WITH MEAGER PLOT, HOLLYWOOD IS ABLE TO MAKE MOVIES

'To Mary—With Love' Uses Unusual Story Background; Opens at Apollo Friday

Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy Again Are Co-starred; Ian Hunter, Claire Trever Play Important Parts in New Film Production.

BY JOHN W. THOMPSON

A young man whose love is unrequited sends flowers to the girl on her wedding anniversary. "To Mary—" he writes on the card. Then a whole movie story takes place before he ends with a flourish "—With Love." That's the story of, that's the glory of Hollywood.

Perhaps in no other medium than in the fairyland of the cinema world could such a miracle be performed so convincingly. But "To Mary—With Love," starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, is to come to the Apollo Friday, again proving that there is nothing written that movieland can't reproduce.

Not since "Broadway Bill," that gallant story about a gallant horse, have Mr. Baxter and Miss Loy been seen together on the screen. Once before, in "Penthouse," they were co-starred. Ian Hunter and Claire Trevor are seen in the supporting cast of "To Mary—With Love."

The new film is based on a love story written for the Saturday Evening Post by young Richard Sherman. It is the story of the troubles faced by a couple just embarked on the sea of matrimony. Outside conditions effect their relations, and there are several seperations before the final curtain.

Stars Voice Views

On the set of "To Mary—With Love," the stars recently gave voice to their own views on marriage Said Mr. Baxter:

"There is a line in the picture which Ian Hunter says to me which seems to sum up the reasons for failure of many modern marriages. It is the line near the end of the play when he says to me, as Myrna's husband:

"'You'd lost your perspective — not only about her, but about everything. You couldn't appreciate what made her stick to you after the false bottom of your success fell out—through hard times, hard work, all the things your egotism had brought her to.'"

One Actress Agrees

"Too many husbands and wives," continued Warner, "do just that. Love, understanding and co-operation, I believe, unlock the door to happiness in married life. Without them no marriage can be a success. With them no hardship, disappointment or tragedy can turn the tables. Love comes from a natural instinct. Understanding and co-operation come through acquaintanceship."

Miss Loy agreed with Mr. Baxter, Said she:

"Men and women, after all, are human beings and are responsive to the same influences, the same kindnesses and the same rebuffs. The normal woman wants to be loved, to be appreciated and the normal man wants the same love from his wife. Naturally, men do not indicate their innerselves in the same manner. But be careful—don't be fooled by their outer expressions."

'SWING' CARTOON SHORT SUBJECT RESULT OF HOLLYWOOD HEAT

A result of the recent Hollywood heat wave is the first "swing" cartoon short subject, "The Old Mill Pond," a Harman-Ising production which is to make its premiere appearance at Loew's Friday. Scenes from the cartoon are shown above, and fans will recognize several of the better known stars of syncopation as caricaturists drew them.

"The Old Mill Pond" contains parodies on "Tiger Rag," "Kickin' the Gong Around," "Jungle Rhythm," "I Heard" and "Mistah Sippy." According to Messrs. Harman-Ising, producers, "The Old Mill Pond" presents a complete lesson in swing music as played and sung by inhabitants of that disturbing region down by the well-known mill stream.

RESORT HOTEL

by Deck Morgan
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ann Hamilton, pretty young secretary in a large business office, goes to a travel agency to make plans for her two-week vacation.

Bill Ware, travel bureau employe, persuades her to go to Lake Racine. Bill is obviously attracted by Ann, but she gives him little thought.

Ann goes to the mountain resort and at first is lonely. Then she meets Ralph Spring, the head boatman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOUR

RALPH SWING, the head boatman, was the most indifferent man Ann had ever known. In a few moments he had told her that he was only paddling her canoe because he had nothing else to do, because all the other boats were out, and because he needed some exercise.

Then he explained elaborately that it was part of his job to help entertain the guests. Most of the girls at Lake Racine were too silly for him, Ralph added. He was not interested in anything but building bridges. A beautiful arch in a bridge was a far finer thing than the sight of a pretty girl.

Ralph was a college man, a sophomore engineer, working his way by this summer job at the hotel. When he finished school he was going to the jungle and build some of those bridges he dreamed about all the time. Then he'd be happy.

"I trust you don't go in for the frivolous life, either," Ann said, her thoughts going back to conscientious Bill Ware who worked at the travel office. "Why do all you men go at your work with such a vengeance? Don't you ever relax?"

