

# Looking at Hollywood

with Ed Sullivan

## One Man on a Movie Horse

By ED SULLIVAN

Hollywood.

FROM THE nickelodeon days when steely-eyed William S. Hart, a bandana tied jauntily around his neck, a tennegallon hat atop his head, his bowed legs encased in chaps, and two revolvers in his hands, shot down villainous residents of the sagebrush, the cinema has found that no fare exceeds in widespread interest the topic of cowboys-and-Indians. Even in 1939. Three of the biggest box office grossers of the current season will be "Dodge City," "Jesse James," and "Union Pacific." Between them they will attract approximately \$6,500,000 at American box offices. With variations, each of these is a glorified "western," full of villains, horses, six-shooters, beauties in distress, and the code of the prairies.

For all of this renewed interest in horse operas I don't consider any one so entitled to an enthusiastic yip-yip, yip-ee-ee as Gene Autrey, discovered at a Chicago radio station in 1934. It was Autrey, his guitar, and his horse, Champ, that revolutionized westerns and proved to Hollywood there was gold in them thar prairies if you knew how to dig for it.

A lot of elements entered into the making of Screen Star Autrey. Had it not been for the depression of 1929 Autrey would not have lost his job as a Texas telegrapher. Had he not lost his job as a telegrapher he would not have gone east and drifted into vaudeville at \$50 a week in Westchester county. Had he not gone into vaudeville Autrey probably would not have been signed by Art Satherly to make phonograph records, and if that connection hadn't been established Satherly would not have urged Autrey to take a \$35-a-week job warbling over a Chicago radio station.

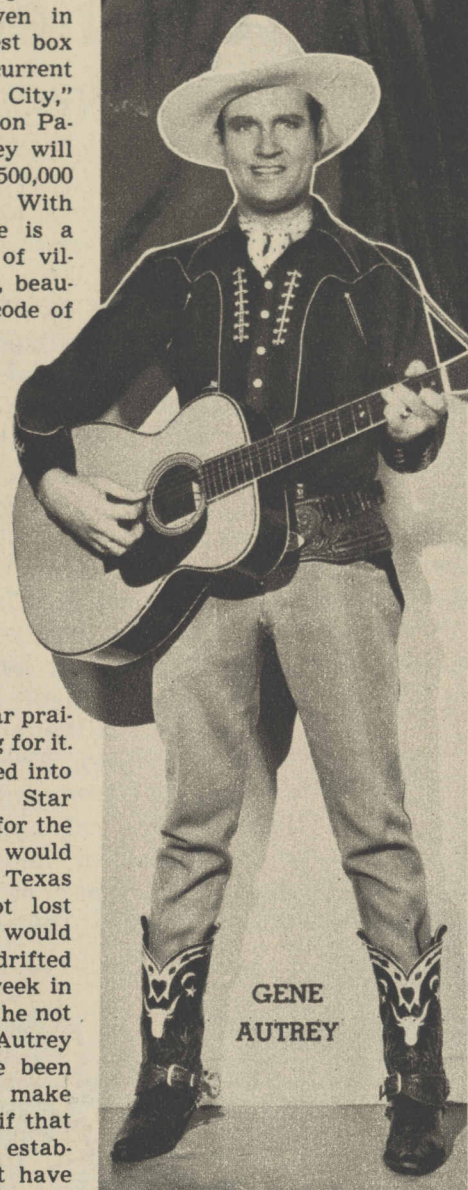
So Autrey's good luck all was based on the bad luck of 1929 that threw him out of a job. It often happens that way.

The direct force that propelled Autrey into the movies was the national revulsion to double-entendre pictures, which led to the organization of committees on decency. In the search for performers who were completely clean, Republic's Nat Levine decided that nothing could be purer than a crooning cowboy, providing he was photogenic. They tested him out first in a barn dance sequence of "In Old Santa Fe," starring Ken Maynard, and then shipped him back to Chicago until the picture had been released and the theater managers had a chance to test out customer reaction.

From the time he hit the screen Autrey was a prime favorite with the juvenile audiences, and their parents liked him, too, because the Texan is a nice guy and his personality projected graciously. Since then he has made close to twenty-five of his horse operas, and if you'd turn him loose in any typical American town it's a cinch that he'd attract more attention than



Ann Sheridan faces Big Boy Williams in a scene from the super horse opera, "Dodge City."



GENE AUTREY

any of the Hollywood glamor boys, because he has the biggest fan mail of any star out here.

