

VOCAL MAJOR FEATURE OF NEGRO 'MACBETH' PRODUCTION

Actor Goes Into Trance Before Coming on Stage, Members of Cast State

Federal Theater Negro Players Given Free Rein in Presenting Characters, Director Says; First Local Performance Tomorrow.

BY JOHN W. THOMPSON

Voodooism furnishes one of the major features in the Federal Theater project's Harlem production of "Macbeth" which is to open at Keith's tomorrow night for a five-day engagement.

But it isn't fake voodooism. It's not the imitation stuff because the "Macbeth" cast contains an authentic voodoo doctor, Abdul Assen.

Abdul has devoted his life to study of voodooism in Africa. In the current play, members of the cast said, Abdul goes into a nightly trance before appearing in the play to cast a spell on Macbeth.

Players Arrive Tonight

The New York company is scheduled to arrive in Indianapolis to-night, coming direct from the Texas Centennial in Dallas. Said to be a theatrical experiment, "Macbeth" is presented by a cast of 125 Negroes. It was originally staged at the Lafayette Theater in Harlem in April and after a successful run of 10 weeks it moved to Broadway, then went on tour.

Orson Welles, a young man in his twenties, and former leading man for Katharine Cornell, wrote and directed the unique presentation of Shakespeare's play. Though he changed the setting to Haiti from Scotland, he did not tamper otherwise with the original script.

Nat Karson did the three settings in which most of the play's action occurs; a tropical jungle, a majestic castle and a seaboard town.

Since its debut, the large cast has gone through the nightly drama without the aid of a promoter or a working script to guide it.

Actors Given Free Rein

"Although it smacks of the proverbial Hollywood method of procedure," said Mr. Welles when questioned about this, "let me assure you that the absence of a script is not due to carelessness or neglect. It was done deliberately."

"When I put the performers through their paces I strove to avoid stilling their actions and the flow of their lines by routinizing their emotions. I relied solely upon spontaneous direction."

Mr. Welles said this method is a bit risky because there's no telling just where an actor's emotions will lead him but the "free rein" given

WHERE, WHAT, WHEN

APOLLO

"China Clipper" with Pat O'Brien, Beverly Roberts, Humphrey Bogart, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

CIRCLE

"Mary of Scotland" with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" with Warner Oland and Helen Wood on screen at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

LOEWS

"Kelly the Second" with Patsy Kelly and Charlie Chase, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Trapped by Television" with Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

LYRIC

Noble Sissle and vaudeville on stage at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" with Warner Oland and Helen Wood on screen at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

ALAMO

"Parole" with Ann Preston and George Cooper, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

AMBAADOR

"San Francisco" with Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Trapped by Television" with Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

OHIO

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30. Also "Trapped by Television" with Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor, at 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 7:30.

the players has done its intended work.

"I do not want to check in any way the unerring instinct for the theater that these people have," said Mr. Welles "and they came through for me far beyond my expectations."

"Macbeth" is to be presented each evening starting tomorrow through Saturday, with a special matinee performance Saturday.

EARLY TOWNS RECREATED

Both Salem Village and nearby Salem Town, as they existed in the Massachusetts Puritan period, are to be recreated for Frank Lloyd's production, "Maid of Salem," starring Claudette Colbert.

CARTOONIST'S IDEA OF SONG FILM SCENES



When the famous cartoonist, Jefferson Machamer, went to Hollywood recently, he only intended to visit. But Twentieth Century-Fox producers got him to do the bit above, which shows his impressions of "Sing, Baby, Sing," the musical picture which is to open at the Apollo Friday.

In the upper left-hand corner one sees what Mr. Machamer thinks Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye look like in one of their romantic scenes.

Just below them are the Three Ritz Brothers whose singing and comedy is a highlight of the new picture. On the other side of the cartoon are shown Ted Healy and Patsy Kelly as Mr. Machamer thinks they appear in "Sing, Baby, Sing."

Below, in one of the climactic scenes of the picture, Mr. Machamer has depicted Mr. Healy, Miss Kelly, Gregory Ratoff and Mr. Menjou. That dancing nymph in the center at the top is supposed to be Mr. Menjou with an ice bag on his head enjoying the doubtful results of a large evening.

'Sing, Baby, Sing' Musicale Success Assured If Cast of Comedians Is Criterion

Menjou, Ritz Brothers, Healy, Ratoff on List of Fun-Makers in Picture Booked by Apollo for Next Week's Run.

It seems that the main idea when Hollywood producers start work on a new musicale is to get as many comedians into the film as possible. If that's any criterion of success then "Sing, Baby, Sing," which is to open at the Apollo Friday, surely should hit the tops in box office records. It's star-studded and that's no mere press-agency, either.