"Have to get ahead," Ralph said shortly. Then, with an unequaled abrutpness, he said, "Want to sit in the bottom of the canoe with me? Oh, don't worry! I won't get fresh with you. I just thought you could hear me better if you sat close by."

Then he began telling her about the new bridge across the Golden Gate. "Southerners build all the bridges," he announced, a little proudly. "I don't know why, but they do. I'm from Georgia Tech."

"Is that so?" Ann answered. "Then I suppose one day you'll build big bridges, too. I like the Washington bridge at night—all the lights twinking up there like strings of beads against the dark."

"That's poetry," Ralph said scornfully. "The most beautiful in the world is built over an ugly swamp in Mississippi. It's like a marble tower rising up out of the morass—"

Ann eyed him smilingly. "Isn't that a little poetic, too, Mr. Spring?"

"No! No!" he scoffed. "It's a strong stone bridge. It'll be here." Then he added bluntly, "Call me Ralph. Everybody does."

Softly she laughed. "All right, Ralph."

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HE paused long enough in his paddling for a furtive look at her, facing him, her white face coming out coolly against the dark. She was laughing up at him, and he didn't know what to do about it. This girl was different. She was so—so elusive.

"I'll bet you've got some sense," he said. "Not like the rest of these girls."

"Thank you!" she said prettily.

"I don't cotton much to girls. I've always done road in the summers. I haven't had time to dance, and all those silly things. Do you dance?" he added accusingly.

She said, with an air of defying him, "Of course, I dance. I adore it."

He didn't seem to mind the rebuff. "I suppose I could learn to dance. That is, if I wanted to waste any time. I'll tell you what—I'll let you teach me."

"Thank you!" she said, laughing up at him again. But he seemed so in earnest that she added, "I'd be glad to teach you."

"We could have the boathouse to ourselves three nights a week," he said. "There's a radio in there."

"That sounds very attractive," she said simply.

"Oh, I'll do something for you," he added generously. For a moment he engaged in thought. "I'll teach you the new American crawl. And I could paddle you around in the canoe at night." He grinned amiably. "I'm not much on the romantic stuff, but I guess I could take lessons in that, too."

She laughed. "Do you know, I like you."

"I guess I like you, too," he said. "But I'm going to live in the jungle a few years before I think of getting married. I don't get any ideas."

"Ideas?" she said, smiling.

"It's this way," he went on, dead earnest. "I think you have to build up to this marriage business just like you'd build a bridge."

"With flying arches?" Ann asked, laughing. "I'm getting a little cold out here without a wrap," she added, but that didn't give Ralph Spring any ideas. He began to paddle the canoe toward the dock. "I'll lend you my crew sweater," he said.

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AS a romantic possibility she counted Ralph out! When the canoe slipped up to the dock she saw the slight figure of a man standing there.

"Hello, Ralph," the newcomer said. "Been communing with the lake again—alone?" But then he saw Ann smiling up at him and his mouth gaped. "Sor-ry!"

"Miss Hamilton, this is Jaime Laird," the head boatman said.

Ann put out her hand, and Jaime assisted her from the canoe. He stood gazing at her in silent wonder.

"Say, you're not the lady of the mist? Or am I seeing things? Look here, Ralph, I thought you were only interested in flying arches—not the pretty arches in a lady's foot. And what beyutiful tootsies, lady!" Jaime went on glibly. "I've been looking for you."

"For me?" Ann faced him; then she recalled her casual glimpse of this young playboy back in the city. He had been buying a vacation at the travel bureau where Bill Ware worked. Again she noted his expensive flannels. He was the fabulous Jaime Laird who followed the sunshine and the horses, and made the rotogravure sections.

"All my life!" Jaime said. "I came up here for a rest. I've just recovered from an operation. And what do I find? A mountain lake inhabited entirely by fishes and other aquarian life. There isn't a girl in the town that I would hire for a nurse."

"Perhaps you don't need a nurse," Ann said.

"Jaime needs a nurse," he said stubbornly. "He needs one who'll follow him around all day, and slap his hands."

"Then I'm afraid I wouldn't qualify," Ann said. "And I think you're wrong about the girls. I know a hotel full of them. And very few men around."

"Oh, come on, Beautiful, and go to the dance across the lake with me," Jaime put in. "Ralph doesn't care. He's an old stick-in-the-mud, except when we're swimming." The languid young man turned to the boatman. "I'll race you across the lake at 6 in the morning," he said.

