

Romantic Comedy of Virginia's "First Lady" and Her Marriage License



YOUTHFUL HOSTESS
When Her Mother Fell Ill, Suzanne Pollard (Now Mrs. Boatwright) Officially Formally in Her Stead. This Photo of Mrs. Boatwright in Evening Clothes Was Taken at That Time.



TOOK TO HER HEELS

"Hand in hand, the sweethearts proceeded to the Richmond City Hall. They were just outside the door of the Marriage License Bureau when Sue's tremors returned. "Oh, Herbert," she moaned, "I can't go through with it." And, turning, she fled back to the mansion, leaving her fiance to do the job."—Drawing by Artist Paul Frehm of the Episode in which Miss Pollard, Daughter of the Governor of Virginia, and Herbert Boatwright Figured Recently.

"SHY: Easily frightened or startled; timorous; fearful; inclined to shrink back from bashfulness." Dictionary Definition.

"COME on, Honey, let's go!" Stalwart young Herbert Lee Boatwright, twenty-six-year-old scion of an old Virginia family and rising attorney, took the trembling arm of pretty Suzanne Pollard, his fiancee, and tried to propel her toward the door.

"But, Herbert!" There was fear and gentle protest in the tones. "I don't want to go down to the City Hall with all those people looking at me. I'm scared."

All her young life—she's twenty-three—"Sue" Pollard has been noted for her beauty, her breeding—and her shyness. When her mother's illness prevented Mrs. Pollard from playing official hostess during the two-year term of her father, John G. Pollard, as Governor, it was some ordeal for Sue to officiate in the executive mansion in Richmond. But she steered herself and did it. She also reigned over Win-

A Suave Hostess in the Governor's Home, The Thought of the City Hall Turned Her Cold



BRIDAL BEAMS

Snapshots of the Newlywed Boatwrights Taken Just After the Ceremony That United Them in Wedlock. Observe Their Joyous Expressions.

chester's apple blossom festival and took part in various ship-launchings. But these were duties. Getting a marriage license was something else.

However, Boatwright finally conquered her fears. Hand in hand, the sweethearts proceeded to the City Hall. They were just outside the door of the Marriage License Bureau when Sue's tremors returned. "Oh, Herbert," she moaned, "I can't go through with it." And turning on her heel, she fled back to the mansion, leaving her fiance to do the job.

You might think a girl as timorous as Sue would be constantly doing herself out of life's gregarious pleasures. But her shyness is of an erratic sort; it only hits her on specified occasions, particularly when it's a question of the heart's flutterings. For example, she is a polished reporter-dodger. Yet this same girl is well known in Washington theatrical circles as Shirley Horton, and critics have praised her comic sense and crystal diction as an amateur actress.

It's regarded as especially fitting that Sue should have been married in

the historic mansion that has housed Virginia governors since 1813, for she is the traditional type of Southern beauty—five feet three, with dark, curly hair, dark eyes, clear skin of peachblow texture, gentle of voice.

She grew up in old Williamsburg and as a child attended church at Bruton Parish, where Washington, Jefferson, Monroe had worshipped. She was married, appropriately, by the rector of this same church, Rev. Dr. W. A. R. Goodman, in the great oval dining hall of the mansion. According to precedent, only members of the immediate families were present at the ceremony, but later there was general merrymaking among other guests. A quaint touch was the presence at the door of Winston Edwards, a venerable colored butler, who for forty-six years has served at the mansion.

Rummaging through history's pages, one finds that the last girl to be married there, before Sue Pollard's time, was Anne Willing Carter. On November 21, 1888, she became the bride of H. Rozier Dulany. This was during



SHY BUT SWEET

A Pleasing Close-Up of Mrs. Boatwright. In the History of the State of Virginia Only 3 Girls Have Been Married in the Executive Mansion—Suzanne Boatwright Having Been the Third.

the administration of General Fitzhugh Lee. Hers was the second wedding to be consummated in the mansion, the first having been that of a feminine relative of Governor Cameron to J. H. Forbes.

There is no record to establish whether these other two brides suffered from Sue Pollard's malady—shyness. But it's probable that they, too, in their demure day, underwent an attack of the megrims or the vapors or whatever it was fashionable for young ladies to have, at the prospect of going to the City Hall for the license. Times change, but brides don't.



STATELY DAD

Governor John Garland Pollard, of Virginia, Suzanne's Father.

Highlights of Broadway From the Circle to the Square By Jack Lait.

From Peggy Hopkins to Al Capone, Just for the Ride

HAD a monthful of breakfast with Peggy Hopkins Joyce the other day, in her suite at the Ambassador. I'm cookoo about Peg. I think she's one of the cleverest and most charming institutions I ever knew, and statues should be built to immortalize her. I ghosted the first story of her life, just after the Joyce divorce.

I had known the Joyce boys for years. She met Stanley at the same time she met me. I was with Francine Larrimore in the Blackstone Hotel, in Chicago. Well, Peg still speaks to me.

After breakfast, the world's most gorgeous blonde had to go to her bank. (No, I don't know where she had been the night before.) Anyway, she had to go to her bank, which is on Fifth Avenue, in the crowded Forties. Her Isotta-Fraschini, which had once belonged to Valentino, was downstairs. Peg invited me to drive with her. We drew up at the bank and she skipped out to transact her business. (No, I do NOT know whether she was putting in or taking out.)

I suddenly became aware that I was the center of a growing crowd. Peg's runabout is anything but inconspicuous. Besides, it has her familiar circular trademark, spelling "Peggy," rather pronouncedly on each door. And, moreover, almost everybody in town knows Peg's cars on sight. And here was I. And there were the curious vulgarians speculating on who this four-



Basil Rathbone, the Heavy Lover, a Cartoon.



