

Introducing Mary
the little known sister
of famous Nita.

Another Naldi

By Eunice Marshall



Edward Thayer Monroe

Black eyes, large and snapping. Red, red lips made up into a Cupid's Bow that would surely have sent the good sisters to their prayers, that was Mary!

didn't want to do vamp parts particularly, unless she could do something like *Iras* in "Ben Hur." The kind of things Norma Talmadge does, now. She'd like to try her hand at them. Yes, she was having a great time, sitting around on Nita's set and meeting the movie people for the first time; Nita had never let her meet any before.

Born in Italy

Yes, she was born in Italy, though Nita had been born right here in the U. S. But then she went back to Florence a little while ago on a visit, everybody said, "My God, Mary, you're a regular American now! And (Continued on page 89)

MARY NALDI was in town.

We had heard rumors of this mysterious little sister of Nita's: how the child had spent most of her seventeen years in the peaceful confines of a Florentine convent; how Nita has been sister, mother and stern duenna to the girl since her school days were finished; how Nita had guarded the little Mary from contact with the harsh world which she herself had to face so early and alone. We had heard of Mary, but nobody had ever seen her. She had become almost as mythical a person as Santa Claus or Gloria Swanson's baby.

So when the papers stated that Nita Naldi had brought her young sister out to the coast on this, her latest grudging visit to California, we hastened to drop in at the Naldi apartment at the Biltmore to observe the convent maid's reactions to Hollywood.

"... and I told her it was a baby police dog and she believed it!" came to me over the transom, followed by a gust of strictly American laughter.

Has Pronounced British Accent

The door was opened by a beaming young person who ushered me in with a large gesture. Under one arm she cradled a microscopic dog that looked exactly like a Mexican hairless pup but was a black-and-tan instead; evidently the animal so basely put off as a police puppy. "Yes, I'm Mary. Come in and meet my little friend, Miss Del Mar."

The convent-bred Mary's education obviously hadn't ceased when she left the cloister! Black straight hair, bobbed and styled in severe Egyptian style. Black eyes, large and snapping. Red, red lips made up into a Cupid's Bow that would surely have sent the good sisters to their prayers. A Forty-second-and-Broadway accent that had once been as British as the Prince of Wales, the nuns preferring English as it is spoken in London rather than the strictly American brand. That was Mary!

No, she hadn't come to Hollywood on purpose to break pictures, though she wouldn't break down and sob if a part dropped into her lap. Nita wanted her to wait for something big; none of this extra stuff at \$7.50 per. No, she

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you couldn't notice any accent on her, now, could you? Did you happen to see the picture she had in the paper? Yeh, the reporters came and interviewed her, just like they do to Nita, but they didn't use any of the good stuff she told 'em, but just went and printed what she happened to let slip about her and Nita taking turns running a rolling-pin over each other, to make lines where the curves used to be.

Convents seem to be putting out a snappy line of spring graduates these days. But anyway, if Mary screens as well as she photographs, there'll be another star in the Naldi family.