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HE spoke to Ann again. "I'm a better swimmer than the head boatman at your hotel. What do you think of that?"

Ann was eyeing this rich young man with a cool, appraising glance. He was entirely too sure of himself. He seemed spiritless, lazy, utterly lacking in ambition, but he had charm, too. Ann wondered if he would be less charming if he knew what a steady job meant.

And suddenly she was interested in him. The dance across the lake meant the de luxe Majestic Hotel, where boys like Ralph couldn't afford to go. Ann had a secret desire to show off her new evening dress at a swank hotel dance, but she hesitated.

She didn't know Jaime except through Ralph's introduction. And she couldn't hurt Ralph's feelings by running off with a strange man who promised her a gay party.

But Ann was amazed at her good luck in these two speedy introductions to personable young men. As long as Ralph was at her hotel she wouldn't be lonely. Jaime Laird held out the promise of something else.

Ralph turned to her and said, "Don't mind me. I've got my chores to do before I close up shop for the night."

Jaime clamped a firm hand on her elbow, to conduct her to the low-slung roadster for the return trip to her hotel. But Ralph delivered this parting shot, "You get all the pretty girls, Jaime."

Jaime saluted jauntily and winked. Ann thought that he must be quite the lady killer of this resort. She didn't want him to think she was too eager, or too easy to be known.

(To Be Continued)

HOOKED

BY ELMER E. MEADOWS

Daily Short Story

SPIDER McHUGH lashed the wheel of his speedboat as the lean craft snored through the waters of Puget Sound. Just the right speed for trolling.

Spider—known to the underworld as the dope king who had quit the racket—moved back to the stern seat and began to rig his tackle. Fondly, he snapped on a spoon of his own design. He loved to fish. And he gave the fish a chance, which was a concession he never made to anybody or anything else in life.

The motor was revving slowly as he paid out his line. His black eyes squinted across the water at the Bureau of Fisheries boat. Every time he went out, those blasted inspectors hovered around, spying on him. Why didn't they leave him alone? They'd stopped him hundreds of times in the year since he'd settled down to live a straight life on crooked profits. Always, there was a customs agent aboard the fisheries craft.

They would stop him casually enough, asking: "How goes fishing, Spider?" And then, sarcastically: "Still using those home-made spoons of yours?"

Not that he minded being ribbed about his spoons. No, when he made a spoon it was a good one. Like the one he was trolling with now, for instance. Those snoopers had seen him land a 38-pound King salmon with this one.

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SUDDENLY, his mind snapped back to the present. His line was jerking, pole bending like a willow in the wind. Quickly killing the motor, he played the fish like the master he was; now taking in line, now paying it out.

Finally, he brought the fighting King to gaff. Boy, what a beaut! That spoon sure did hook 'em!

Again, he started the motor, paid out the line. He was abeam of Point No Point now. Sight of the point brought a surge of memories. Here was where he had made his fortune. Many were the cargoes of opium he and his gang had picked up off this point!

He'd been smart, though, to quit the racket when he did. He'd known when to leave well enough alone. But those customs men still kept after him. They just couldn't believe that a successful smuggler had quit.

His thoughts wandered through the past. He heard a judge saying, "Case dismissed. Insufficient evidence." They'd always said that. He had been nabbed many times, but never convicted.

He thought of the smart methods he'd used. That idea of ballasting bundles of opium with measured rock salt. When thrown off Orient ships as they stood in past Point No Point, the bundles sank. Then, later, when the salt had dissolved, they floated to the surface and were picked up.

And there had been that idea of stringing the taels together on a rope of glass floats such as Japanese fishermen use. Yes, he had been smart. Smart while in the racket, and still smarter to get out. . . .

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GLANCING furtively over his shoulder, Spider saw the fisheries boat bearing down on him. He had konked his motor, and was reeling in his line. In trolling past the point, he'd snagged something—kelp, he supposed. It happened frequently.

The fisheries boat canted sharply and drifted in close to his speedboat.

Slowly reeling in his line, Spider's face suddenly whitened. Ghost of the past! There, only a few feet from the boat, bobbing and glimmering in the water, was a line of cans, interspersed with glass floats! He'd hooked one of his own old dope cargoes! One that had been lost.

