

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan

Fans Want a Different Tyrone

By ED SULLIVAN

Hollywood.

JUDGING from their letters, the fans do not believe that Darryl Zanuck is doing right by Tyrone Power. The tenor of the complaints is that youthful Power has been aged beyond his years in recent pictures, and there seems to be some ground for the fans' indignation. To date the 24-year-old Cincinnati actor has played the part of the political leader of Chicago in "In Old Chicago," he has been the lover of Marie Antoinette in the flicker of that name, and he has built the Suez canal, although the actual job was accomplished by 64-year-old De Lesseps.

The fans say in their letters that it has come to a pass now where they don't believe Power when he is on the screen. That, my little chickadees, is a serious complaint which Zanuck and the other Twentieth Century-Fox tycoons will do well to consider, because credibility is the ground-work of make-believe. Advertising men will tell you that they even have to be careful of not using the faces of models in too many newspaper ads for fear of destroying credibility.



In "In Old Chicago."

M-G-M, I think, has handled Clark Gable and Robert Taylor with greater wisdom, steering clear of costume pictures after their one disastrous experience with Gable and Myrna Loy in "Parnell." The fans didn't believe Gable was the Irish patriot. They believed him as the Barbary Coast ruler in "San Fran-



This is the way fans want to see Tyrone Power. Loretta Young is the girl.

cisco," they believed him as the air pilot in "Test Pilot," and they found him credible as the news reel photographer in "Too Hot to Handle," but they turned thumbs down when M-G-M cast him as Parnell. The treatment of Robert Taylor has been astute with the possible exception of "Three Comrades," in which he was unbelievable. His greatest progress has been made in pictures like "Magnificent Obsession," "A Yank at Oxford," and "The Crowd Roars," and it will be a long, long time before he permits his studio to depart from those grooves.

Tyrone Power, despite his youthful appearance, has been given film assignments that would fit a Paul Muni rather than a young matinee idol. The fans are pretty mad about the whole thing. "Let's have Tyrone in American rôles," is the typical letter. "Turn him loose on a college campus," advises a girl who signs herself Wisconsin

Badger. Still another typical complaint: "I am getting tired of having history rewritten for Tyrone Power. There must be some light story in which he could sit out in the moonlight and make love to Loretta Young or Alice Faye."

Undoubtedly the letter writers are mailing the same complaints and suggestions to Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Zanuck, alert to the letter writers, can be depended upon to work out a compromise that will indulge his own liking for biographical material and the fans' insistence on a younger version of Tyrone Power. It was the letter writers that won Power his starring contract. He had only a small part in "Girls' Dormitory," but the fans bombarded



In "Suez."

the studio with waves over the dark-haired boy who had met Simone Simon at the railroad station. As a result of the letters Zanuck put Power into "Lloyds of London," and it was that performance that won him the chevrons of a star. So the letter writers will get action if they send their present complaints direct to Zanuck.

There is little doubt that Tyrone as the band leader in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" seemed more at ease on the screen than in "Suez," for instance. It was a rôle that a 24-year-old could handle from his own experiences and reactions. Both in "Marie Antoinette" and "Suez" young Power was "pressing," as the golfers phrase it. In contrast to the polished character studies of Paul Muni in similar historical things Power's portraits were run-of-the-mill characterizations that indicated his lack of maturity and his lack of sound stage technique. After all, it must be kept in mind that he has not had a vast stage background. The importance of that background is best exemplified by a youthful British actor, Robert Morley. I doubt that Morley is more than a year older than Hollywood's Power, but Morley's craftsmanship, technique, and dramatic resources testify to the rich experience he gained in the London school.

The British stage is far beyond the American stage in its development of talent. Gielgud, Massey, Evans, and Morley in the last two years have completely dominated the Broadway scene. The reason is, of course, that the minute a personable young American actor scores on the New York stage he is grabbed by the movies and signed to a long-term contract. In Hollywood, he is rushed into one picture after another, learning only a trifle of what he needs to learn. If the youngster is unfortunate enough to establish himself as a favorite with the public he has no chance of serving an apprenticeship.

