

STAR DUST

MOVIE AND RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

WHEN you see "Go Into Your Dance," with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler in the principal roles, take particular notice of Ruby. She probably doesn't realize it, but she has the makings of a good dramatic actress.

She's such a sweet, unobtrusive little thing that nobody's ever taken any particular notice of her talents, except to admit that she's one of the best dancers on the screen. And, since she's not the kind of girl who pushes herself forward and scrambles and fights to get everything she possibly can, she's just gone along, doing what she was told to do and wondering if she really could do it.

But she'll climb right up the ladder, given half a chance. And she deserves every break she gets.

Speaking of Ruby reminds me of the party Warner Brothers gave recently at a New York night club for Al Jolson, to celebrate the eighth anniversary of talking pictures—for it was Al, you'll recall, who really put those "all-talking pictures" on the map.

The party was a huge success. Everybody was there—Eddie Cantor, publicly burying the hatchet after one of those feuds that seem to have no particular reason (he and Jolson have been on the outs for ever so long; there was some argument about Cantor's just following Jolson along in his work, or something of that sort). John Barrymore, Rudy Vallee (who sang "Sweet Music"), Paul Whiteman, Ethel Merman, Dorothy Mackall,

who's still looking for a job and can't seem to get one.

And Jimmy Durante, who performs regularly at the club where the party was held, was nervous when it came to doing his stuff before that crowd. Seems funny, doesn't it?

Incidentally, the club was the one used in "Go Into Your Dance."

Jolson, at this party, opened up his heart and told all about his struggles. About how he was down and out, after losing heavily in the stock market, and about how he went to Hollywood and tried to get a job.

"Nobody wanted me—Al Keeler," he said, smilingly referring to that time when he found suddenly that he was just Ruby Keeler's husband. For Ruby had unexpectedly made a hit in pictures about then.

So he tried to sell somebody the idea of doing "Wonderbar" in pictures with him. He owned the screen rights. But he'd recently done "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," and people were saying that he was no good on the screen any more.

Finally "Wonderbar" was made, and it wasn't too good. Which didn't help much.

But now "Go Into Your Dance" comes along, and is very good indeed, except for those huge dance spectacles of which everybody but Warner Brothers is sick unto death.

At that same party people were looking at John Barrymore and saying "Why should Dolores Costello want to go on being married to him?"

He looked older than time, and rather dissipated. It was easy to believe that only after hours of preparation, of having his face lifted and all that sort of thing, can he face the screen. Apparently he's enjoying New York night life, but it isn't helping his looks any.

Meanwhile Dolores is going about a bit in Hollywood, and there's talk of her returning to the screen. If she's been able to cultivate her speaking voice and learn a little more about acting, she ought to get along beautifully; she's always been one of the loveliest girls in Hollywood.

Now, I ask you! Here everybody's been raving about Merle Oberon's exotic beauty, not caring a whoop because it was achieved by using special makeup and having the corners of her eyes drawn back and up a little. Being exotic was her specialty, and she was doing a good job of it.

So along comes Samuel Goldwyn, signs her up to do "Dark Angel" and "Lorna Doone," and announces that he's going to change her type and make her a regular English girl.

He could have found plenty of actresses who either were regular English girls or looked as if they were. He could have found plenty of roles that demanded somebody as exotic as Oberon. But that's Hollywood for you—do the thing the hardest way! Then you feel as if you'd accomplished something.

There's no doubt that Merle Oberon can be turned into a less exotic type, since she's one naturally. But, will we people who just go to pictures, like the result?

ODDS AND ENDS . . . W. C. Fields firmly establishes himself, in "Mississippi," as one of the screen's leading actors . . . Clara Kimball Young's an extra these days . . . Clara Bow wants to return to the screen . . . They say there's another marriage in the offing for Mary Astor . . . When you see "G Men" (a gangster picture with a new

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Incurable?