He looked at the glass floats, some still in good condition, some broken and water-filled. The cargo must have floated in the eddying currents around the point for more than a year, partly submerged by leaky floats, not sinking entirely because of the good ones.

"Well, Spider," called a man from the fisheries boat, "haul in your big fish."

Spider shot a glance over his shoulder. It was Customs Agent Johnson.

Frantically, Spider's agile brain sought a way out. If he reeled in, they'd get him for possession of narcotics, if not for the more serious charge of smuggling. If he stalled, they'd board and get the stuff anyway. Could he run for it? No, they'd leap aboard before he could start his motor . . .

An idea! He reached for his gaff hook, jabbed it in the water, twisted it in the light line, and jerked. The line broke. The dope cans began to sink.

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SPIDER looked up, forced a smile. "Well, I guess I made a sap out of myself. It got away—"

Splash!

Johnson had leaped overboard. He came up, swimming with one arm. In the other, he gripped the cans of opium and the glass floats.

Three other men seized Spider and brought him aboard the fisheries boat, then helped Johnson out of the water with his burden.

"You ain't got nothin' on me," Spider said triumphantly. "That junk wasn't in my possession!"

"No," said the customs man, "we won't charge you with possession. That's not so serious a count. You're hooked for smuggling, Spider! Hooked with your own tackle. That famous spoon you made is here in the rope net holding these cans of dope. We saw you deliberately break your line. That's circumstantial evidence of guilt!"

THE END.

(Copyright, 1936, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

(The characters in this story are fictitious)

Termed 'Typical Beauty'

Elizabeth Allen, currently featured with Katharine Hepburn in "Portrait of a Rebel," has been called "the typical English beauty" by famous artists.

Raymond Writes Operetta

Gene Raymond, featured in "Count Pete," has completed an operetta for which he wrote both libretto and score.

Directors Now Want New Men

Need for Different Faces Recognized in Studios.

By United Press

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3. — The Hollywood leading man is coming into his own.

Up until a few months ago, he was one of the most kicked-about human beings in the screen capital. Executives took him for granted, neglected his importance in the general scheme, while wailing long and dismally about the lack of leading women.

This low ebb in the leading man's life seemed due principally to the fact that the hills were full of matinee idols who, sadly enough, failed to provide the movie-going public with much-needed freshness in acting.

Now, however, a current rush to sign up young actors indicates the Hollywood attitude toward the leading man has undergone a radical change.

Among the first to heed the public clamor for new male faces was Darryl Zanuck. In one stroke the producer completed the signing of Michael Whalen, Don Ameche, Thomas Beck, Robert Kent, Charles Tannen and Tony Martin.

Change Observed

The critical view of Hollywood's young actors changed almost at once and film studios since have kept pace with each other in a continual game of recognizing leading men.

A great deal of responsibility for the about-face, according to many screen workers, must be laid at the door of young Robert Taylor. A virtual nonentity a year ago, Taylor receiver many mediocre assignments.

Then an avalanche of fan mail commanded studio executives to "give Taylor a break."

This started the wheel turning and the film machinery quickly turned out other young stars of the Fred MacMurray caliber.

Directors Are Blamed

When seeking the reason for the cold shoulder formerly given to struggling young men, most Hollywood players turn toward the casting and directorial branches of the industry.

Many players say most modern leading men who have risen to the star status, including Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and Dick Powell, were kept in the background by an executive's ultimatum that "they have no promise."

By accident several of these stars slipped into roles where the public got a good look at them, then came fan mail and success.

Sings in New Movie

Gertrude Michael sings for the first time in a movie for a scene of "Second Wife," in which she is featured with Walter Abel.

Carroll Takes Studio's Offer

Famous Producer Accepts Hollywood Contract.

By United Press

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3. — Earl Carroll, famous Broadway musical comedy producer, today was signed and sealed for delivery to a Hollywood studio after years of refusing movie offers.

The producer, seeing some of his finest talent go to the film colony, decided to accept a lucrative offer to bring his musical comedy technique to Hollywood.

Carroll, as producer of the "Vanities," was for years a rival of the late Florenz Ziegfeld and the "Follies." He is to report to the studio within two weeks.

Darryl Zanuck, production chief, said Carroll's first assignment will be to act as associate producer of the "Twentieth Century Follies," a musical show which goes into production soon.

Woman in Film Scarcely Seen

Polo Player Bargained for Part With Comedian.

