

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan



(International photo.)
Carole Lombard being herself. Much of her conversation is too breezy for publication.



Katharine Hepburn talks freely except on love, when she may dodge the camera as she is doing here.



(Acme photo.)
The late John D. Rockefeller at golf. He complained only once.



(Associated Press photo.)
William Powell, "a cavalier with women," enjoys a Paris press conference.



(Tribune photo.)
Tex Rickard . . . "modest."



(Acme photo.)
Sir John Lavery . . . "greatest thrill."



(Acme photo.)
H. G. Wells . . . "cheerful."

Left to right, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane (sisters), Mrs. George Belzer (mother), and Loretta Young . . . one of Hollywood's best liked family groups.
(Associated Press photo.)



The Test of Bigness Comes During Interview—Here Are Results

Hollywood, Cal.

ANY newspaper man will tell you that the most interesting part of the game is in the field of interviews. This is easy enough to understand, because an interview is equivalent to a biographical study at close range, and most of us enjoy biographies. You learn a lot about human nature in years of interviewing the celebrities of the hour, but the one solid lesson you take away is the firm conviction that "the bigger they are, the nicer they are."

Any writer will tell you that the truly important people of the world are the least affected and in many respects the most naive. The minute you encounter pompousness or irritation or affectation, make up your mind to it that the exhibitor is wearing the royal purple uneasily. In other words, there is a bit of phony in him or her, for there is no pretense to the really big people. These reminiscences of celebrities interviewed in Hollywood, on Broadway, in sport, in politics, and in Europe are submitted in the hope that they will interest you over your Sunday coffee.

Tex Rickard, when he reached Chicago for the Dempsey-Tunney fight, was amazed at two things—first, that the Midwest, trained by great department stores, had bought out Soldiers' field by MAIL order; second, that Chicagoans asked for his autograph. We played golf at Edgewater Beach, and he signed the register as G. L. Rickard. The minute, however, he was addressed as "Tex," golfers crowded around him, and all during the round he talked of it. The greatest showman of our generation, internationally celebrated, was a lesson in modesty and good manners. He was in many respects the most fascinating personality I ever have met.

H. G. Wells startled me by coming backstage at Loew's

By ED SULLIVAN

State theater and cheerfully sitting in an improvised seat in the orchestra pit when ushers couldn't find a seat for him. The late John D. Rockefeller, plain as an old shoe, complained only once, because in describing his famous golf match with George F. Baker I said that Baker had won, 1 up. Rockefeller sent the card of the match and wrote on it: "If you will check the scores you'll see that my medal score was two strokes better than his." Postmaster General Jim Farley asked somewhat timidly if I'd mention his young daughters. The best part of Carole Lombard's interviews have to be deleted because of her breezy phrasing. Clark Gable enjoyed relating how the studio iced him after he laid an egg in "Par-nell." Babe Ruth is a sharp, concise talker, but you are always startled when he whips out a snuffbox, inhales some, and explodes into a ker-choo. Kay Francis is a born rebel.

Katharine Hepburn talks frankly and honestly about her career, but freezes up when love is mentioned. I interviewed Joan Blondell at noon and was with her for an hour; that night I met her and had to be introduced (and she looked very vague about the whole thing). Joan Crawford goes out of her way to give credit to N. T. G. and others who aided her years ago, and scrawls her appreciation in longhand when an article appears. Jack Dempsey likes to recall that the day Jeffries and Johnson were fighting at Reno in 1910 he was training in his cellar for his first fight. He says that he never looked full at Jess Willard at Toledo, because he didn't want to be scared by his size.

Darryl Zanuck is the best listener in Hollywood. Any one with an idea can get his ear. Al-

fred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are the most generous of critics. He believes that vaudeville is the truest expression of the theater, and his proudest boast is that he spotted Burns and Allen as comers a year before the critics hailed them. Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis, stolid and phlegmatic, is a defiance of all laws of athletics that stress mental alertness. Myrna Loy has the greatest natural dignity of any woman I've ever interviewed. Miriam Hopkins is the most highly strung. Jeanette MacDonald has the keenest business sense. Martha Raye is a free, untrammelled spirit from another generation. Mary Livingston, always under severe nervous tension, has the greatest sense of fair play of any woman I've met and never compromises with it. George Raft has a great fund of human charity in his makeup. He gets more jobs out here for more people than any other single individual.

William Powell has the manners and instincts of a cavalier where women are concerned. His courtesy and attention to older women indicate that his mother must have been a very unusual person.

Walter Wanger chews gum so loudly that he'd drive you nuts. George M. Cohan would rather talk about the late Woodrow Wilson than himself. Irving Berlin will confess that Hollywood gives him a terrific inferiority complex. Both Berlin and Alice Faye, born in May, are hypersensitive. (I thought that was reserved for my month, September.) Connie Bennett says that her main fault is an inability to conceal her dislike for certain persons who get on her nerves, and wishes that she were tactful instead of honest. Louis B. Mayer has an amazing memory for faces and names—powerful flattery.

Don Ameche has the liveliest sense of appreciation in this

town. Groucho Marx is the greatest sentimentalist, although he denies it indignantly. Gary Cooper's most vivid recollection is of a river that ran berserk and almost drowned the entire Cooper family in Montana. Claudette Colbert always says, "Now, you won't print this?" Edgar Bergen will tell you of the time a prop pistol in his act saved him from a stickup at a tiny midwestern railroad station. He says that an hour later he was so nervous that the flesh on his kneecaps jumped up and down.