It was the tremendous popularity won by Autrey that made every studio out here conscious of westerns. M-G-M tried, in fact, to sign him up, but that was impossible, so the only alternative was to produce westerns of their own on the pattern of "Bad Man of Brimstone," "Stand Up and Fight," and the vapid "Let Freedom Ring." Simultaneously other studios went into wholesale production of cowboy-and-Indian epics, and studios that had such established cowboy heroes as George O'Brien and Dick Foran added to their schedules. The Hardy Family even went out west to get a pair of chaps on Mickey Rooney.

The box office results have been staggering in contrast to artier productions like "Pygmalion."

Gene Autrey, the 32-year-old cowboy from Tioga, Tex., got Hollywood to go back to the fundamentals of the industry, and for that he should go down in flicker annals as the Paul Revere who awakened the California countryside, much to the delight of the stockholders.

## The Stories of Two Great Painters

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, the noted Anglo-American painter, was not only a great artist but a great man in many ways—in simple dignity, in lofty-mindedness, in an admirable breadth of vision, and, above all, in independence of praise, fame, and riches.

Of American parentage, he was born in Florence, Italy, Jan. 12, 1856. When only 17 he won an award for a drawing at the Accademia in Florence. The following year he entered the Paris studio of Carolus Duran, and two years later he paid his first of numerous visits to America.

Sargent's first painting, "En Route pour la Pêche," in 1878 won honorable mention in an exhibit in a Paris salon. After a sojourn in Spain he returned to Paris in 1882 to produce the amazing canvases, "El Jaleo" and "The Children of E. D. Boit." It was the portrait of Madame Gautreau, which he showed in 1884, that established him as an artist of the first rank. Despite its obvious excellence, there was a certain school of critics in the French capital that railed at him. This unwarranted abuse drove him from Paris. He settled in London in 1885, where he remained until his death on April 15, 1925, except for his frequent trips to America and foreign lands.

"The Wyndham Sisters" shows the three beautiful daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, left to right: Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane. Hanging above the sisters is shown in the painting a portrait of their mother by George Frederick Watts. Of this famous painting by Sargent the Hon. Evan Charteris has written:

"This is one of his most purely and unmistakably English pictures, a tour de force in characterization, drawing, and the handling of white. Three

figures dressed in white and a white sofa in the lower half of the picture presented formidable difficulties: a risk of suggesting a section of geological strata. The artist has posed the elder sister seated on the back of the sofa, in profile, her head slightly turned to the spectators; her delicate, intellectual beauty dominates the scene and carries the white into the upper section of the canvas. Further relief to the mass has been obtained by the magnolias, which effect the transition into the shadow of the room beyond. The beauty of the picture lies not only in

traveled in Egypt and Palestine.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, the artist who painted "The Calmady Children," had been dead twenty-six years when Sargent was born and therefore belonged to a much earlier school.

Sir Thomas came into the world in Bristol, England, May 4, 1769, and died in London, Jan. 7, 1830. He began painting in oils in his seventeenth year and by the age of 20 had won such a reputation as to attain court patronage. His portrait of the countess of Derby, painted in 1790, established his fame as an artist. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as painter to the king, whose portrait he executed that year. George IV. knighted him in 1815.

From 1818 until 1825 he visited various of the European capitals, painting portraits of members of the royal families.

Sir Thomas was by far the most celebrated portraitist of his times, but today, it is said, scant justice is done him. His execution was facile, according to experts of art, and at best wonderfully free and sure; his composition and draftsmanship were good, but his portraits often lacked character, and his color, though brilliant, sometimes was hard and glossy. He is said to have succeeded best with his portraits of women.

One critic has written of his paintings of children, of which "The Calmady Children" is an example: "His children are well dressed, well mannered, and pretty, but their attitudes are studied and their expressions artificial."

"The Calmady Children" was painted in 1824. The subjects were Emily, aged six, and Laura Anne, aged four, the daughters of C. B. Calmady.

Reproduced in colors on page one of the Picture Section of this issue are the famous paintings, "The Wyndham Sisters," by John Singer Sargent, and "The Calmady Children," by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

the color and drawing but in the impression of serenity and calm. Sargent has here isolated three sisters from the world and encompassed them in their own associations. They are back once more in the surroundings that made their common bond; their mother's picture by Watts is seen on the wall beyond; the noise of life is hushed for the moment. There is a charming sentiment in the composition, without a trace of sentimentality."

