dredged this character out of my past and used him.

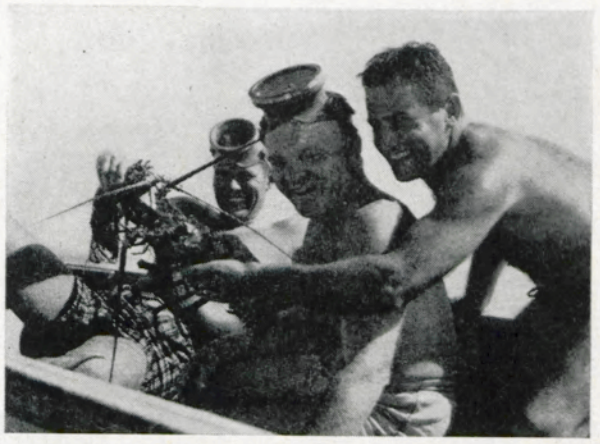
There was another fellow who stood on a corner in my neighborhood. He'd hitch up his trousers and he'd combine that with a nervous twitching of his neck and shoulders. I used his mannerisms in another movie. Because of the Cagney impersonators, most of the public thinks that I'm really like this pants-hitching neck-jerker.

I've used one of my pop's favorite gestures in a movie too. Pop had an affectionate thing he did with his four sons; he'd put one hand behind the back of our necks, ball his other fist as if he were about to clout us; then say, "If I thought you meant it ——" It was always good for a laugh, for afterward he'd put his arms around us. I used that gesture in a film I made with Loretta Young.

Most mimics inject a chronic hoarseness into my voice. The truth is, I'm not usually hoarse at all. That hoarseness they reproduce was part of my George M. Cohan characterization in Yankee Doodle Dandy. As Cohan grew older, his voice grew husky and it had a kind of breathy quality it didn't have when he was younger. I didn't use that breathiness when I played the younger Cohan, but I did use it for the sequences when he was older. The whole thing was a trick of make-believe; nevertheless, the impersonators have latched on to the older Cohan's voice as being mine.

Before I did Yankee Doodle Dandy, I had seen Cohan

(Continued on Page 45)



Skin diving off Midway Island with actors Philip Carey and Tige Andrews, during the filming of Mr. Roberts.

Young Jim and Casey (for Cathleen) clown with their dad at the family farm in Millbrook, N.Y. Jimmy dislikes pretentious living: "We don't play the Hollywood social circuit."

How I Got This Way (Continued from Page 33)

twice—once in I'd Rather Be Right and once in Ah, Wilderness!—but when I finally played him I decided not to ape him 100 per cent. Cohan didn't walk, he strode, and his striding was accompanied by a bobbing of the head. He had other such outstandingly strong mannerisms, not only on stage but in his daily behavior, that if I had tried to play him both off and on stage the way he really was, the result would have been top-heavy with gimmicks, and my feeling is that gimmicks should never interfere with a performance. So I decided to play Cohan with all of his mannerisms when he was on, and straight, with just a suggestion of the Cohan gestures, when he was off.

Naturally I was interested in what the people who knew Cohan would think of this job. The answer came from someone who knew him best of all; at least that is the story I got, and I hope it's based on fact. We staged a special, private screening of Yankee Doodle Dandy for Cohan and his wife. Cohan was so ill that during the show they had to pick him up if he wanted to leave the room, then bring him back again. His wife wasn't well either, but after the screening she got up, walked over to Cohan, put her arm around him and said, "Georgie, you were fine."

Cohan himself sent me a wire saying: DEAR JIM, HOW'S MY DOUBLE? THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL JOB. That wire alone made up for all the back-breaking work.

There was more to making Cohan's film biography, Yankee Doodle Dandy, than writing a story, casting it and shooting it. Cohan had specified a long list of taboos. One stipulation was that there must be no love scenes in the picture. This taboo on love scenes didn't bother me, for the way I do a love scene it's never a necking party. To me, a panting and grappling love scene is embarrassing when I see it on the screen. So when I sang the song Mary to the girl who played Cohan's wife, I just told her the lyrics as she played the melody. I poured coffee, put sugar into it, stirred it and handed it to her. Then I sat down, drank the coffee, and she sang the lyric back to me. The way we did it, it was an effective love scene—without any lashings of goo!