England's Obsolete Air Forces

By WAYNE THOMIS

THE squadron of Hawker Fury single-seat fighters pictured here represents with reasonable accuracy the state of Great Britain's aeronautical defenses today. These are good airplanes, well built, sturdy. But their basic design is more than twelve years old—some engineers even hold it is traceable to World war days—and as a consequence they are outmoded, obsolete, and ineffectual.

For instance, the Fury has a top speed of 236 miles an hour at 16,000 feet. But the world's new pursuit airplanes are flying at 330 to 370 miles an hour at the same height. And most of the new bombers are approaching 300-mile-an-hour speeds at the 16,000-foot level. The Furies could neither catch nor delay a bombardment squadron, and they would be shot down by the new fighters with definitely superior speed and climb.

But the Furies, for our purposes, are merely a symbol of England's weak air forces. They represent approximately the types of bombardment, reconnaissance, and fighter airplanes that the majority in the Royal Air force even today, nearly a year after England began what is probably the greatest concentration upon aerial rearmament of any country in the world.

The damage was done during the last five years when a blind government allowed England's air forces to fall far behind continental standards. Meanwhile the Germans, building a fresh and entirely new air force in the last three years, have passed the British in performance, quality, and quantity of airplanes, aero engines, and the important accessories that make top-notch airplanes what they are.

Italy also turned the attention of her technical men and of her military leaders to the building of airplanes, and between Italy and Germany today, it is generally conceded, lies 80 per cent of European air power. Military circles in Paris and London say that the peace of Munich was dictated by the German and Italian air forces, that appeared, at any rate ready to overwhelm the French and English.

The British awakened some eighteen months ago to their danger. Orders went out to the largest and smallest aircraft manufacturers for a flood of fighters, bombers, and coastal defense planes. A great campaign to enlist the services of young men as pilots was started. A training program that is producing some 4,000 new military pilots every twelve months is already under way.

But the English found that their existing aircraft plants were not sufficiently large to cope with the orders for old and new aircraft. So a scheme was evolved to build what were termed "shadow factories." These were auxiliary plants constructed at government expense and operated by automobile and



A squadron of British Hawker Fury war planes equipped with Rolls Royce Kestrel motors.

machine tool manufacturers. And each shadow plant turned out some particular design of aircraft motor or airplane.

Most of the largest British automobile manufacturers now are operating one or more of these shadow factories. Bristol motors, Fairey bombers, Hawker monoplane fighters, and Supermarine Spitfire monoplane fighters are being built at plants operated by the owners and originators of these designs, but also in the plants of the Austin motor works, the Roots motor works, and half a dozen other shadow plants.

According to dispatches from London recently, the British want to have some 4,000 fighting airplanes and between 3,000 and 3,500 long-range bombers—all of the latest and best types—flying by 1940. All this activity is directed straight at Germany. The British now believe that the Germans have at least 6,000 of the production—or latest military type—planes flying. Germany has the advantage of having no obsolete types, since all her aircraft have been built from brand new designs. The English believe that Germany has a fleet of nearly 3,000 bombers capable of nearly 300-mile-an-hour speeds and with 2,000-mile ranges, more than enough to enable each of them to carry a ton or two of bombs from German border airdromes to any of England's centers of commerce, industry, banking, or government.

The British today have but one bomber capable of 250-mile-per-hour speeds. It is the Bristol Blenheim, the newest version of which is supposed to carry 2,000 pounds of bombs for 1,900 miles and have a top speed of 290 miles an hour. The British have only two fighters now in production that are better than 300-mile-an-hour airplanes. One

is the Hawker Hurricane with a 1,030-horsepower Rolls Royce liquid-cooled motor, and the other is the Supermarine Spitfire, with the same engine. This department during the last twelve months carried a sectioned line drawing showing the intimate details of the Hurricane, which is supposed to have a top speed of just under 340 miles an hour.

The Spitfire, definitely a smaller, cleaner plane than the Hurricane, is supposed to be capable of nearly 400 miles an hour. No performance figures have been released on the Spitfire, however, and no public statements have been made on the speeds made in flights. Both these planes are intended to intercept and halt bomber raids on England and as such are strictly defensive.

At present there are not more than three British squadrons equipped with the Hurricanes and not a single squadron fully equipped with Spitfires. There are large numbers of the Blenheims already in service, and these planes are supposed to be turned out at the rate of ten a week total production from three different factories. This may be increased later.