Times Special

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3.—Joe E. Brown fans who watch the fast exhibition of polo in the wide-mouthed star's latest picture, "Polo Joe," will have to look closely to see that one of the players in the game is a woman. She wears the same outfit as her male teammates, and does as many tricks with a mallet as any of them.

Vera North, who is a crack horsewoman and animal trainer, got her job by striking a nard bargain with Bill McGann, the director. She owns Gypsy, the only horse available that could do the stunts needed for a certain trick riding act in the show. When the studio tried to rent Gypsy, Miss North said, "Yes, if you'll let me play in the game."

Movies to Produce Broadway Success

Times Special

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3. — S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," which the New York Theater Guild kept on Broadway for nearly a year, is scheduled for screen production soon.

The film version of the play is being written by S. K. Lauren and Robert Sisk will do the producing.

Cast as Irish General

Moroni Olsen will have one of his most distinguished roles as the martyred Irish general in "The Plough and the Stars."

Margo Given Role in Movie

Times Special

HLLYWOOD, Aug. 3.—Margo, Mexican actress, who deserted the screen for Broadway some time ago, has been signed to play opposite Burgess Meredith in the picture version of Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." She will take the same role in which she starred in the New York stage production.

The young actress made her screen debut in "Crime Without Passion" and later appeared in several other Hollywood productions.

With Margo and Meredith in "Winterset" will be a third star of the stage version of the play, Eduardo Cianelli, Broadway character actor.

Singer's Fingers Hurt in Accident

Times Special

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3.—Cameramen who are about to film Lawrence Tibbett's new picture have the task of "shooting around" two of the noted baritone's fingers.

He broke the fingers when the trapdoor of his Beverly Hills home dropped on his hand as he descended the stairway.

"I'm thankful I'm a singer rather than a pianist," Tibbett is quoted as saying.

Silent Movie Star Plays Many Roles

Times Special

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3. — Ruth Clifford, silent picture star, has been in pictures since she was 14 years old.

The blond actress, not yet 30, has worked in more than 20 productions since 1921. Her latest role is in "Hollywood Boulevard."

McCrea Keeps Busy With New Pictures

Times Special

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3.—Having completed a picture, "Adventure in Manhattan," with Jean Arthur as his leading lady, Joel McCrea prepares to face the cameras again in Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It."

Frances Farmer, a newcomer to the screen, is to have the leading feminine role.

Ginger Uses Candid Camera

Ginger Rogers, now co-starring with Fred Astaire in "Swing Time," spends much of her leisure time photographing her friends with her Leica camera.

Stage Star on Screen

Burgess Meredith will make his screen bow in "Winterset," Maxwell Anderson drama in which he scored strongly last season on Broadway.

Boy, 12, Has Important Role

Lee Van Atta, 12, has his first important screen role in "Second Wife," after gaining prominence in various California "little theater" movements.

WHERE, WHAT, WHEN

APOLLO

"Poor Little Rich Girl," with Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, at 11:41, 1:41, 3:41, 5:41, 7:41 and 9:41.

CIRCLE

"Rhythm on the Range," with Bing Crosby, Frances Farmer, Bob Burns and Martha Raye, at 11, 1:50, 4:40, 7:30 and 10:10. Also "Bunker Bean," with Louise Latimer, at 12:45, 3:35, 6:17 and 9.

LOEW'S

"Meet Nero Wolfe," with Edward Arnold, Joan Perry and Lionel Stander, at 12:15, 2:50, 5:30, 8:05 and 10:30. Also, "Three Wise Guys," with Robert Young and Betty Furness, at 11, 1:35, 4:12, 6:50 and 9:25.

KEITH'S

"Midsummer Festival Revue," a Federal Players' production with vaudeville and a short dramatic sketch, "The Valiant." Curtain at 8:15

LYRIC

Blackstone, magician, and vaudeville on stage at 1:04, 3:53, 6:42 and 9:31. "Two Against the World," with Humphrey Bogart and Beverly Roberts, on screen at 11:42, 2:31, 5:20, 8:09 and 10:31.

ALAMO

"Heart of the West," with William Boyd. Also "Half Angel," with Frances Dee.

AMBASSADOR

"One Rainy Afternoon," with Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino. Also "High Tension," with Glenda Farrel and Norman Foster.

OHIO

"Florida Special," with Jack Oakie. Also "I Married a Doctor," with Pat O'Brien.

