

I BOOGIE FOR BARRYMORE

In the era which saw the dawn of the 'boogie beat', the 'hep cat', the 'zoot suit', or solid set of threads also saw the last years of that legendary figure, "The Great Profile". He was Mr. John Barrymore to the unlightened, if such persons existed, and was newspaper copy of the kind to delight the heart of any reporter. There have been endless words written about him, none of which quite capture on paper, Barrymore.

No doubt, at the age of eighty, I shall feel the urge to do the 'Boogie Woogie', with of course, extreme danger to my aged bones. To the majority the name means nothing, but to the so-called cats of my day it was, and still is, a solid sender of a dance.

Probably my grandchildren will, with fine disregard of the very young admonish me. "Grandma, Do you have to tell that again?" And I, with the license accorded old age, shall continue to bore their guests with the same tale of how *I Boogied for Barrymore*.

The Great Profile was playing downtown in the much discussed "My Dear Children" Being past master at the art of Ad Lib, he was packing them in. After his performance he would frequent the after hour spots.

One night, just as my partner Billy and I were going on the floor, for our act, one of the chorus girls came up and excitedly said that Barrymore was in the house. I promptly said that I would lay the Great Profile in the aisle.

I boogied and when I got back to the dressing room, a message came saying that Mr. Barrymore wished to meet me on my dancing and told me that he would help me should I come to the coast. I have often wondered what might have come of this had not fate intervened.

The reporters have written thirty (30) after his name, but I do not feel that fate was too unkind. There may be many old ladies who can say that they had breakfast at Sardi's and countless old ladies who can say that they were in the station when Eleanor passed through, but I'll wager I'll be about the only old lady who can say that she boogied for Barrymore.