THE ONE AND ONLY
Peggy Hopkins, Who Seems to Have Lait Paving the Air, the Peroxomaniac!

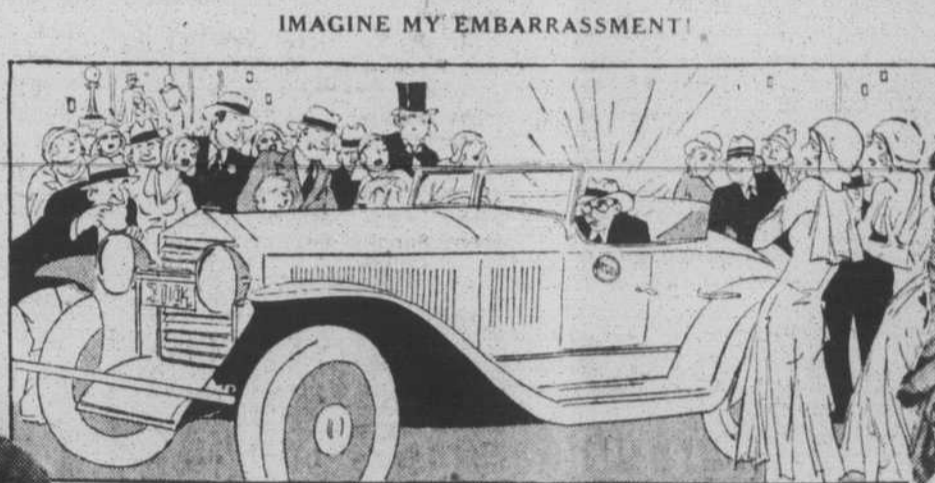
eyed goof could be that sat in Peg's car in front of Peg's bank. Her new sweetie? Her next husband? Her latest Santa Claus?

It took a traffic bull to get them moving. By that time you could have laid ten of me side by side under a dime and had enough room left over to do your dance.

Hard-hearted Hannah

Hannah Williams is one of the few sister-act performers to ever click after the team broke up.

When her sister married, after the kids had played Tex Guinan's, Hannah dropped out for a while. She had been twosomeing it with Roger Wolfe Kahn, the son of Otto, the big bond-and-art boy. Roger wanted her to blow show business. She refused. He



The Author Sits in the Famous Gold-Getter's Monogrammed Runabout and the Populace Tries to Place the New Who-is-he.

built his own cabaret for her and dropped a pretty kopeck. He couldn't retire her. Then she caught the ingenue lead and "Cheerful Little Earful" in "Sweet and Low." Pretty sweet—and lo! She's made. It's said that Roger offered her a flock of grands not to work. And when she shook her head he took the dough and put it into the show.

Shumlin Along

That big smash, "Grand Hotel," has some interwoven fortunes, boys and girls.

The script was juggled around in a lot of Broadway offices before Herman Shumlin, a former press agent, took a chance, and not only produced but directed the intricate and dubious job.

Basil Rathbone was offered the part of the scoundrelly baron who gets knocked off. But he preferred "A Kiss of Importance" for Arch Selwyn. So Henry Hull, who had just seen a few flops fold up around him, grabbed it. Rathbone was featured as the great lover, matinee torcher and girl agitator—and his order of foreign boloney lasted two weeks. Hull is set for years.

Hortense Alden, sitting pretty in "Lysistrata," was urged by friends not to quit her pushover for a smallish part in this untried German cat-in-the-hat. But she gambled and she's a wow. Siegfried Rumann, who ran into a

couple of lame ducks after his smash in "The Dover Road," was remade over night. Sam Jaffe, who hadn't been heard from since the cops shut "God of Vengeance," hit a ringing personal triumph.

But—Eugenie Leontovitch is the dar. She had been alternately starving and doing chorus kicks since her Revue Russe went the way of all flash in '28. She knocked 'em for the most gabbed about single sensation since Eagels rang up on "Rain."

The house, itself, the National, being off the main drag, has had a few rent-payers, but mostly gypsies—here today and gone Saturday. Now it is breaking every known legit record. And everybody is happy. Except Shumlin, who collapsed in a nervous breakdown on the opening night and is still reported as walking on his heels from his encounter with the season's ace success.

I Don't Believe It.

Vivienne Segal says she was on a vaudeville bill in Mexico, following a melo sketch in which a prisoner was being led to his cell by a guard entered and shot him dead. The guard arrived on cue and pulled the trigger. The prisoner fell as per direction. But the gun hadn't gone off. So the guard quick-wittedly cried: "Heavens! He swallowed the file!"

Shoo that Mare!

Gene Fowler makes me so mad I could smack him. Here's a genius who

KAHN-TRARY

Li'l Hannah Williams Insists on Making a Stage Hit When Otto Kahn's Son Says No.



THE GOAL 'EM

Eugenie Leontovitch, Who Got Noticed as Long as Her Name and Much Easier to Take, in "Grand Hotel."

\$10,000 a week. I sold "Put on the Spot" to be filmed, starring Ricardo Cortez; and the book, in three months, is within 3,000 of "The Big House," which had put me at the head of the Grosset and Dunlap list, with "Gangster Girl," fresh off the presses, breathing on its neck. They tell me "X Marks the Spot," a soft-cover Chicago issue, is up in the big money, and "Al Capone" is still among the dozen top tomes.

I Know You, Al

Miami still goes through the motions of wanting to run Al Capone out of Miami. Pay some attention to this: In two years, Al Capone will be running Miami.