No talkative man was ever able to reform himself in that particular.

angle), study Lloyd Nolan's performance; it got him a nice contract with Columbia . . . Charles Laughton is now making "Mutiny on the Bounty" in Hollywood; then he's going to London for "Cyrano," back to Hollywood for "Marie Antoinette" and then to London for "I, Claudius"; and the thing he hates most is crossing the ocean! . . . It seems to be settled that, if the movie studios have to leave Hollywood, they'll go to New Jersey . . . Looks as if "Green Pastures" would land on the screen before long.
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Island of Monte Cristo

The island of Monte Cristo, scene of the hidden treasure found by Edmund Dantes, one of Alexander Dumas outstanding heroes, lies midway between Corsica and Italy, to the south of the island of Elba.

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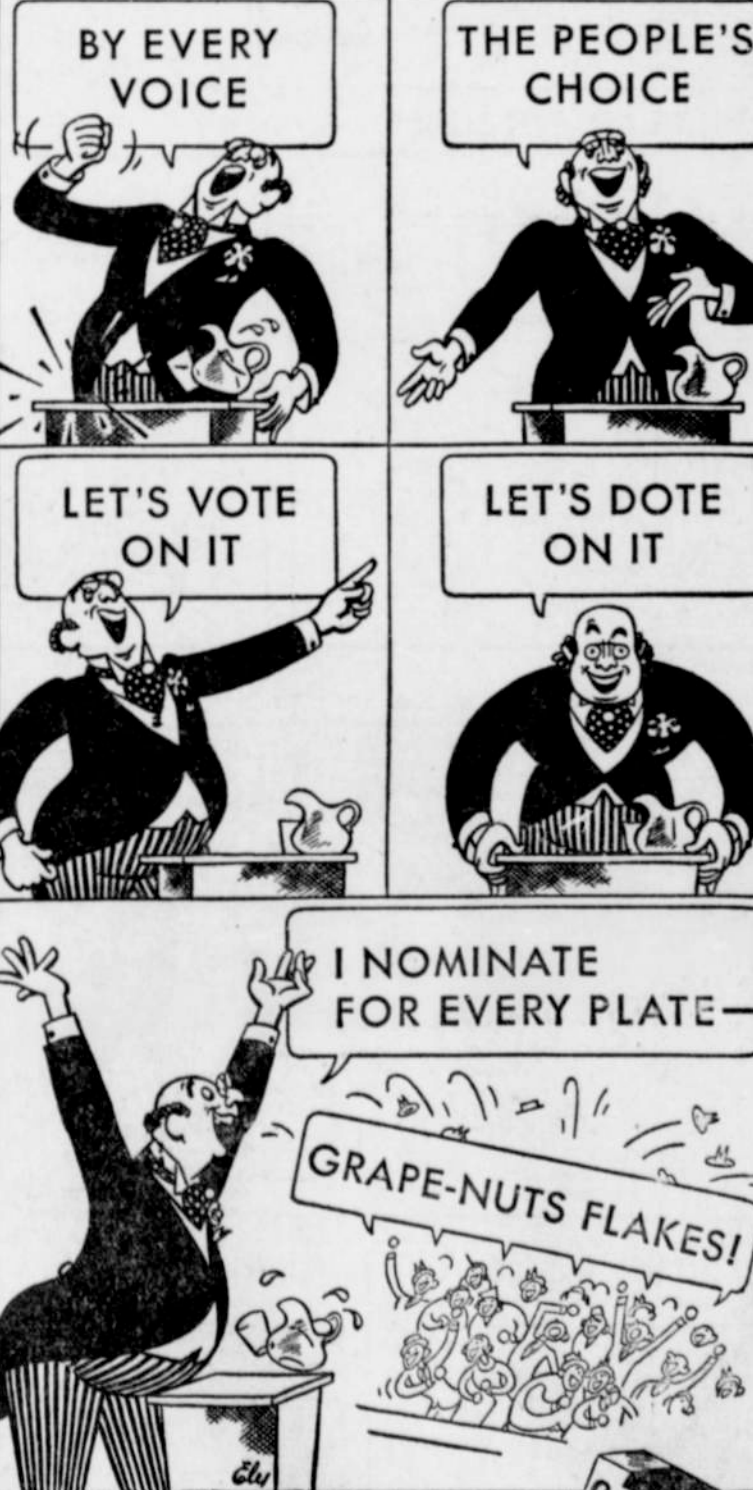
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