Nevertheless, the British still depend upon obsolete biplane types for most of the defense of their tight little isle. In addition to the Furies there are a number of squadrons of Gloucester biplanes capable of 260-mile-an-hour speeds.

One of the most pitiful sides to England's hurried and inefficient and costly rearming of her air forces is the loss of pilots killed in training. Under virtual war-time conditions the British are training a lot of young men at a pace that would not be countenanced in the military flying schools of the United States.

MOST WIDELY discussed, perhaps, of all paintings in the literature of art is Leonardo da Vinci's famous masterpiece, "Mona Lisa," a priceless possession of the Louvre. Mellowed and darkened with age but still triumphant over decay and devastation, this celebrated painting today occupies a rather inconspicuous place on a wall of the historic Paris gallery—yet thousands seek it out annually to observe for themselves the woman's face which has presented a mystery to the world for more than 400 years.

Gossip and fable have made this remarkable woman a subtle and uncanny charmer, a veritable sphinx whose trace of a smile long ago ensnared the soul of a notable artist and caused him little by little to create an unfathomable riddle. It is this trace of a smile that no one yet to this day has been able to explain with any great degree of certainty. Enigmatic is the term most often applied to it.

What is back of the smile no one knows, yet volumes have been written about it. Perhaps much has been discovered in this famous painting that was outside the thoughts of the artist himself. We do know, however, that Da Vinci treasured the masterpiece, that it actually represented the expressions and perhaps the yearnings of his own soul, and that he refused to part with it to the very moment of his death.

Leonardo da Vinci, as virtually every one knows, was one of the greatest of the old masters. Born in Vinci, near the city of Florence, in 1452, he died in France, where he was in the employ of King Francis I, in 1519.

It was in 1502 that he began painting "Mona Lisa," a task that stretched over a period of four years—some authorities say six years. According to an oft-repeated old story, Da Vinci met Mona Lisa, a Florentine lady of Neapolitan birth, the third wife of Francesco de Gio-

Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa"

(Leonardo da Vinci's famous masterpiece, "Mona Lisa," is reproduced in colors on page one of the Picture Section of this issue.)

condo, and found her beautiful and fascinating. She was young and her spouse was elderly, and he had forced her to pawn her jewels and put on mourning so that she would not appear too attractive to other men. When Da Vinci wished to paint her portrait she fell in with his plan, cast a spell upon him, and eventually, so the old story goes, became his mistress. Her only daughter had died and she was grieving; so, it is told, Da Vinci hired musicians to play as she posed, with the idea of dispelling her sadness. Dulcet strains from string and reed may have conjured up the inscrutable smile that appears in the painting.

Doubt has been cast upon some parts of this old and popular story. For one thing, Da Vinci was 50 years old and old for his age at the time he met the young wife of the wealthy merchant Giocondo. His all-absorbing interests then, according to those who have written about him, were his art and his scientific investigations. He

was not only a painter, it should be pointed out, but a sculptor, an architect, a musician, an art critic, a mechanical, civil, and military engineer, a botanist, an anatomist, an astronomer, and a geologist.

Mona Lisa, it is said, posed only for the head of the masterpiece. The hands and torso were painted from other models. Whether or not the artist was in love with Mona Lisa herself we cannot be certain, yet it is proved almost beyond a doubt that he was in love with the face as portrayed in his painting. He kept the picture with him always, took it to France with him, and even refused to give it or sell it to the French king who had befriended him in many ways. Finally, after Da Vinci's death, Francis I. acquired the masterpiece for 4,000 gold florins, the equivalent of approximately \$14,000 in present-day American money. The story that Da Vinci died in the arms of the king now generally is re-

garded as untrue. His death occurred May 2, 1519.

"Mona Lisa," which frequently is referred to as "La Gioconda," was stolen from the Louvre Aug. 22, 1911. Being relatively small (only 20.86 inches wide by 30.22 inches deep), the painting was taken out of its frame and spirited out of the building by a back stairway. For more than two years its whereabouts remained a mystery. Then on Dec. 12, 1913, it was recovered in Florence. It had been taken by an Italian named Vincenzo Perugia, who gave as his reason for the theft that he wished to retaliate on France for taking so many Italian works of art from Italy. Perugia on June 5, 1914, was sentenced to imprisonment of one year and fifteen days.