I guess my memory for physical traits is a freak thing. Last year I was on a train with my wife, Willie, and I saw a man walk down the aisle and take a seat.

"He went to school with me," I said to Willie. "We were in the sixth grade together."

"It's impossible for you to remember that," Willie said. "It's too far back."

"I might forget that face," I said, "but I can't forget that walk."

I went over to him and introduced myself. He didn't know me at first, and he looked at me blankly, but sure enough, we had been in the same class—6-B—together.

However, I don't have to go back to my boyhood—or even back ten or twelve years to Cohan—to plan the physical aspects of a characterization. When Jack Ford, who was all set to direct the film version of Mister Roberts, asked me to play the Down East skipper in that picture, I asked myself, *Who do I know who's like this skipper? How would he talk?* For a long time I'd been aping one of my best friends, the president of a Massachusetts bank. I'd been telling stories about him featuring his New England accent, so I stole my bank-president pal's way of talking for my Mister Roberts role. This will probably come as news to him.

I don't mean that making one role different from another is altogether a matter of physical tricks, of copying mannerisms or aping accents. As an actor, you have to find out what the fellow you're playing is all about; you must work him out in your mind. Just hitting upon an accent he could use wasn't "understanding" the captain in Mr. Roberts. Jack Ford saw him as the most pathetic man on the ship, entirely alone and not knowing how to exert his authority. He was a lonely soul, removed from everybody and everything. I agreed.

Not that this has to do with going into an elaborate "living-the-part" mumbo-jumbo. That is the purest bunk! All you have to do is to try to know the man you are playing fully; then put as much into your playing him as you know how. To do that you draw upon all that you've ever known, seen, heard or remembered.

In 1954, when I asked to play the part of the limping, dominating character called

1928: Jimmy cuts a rug with Lily Lubell in The Grand Street Follies. He hit the big time a year later when he landed a $500-a-week movie contract.

The Gimp, in Love Me or Leave Me, apparently I was one of the few people in Hollywood who'd never met the real Gimp, on whom the role was based. The original lives in Chicago, but he'd been around Hollywood a lot, and when I said, "What's he like?" everybody I met showed me how he walked, talked and handled himself. I must have been given twenty demonstrations—and all of them were different.

I made the Gimp's limp as unrepellent and usable as possible. I still don't know whether his real-life limp is worse than the one I used in the film or not. But I do know that when people who are so afflicted grow tired they limp more, and when they are rested they limp less; so I figured that I could vary that limp as I saw fit, and in that way keep it from being monotonous. Ironically, when the picture was released, I heard that the original Gimp complained that I'd limped on the wrong leg.

In time past, on studio lots, I ran across fellows who hadn't seen their way clear to make a living legitimately and who'd taken short cuts, such as being small-bore confidence men or second-story men. When the word went out that extras were needed for Grade B, junior-type hood roles, it was a way for them to pick up even easier change than they usually did, and they showed up. That was type casting that was type casting. In Doorway to Hell we cast a fellow as an extra who was on the lam from New York, although we didn't know it. The director looked at his face and he thought it so perfect for the part that he put him in the foreground, right behind me. When this extra saw the rushes, he looked at them, guffawed and said, "Wait until Inspector Coughlin, of the New York Police Force, sees that. He'll blow a gasket!"

Some of the fellows with whom I grew up on New York's East Side not only had interesting physical habits but before they were through some of them turned hoodlums too. I ought to be able to play a fairly believable hood myself, since I had the same background. One kid named Frankie, who sat with me in grade school, came of a family so poor that half the time they had nothing to eat. To earn a few pennies, Frankie hung from roofs by his finger tips on nickel or dime bets. He also used to steal a little here and there, so he made the reformatory early. In 1919 I was catching for a sandlot ball team around Yorkville when we were invited to Sing Sing to play the prison club. I was warming up our pitcher when a voice near me said, "Hello, Red." I said, "Hello," but I paid no attention because we'd been told not to speak to the prisoners.

