

# 'SING, BABY, SING' DIAGNOSED RIOT OF MUSICAL NONSENSE

Weak Story  
No Handicap  
to Fun Film

Action Indicates Actors on  
Holiday Before Camera,  
Reviewer Says.

BY JOHN W. THOMPSON  
Times Special Writer

If you've got a funny-bone (who hasn't?) you'd better strap it well before going to the Apollo this week, because "Sing, Baby, Sing," is likely to rip it right out of the socket.

Our first impression was that Adolphe Menjou, Alice Faye, the Ritz brothers (funniest trio since Marxes), Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly and Gregory Ratoff, decided to take a holiday and somebody turned on the cameras by accident. Anyway it's screwy, daffy, and completely unstrung, all set to music.

The plot, which is a pretty serious word to apply in this case, starts out with Joan Warren, night club singer, losing her job. She goes to Nick Alexander, booking agent, just as he is being thrown out of his office for nonpayment of rent, along with Al Craven and Fitzy, his secretary.

#### Enter Star With Binge

While Joan goes back to the club for her last night, Nick and his pals bump into Bruce Faraday, movie star on a binge in New York. Bruce keeps reciting Shakespeare and when he sees Joan singing he recognizes her as his Juliet.

The papers jump at the story. Bruce is taken to a hospital. He begs Nick for a drink and Al gets him a jug of bay rum. He thinks it's South American brandy. In company with newspaper photographers and the story spreads like wildfire.

But Bruce's cousin, Robert Wilson, rescues the actor, gets him on a train for Hollywood. Nick, sensing a terrific business for Joan, charts her plane to take them on a cruise after the filming Romeo. They catch him in Kansas City, finally get him into a radio studio for a program with Joan which puts her on easy street with a fat contract. The handsome young newspaper man who has handled the story against Joan's will comes in for the romantic honors.

#### Menjou Performance Tops

Mr. Menjou, as the drunken actor, tops his fine performance in "The Milky Way" that characterizes and stamps himself as one of the screen's most convincing comedians.

Alice Faye sings two should-be-hit tunes: "You Turned the Tables on Me" and "Sing, Baby, Sing." She serves as an acceptable heroine with the accent on looks rather than talent.

Surprise of the show is the singing of Tony Martin. He is inserted into the radio program for no apparent reason and croons "When Did You Leave Heaven?" in a voice that should take him far.

#### Healy at Funniest

Mr. Healy has never been funnier than he is dashing hither and yon with Miss Kelly at his heels. Ted's brand of comedy fits right into the scheme of this film and steals many scenes from the stars.

As for the Ritz brothers, well, they took us off our feet. They sing, dance and make the worst faces (besides Martha Raye), of any one on the screen. But they should take with those who like the comedy raw.

Dixie Dunbar and Montagu Love are in the supporting cast. It's way over on the nutty side, but "Sing, Baby, Sing" guarantees you plenty of guffaws.

#### Mallory Outing

#### Open to Public

Employees of the P. R. Mallory Co. are to hold their annual outing at Riverside Amusement Park tomorrow evening, and officials have invited the general public to participate in the fun.

Highlight of the day's activities is to be the crowning of the Mallory popularity "queen" as the climax to a contest which has been conducted at the Mallory factory for the last month.

#### BROWN STARTED EARLY

Tom Brown made his debut as a screen actor at the age of six when he appeared with Henry Hull in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." His latest role is that of an aviator in "I Give My Life" which Richard A. Rowland produced for Paramount.

#### LIKES REPORTER ROLES

Paul Kelley, handsome young man who has been cast in "The Accusing Finger," claims that he likes best those pictures in which he appears as a newspaper reporter.

#### TO ELIMINATE NOISE

So intense are the dramatic scenes in "Valiant in the Wind for Carrie," that an elaborate "inter-set" telephone system has been devised by which laborers on the set may converse.

