

'Can't Take It' Tops in Film Version

Hilarious Sycamore Family Transfers Capers to Loew's Screen.

By JAMES THRASHER

If you've entertained any doubts about taking in "You Can't Take It With You" now at Loew's, dispel them. It's certainly one of the year's best pictures, and one of the funniest comedies in anyone's film recollections.

That's all you need to know. But if you saw the play on either of its 11 trips to Indianapolis, you might want to carry on and see what happened to it when it came to the screen.

Well, for one thing, director Frank Capra and screen author Robert Riskin have changed it and made a better play than the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart original. The team of Capra and Riskin has a way of improving almost everything they touch. In this case, because the camera can move quickly and tell a lot of story in a little time, they have pulled the plot threads together.

They also have added to the already upbeats comedy of the play's authors. For instance, they have added a courtroom scene that's a beauty. It also gives the veteran Harry Davenport a chance to shine brightly in a bit role as the judge. They've given Grandpa Vanderhof a harmonica to play, have put in a part for the amusing Donald Meek, and they've deleted the inebriated actress, which was no loss.

An Apt Description

By this time, everyone should be familiar with the Sycamore family and its patriarch, Grandpa Vanderhof. Frank Nugent described the Sycamore household aptly when he likened it to the tourist's popular estimate of New York City: "A lovely place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

Grandpa left his prosperous business one day because he wasn't having any fun. When the play opens it's been 35 years, and Grandpa has never been back. He collects stamps, shoots darts, goes to commencement exercises at Columbia and denounces, in a kindly way, the world's furious pursuit of riches.

After all, you can't take it with you.

There Are No Restraints

Penny Sycamore, his daughter, writes plays because someone left her a typewriter by mistake. She uses a kitten for a paperweight, paints atrocious pictures, and sails through life in a cloud of unperfumed and enviable bliss.

Mr. Sycamore makes fireworks in the basement, with the assistance of Mr. De Pinto. The latter worthy came to deliver the last eight years before and never left. Essie, the elder daughter, aspires to be the ballerina. Between pangs de soleil, she makes candy. Ed, her husband, delivers the candy, plays the xylophone and runs a hand printing press in the parlor.

Then there is Mr. Kolenkhov, Essie's misanthropic dancing master, who always stays to dinner. And the Negro servants, Rhoda and Donald, contribute to a daffy and delightful household where everyone does exactly as he pleases.

Alice Is Exception

Everyone, that is, except Alice. She's the younger daughter and the same one. And what happens when she falls in love with Tony Kirby, her boss and the rebellious heir to millions, sets the plot a-boiling.

It's useless and unfair to attempt putting the plot on paper. There is a clash of philosophies of living, with an obligato of excruciating comedy. The moment when Tony and his parents come for their dinner with the Sycamores a day early is, theatrically, a memorable one on stage or screen.

By linking Grandpa with the Kirbys more closely, the picture makers have remedied the play's weak ending considerably. Add this to the Sycamore family, one of the American theater's most precious possessions, and you approach perfection of comedy entertainment.

It's Well Worth Seeing

Since perfection can't go unchallenged, however, those who saw the play may know a few moments of disappointment. Grandpa's complete argument with the income tax collector—and it's a classic—is missing. Likewise the guessing game with which Mrs. Sycamore entertains the Kirbys, which scarcely was "family" entertainment. And those who saw Henry Travers or Aldridge Bowker do Grandpa may be saddened to find the film character is much more Lionel Barrymore than Martin Vanderhof. It's very superior Barrymore, though.

The movie's love interest isn't dragged in bodily, nor does it slow up the story. For it is handled masterfully by Jean Arthur and James Stewart. The other actors, bless 'em, are grand: Spring Byington, Mischa Auer, Edward Arnold, Ann Miller and all the rest.

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JOINS WHITEMAN

Matty Malneck, leader of the newly formed "sophisticated swing" band which makes its public debut in Paramount's "St. Louis Blues," was a music arranger for Paul Whiteman for 12 years.

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"LONE RANGER" News

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Jitterbug Contest
Maurie Sherman
and his Hotel
Sherman Orchestra
All the Evening
INDIANA
ROOF
BALLROOM

Music? Jose Iturbi Would Rather Talk About His Hobby of Aviation

Pianist Named Air Admiral
On Flying Visit Here;
May Make Movie.

Bill Dickey, according to Henry McLeone of the United Press, talked about bird dogs when interviewed on the chances of his team, the New York Yankees, in the World Series. Jose Iturbi talks about airplanes and flying when questioned about his profession.

Mr. Iturbi, the world-famous pianist, conductor and soon-to-be movie star, stopped off at Municipal Airport for an hour yesterday en route to Atlanta and a recital engagement. He hadn't been here more than a few minutes until he had been elevated to the rank of Admiral of the American Airlines Flagship Fleet. Certificate and everything.

That's what the passenger airship people think of one of their best customers. And Mr. Iturbi talks like a press agent for National Air Travel Week (current). He isn't even a stockholder in an airlines company, however. He just gets around a lot, and has grown impatient of other modes of travel.

Flying for 22 Years

Mr. Iturbi made his first flight 22 years ago. Since then he has traveled by air through three continents with a side trip into India in September. He is going to fly to South Africa for a concert tour. And the cinch that he'll cross the Atlantic by air before then. He very nearly did a few months ago in a mail plane.

Travel talk led around to discussion of Mr. Iturbi's reasons for going places, his current season's engagements. He expects to have at least 150 more before next summer. He made 167 appearances in 1937-38. He will stay in the United States all this winter, leading orchestras, playing with them or giving solo recitals, and appearing in two-piano concerts with his sister Amaro. A real triple-threat virtuoso.

Last night was the Atlanta recital. Sunday night he leads the Detroit Orchestra in its weekly broadcast. On Oct. 14 he opens the Cincinnati Symphony season as guest conductor. Then he goes to Rochester to open the season of his own Philharmonic Orchestra on Nov. 3. There are several engagements in between, and it will go on like that until summer. Then, probably, a movie.

Spurs \$30,000 Check

Mr. Iturbi doesn't know yet what the movie will be about or which studio will work for it. He had a studio check for \$30,000 in his hand. But they wouldn't guarantee that he would not wind up as the face on the cutting room floor, so he gave it back.

"Four or five years ago," the pianist says, "I told Sam Goldwyn that music in the movies must be incidental. But they put a prima donna or a virtuoso in a picture, then everybody waits around for romance . . . If I make a picture, I want to be my age and be myself."

Mr. Iturbi isn't forgetting that he's a grandfather, even though he is young looking, tan and husky, and in his early forties.

The busy musician admits that if he didn't love music he would not be able to maintain his arduous schedule. And, for him, music ought to be democratic. That's why he has enjoyed his seven radio appearances with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns.

"That Crosby," says Mr. Iturbi,

"is the only one who can make a movie a success."

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Times Photo.
Mr. Iturbi, caught with a cup of coffee and a sly look at the Airport restaurant.

McLaglen's Pet Kangaroo Back

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 7 (U. P.)—Victor McLaglen's pet kangaroo was back home today, much to the relief of neighbors in La Canada Valley.

There was no end of excitement when the kangaroo came hopping over neighbors' back fences. Every boy in the district took up the chase.

A caretaker finally caught the kangaroo and explained that the gate to its runway had been left open.

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