"What's the matter?" the voice asked. "Getting stuck-up?"

I looked up then. I said, "Hello, Frankie," and we shook hands. "What's the rap?" I asked.

"Five to ten," he said. "I shot a cop."

When the game started and the Sing Sing lead-off man came up, I looked at him. He had prematurely white hair, but I remembered him. His name was Jack Donnelly. I asked, "You remember me?" and he said, "Sure. Too bad about your father. Hear you lost him last year." Jack was doing twenty to life. "Take care of yourself," he said. "I won't be seeing you again."

There were at least five fellows up there I knew.

We Cagneys were living on 79th Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue, only a block from the East River, and we were in that river every day until the water turned so cold that it made us goose-pimply and blue. When the tide was out, a sewer three feet above the tide level would pour its contents into the river, but we'd swim below it just the same, and I only knew of one kid who was taken sick as a result. He died of typhoid.

You wouldn't know the spot now. A beautiful piece of engineering called the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Drive runs along the river, and next door is a park effect—a nice wall and benches where people from the East Side sit. Where that park is now is where we used to swim.

My first appearance on any stage was at the Lenox Hill Settlement House, where there was a theatrical group for boys and girls. I had leanings toward art, and mom thought that I could learn to paint by working on the scenery used by the theatrical group, while I earned bring-home pay by racking up pool balls and acting as doorman.

Among other jobs, I did paint some scenery for a Chinese pantomime. My brother, Harry, had the lead in the pantomime, but one night he was sick and I subbed for him. After that the Settlement House put on a thing called The Faun, and I found myself in that too. To play the part, I had to put on a goatskin, have my hair curled and do a dance. It was a touchy project in our East Side neighborhood, and I expected to be attacked on the way home and have my ears chewed by characters of my own age who were outraged by my riot of curls.

In the fall of 1919 I happened to tell a fellow with whom I wrapped bundles in Wanamaker's basement that I had to get a better-paying job.

"Can you sing?" he asked. I said "Sure."

He asked, "Can you dance?" I couldn't do that, either, but once more I said, "Sure."

"Then go up to Keith's Eighty-first Street Theater," he said. "There's a job there."

I went up to Keith's and found that a chorus boy was needed in an act called Every Sailor. It was one of those "war-show" things, involving a chorus of servicemen dressed as girls. The troupe had entertained President Wilson when he was in France for the Peace Conference, and an enterprising chap named Phil Dunning had hired them off the boat on their return home and had put them into vaudeville. One of the "chorus girls" had quit. That was my opening.

There was nothing to the audition. The stage manager showed me the steps and said, "Do this!" I watched his feet and, being a good mimic, I did what he did. But I quit that act after two months. The high heels I wore on stage gave me a quick, jerky walk—a kind of occupational sea legs—and I got tired of my pals saying to me, "Lengthen it out, Red!" to remind me how to walk properly.

After I left Every Sailor, mom wanted me out of show business. To her, it was no way to use what education I had. But by that time I must have had hoofing well planted in the back of my mind, for when a call went out for chorus boys for a Broadway show, Pitter-Patter, I tried for the chorus and made it. The other boys were all experienced and I was a dub, but the dance producer didn't know that. I was new to the job. He thought I was stupid. When he launched into a step which I had never seen before, he came over to me and said, "For a good dancer, you're the dumbest so-and-so I've ever run across." I said nothing. I just worked harder.

Pitter-Patter reached the boards of the Longacre Theater in November, 1920. As one of the chorus boys in that show, I pulled down thirty- (Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 45) five dollars a week. I also had an extra job laying out the clothes for the leading man, Ernest Truex, and seeing to it that his garments were pressed. When the Pitter-Patter company went on the road, I checked the troupe's baggage. All in all, I was getting sixty dollars a week, of which I sent home as much as forty bucks. Sending home the money to help out mom and my brothers and my baby sister was a must. It never occurred to me not to.