#### SKY HARBOUR

Naturals 50¢ Couple Before 8:30-12:30  
50¢ Couple 2:30 to 4:30 50¢ Couple 12 to 1-  
2:30 Couple After 1. Sunday, 50¢ Couple,  
One Block South Municipal Auditorium.  
Dance Labor Day Night  
30¢ Per Couple

#### DANCING

Every Night Except Monday  
Adm. 30¢ before 8:30  
The CASINO  
5041 E. Washington St.  
HAL BAILEY'S ORCH.

# "That's all there is"



BY SUTHERLAND DENLINGER  
Times Special Writer

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—Ethel Barrymore is really through with the stage. Really through and happy about it. "That's all there is. There will be no annual series of farewell tours. I wish—what is it they say?—to leave them smiling."

Miss Barrymore herself was smiling. She sat on the wide inclosed porch of the big white house at the end of Taylor's Lane, Mamaroneck, and smiled and drank iced tea and talked about her plans for the future and her memories of the past and about ball games and prize fights and places and people and things. It would have been good talk even if unaided by the Barrymore voice.

There are times these days when the big porch might have belonged to a candidate for the presidency rather than to a famous actress who had decided that enough is enough. That is because Miss Barrymore has said that she wants to give the benefit of her experience to youngsters who were coming along, to "any and all people who want help or encouragement" in her own and allied fields.

These people take her seriously, write and send telegrams or even appear, in awed enthusiasm, at the door of the white house itself. And they are right, because she means to be taken seriously.

#### Determined on a School

"I am going to have a school," said Miss Barrymore. "There never has been a school in this country run by any one who was anything in the theater. Teaching for the theater should be done by the real people of the theater, but most of them don't care—they aren't interested in any one else."

It sounded like an ambitious program for a school, and you said that it was well timed. The Miss Barrymore, characteristically, did not look upon her decision to abandon the stage as retirement at all, but as change—a chance to do other things which she regards as quite as important, quite as absorbing, as any role in any play.

"You know," she said, pressing out her cigarette stub against the tray, making with her hands a slight and amiable gesture, "when I left the convent, I had wished to become a musician. It was decided that I should go to Leipzig, but it did not turn out that way. At 12 years old I felt that eating was important, and so I went on the stage. But now I am going to have time for music again."

#### Won't Have Ghost Writer

Time for music, time for a school, time for her three children, beginning now their own careers; time in which to write a book. Retirement, indeed! The book has been "in the works" for some while, and Miss Barrymore thinks that it will move more rapidly in Mamaroneck than it did while she was still acting. It's all.

The house is the plum tree which she planted, heavy now with their burden of fruit, and the gardens which she laid out and the slope of terrace down toward the inlet and the marsh filled with waving cat-tails and rushes.

The house has been there a great while; part of it 300 years old. The walls of it wide, high-ceilinged rooms are covered with pictures. Here is John Le Berger's sketch of Miss Barrymore made in Boston in 1903 in an hour and a half's sitting.

Here are Audubon's enchanting bird paintings, bird scenes from David Balfour, on the ascending wall next the mahogany staircase, delightfully lugubrious French prints—Derniers moments du Marché Duroc, Dernier moment de Napoléon II, L'Aiglon, very fat, on his deathbed.

The Barrymore school will probably get under way in October, although as yet most of the details,



Ethel Barrymore . . . leaves them smiling

not a conventional autobiography, and it is not being ghosted.

"It's just about places and people and things that happened," she explained. "I remember everything you know. Everything. Above all, it is going to be my own book. Not a trace of a ghost. Some time ago a publisher came out to visit us and he said, 'Ethel, you don't know anything about writing. Why don't you get some one to ghost your book.' I know just the man for you, he did all the writing for —, the prize-fighter," I said. "No thanks. If I write a book it's going to be all Ethel Barrymore."