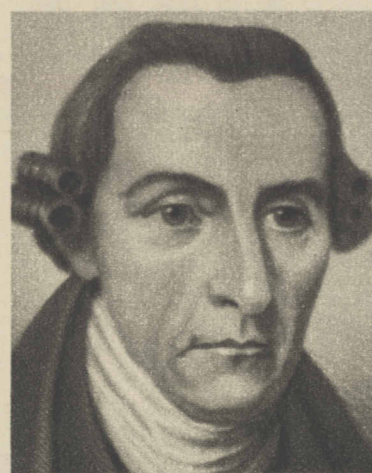
In addition to his marvelous portraits Sargent was interested for many years in a heavier task. The last twenty years of his life were devoted more and more to this—the magnificent decorations which illustrate the range of his rare gifts. His "History of Religion," the subject of the great hall of the public library of Boston, was perhaps his most colossal undertaking. To equip himself for this work he

## Gems of American Eloquence

American eloquence has played an important part in the history of our country. From a long list of famous speeches The Tribune is selecting gems of American eloquence which are to be presented in this, the Graphic Section, every Sunday. The content of these speeches is important both historically and politically. Men and boys learning to declaim will find in them helpful lessons. Speakers and writers can learn a great deal from studying their style. The following is the first of this series.

IT IS MARCH 23, 1775. The second Virginia convention to consider the question of war with England is in session in St. John's church, Richmond, Va. The speaker is Patrick Henry, lawyer, legislator, and patriot. Read what he says:

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious recep-



PATRICK HENRY

tion of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until

the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we idle here? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The above words are those of a man speaking directly from the heart. We see in these utterances no delicate shadings of meaning; only directness, force, and determination. Rapidly, by use of plain figures of speech and simple terms, the orator builds up to his climax, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Like all great orations, this one may seem cold in the printed words as compared with the spoken words of its author. Yet any one reading it can get the feel of its force. And several of its passages actually sing in the mind, notably that beautiful interrogation: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

## 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 reading your column for some time and certainly enjoy it. Now I am going to ask a question. Will you please print a picture of Barton MacLane and tell me something about him? I have seen him in several pictures and like his acting very much.



BARTON MACLANE  
A fan likes his acting very much.

Thank you, VERA.  
Editor's note: I'm awfully glad you like the column! Thanks for telling me that you do. Barton MacLane was born in Columbia, S. C., Dec. 25, 1902. He's 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 198 pounds, and has auburn hair and green eyes. Educated Wesleyan univer-

sity. Appeared on the stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and others. Come again!

Dear Miss Tinée: I have just seen "Spring Madness," and I would like to praise Lew Ayres' work in it. Here is for bigger and better parts for him. There was one actor in the picture who stole quite a few scenes. He played the part of the boy friend of the girl whose father offered Lew Ayres a job. I'm sure he could prove himself a fine actor if only given the chance. I think he also played in "Big City" and "One Mile from Heaven." Doesn't he look an awful lot like Frank Albertson? By the way, who played the part of Mr. Becket?

Thank you, JULIET PICONE.  
Editor's note: My, but you are confused! Frank Albertson appeared in "Spring Madness," and John Arledge was featured in "Big City" and "One Mile from Heaven." Yes, they are both fine actors. Truman Bradley played the rôle of Walter Becket in "Spring Madness."

Dear Miss Tinée: I am a great admirer of elfin Jean Parker, who has exquisite loveliness. Could you possibly put in a picture of her? Also will you please tell me something about her?



JEAN PARKER  
Role in "It's Spring Again" wins praise.

Her rôle in "It's Spring Again" should equal the appeal of Necla in "The Barrier." Here's hoping! Thank you kindly, GERALDINE GRODSKI.  
Editor's note: Yes, I guess we can put in a picture of Jean for you. Something about her? Well, her real name is Mae Green. She was born in Deer Lodge, Mont., and is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, and has brown

hair and blue-green eyes. Was graduated from Pasadena High school. Tell me how you liked "It's Spring Again" after you've seen the picture.

Dear Miss Tinée: Do you recall the scene in "Spring Madness" where Maureen O'Sullivan is lying on her bed crying because her sweetheart (Lew Ayres) is going to Russia? Where she refers to the tears as "running down her little round moon of a face—running right down to her firm little jaw"? And where she then exclaims, "O, river, stay 'way from my jaw!"

That last remark is something to ponder over. Personally I don't believe I shall ever quite forget. I am determined that the person who wrote it is a brother-in-law of the director or something. In a picture none too brilliant at best that last line remains a classic of inanity.

Yours truly, R. V.  
Editor's note: "Classic of inanity" is a swell phrase! Mind if I borrow it some time?

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