I met my future wife in Pitter-Patter. Her name was Frances Willard Vernon, but her family called her Bill. I call her several things, among them Bill, Willie, Sara, Sadie; but to avoid confusing her with my brother, Bill, in this story I'll call her Willie. She was born in the small town of Fairfield, Iowa, but she didn't go for small towns. Her family was Scotch Presbyterian. To them, card playing, dancing and the theater were instruments of the devil, but Willie defied her mother, packed up her duds and ran away to New York—with a headful of Mary Pickford curls—to go on the stage in a musical show. That show happened to be Pitter-Patter. She has an instinctive gift of rhythm and, after I met her, she worked many a week when I didn't. That's how good she was.

She says that her first reaction to me was that I was a strange boy; because, while the others were skylarking backstage, I was reading or practicing dance routines. She's right. When I wasn't dancing I did read. I formed that habit early. I started with Wild West paperbacks and read anything, even labels on boxes and bottles.

Finally I took Willie to a party some of the kids in the cast threw. From then on in, we knew that was it. The year when Pitter-Patter closed—1921—was a year of hunger and failure to me. I tried out in five different acts and none of them survived the break-in period. We'd rehearse for a week or two; then go to some burg, over a weekend for a "break-in."

In 1922 I got a job in a revue called Lew Fields' Ritz Girls, and Willie and I were married. Willie's mother had moved to California. Willie hadn't seen her for a couple of years, and when the Ritz Girls folded, she thought, *We can go out there and see my mother, and maybe we can get into the movies.*

After all, we had a fat $150 salted away, although we didn't know how fast that would melt away in the pre-smog California sun. For thirty-five dollars a month we rented a tiny house in Los Angeles, and Willie cooked on a next-to-nothing budget. I don't know how she did it, but we gained weight. We hit all the movie studios, but found nothing. We couldn't even get past the front gate. Then we began to get hints from some of Willie's "well wishers" that she'd made a mistake in marrying a hoofer who couldn't even earn a thin dime. And gradually I became aware of a question hanging above me in the air: "Why don't you go back East where you came from? You're not doing yourself or anybody else any good here in California."

Willie, bless her, would have moved into a tent with me if we'd needed to, but I wrote to a couple of pals back East and gave them the SOS. They sent us a little money, only they were diplomatic enough to call it "California medicine." But I knew what they meant: enough to buy return-trip tickets from Los Angeles to Chicago.

In those days, people bought round-trip tickets to California at less than two one-way fares; then, if they stayed there, they sold the return half of their round-trip ticket at a profit. The railroads tried to stop this by having you sign your name on the return half on the train, in the presence of the conductor, when you used it. Willie and I sat up all one night practicing the names we were going to sign going East. Willie still remembers the name she signed. It was Grace Swayne. Willie was worried about signing that name before the conductor and, although it took only a minute, it seemed an hour to her. I'm sure that conductor knew that she wasn't Mrs. Swayne, but he was a sport about it.

Willie had a married sister in Chicago, and we told ourselves, "We'll go to Frank and Lou's and stay there until we get a job." When we arrived in Chicago we had exactly sixteen and a half dollars above the bus and streetcar fare out to Lou's house. Willie went into a phone booth at the station to call her sister, but a strange voice at the other end of the wire said, "She's visiting in Iowa for the summer. We're renting her apartment."

We checked into the cheapest hotel room we could find and looked up a booking agent. He booked us by photographs of our act—he didn't ask us to show him what we could do—but he did get us a one-day booking in Waukegan, and we set out for there on the interurban train.

As a result of 1921—my year of flops—I'd developed a hair-trigger stomach when it came to facing audiences across footlights, and I was invariably sick before the curtain went up. I could feel that queasy feeling welling up in me as I sat beside Willie, and we made jerky stops at little stations en route. The train would slow suddenly for each town, the conductor would stick his head in and say something that sounded like "Waaa-a-a-a!" and I'd gulp desperately. Finally, the train began to brake and the conductor said, "Next sta-shun WAUKegan!" and when he said "WAUK" I was sick in front of everybody.