AIR CONDITIONED Cool COMFORT!
LOEW'S
Last 4 Days!
"3 WISE GUYS"
with M-G-M's
Robert YOUNG
Betty FURNESS
Raymond WALBURN
Also to 6
Edward ARNOLD
—IN—
"NEET NERO WOLFE"

Cool CIRCLE
LAST 4 DAYS
"RHYTHM ON THE RANGE"
BING CROSBY · BOB BURNS
FRANCES FARMER
PLUS
"BUNKER BEAN"
GWEN DAVIS, Jr.
with LOUISE LATIMER
Extra! EUGENE GUINEY MOVIEST

COOL OZONIZED AIR
LYRIC
Baffling!
World's Most Mystifying Magician!
4 Last Days!
BLACKSTONE
AND HIS TOUR OF COOL WONDERS
SCREEN
TWO AGAINST the WORLD
with Humphrey Bogart Beverly Roberts
Extra Acts!
ADA BROWN
"Dixie Rhythm"
9 Bytonettes

2nd & FINAL BIG WEEK
Shirley TEMPLE
POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL
Cool
APOLLO
STARTING FRIDAY
Sweethearts Again
WARNER BAXTER · MYRNA LOY
in
To Mary with Love

Singer Wants Her Operatic Career Only

Miss Pons Has No Desire for Roles in Comedy Pictures.

Movie fans may expect nothing but operatic pictures from Lily Pons, the diminutive French singer, who spent 15 minutes at the Municipal Airport Saturday noon.

Probably the only opera star in the world who has to diet to gain weight instead of lose it, Miss Pons believes in sticking to the thing she does well. Asked whether she wouldn't like to do at least one straight comedy role, the French singer replied:

"Well, there isn't time for it in the first place. And anyway I'm a singer."

In her new picture, the filming of which is to start in a week or so, Miss Pons is to sing portions of Gounod operas, "Tales of Hoffman" and the coloratura aria from "Mignon." The story, which, she says, has been "all changed around," is to be based on "Street Girl" but is not to go under that title. As yet none of the supporting cast has been announced.

Speaks English Well

There is a youthful zest, a striking freshness about this little girl who skyrocketed to movie fame in "I Dream Too Much." Her speech sparkles with crisp, stoccato accents. The English language, however, holds few terrors for her. Small featured, her skin slightly olive-tinted, Miss Pons looks like anything but an opera star.

Although she has sung the Bell Song from "Lakme" almost as many times as Nelson Eddy has given voice to "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," she says it seems like only yesterday that she was playing dolls with her two sisters in Cannes, the Riviera city of France.

She studied piano and dramatics for years. Quite apt as a piano student, Miss Pons gave up the hope of becoming a concert pianist because she became nervous before audiences.

Singing Liked Better

It was while playing for a group of wounded soldiers in a French hospital that she first sang in public. The soldiers liked her singing much better than her playing, and for the first time she took a vocal career seriously.

Quiet, little Alberti de Gorostiaga, her voice teacher and the man who first decided that Miss Pons' voice was meant for opera, traveled with the star on her one-day journey to Hollywood Saturday. He speaks no English, but gets a great kick out of America. And he still teaches Lily how to sing.

The plump and distinguished looking orchestra director, Andre Kostelanetz, who probably will wed Miss Pons when they both get time, also was in the party. He carried some excess baggage. But it was important baggage—several real French taxicab horns.

The reason Mr. Kostelanetz carried the horns instead of expressing them was because George Gershwin is forgetful. You see, Mr. Kostelanetz is to conduct a series of concerts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in Hollywood Bowl, and Friday, for his production of "An American in Paris," one of the concert series features, he will need some French taxicab horns.

Knowing that Mr. Gershwin had several, Mr. Kostelanetz asked the composer to lend them to him. George said, "Sure," but seemingly forgot about them. Then late Friday night he rushed over to the Kostelanetz home with the horns. And Andre had to bring them with him.

Miss Pons was not in the least surprised by a group of autograph collectors that crowded around her at the airport. And she doesn't mind signing her name because:

"You see, my name is so easy to spell." (Just wait, Miss Pons, until it's Mrs. Kostelanetz!) (By J. W. T.)

