

"There's Many A Slip Twixt The Cup And—"

Hand Of Fate Has Played Cruel Pranks On Many Actors And Actresses Seeking Fame On Screen

By Linda Lane

REAMS of material have been written about the early struggles of our screen stars, the pitfalls and handicaps that accentuated the incidents in their lives devoted to the pursuit of establishment in the theatrical world. But those narrations of mental anguish, of bitter disappointment and disillusion have little comparison with the unfortunate physical handicap that faced Rosina Lawrence, the little blond Canadian star now under contract to the Hal Roach studios.

The fates were kind to Rosina in giving her beauty and personality. At an early age, in Westborough, Canada, where she was born, Rosina took to dancing and singing. It was a happy life for her, while her fond parents envisioned the day their attractive offspring would blossom into a lilted figure on the professional stage. With this thought in mind, they brought her to Hollywood and she played in several films as a child actress. Thence it was to New York to study under some of the leading artists there. After this extended period of tutelage, the parents decided upon a trip to England to visit relations and permit their child a more worldly education.

After a year spent in England and the whole of Europe, Rosina was brought back to Hollywood. Her beauty was maturing and her ability in the art of dancing was growing, so the family decided to make Southern California their permanent residence which, of course, meant putting Rosina in school. Little did they know this move would be captioned with tragedy.

The first day Rosina was in school she was knocked down by another child while at play. What was thought just a minor injury by the parents was pronounced as paralysis by the doctors who examined her after she had lain in bed, unable to move, for several days.

THE little figure, so lithe, so beautiful, was robbed of its activity, for her whole left side was completely paralyzed. For two long years, this little lady, invested with every requisite for a life in the theater, was branded with the toll of



Few screen actresses have had greater obstacles to overcome than charming Rosina Lawrence, who is now well on the road to fame after having been paralyzed two years.

by slight injury. Anxious, tense and ambitious to exert her very best before the cameras, she didn't notice that she had skinned her knees. After she retired to her dressing room, she discovered the barked legs but returned to the set triumphantly. There had been no medical attention; instead, Tilly had devised a new means, that of wearing a pair of football knee-pads which were easily concealed by her flowing costume.

Although her name may not as yet be a household word in the homes of American theater and film-goers, the career of Tilly Losch has been a series of mounting triumphs. In Vienna, the city of her birth, she rose through 12 years of arduous training at the Opera Ballet school to prima ballerina, dancing frequently before royalty.

Now, after her thirteenth trip across the Atlantic, Tilly's eyes are set on the topmost pinnacle of motion picture fame, not solely as a dancer, but as an actress, too.

WALLY BEERY frowns at those insistent rumors that crop up so often, telling of his planned retirement from the screen. Not that Wally feels himself indispensable to the screen, but that the screen is indispensable to him. Retiring? Bah! Twenty-odd years of picture activity has made his work too interesting for him to think of retiring. "Why, man, I'm just getting started," he says, and ambles away to the set.

There we followed him, drew up a chair and queried him for a few details.

"Three times," laughed Wally. "I have retired—yes, actually was going to take life easy—and three times I have returned. A man's got to keep going."

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, Beery started as a wiper in a railroad roundhouse, became an elephant trainer, and finally found himself in a musical comedy on Broadway. The illness of Raymond Hitchcock gave him an opportunity to star in "The Yankee Tourist." That was his confirmation and he became "dead-set" on a theatrical career.

After touring the country in a stock company, Wally made his screen debut in a two-reel comedy at the Essanay Studios. Not content with knowing only one angle of the motion picture business, he became a director, studio manager, cameraman and electrician. In Hollywood he joined the famous Keystone comedies company, and after completing his contract he took a group of him players to Japan. The venture was far from successful and Beery lost every cent of his accumulated earnings.

BACK in Hollywood he became a "heavy" and won instant success as the burly villain in "Robin Hood," "Richard, the Lion-Hearted," "The Sea Hawk" and other hits of the day. But his genial personality couldn't tolerate continued portrayals as a menace, so with Raymond Hatton as his team-mate he returned to comedy. Then he joined MGM and here was destined to attain the heights in his field. Sympathetic, down-to-earth roles were his fare and in starved succession he rent the hearts of millions of picture followers with such ace performances as in "The Champ," "Grand Hotel," "Viva Villa" and "Ab, Wilderness."

No, Wally Beery doesn't entertain a single thought of retirement. He doesn't want to "die by inches."



Quit the films? Not Wally Beery, who is pictured here with his dog Tuffy. Wally intends to remain in pictures and "die by inches."

Durned If I Didn't Do It

By Bob Burns

(Continued)

ALONG about this time I made my first money in the show business. I was about 13 years old. Besides playin' the mandolin in our string band and the trombone in the Queen City band, my uncle had taught me to play a piece on the piano. It was "I'm Goin' Back to Texas," one of his own compositions. It was the first piece I ever played where I used both hands and it was the only piece I knew.