Eventually Willie and I got together enough money to get to New York, and once more she got work when I couldn't. She still has the little book in which she kept a record of each penny spent. Each page carries a date, and it says such things as: "Stamps—18c; Jimmy—$2.00"; or "Breakfast—34c, Jimmy—$2.00"; or there's the cost of a girdle and "Jimmy—$2.00."

Time passed and, in 1926, with Willie, I did a vaudeville act called Out-of-Town Papers. Our prop was a newsstand which folded between acts. In the act, Willie was a small-town girl and I was a city slicker. A newsboy who worked with us, left on cue. I took charge of the stand while he was gone; then Willie came on. I pretended I was the newsie and I shouted, "Out-of-town papers! Be with the folks back home! What do you read, kid?"

"Have you got any Kokomo papers?" she asked.

I'd say to her, "You look sad, Koke. What's the matter?" and she'd say, "I came to New York to do a show and it closed."

"Don't be upset," I'd say. "It can happen to anybody." The punch line came when the audience found that I'd come from Kokomo too. We ended the act with a counter-melody-blend number. Willie sang Home, Sweet Home while I gave out with this patter:

Well, there's not a doubt about it, I cannot live without it, I surely want to shout about it night and day. There's just one place I want to be and that's the place that's haunting me, and that's Broadway.

We toured the South with this act and we laid a seven-tier cake. With my thick New York accent and my fast talk, nobody south of Washington, D.C., could understand what I said. Thank goodness they understood it when we danced.

Many of the vaudeville artists I knew then were remarkable people, and "artists" was the right word for them. I've seen audiences hanging out of balcony boxes, laughing hysterically at little men who could barely read or write. Some of them had had almost no education, yet, when they got on that stage, they knew exactly what to do. Some extra genius had been born in them.

Many of them had an extra sense of born-in loyalty too. Vaudeville was full of folks who sent money home instead of buying a cold bottle and a hot bird for a blonde. But sending dough home sometimes boomeranged on show-biz youngsters. I knew one fellow who drew $650 a week and who sent money home faithfully, but in spite of all his years of saving, he wound up broke. His folks blew it all on fly-by-night schemes.

Show-biz thrift took odd forms. One vaudeville actor used to buy a corner lot in whatever town he happened to be playing. He was a headliner in a big-time act; he got $500 a week, and he took his money and bought a corner lot, say in Sioux City, Iowa. At the end of the week, he'd leave Sioux City, and move on to the next stop, and buy another corner lot. The bottom of his trunk was lined with deeds to corner lots. He's still around, and those lots are still feeding him. But, sad to say, most variety artists weren't farsighted, and when vaudeville fell out from under them they went broke.

Only a few of them used horse sense. One of the most-famed teams that ever played vaudeville, Roger Imhof and his wife, Corinne, took care of it when they had it and, as a result, they still have it. Jack Pearl is very well off, and nobody is holding any benefits for Smith and Dale, of the Avon Comedy Four. I saw them on Ed Sullivan's show last spring and, while they were using exactly the same lines and business as when I first saw them, they are still great.

"May I help you in making a tasteful selection?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After Out-of-Town Papers checked out of our lives, I was hired to play the lead part in the London company of Broadway. Willie took one of the girl parts in the show in order to go to London with me. We rehearsed and rehearsed, and after four weeks we had the public dress rehearsal. Afterward, the New York company tossed a party for the London company in a speakeasy. We were leaving for London the next morning, and our trunks were in the ship's hold with most of our clothes in them. We had one suitcase and two small overnight bags for our stateroom, and Willie had bought a little black-velvet evening dress to wear each night at dinner on shipboard. We were having a big time at the party when a man came in and told Willie and me, "They want you over at the production office." We said, "See you on the ship, everybody," and went over to the office.