First of all there's Adolphe Menjou, who showed in Harold Lloyd's "The Milky Way" that he was by no means through as a movie comedian. Then there's Alice Faye for heart interest. She was recently seen in Shirley Temple's "Poor Little Rich Girl." Michael Whalen, who leaped into prominence with his role in "The Country Doctor," is to be seen as the picture's hero. The comic songsters, the Three Ritz Brothers, are billed as the tune specialists, with harmony numbers galore.

Straight Comedy Pair

For straight comedians, "Sing, Baby, Sing" boasts Ted Healy, one of alldom's most regularly employed funsters, and Gregory Ratoff, who seemingly can play any type of role, his best recent attempt being a small part in "Under Two Flags."

Oh, yes, we almost forgot somebody important. It's that soured-on-the-world gal who makes her first full-length feature attempt in "Kelly the Second" at Loew's this week, the one-and-only Patsy Kelly.

Besides these first stringers, there's Dixie Dunbar, a little girl who should go far in the tap world, Montagu Love, the "old villain," and Little Carol Tevis who makes all those "teeny weeny" noises for Betty Boop and other cartoon comedies.

Fun Just for Fun

If the picture is as much fun to see as everyone says it is to make, then it should be one of the year's top notch musicales. Because, from what we hear, the "Sing, Baby, Sing" set was in a constant furore of extra-curricular comedy. It seems that the Ritz brothers started the whole thing.

They induced the impeccable Mr. Menjou to sit down on a chair covered with face powder; decorated Greg Ratoff's Irish setter, Seamus, with a huge red bow; and filled the

center of Miss Faye's cold cream jar with lamp black.

Director Sidney Lanfield accepted a bottle of soda pop that turned out to be vinegar; Michael Whalen started to eat a shoe leather sandwich. Patsy Kelly stumped the boys when she handed them back the piece of cake they offered her. It had a soap center.

Ted Healy, just in order to keep his record as Hollywood's ranking ribber, tried several tricks. He came in following the sartorially perfect Mr. Menjou, costumed just as Mr. Menjou was, replete with cane and all. But Ted was lax. He layed this cane down to eat a sandwich, and when he picked it up it was covered with glue.

Two Much Fish

Director Lanfield asked Ted if he liked dried herring and Ted said it usually made him sick. So the director told Ted he would have to eat some of the fish in the next scene. It was only a joke, so Ted said he thought he could stand it. The scene went off perfectly on the first "take," but Lanfield said he wanted to shoot it again. So Ted bit into his fish again.

Then Menjou mixed up that "take" and Ratoff and Kelly the next two. By that time Ted was on to the fact that he was being ribbed and that the cameras hadn't been grinding on any but the first "take." But Mr. Healy was more than disgruntled. He said he wanted a nice quiet place to lie down.

Songs used in the picture included "Love Will Tell" and "Sing, Baby, Sing" by Lew Pollack and Jack Yellen; "You Turned the Tables on Me" by Louis Alter and Sidney D. Mitchell; and "When Did You Leave Heaven?" by Richard A. Whiting and Walter Bullock.

PLAYS LEGAL ROLE AGAIN

Walter Abel, after portraying a district attorney in his latest picture, "Purdy," is to remain in legal character in his new film, "Second Wife."

Rich and Reckless

BEGIN HERE TODAY

MOLLY MILFORD, rich and popular, has received proposals of marriage from three suitors. But she has not said yes to any of them.

Bored with parties, Molly goes to "The Red Poppy" and meets a man named Bill Patrick. He is a detective and is looking for a man named Stuart.

Molly is a girl who is a bit of a playboy. She is a girl who is a bit of a playboy. She is a girl who is a bit of a playboy.

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The sudden notoriety that had come to "Frenchy's" resulted in a capacity crowd for the evening meal.

One garrulous person on the grounds had won an audience of sensation seekers.

"I saw that couple—the robber and the girl—when they came in," he said. "She was pretty as a picture, but she looked worried and didn't seem to be eating much. She kept sending me looks as if she was in the orchestra, asking them to play different pieces."

A MAN, who had driven up a short while before in an antiquated automobile, pressed closer while the short, bald-headed man was speaking.

"Then what happened?" the stranger asked.

"Then the police came," the bald-headed man said. "Everybody thought I was being raided, but the police were after this bank robber and dam if they didn't draw a bead on him right over my head! My table was close to this couple, and if I hadn't ducked when the firing began I wouldn't be telling this tale."

"When the lights went on?" prompted the stranger again.