#### House 300 Years

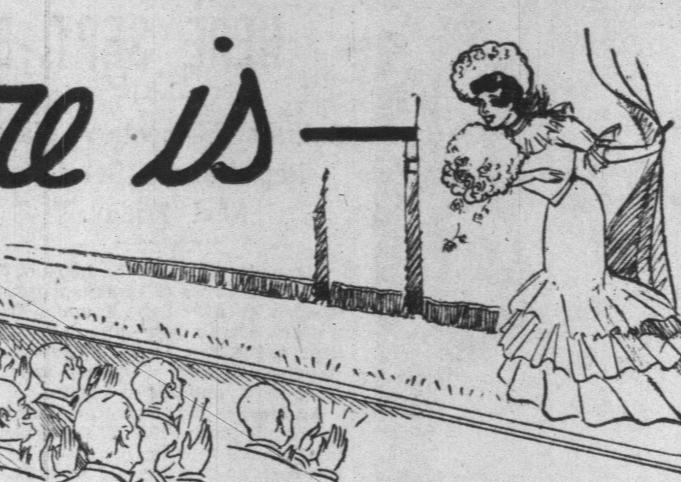
The home in which Miss Barrymore has planned these things has been here since she came here 24 years ago with her husband, Russell G. Colt, the arms manufacturer. Here were born her daughter and

Sam, the youngest of her two boys, and here are the plum trees which she planted, heavy now with their burden of fruit, and the gardens which she laid out and the slope of terrace down toward the inlet and the marsh filled with waving cat-tails and rushes.

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The Barrymore school will probably get under way in October, although as yet most of the details,



including the size of enrollment, remain to be worked out.

"It won't be expensive," she said. "That wouldn't be fair. I don't want to make anything out of it at all except the cost. I have to charge something, or else it would get away from me. I'd be deluged. I want it to be something like a hospital, in that when people know how to do things, they may. A student, for instance, might be equipped to teach one or more subjects.

"There will have to be a number of courses. Fencing, for one—if actors are going to play Shakespeare they must be at home in Shakespeare — and dancing, and languages: French, Italian, German. There are four little theaters available in Mamaroneck, and we will put on plays, with an audience, because not even a rehearsal is good unless it's on a stage.

"The need for this sort of thing has been increased by the decay of the road, or stock, of repertory. In my grandmother's theater in Philadelphia a great actor from England, a man like Booth would come for an engagement, and they'd all learn from him. Then, too, they did a different play almost every night."

And in the long room used to be the billiard room, but which is now, so moves the world, given over to table tennis, there is an amazing collection of prizefight pictures which the mistress of the house along with years, unnecessary proof that Miss Barrymore is a person of many good qualities.

Called Barrymore Gate

Out in the sideyard, next the drive, is a lawn inclosed by a grove of tall trees and in the center of that lawn a swing, all that remains of the slides and bars and athletic implements used by the Colt children in the day when the grove was known to their parents as "Coney Island." The swing is used today by the gardener's little boy.

The house isn't called anything, officially, that is. To some it is "the Colt place," but it has another name to the volunteer firemen of Mamaroneck, as the family, quite by accident, recently discovered.

"Britt is our chauffeur," explained Miss Barrymore. "He has been with us here for 24 years and some time ago they made him head of the volunteer firemen. The other day Sam found the book that they keep, with the names and locations of houses in it, and he said, 'Mother, look at this,' and there was our house listed as 'Barrymore Gate.'

She laughed. "We're trying to keep the awful news from Mr. Colt," she said.

#### Has No Age Limit

In the garden, filled with her favorite orange zinnias, snapdragons, cornflowers, it occurred to Miss Barrymore to emphasize her willingness to teach the art of speech, of acting, of dancing, of singing, to those who wish to go on the stage; persons in radio, or on the lecture platform, or in politics—any one whose profession necessitates public appearance.

"That's why I don't intend to have any particular age limit," she explained. "There are so many men who write well and sound bad. That's true of almost every poet I have ever heard, except John Masefield. Masefield reads his things beautifully, but all the others should be restrained. The women are worse as speakers before women's clubs."

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