There, at a little after two A.M., I was fired. At the last minute they'd decided they didn't want me in the part. Willie told me afterward that I turned as white as a sheet and was very quiet. Willie blew her top. "I'd like to tear your office to pieces," she said.

"Sh-h-h-h!" I told her. "If they don't like me they can't help it," but she had the last word, "They could have found out in four weeks, couldn't they?"

We had Equity, run-of-the-play contracts, so they had to keep paying us, and they put us in as understudies in the New York company of Broadway, but all the actors in town knew of my being fired, and my confidence drained out of my toes. When the play closed, I was sure I was washed up with show business, but I got another chance, in Women Go On Forever, a play starring Mary Boland and directed by John Cromwell. The Boland show was heavy tragedy, but on opening night Mary, who was a gifted comedienne, instinctively used one of her old comedy mannerisms—a toss of the head and a contemptuous sniff of the nose. The audience howled, and the serious side of the play blew out the window.

Having already had my confidence shaken by having been fired from the London company of Broadway, I took the reaction of the audience as a personal reflection upon my inadequacy. I was sure that the mood of the play had missed fire because of me. I'd got it into my head that I was the Typhoid Mary of show business, and that very night when the final curtain fell I went back to my dressing room and wrote out my notice to the director that I was quitting the cast. When he got it, John Cromwell asked me, "What's this all about?"

"It's no use," I said. "I can't act. I'd better get back into vaudeville where I belong."

"But we want you in this part," Cromwell said. "You are playing it exactly as I want it played. You had nothing to do with what happened tonight." When I saw that he meant it, I tore up my notice.

George Kelly's 1929 play, Maggie the Magnificent, was the turning point in my life. Maggie didn't last very long, but it lasted long enough. Because I was seen in it, I was hired for a play called Penny Arcade, opposite Joan Blondell, and Warner Brothers bought the play and made it into a film. They not only bought it, they hired me at $500 a week with a three-week guarantee plus my train fare to the coast. After that Warners put me into Doorway to Hell, with Lew Ayres, and Willie came West to be with me. She'd stayed in our dumpy little New York apartment, waiting to see what happened, but now she got on the train and came out to California.

My part in Doorway was "next to lead." I was the pal of the big gangster. The script called for me to be a light-comedy hoodlum; I had some fly lines to say—meaning flip and (Continued on Page 51)

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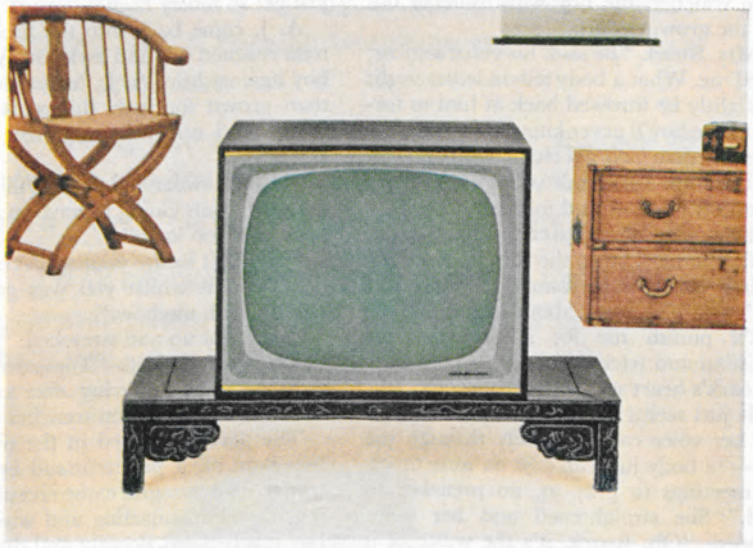