One day Colonel King, who owned King's Op'ra House came to my house and said he heard I played the piano. He wanted to know if I'd play at the op'ra house. He had "The Squaw Man" playin' there that night and he wanted

I was a little bit disappointed when they took me to the high school auditorium to pull off the homecomin' ceremonies. After it was all over I asked Mayor Tom English why he didn't let me talk in the op'ra house and he says "it's stored plumb full of hay."

But I'm kinda gittin' ahead of my story. I told you about the bazooka and I just happened to remember that the bazooka ain't been born yet.

I told you before about this string band we used to have. One night, we was practicin' in the back of Hayman's plumbin' shop. In those days I played the mandolin on all one-steps and fox-trots, but on waltzes I was playin' bass by layin'



What's this? What's this? Why, it's Bob Burns, the boy from the Ozarks, osculating with Martha Raye, the gal who has a mouth bigger than Joe E. Brown's.

some music between acts. I told him that I couldn't play good enough for that but he said he didn't know anybody else that could play at all and my playin' would be better than nothin' and that he'd pay me \$2 for it. I told him I'd do it, but it'd be purty bad.

Well, that night, I just kept poundin' away, repeatin' that piece over and over. By the time the show was over I got so I could play it purty good. After the show I went out front and Mr. King gave me \$1. I reminded him that he'd promised to pay me \$2 and he says "that's all it's worth." I says I told you it'd be bad and he says "yes, but I didn't know it'd be that bad."

BUT I always have had a soft spot in my heart for the op'ra house because that's where I got my start in the show business. Not long ago, when I was signed up to appear with Bing Crosby on the radio I stopped off at Van Buren on the road out to California and they give me a big homecomin'.

All the way to Van Buren I was dreamin' about playin' my bazooka and talkin' to the people in that old op'ra house. Well, they met me at the train with four bands, several thousand people and several hundred dogs and we had a parade down Main street with ox teams and covered wagons. Everything was great, but

my finger on the edge of the table and draggin' a resined broom stick across my finger. Well, that night we played that "Over the Waves Waltz" so much that my finger got purty hot and I was just foolin' around waitin' for my finger to cool and I picked up a piece of gas pipe about two feet long and blew in the end of it and my lips happened to catch and I made a bass note. That gave me an idea. I picked up a piece of music and rolled it up and slid it inside the gas pipe. I found I could make about three fuzzy bass notes. The other boys all laughed and I suppose I was just like all other boys—if you laugh at them they'll do it again. I spent the rest of that night figgerin' out the bazooka. I found another smaller piece of gas pipe and slid it inside of the other one and then I soldered a whiskey funnel on the end of it.

REMEMBER the other boys thought it was kinda silly for me to ruin my lip for a trombone to play on that homemade contraption, but I was always proud of it. But even I didn't dream that some day General Pershing and the King of Spain would git blue in the face from tryin' to blow the same instrument and that it would land me in this beautiful suite between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard.

(To Be Continued)



inactivity. Doctors, specialists all of them, administered the aids and attention of their profession. Exercise was pronounced the most feasible cure. Each day she was lifted from her chair and assisted in moving about.

Joyfully, her motive powers returned, slowly but ever surely. It took patience, too, but the girl demonstrated grit and soon was requesting that she return to dancing school, a suggestion with which the physicians were in agreement. Again she became adept, proficient. Her destined career and success was again a reality.

Rosina danced at the Foreign Club in Tijuana. Professional recognition came her way and she was summoned to New York to appear in "The Angel of Broadway," then in "Faust." Returning to filmland, she became Sally Eiler's standing, won necessary experience in motion picture technique and was given a contract at the Fox studios.

With the Fox company and 20th Century pictures merging, Rosina saw her contractual obligations transferred to Hal Roach. They are grooming her for the stardom which is deservedly hers.

What with falling down the prompter's pit on a Vienna stage and barking her knees before the camera, Tilly Losch has had plenty of trouble getting launched on her film career. But at last she's on her way.

TWICE in the meteoric career of Tilly Losch, internationally famous dancer and actress, her debuts have been doctored by the minor injury and misfortune.

It was when at the age of five that this demure edition of artistry danced her way to a year's obscurity. She was dancing with a balloon in her hands at a Vienna theater, and an amazed audience saw her drop suddenly from sight. No, it was not a legerdemain stunt. Far from being a part of her routine, Tilly had fallen through the trapdoor of the prompter's pit, which was the standard part of so many of the continental stages of that time. For this misstep, the Vienna Opera Ballet school barred her from further public appearances for a year.

Just recently Tilly's screen debut was attended