

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK... By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—It seems possible that Rockefeller Center was trying for a delicate cultural balance in getting three alien artists to do its murals.

Right, Left and Center Represented Rivera and Frank Brangwyn, were the muralists.

There was an inevitable clash, and now, after five years, a compromise. Lenin's head, by the hard-boiled, hard-bitten Mexican Rivera, blocked out in 1934, has been replaced by a conventional mural by the Spanish Sr. Sert, with the orthodox theme of America's continuing development along the old lines.

Sr. Sert is the most millionairish of all living painters. Here he pipes down. If we didn't go left with Lenin, our new era isn't going to be as gaudy as the last one.

It will be a sober, industrious, thrifty, monochrome age, with no more high kicking and low thinking. That seems to be what Sr. Sert and the Rockefeller Center people are saying.

When the big, booming, sixty-one-year-old Spanish painter is going strong, he makes Vernoneses just a wet wash with a touch of bluing. He was a regular stand-by and emergency painter for his friend, King Alfonso. "Con mucho gusto," he can swing the whole spectrum, with bold, regal effects which are the delight of kings.

He has done many magnificent rooms in Europe, including the Madrid chapel of the duke of Alba, now Franco's commercial envoy to England, and Sir Phillip Sassoon's resplendent ballrooms. His first exhibition in this country was in 1924, when he received prolonged critical salvos.

He was born in Barcelona of the ancient Spanish gentry, and studied in Paris in his early youth.

Sert Swings Spectrum With Gusto From the first, he developed boldness and exuberance, both in color and technique. Briffault's pre-war Europe—which was to have gone on forever, but didn't—knew him for its very own. His new monochrome fits an age "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

In the current argument between government and business, it is interesting to note that the temple of business gets back to the Muses and the classical symbols of work and labor, after its brief leftward deviation in 1933. In Washington, such bold innovators as Henry Varnum Poor and George Biddle still state tortuous new themes in the government murals. But there's not so much splash in those Rockefeller Center murals as there might have been in, say, 1928.

YOUNG BURGESS MEREDITH, at the age of twenty-eight, is picked to run Actors Equity association, for a time at least. A star on Broadway, a country squire, a Hollywood success, he has had more than a roller-coaster addict, with the up-grade all in the depression years.

In Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, his father was a doctor and his grandfather an evangelist. His Uncle Joe, whom he greatly admired, was in vaudeville.

He washed dishes and tended furnaces during one sad and lonely year at Amherst, ran a haberdashery shop with his brother in Cleveland, went bankrupt, was a reporter on the Stamford Advocate, until they caught him at it, sold roofing, vacuum cleaners and cosmetics, worked in Macy's department store, sang in church choirs for \$4 a Sunday, lived a week on breakfast food samples, and was for a time one of the migrant army of jobless youth.

The depression brought him luck. In 1929, he got a letter of introduction to Eva le Gallienne and a payless job as an apprentice actor. His climb was slow.

Depression Was Really Lady Luck He first attained high visibility in "She Loves Me 'Not," in 1933. He clinched his gains in his three Maxwell Anderson plays, "Winterset," "High Tor," and "Star Wagon."

His estate is near that of Mr. Anderson in Rockland county, New York, where he is very busy with house-building, dogs, and books. He has an eager, avid mind, buzzing with new ideas.

He is a faithful intellectual understudy of the older Mr. Anderson and his genius chimes in perfectly with Mr. Anderson's exalted blank verse dramaturgy.

He is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and is no matinee idol—listed briefly at booking agency as "blond and homely" when he first went after a job in the theater. His wife is the distinguished actress, Margaret Perry.