"When the lights went on, young fellow, the crowd went wild. Everybody was trying to get out of there, and the police blame anybody for that. You could hear a dime being dropped in the crowd. The girl got away. The police rushed a car to the bridge and stopped every car that got back to town, but I understand they never did find her."

"Do you live on this side of the river?"

"Born on this side."

"You must know the locality pretty well."

"Every foot of it."

"I'm thinking of taking a place out here. Maybe you could tell me if there are any empty houses around."

The baldheaded man thought a moment. There's one. Been vacant a year, but you wouldn't want it. It's not fit for rats to live in. Belonged to old man Hardison who was so miserly he let it almost tumble down on him. After he died they saw lights in it sometimes. You couldn't get anybody to go anywhere near that house after nightfall. Guess you wouldn't want it anyhow. It's three or four miles off the highway in the woods."

"Perfect!" Brent exclaimed.

"What's that?"

"It's just the house I'm looking for. The doctor said I must live in the country. Brent added hastily, 'I haven't been well recently.'"

"You look fit as a fiddle. But it's air you want you'll get plenty of it through the big cracks at old man Hardison's place."

"I wonder if you could direct me to the house?"

"SURE. Drive on the highway about five miles until you find a little forked road cutting into the woods. It's so overgrown with grass now most people would think it was just a path. It's the road that leads straight to the place. It's a lonely drive. If I were you, I'd wait until morning."

"Thank you very much. Good-by."

"If I was you, and I happened to see a light in those woods, I'd sure wait until morning. Fella says old man Hardison's ghost—"

The baldheaded man's warning was lost in the sudden roar of the old car.

A short while later, Brent's

searching eyes found the forked road. He turned off the highway and was soon deep in the woodland described by the elderly man. Suddenly he stopped his car. Some distance ahead was a glimmer of light. Brent's lips set grimly. He drove deeper into the woods, got out of the car, and started cautiously on foot toward the house.

HE saw, as he came closer, that, with the exception of one light, the dilapidated old house was in darkness. A car was parked close to the side of the building. Brent stopped and focused a flashlight on the license number. The number did not correspond with the one he carried in memory.

Perhaps there was another car in the garage. He straightened, and felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. "What, my providing friend, is the object of your call this evening? Chickens? Cars? You tell me."

Brent laughed. "I was looking for Mr. Black. This is such a queer, run-down place I thought Bill Patrick had made a mistake about it. So I was looking at the license number to make sure."

"How did you know the license number?"

Brent spoke easily. "Everybody in town knows it. Black's a big fellow."

"What did you want with him?"

"I have a message for him. Bill said I wasn't to talk with any one else. If he's here, ask him to step outside, please."

"Not so fast, my friend. What do you say to stepping inside, instead?"

HE was trapped! And Molly was here. Brent was certain of it. He controlled his voice with an effort. "Just as you say."

"We came out for a rest. Black was nervous. And here Patrick sends you out. How'd it happen?"

"I was doing some work on the building," Brent lied glibly. "The roof leaked from that last rain. Bill needed somebody to take a message and he offered me \$5 to make the trip. I was glad to do it, too."

"We'll see what Black thinks of your message. First I'll relieve you of your gun. Guess you wouldn't be making a lonely trip like this without carrying a gun. It wouldn't be right safe, would it?"

"I did happen to bring one. Bill—"

"Patrick told you to bring a gun!"

"Not exactly. He said it was pretty dark and deserted out here and maybe I'd be afraid to make the trip. I said I wasn't, but I thought I might be held up. You never can tell on a dark highway."

"I understand. Guns are sure treacherous. While you're here I'll take care of yours. You don't mind?"

Brent handed over his gun. He was watching the bulge in the other's pocket that was partly a mean piece of artillery and partly

Chicago Revue to Play Here

'Follow the Stars' to Open at Lyric Friday.

For its stage attraction starting Friday, the Lyric Theater has booked "Follow the Stars," which will end its third consecutive week at the Palace Theater in Chicago Thursday.

The revue is to be moved intact to Indianapolis retaining all settings, cast members and technical apparatus which were used in the Chicago run.

Heading the unit is Vic Oliver, dubbed the "international comedian" because he has made 32 trips to appear in London theaters. He will be seen in his comedy monolog as well as his sideline of piano and violin solos. Vic is also to serve as master of ceremonies.

Included in the "Follow the Stars" cast is the Robbins Family, whose athletic and dancing are said to be gracefully combined. Also to be seen are the Gilbert Brothers in a wrist-to-wrist horizontal bar act.