TONIGHT'S NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER PRESENTATIONS

WEST SIDE

STATE — 2702 W. 10th St. — Double Feature — Jane Withers — "GENTLE JULIA" — Frances Dee—"HALF ANGEL"

BELMONT — W. Wash. & Belmont — Double Feature — Frances Dee — "HALF ANGEL" — Una Merkel—"SPEED"

DAISY — 2540 W. Mich. St. — Double Feature — Joan Blondell — Joe E. Brown—"SONS O' GUNS" — Richard Dix—"DEVIL'S SQUADRON"

NORTH SIDE

RITZ — Illinois and 34th — Double Feature — Robert Taylor — "PRIVATE NUMBER" — Richard Dix—"DEVIL'S SQUADRON"

ZARING — Central at Fall Crk. — Double Feature — Henry Fonda — "THE MOON'S OUR HOME" — Herbert Marshall—Gertrude Michael — "TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

UPTOWN — 42nd & College — Double Feature — Irene Dunne—Allan Jones—Paul Robeson — "SHOW BOAT"

GARRICK — 30th and Illinois — Double Feature — Fred MacMurray — "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" — "DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE"

ST. CLAIR — St. Cl. & Ft. Wayne — Double Feature — Norman Foster — "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" — Irene Dunne, Allan Jones—"SHOW BOAT"

UDELL — Udell at Clifton — Double Feature — Meredith Nicholson's — "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES" — Al Jolson—"THE SINGING KID"

TALBOTT — Talbot & 22nd — Double Feature — Bette Davis — "THE GOLDEN ARROW" — Franchot Tone—Loretta Young — "THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

REX — 30th at Northw'n — Double Feature — Irene Dunne — "SHOW BOAT" — "HERE COMES TROUBLE"

Stratford — 19th at College — Double Feature — Louis-Schmeling Fight — Chester Morris—"MOONLIGHT MURDER" — "BROADWAY HOSTESS"

MECCA — Noble & Mass. — Double Feature — Warren William — "TIMES SQUARE PLAYBOY" — Myrna Loy—"PETTICOAT FEVER"

DREAM — 2361 Station St. — Double Feature — Pat O'Brien — "I MARRIED A DOCTOR" — Richard Dix—"Special Investigator"

EAST SIDE

New Coated

TACOMA — 2442 E. Wash. St. — Double Feature — Carole Lombard — "THE PRINCESS COMES across"

EAST SIDE

RIVOLI — 3155 E. 10th — Double Feature — Robert Taylor — "PRIVATE NUMBER" — W. William—"TIMES SQUARE PLAYBOY"

TUXEDO — 4020 E. New York — Double Feature — Carole Lombard — "THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS" — Cary Grant—"BIG BROWN EYES"

IRVING — 5507 E. Wash. St. — Double Feature — Miriam Hopkins — Joel McCrea—"THESE THREE" — "THE LAW IN HER HANDS"

EMERSON — 4630 E. 10th St. — Double Feature — Margaret Sullavan — "THE MOON'S OUR HOME" — Spencer Tracy—"FURY"

HAMILTON — 2116 E. 10th St. — Double Feature — Irene Dunne — "SHOW BOAT" — "THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS"

PARKER — 2936 E. 10th St. — Double Feature — Loretta Young — "THE UNGUARDED HOUR" — "THE LAW IN HER HANDS"

STRAND — 1332 E. Wash St. — Double Feature — Claudette Colbert — "UNDER TWO FLAGS" — Franchot Tone-Loretta Young — "THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

Paramount — 511 E. Wash. — Double Feature — Shirley Temple — "CAPTAIN JANUARY" — Irene Dunne—"SHOW BOAT"

BIJOU — 114 E. Washington — Double Feature — Always, 10c — Wheeler-Woolsey—"SILLIE BILLIES" — "MEN OF ACTION"—Sheris

SOUTH SIDE

FOUNTAIN SQUARE — Double Feature — Robert Taylor — "PRIVATE NUMBER" — Charles Buggles—"EARLY TO BED"

SANDERS — At Fountain Square — Double Feature — Fred MacMurray — "TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" — "DANGEROUS INTRIGUE"

AVALON — Pres., Churchman — Double Feature — Edward Arnold — "SUTTER'S GOLD" — H. Marshall—"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

ORIENTAL — 1105 S. Meridian St. — Double Feature — Dionne Quints — "THE COUNTRY DOCTOR" — "LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED"

GARFIELD — 2303 Shelby St. — Double Feature — Bonita Granville — "UNDER TWO FLAGS"