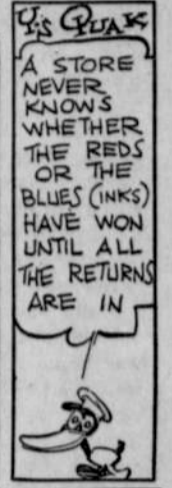
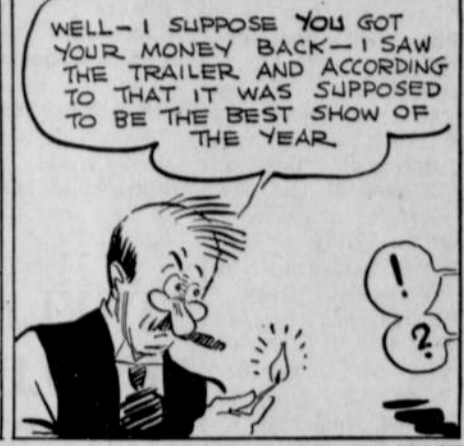
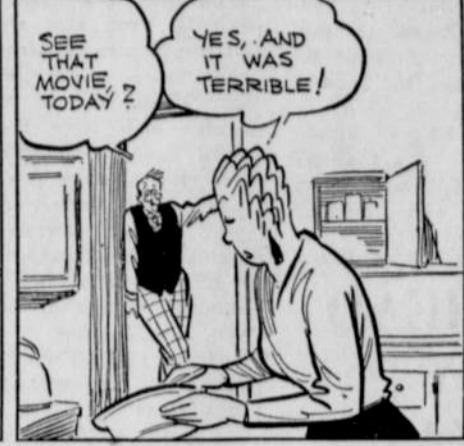
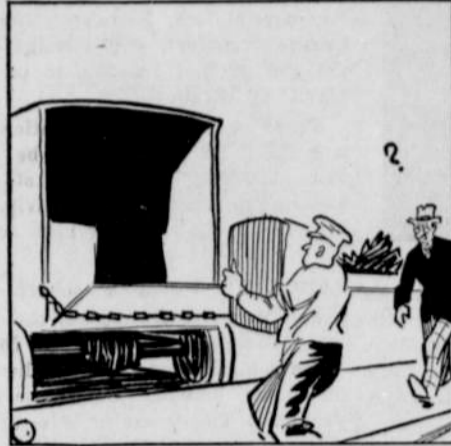
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THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



S'MATTER POP— Eloquent Fingers, Huh?

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Let Joy Be Unrefined



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

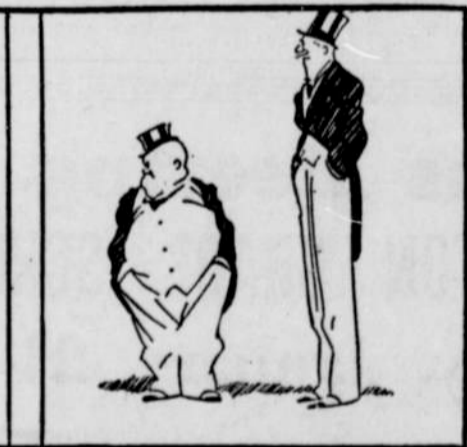
By Ted O'Loughlin

Another Twist



POP— A Real Protector

By J. MILLAR WATT



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ALL THE DIFFERENCE

"Do you think there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?" asked the intellectual young woman.

Take That!

"Can you drive with one arm?" "Sure." "Okay, have an apple."—Georgetown.

Camouflage Waiter—Customer says his steak is too small. Manager—Put it on a smaller plate.

HE LEFT HIS MARK

"The man who occupied this room," said the landlady, "was an inventor. He invented an explosive." "I suppose those spots on the wall are the explosive," said the roomer. "No," said the landlady. "They are the inventor."

"IT'S TOPS!"—Say Millions about Pepsodent with IRIUM

PEPSODENT Tooth Paste and Powder Alone Contain This Thrilling New Luster Discovery

What a thrill... To see your own smile reveal teeth that flash and sparkle with all their glorious natural luster! Use this modernized dentifrice twice every day—and see how quickly your smile glistens and gleams as it naturally should! You see, that's "The Miracle of Irium!"