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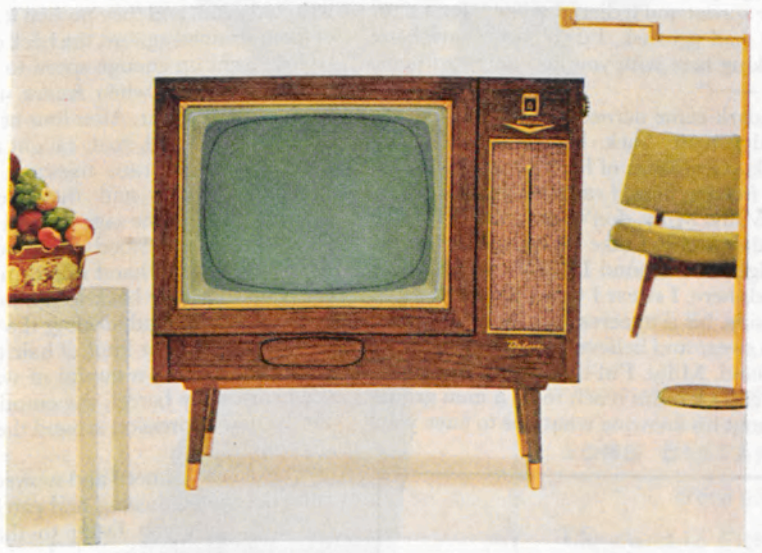

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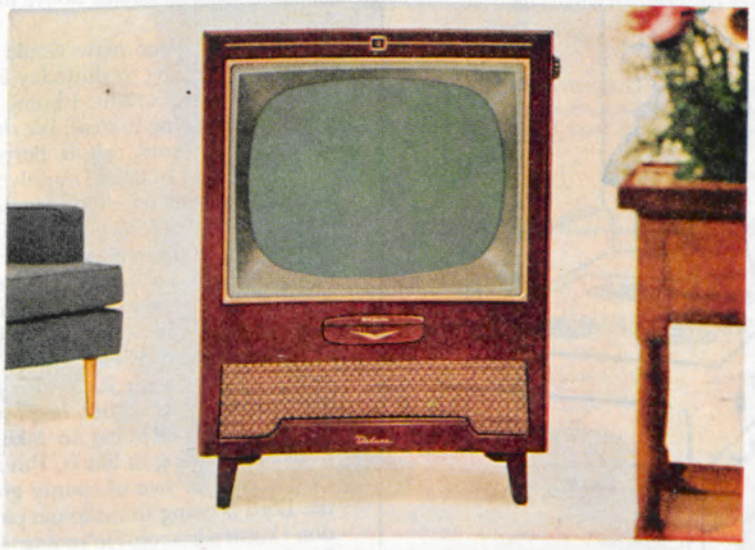

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(Continued from Page 49)

quick. A part in a film called Public Enemy was next suggested to me. I said, "Fine." I didn't even read the script. If anybody blew a whistle and said, "Act!" I acted. I was a contract player in the Warners' stock company, and a studio contract player is not choosy about parts. Anyhow, once the show-business ball starts bouncing, you don't make plans. You think you are dribbling it down the floor, but you're only watching it bounce.

Two fellows, Kubec Glasmon and John Bright, had written Beer and Blood, a story of two young Chicago hoods who were making their presence felt with guns and beer-running during the prohibition era in Chicago. That was the basis of the film called Public Enemy. Warner had borrowed a good actor, Eddie Woods, from First National, to play the lead, and I was set to play the second lead. Then Glasmon and Bright saw Doorway to Hell and said to the Warner management, "You'd better switch the two parts around." Bill Wellman, who was to direct, also held that view. They told me later that what they saw in me was a "street-gamin quality and a brashness" which they thought right for the part. They went to Darryl Zanuck, who was then head of production at Warner Brothers, and the switch was made.

Mae Clarke played "moll" to my "gangster." The thing that the public remembers about Public Enemy is the scene in which I shoved half a grapefruit into Mae's face. That half grapefruit has become a piece of Americana. It was just about the first time, if not the very first, that a woman had been treated like a broad on the screen, instead of like a delicate flower.

