

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan

Loretta Young Flashes to Fame as Foreign Stars Begin to Dim

Hollywood, Cal.

By ED SULLIVAN

THEATER managers throughout the country, who study the trends in movie popularity for economic reasons, point out that American movie audiences, which once preferred the Garbo-Dietrich pattern of European heroine, apparently have turned thumbs down on the continental siren in favor of home-grown products like Myrna Loy and Loretta Young.

These two at the present moment are the outstanding heroines of the screen, and supporting them are Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, and Bette Davis. All of these are typically American, including Miss Colbert, who was born in France but reared here.

The only foreign feminine star who stands high in American favor is Sonja Henie. Luise Rainer, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, and Simone Simon are exerting less and less influence at the box office, though Garbo's European audience still is huge.

The answer is—and each shift in movie trends demands an answer—that American audiences are fed up with the heavy dramatics of the Garbos, the Dietrichs, and the Rainers and prefer heroines who can hand them a laugh with their beauty, as Myrna Loy did in "Thin Man" and as Loretta Young does in her series of films with Tyrone Power. That, at least, is the answer of theater managers. They say that Garbo's tragic rôles wore out her welcome, that Dietrich's allure lacked comedy overtones, and that Luise Rainer's heavy rôles have hurt her.

Of the "grown in America" brand of heroines none has climbed so high so quickly as Loretta Young. A year of enforced idleness because of sickness held her back, but today she is about the hottest thing in pictures, and still spurring upward.

So let's go out to Loretta's hill-top Bel-Air home and apply the microscope which all grade A interviewers carry along with their typewriters and their curiosity.

"I've been in pictures for twenty years," was the astonishing opening remark of the 24-year-old Loretta. "My first job in the movies was playing with Fannie Ward, as a child, in a picture she was making. I was 4 years old, and the family had just moved to Hollywood from Salt Lake City. Not, you understand, that I recollect it; but my mother still has 'stills' of me in the rôle. You see, my Uncle Trax was working at Paramount for George Melford. They were shooting the Fannie Ward picture, and they had a child actress to play the childhood sequences, but at noontime the child refused to work any more. She started crying. So Uncle Trax, at lunch time, came running home and told mother he could use me. That's how I got into pictures, in 1917.

"About the same time I played in a Mae Murray picture that Bob Leonard was directing. I was one of the fairies, and I remember what a kick I got out of the gauze-wrapped wire supports that were attached to my back.

"By the time I was 14 I was really a movie veteran. I was borrowed from First National to play in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' with Lon Chaney. It was a grand part (I didn't realize it then, because I was too young to know the difference in parts), but it was in that picture that I got my first notices. Guess I was the youngest of the screen brides, because the script called for me to marry Nils Asther.

"In the meantime I was attending Catholic Girls' High on Pico boulevard. My elder sister, Polly Ann, was going with Bobby Agnew, who was doing a picture with Colleen Moore. So one lunch time the studio called on the phone for Polly Ann, and I answered it. Mervyn Le Roy,

who was writing gags for Colleen's picture, asked on the phone for Polly Ann, and I said she wasn't home. 'Are you Gretchen, the kid sister she's always telling us about?' he asked. I told him yes, and he said to come out to the studio and he might give me a job. So I went out, and although I still think the whole thing started as a gag, it wound up with Mervyn giving me a real good rôle.

"When First National was absorbed by Warners I went to that studio and stayed there seven years. Just about the time Darryl Zanuck was leaving Warners the studio asked me to take quite a big salary cut. I refused, and they refused to pick up my

option, so I went along to Twentieth Century-Fox with Mr. Zanuck. Luckily, too, because he's been marvelous to me, as you know.

"My favorite pictures? You mean the ones I've made? I'd say 'White Parade' and 'Man's Castle.' I thought that in those I gave my best performances."

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So much for facts. You'd probably prefer to learn about her as a girl. Well, my little chickadees, this Salt Lake City expatriate is just about the most stunning girl out here, and the friendliest. She has a natural and spontaneous warmth—nothing stand-offish. Her adoption of a 2-year-old girl was quite in



Loretta Young—today's rage in pictures, according to Sullivan.



Pushed into the middle of a mud puddle by Tyrone Power in rehearsing a scene for "Love Is News." Loretta Young smiles. Power smiles, too. And so does Tay Garnett, the director (the man with the walking stick). The famous Loretta Young eyes in the inset picture.

keeping with what you'd expect from her, and I imagine no mother will take greater pride or get a greater kick out of a baby than Loretta.

She likes to play charades at her house parties, or guessing games. The picture colony agree that she is one of the best players out here, with a lively intelligence, vast enthusiasm, and an amazing knowledge of the most outlandish places and things from which to fashion her answers. In the midst of these games I've seen other girls staring at Loretta and heard them comment on her beauty. That happens all the time. Surprisingly enough, however, she's one eye-ful who doesn't arouse envy in other girls. They're her biggest boosters, which is the best index of her quality and character.

If the mail of a Hollywood correspondent can be taken as a criterion, there is more interest in her right now than in any

other femme star. The mail is loaded with questions about her—they want to know where she comes from, what she is like off-screen, is she married, was she married, is she as pretty in real life as in reel life, is she in love with Tyrone Power, where does she live? And fan mail at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio is just as emphatic in the prediction that Loretta Young is just what the public wants.