Douglas Fairbanks has the nicest smile of the male celebs. Loretta Young spends most of her spare money on orphanage kids. Lupe Velez is the deadliest mimic in Hollywood, and her impressions of the *femme* stars are tipped in acid. Eddie Cantor is very helpful to interviewers, with a fund of good ideas. Robert Taylor is a very swell kid, plain-spoken, pleasant. Norma Shearer is much more gorgeous than you expect. (She, her sister, Mrs. Howard Hawks, and her brother, Douglas Shearer, are the nicest family trio out here, with the exception of Loretta, Polly Ann, and Sally Young.)

Most thrilling experience was that with Sir John Lavery, famous Irish painter, in London. His reminiscences of Rodin and others he had known were a great book come to life.



George Raft . . . "charitable."



(Associated Press photo.)
Martha Raye . . . "untrammelled spirit."

Voice of the Movie Fan

Letters published in this department should be written on one side of the paper. If you wish a personal reply please inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Tinée: I have been a constant reader of your column for a long time. But I have never attempted to write in before and tell you how much I enjoy it. I think it's grand!

I have just seen the movie "Second Honeymoon." I was very much impressed by the performance of Marjorie Weaver. Where did she pop up from? She is pretty and a good actress as well as having lots of personality. Would you please print a picture of her? I wish you would put my letter in your Sunday column. Here's hoping Marjorie Weaver will be a great star soon. Lots of luck! EVALYN JENSEN. Battle Creek, Mich.

Editor's note: Marjorie did do nice work, and here's a picture of her. I hope you continue to enjoy the column.

Dear Mae Tinée: You asked for it very strongly in today's Tribune, so here goes. I have read your column regularly for a long time. I have admired your presentation, organization, and constant endeavor to please—to present fully, with all honesty. I have not always agreed with you on your estimates, but I can't blame you, for the box office shows that far more agree with you than with me.

I did not see all the pictures you rate as

the year's best, but I saw most of them, and only "Conquest" remains on my "must" list of those few I haven't seen.

Early in 1937 I saw two pictures that I rate with the all-time greatest. They are not on your list. One is "Rembrandt," the other "Romeo and Juliet." The other picture of the year I rank with the really great is "The Good Earth," which is on your list. On the other hand, I rank "Topper" and "Carnival of Flanders" very high in the year's list. "A Hundred Men and a Girl" I enjoyed very much (Deanna Durbin does something to me), but the picture itself was far too much hash for listing as great. I have been a season ticket holder to the Chicago Symphony orchestra for a long time, and as a true lover of classical music I protested strongly against Stokowski's cheapening of great music in that show.

I listed my all-time ten greatest the other day. They are: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "City Lights," "Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Rembrandt," "Romeo and Juliet," "Of Human Bondage," "The Good Earth," "The Cradle Song" (another you gave a poor rating), "Variety," and "Escape Me Never." Of those you list this year I agree fully only with "Lloyds of London," "Lost Horizon," "Captains Courageous," "Life of Emile Zola," "Dead End," "Stella Dallas," "Elephant Boy," and "Prisoner of Zenda," besides "The Good Earth." As noted before, I wish to reserve on "Conquest," as I am exceedingly fond of Greta Garbo and have great respect for Boyer.

I feel that Charles Laughton stands head and shoulders and waist above other actors, with the big exception of Lon Chaney and the possible exception of Charles Chaplin and Emil Jannings. A

very pleasing recent development has been the quality shown by a few male stars, i. e., Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Clark Gable. They all have produced much mediocre material, but they have done what I call very good acting. The Barrymores are to me the puzzle of Hollywood. Their work, in my estimation, ranges from very poor to exceptionally good.

The actresses are different in my eyes. All but a very few present something that puts them over, some photographic quality or personality excellence or peculiarity, but few are truly great actresses. I don't believe any compare with Laughton, and only Norma Shearer, Elisabeth Bergner, Helen Hayes, Luise Rainer, Bette Davis, and, most of all, Dorothea Wieck, have put in truly great acting jobs.

Despite this declaration, Garbo is still my favorite, and I will go to see Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Carole Lombard, Madeleine Carroll, Annabella, and Barbara Stanwyck as quickly as I will go to see any of the above.

I know I am in a minority in my opinions, but I would like to know, how numerous is that minority? I would be very grateful to know the answer to this question. Sincerely, JAMES E. HYATT.

Editor's note: An interesting letter. Thank you for it. I don't believe it will be possible for me to answer your question as to the "minority" who think as you do, but you probably have plenty of company. Come again!

Dear Miss Tinée: Will you please advise me whether or not it was Barbara Stanwyck who played in "So Big" perhaps seven or eight years ago? My husband and I are having a friendly argument con-

cerning same, and he insists it was Irene Dunne.

Am from Chicago, but living here at present.

Thanking you in advance, I am MRS. J. A. KUSEL, Coldwater, Mich.

Editor's note: Don't make him mad by saying I told you so, but you win. Barbara Stanwyck played in the sound version and Colleen Moore in the silent adaptation of "So Big." Come again!

Dear Miss Tinée: Hats off to that simply swell actor, Don Ameche! He's terrific!

He certainly is my favorite, because he acts in every way naturally. That's more than I can say for most actors.

Please print his biography for me, and if at all possible please squeeze in a picture also.

Thanking you, I remain, sincerely, MARTHA LOUISE.

Editor's note: Such enthusiasm merits consideration for its possessor. So herewith we hand you Don's picture and a few facts about him. He was born in Kenosha, Wis., and was educated at Columbia college and the University of Wisconsin. He's married to Honoré Ameche and has two children. He'll be 30 years old in May. Smile, please!



DON AMECHE
Fans' Hats Are Off to Him.