Movie Stars Miss Trevor

Alphonse Berg, who does peculiar and unusual things with yards of dress goods on a female figure, is a part of the "Follow the Stars" to be seen at the Palace Theater in Chicago Thursday.

Others in "Star For A Night" include Jane Darwell, Arline Judge, Evelyn Venable, and Dean Jagger.

The Lyric's movie next week is to be "Star For A Night." It features little Claire Trevor in the title role. This marks her first screen appearance since movie producers found out they had been playing up her wrong side of Claire. In "To Mary—With Love" she showed a bright, comedy flair which stole the show.

Before that Miss Trevor had been featured as a sort of second-run heroine in all sorts of dramas. Others in "Star For A Night" include Jane Darwell, Arline Judge, Evelyn Venable, and Dean Jagger.

A hand which he knew was accustomed to using it.

"Here's Black now."

Brent turned and faced the night club owner, whose dark eyes raked him ominously—taking in the laborer's garb and tumbled hair.

"Patrick said two men were coming to 'The Red Poppy' to talk with you tonight. He said it was necessary for you to be there."

"I'm going in, but not because of your message. I have an idea you're a damn sneak. I'm taking my wife back to town. There's a job Louis and I got to do before dark—maybe two jobs—that might bother her. Women are funny that way."

(To Be Continued)

THE BARKER

BY JOHN CRECY

Daily Short Story

OLD CASSINGHAM had a voice like two pieces of sandpaper rubbing together.

"No, sir," he said testily to Ed Walker, manager of Unit 4 of Cassingham's Colossal Carnivals. "Pop Thipp is through—he's dead wood. I want you to get rid of him tomorrow. Replace him with a younger man."

Ed got up and looked out the window of the office wagon. Down on the midway, he could see Pop Thipp, a ringer for the millionaire carnival king bawling his chauffeur.

IN the midway, Pop was still on the platform, winding up his spiel. Ed stood listening to him. There wasn't anything wrong with that spiel. Maybe Pop's voice didn't have the power it once had, but he was pulling them into the Palace of Wonders as good as anybody could on an off day, no matter what old Cassingham thought.

"And lastly, folks," Pop was shouting, "we have Princess Nanya—the biggest attraction on the lot. She weighs 867 pounds! Why, folks, it's well worth the price of admission just to see the Princess. But remember, we also have in this great exhibition, Mr. Elasto—the rubber man! Charmo—the hula-hula dancer! The famous seven-legged calf! And many other attractions too numerous to mention. It's only a dime, folks—just one thin dime! So come on—step up and buy your tickets! Don't crowd, please—don't crowd—there's room for all!"

Ed was waiting when Pop came off the platform. Pop wiped his forehead with his blue bandanna.

"Ever see such a cold bunch in your life?" he asked.

It was a bad carnival town. There wasn't much doing.

"Cassingham's in town," Ed said abruptly.

"I thought I saw his car."

Ed couldn't think of any way to lead up to it gently.

"He wants me to fire you."

"Ho—" Dismay swept across Pop's face. Then he looked at Ed sharply. "Gee," he faltered. "For a minute you had me—"

He stopped. He could see now that Ed wasn't joking.

"You don't really mean it?" he said, pleadingly. "But—why Ed, I've

led up to it gently."

"He wants me to fire you."

"Ho—" Dismay swept across Pop's face. Then he looked at Ed sharply. "Gee," he faltered. "For a minute you had me—"

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led up to it gently."

"He wants me to fire you."

worked for Mr. Cassingham for 30 years! He wouldn't—"

Ed took hold of his arm. "You've got one more chance, Pop. Don't worry. He's going to look you over again tomorrow. This is a rotten town. Pop looked at Ed, thoroughly frightened.

"But—but it won't be any better tomorrow. This is a rotten town. Pop looked at Ed, thoroughly frightened.

Ed gripped his arm tighter. "Don't you worry, Pop," he said reassuringly. "We'll see if we can't do something about this."

NEXT day in the office wagon, old Cassingham went over the books with Ed. After several hours of this, Ed rose and looked out the window. He cleared his throat.

"Uh—about this matter of Pop Thipp?"

"Who?" barked Cassingham.

"Speak up, man—speak up!"

"Pop!" Ed shouted. "Pop Thipp!"

"Oh, yes—yes. What about him? Have you replaced him?"

"No, sir. You said you'd give him one more chance. Don't you remember? Look—"

Ed pointed out the window toward the Palace of Wonders. Cassingham looked on.

Crowds! The people were fighting for places in line. They were 50 deep around the platform.

"You see!" Ed yelled. "It was an off day yesterday—that was all. We'll have about it—does he stick?"

Cassingham coughed. He turned back to the books.