Bright and Glasmon told me that that scene had a basis of fact. My real-life Chicago counterpart had been having breakfast with his girl one morning when an argument began. He had an omelet on his plate, and he picked it up and slapped her face with it. It made a greasy mess, so Wellman decided to use a half grapefruit instead; it was tidier. That bit of business became so identified with me that years afterward, when I'd go into a restaurant, people would send me half grapefruits with their compliments, and I got so tired of that deal I began to duck eating in public.

It was hard for me to get used to the idea that, in Public Enemy, I had hit the jack pot overnight. Those of us who went out to California in 1929 and 1930 from the New York stage were used to limited audiences. In New York, if we did a sell-out business, we showed to as many as 8000 people a week. In California they gave us a lot of money, but compared with the money a successful picture grossed, our pay was peanuts. We didn't know that at first. Some of my friends who should have been more highly paid were contented. They had the house paid for and a case of gin in the cellar, but something told me there was more to it. I was a star without a star's salary, and I wanted what went with that word.

When I first signed with Warner Brothers I was homesick for Willie. I just wanted to make a movie and call it a day, but after that they said they wanted a term contract, and my agent said, "They'll give you four hundred and fifty dollars a week on a termer." We kicked it around, and I said, "What happens if I prove more valuable to them next year?"

"If you prove more valuable they'll tear up your contract and write you another," he said. Within a year I was a lot more valuable to them. Public Enemy reputedly cost $151,000 and earned many times that. A subsequent film, St. Louis Kid, was reported to have cost $80,000 and to have earned $1,800,000.

In spite of these things, my contract wasn't torn up, so I took a powder and came back to New York. I stayed there for six months before the dispute was arbitrated before the Academy Arbitration Board. At the end of that time I was raised from $450 to $1000 a week.

There seemed to be an idea in Hollywood that I was hipped on sticking up for my rights. My brother, Bill, was supposed to be funny that way, too, for by that time Bill had come West and was handling my business affairs. He learned this chore easily, and I've heard tell that he's a shrewd man. Bill and I were only normally independent, but twenty years ago if you told a studio boss, "You can't do that to me!" you were out of order.

When Willie first came to California she kept our trunk packed. She never knew what day we were going to blow town, and she said it was too much trouble to take the stuff out, then throw it in again. I was always on the point of leaving, if for no other reason than to retain my self-respect. To me, that was important. I almost left when a big-shot actor who was collecting for a charity drive approached me with an arrogant, get-that-dough-up-young-fellow manner. He didn't ask me if I'd give. He ordered me to. I give easy, but not on command. That was one night when we packed to go East.

Not long afterward, one of the executives of a studio ordered me to go to a luncheon for a famous politician who was visiting California, and I almost checked

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Some juvenile delinquents are simply children with mature ideas.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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out again. I'd been to a lot of those luncheons and I had my belly full of them.

Another irritant was the custom of sending actors out on personal-appearance tours to promote various films. I wouldn't have minded that if they had sent me out to beat the drums for pictures I was in, but I was sent out to plug one of Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, films and one or two others. Not only that, but I was given no material to use on such tours, and I soon discovered that it wasn't enough just to say, "Hello, folks; glad to be here. Nice to see you around." So I put a few lines together and worked up a little dance, but many of the movie houses had only pipe-organ music, and trying to dance to that wasn't easy.

In Milwaukee something else happened—a slight try at blackmail. Willie had come along to be my secretary and buffer and to take phone calls. Backstage in Milwaukee, the phone rang several times, and each time a man's voice asked for Mr. Cagney. "I'm his secretary," Willie said. "May I take the message? I'll see that Mr. Cagney gets it."

"This is a personal matter," the voice said.

That night Willie and I were followed home to our hotel. A big car parked behind us. Two men and a woman walked into the lobby.

I said to Willie, "Get out of here. I'll tend to this."

Then I turned on the visiting trio and I waited to see what they would do. They must have been only bluffing, for when we locked gazes, they walked out and I never heard from them again.

So that worked out all right, but there were to be other times when strange voices would pick on Willie over a telephone and I wouldn't be there to help take care of the situation.

Editors' Note: This is the second of three installments by Mr. Cagney and Mr. Martin. The third and last is to appear next week.