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be found anywhere else in the world. It is rich in natural resources—minerals, forests, and the like. It produces more than two-thirds of the world's coffee. It is rapidly developing as a great rubber-producing land. It has more sheep and more cattle than North America, and it produces more wool than North America.

South America, Neighbor!

One of its countries, Argentina, in some years exports more wheat than does the United States, and is the largest exporter of corn in the whole world. Brazil, the most populous country in South America, is greater in area than the United

States, not including Alaska, and is greater in population than France, or Italy, or England, Scotland, and Wales combined. And Brazil's natural resources as yet scarcely have been tapped.

Is it any wonder that the

United States is beginning to attach new importance to the southern continent? There apparently is no reason to believe that Europe today entertains territorial designs on South American lands. Despite this lack of threat against territory itself, however, the United States, of course, insists upon maintaining on its own responsibility the 115-year-old Monroe doctrine, the basic idea of which is Americas for Americans.

The essentials of this Monroe doctrine, which takes its name from President James Monroe, are opposition (1) to any non-American action encroaching upon the political independence of American states under any guise, and (2) to the acquisition in any manner of control of additional territory in the western world by any non-American power. The Monroe doctrine came into existence in this manner:

Early in the nineteenth century Mexico in North America and the Spanish states in South America revolted and won their independence from Spain. This alarmed a group of monarchies in Europe known as the Holy Alliance and consisting of Aus-

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: Don't send orchids; just send the whole flower shop to Jimmy Stewart. His remarkable dramatic achievements throughout this, his best year in motion pictures, are enough to make audiences sit up and gasp. His starring vehicles, "The Shopworn Angel," "Vivacious Lady," and "You Can't Take It with You" should make him one of the greatest dramatic stars (as well as comedy) of the year. Give him the Academy award! Lionel Barrymore's characterization of "Gramps" in "You Can't Take It with You" should win him undying praise as well as add to his long chain of grand performances.

Don't you think an Academy award for minors would be in order? Didn't Mickey Rooney's marvelous portrayal of Andy Hardy in the Judge Hardy series make us think of our own everyday trials and

tribulations? He is honestly deserving the Academy award for juveniles.

This has been a bone of contention for a long, long time, but pick on it a little bit more. Why, O, why do we have to sit through those bits of information at the beginning of the picture that tell us who directed it, who produced it, who filmed it, etc. We come to see the picture, not who made it. True, those who made it should get the credit for it, but why not have a poster in each lobby with that information on it? Then those who were interested in it could read it to their hearts' content. All we care to see on the screen is the title and who's in it.

Sincerely yours, ED. CHESTER.
Editor's note: An Academy award for minors? Why not! Jimmy Stewart will thank you. As for producers, directors, writers, costumers, etc.—I have me doots.

Dear Miss Tinée: I would like to know if Deanna Durbin played in "Alcatraz Island." Thank you.

ORCHID HOBLIK.
Editor's note: She did not.

Dear Miss Tinée: Why can't we have an all-star musical picture with a plot and story designed to give logical openings for Eleanor Powell, George Murphy, Joan Davis, Buddy Ebsen, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Don Ameche, Mickey Rooney, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Bill Robinson, with Frank Morgan being confused, surprised, and befuddled as only Frank Morgan can be. It seems to a music and dancing fan a perfect shame to spoil the effectiveness of such stars with the kind of silly childishness that invariably pervades the atmosphere of the so-called superproduc-

tions that the public are invited to attend.

I cannot say that I have much confidence in any producer's ability to achieve such a glorious performance as a production including all or even very many of these stars would guarantee, but I can dream, can't I?

Don't the producers know that we are tired of gilt and glitter and would like to have talent and ability? I would rather pay 50 cents to watch Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers sing and dance for thirty minutes than to see four hours of super-production for a dime. And, believe it or not, I'm not alone.

Come on, producers; you have the talent available. Have you the ability to assemble it? Yours sincerely,

MOVIE FAN.
Editor's note: Producers, a fan has spoken!

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