Fortunately, your scribe can answer most of the questions about her. I've ringsided with Loretta (her mother always calls her Gretchen) at two championship fights, escorted her through New York's Chinatown and Bowery, and showed her the Bowery barber shop that guarantees to cure black eyes in sixty minutes; I've taken her to the Aquarium, showed her through the New York Stock exchange, visited her at the Twentieth Cen-



Only 14 years old and dressed in one of the stunning gowns that she wore then in Lon Chaney's famous hit, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

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 read your column every Sunday and enjoy it. But as yet I

have found nothing about Jean Arthur. Would you kindly tell me something about her? And, if there's enough room, put in a picture of her.

Here's hoping this is printed.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH YOUNG,
Lafayette, Ind.

Editor's note: I'm glad you read the column Sunday. (I also write in it on Monday.) Jean Arthur was born in New York City, Oct. 17, 1908. She's 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Educated New York City high school. Her hobbies are swimming, riding, and golfing. Miss Arthur is married to Frank J. Ross.

Dear Miss Tinée: I am very much disappointed in the fact they think they should change Shirley Temple's hairdress for her next picture. It makes her look so very much older. I think that is one fault with movies. They make all child stars assume grownup rôles too soon. To me it is especially a crime with Shirley because it takes away much of her childish charm—at least, in the picture I saw in the paper.

I am one of her ardent fans and haven't missed one of her shows. Why make her grow up when she will last enough anyway? I have heard several others say the same thing. Sincerely,

THELMA SCHLOTFELDT.
Editor's note: The idea, I believe, is to pick stories for Shirley that will suit her as she puts on years. These babies will grow up, you know.

Dear Miss Tinée: A rather backward person about airing my opinions in the critical eye of the public, I should like this once to take that risk regardless.

I should like to do so to express my appreciation for the splendid, true performances of a not too noted actress—Karen Morley. For quite some time I watched her working valiantly in mediocre plots, and I took little notice. Then "The Girl from Scotland Yard" appeared. Still a rather poor story, but there was something different. There was Karen Morley looking and acting and speaking with the dramatic conviction of—some one—and I realized suddenly—Garbo! ("Let the public eye burn; such is its privilege.") Actually I caught that resemblance; a natural one, not feigned, it seemed.

Now there is "The Last Train from Madrid." Karen Morley's rôle as the baroness (regrettably a small part) could not have been more suitable to her so strikingly unusual personality. And here she is Karen Morley, not a "second Garbo." This is better, surely.

Miss Morley appears to be a woman and an actress of fine qualities—intelligent, well bred, and possessing a fiery, not overbearing pride which perhaps places her

among the aristocratic and those who are lightly scornful of unimportant things.

I like Miss Morley; I am of the opinion that she deserves more "breaks." Well, I can only hope. But it seems a pity that some big producer doesn't feel the way I do. Yours very truly, W. H. CHURCH.

Editor's note: I hope Miss Morley sees this!

Dear Miss Tinée: If you would only tell me how old Fred Astaire is and print a picture of him I should be very happy. Fred Astaire gets hardly any publicity, but I think he's swell. He has such a pleasing personality, and I think he's the greatest dancer that ever was. Thanks a lot! READER.

P. S.—Astaire may not be the handsomest man on the screen, but at least he looks like a man.

Editor's note: You bet! He was born in 1900.

Dear Miss Tinée: I am anxious to know the entire cast of players and which character each portrayed in the motion picture "Lost Horizon." Please answer my request in one of your Voice of the Movie

Fan columns. Isn't Roland Colman a wonderful actor? Thanking you, I am Yours sincerely, LILLIAN OSWALD.

Editor's note: Here's your cast—and you're welcome.

Robert Conway	Ronald Colman
Sondra	Jane Wyatt
Lovett	Edward Everett Horton
George Conway	John Howard
Barnard	Thomas Mitchell
Maria	Margo
Gloria	Isabel Jewell
Chang	H. B. Warner
High Lama	Sam Jaffe
Prime Minister	David Torrence
Lord Gainsford	Hugh Buckler
Talu	Val Durand
Fenner	Milton Owen
Bandit Leader	Victor Wong
Englishman	John Burton
Englishman	John Milten
Englishman	John T. Murray
Leader of Porters	Noble Johnson
Montaigne	John Tettener
Pottery Maker	Matthew Carlton
Candle Maker	Joe Herrera
Missionary	Margaret McWade
Missionary	Ruth Robinson
Missionary	Carl Stockdale
Missionary	Sydney Birch
Servants	Richard Masters
		Alex Shoulder
		G. Kallil

Dear Miss Tinée: Could you please tell me who the harmonica player was in "The Singing Marine"? Thank you.

ROSELYN RICHTER.
Editor's note: It was Larry Adler who made the harmonica roll over, talk, and play dead—so to speak. You're welcome.

tury-Fox lot, and played guessing games at her Bel-Air home. The net result of this is that your reporter commends the movie audiences on their preference, because this Salt Lake City stunner is what the collegiates would rate "a swell dish." Hollywood, which would rather rap than praise, agrees that Loretta Young is the nicest girl in the film colony, and if you don't think that is high praise, then you ought to go to a Hollywood party some night and hear the boys and girls rip each other up the back.

Far be it from me to convey the thought that she is a Pollyanna, going about the world with a wistful smile on her face and waving her hands with the bewildered helplessness of a Zasu Pitts. But she is the natural ally of the under dog. I recall that at the Max Baer-Braddock fight she rooted for Baer because the crowd almost unanimously rooted against him. At the Joe Louis-Carnera fight she rooted for Louis because Carnera looked so huge, and then rooted for Carnera when he crashed to the canvas. I mean to say that she's really a swell person.