

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan



1 Milton Sills breathes deeply, goes into cow-eyed clinch with Gertrude Olmsted in "Puppets," a picture of the mooning lover era a decade ago.

Hollywood, Cal.
If there's one thing, more than another, that has changed in the passage of movie years, it is the Approach to Love. The capitals are mine, and I urge The Tribune linotyper not to change 'em to lower case lettering, regardless of his own possibly unhappy experiences in affairs of the heart.

Ten years ago the great lovers of the screen approached a love scene with an air that was almost reverential. When a Thomas Meighan clasped a Lila Lee to his manly bosom, a hush descended upon the audience of that day. The lovelight was plainly apparent in the hero's eye, even though you sat in the last row. The heroine always played the scene a trifle tremolo. Her eyelashes fluttered as she sneaked a glance, first at the hero, then at the invisible audience. There was a breathless few seconds as the hero turned his manly gaze to heaven, as if

to pledge his undying devotion. And then, grimly resolute, he would step forward and take the gal in his arms, stroke her hair and then imprint a chaste caress on her forehead.

When a Milton Sills made love to a Pauline Garon, the Sills' technique was just as idealistic. His director, to stress the high nobility of the scene, would insist on a three-shot, so that as Sills and Miss Garon clinched, the audience might be treated simultaneously to the pious reactions of Elliott Dexter. The subtitle would then flash on the screen: "Take her, old man. She was too good for me." Betty Compson might be discovered playing a silent violin, while John Harron looked at her in rapt adoration. Even Rudolph Valentino, characterized as a ruthless sheik, became gentle as a desert lamb in the love scenes with Agnes Ayres. Forgotten were the victims he had slain in desert combat as Valentino took



2 Six years ago something happened to movie love technique. Jimmy Cagney was directed to do this to Mae Clark in "Public Enemy" and the famous scene started a movie trend to catch-as-catch-can courting.

From Pining Passion to Larruping Love, in a Decade of Movie Making

By ED SULLIVAN

the heroine in his arms, or kissed the hem of her skirt.

Just how many hems of how many skirts were kissed in the silent movies will never be known. It was the celluloid cliché of humility, always accompanied by a sterling subtitle: "I will be your slave for life." In the next sequence, the heroine would be discovered knitting baby garments and in the fadeout, there would be a silhouette effect of two figures outlined against the horizon riding into the sun. Just why the hero and heroine always had to make an exit riding horseback into the sun never has been made clear. No director ever switched this formula so that the hero and heroine could make their exit riding away from it, although this would have been more comfortable on the eyes of hero and heroine, in an era when sun glasses had not yet been invented.

Today the Approach to Love is hardly reverential. In "Nothing Sacred," Fredric March carefully poses Carole Lombard and knocks her cold. In "Love Before Breakfast," Herbert Marshall spatters a pie in, on and around the classic features of Barbara Stanwyck. In "Old Chicago" you will find Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in a cat-and-dog fight that climaxes in a wrestling match on the rugs. In "It's Love I'm After," Bette Davis throws potted plants at Leslie Howard. In "True Confessions," Fred MacMurray sticks Carole Lombard's head under water.

The movies today play love scenes with camera-in-cheek. Contrast the modern attitude of the Great Lovers of the screen with the almost mousey love-making of Francis X. Bushman, Conrad Nagle, Ramon Novarro,

John Gilbert, Wally Reid, and Richard Dix. Can you picture any of these old-time heroes landing a knockout wallop on Lillian Gish? Can you imagine Kathleen Williams or Mary Maclaren flinging crockery at Richard Barthelmess, or Eugene O'Brien hauling off and punching Norma

of 1927, or even the Pre-War stuff. Today, Irene Dunne, in "The Awful Truth," represents the sophisticated love which movie directors portray. Only yesterday, or so it seems, sophisticated Theda Bara was slinking and writhing all over the lot as the No. 1 vampire of the screen. Styles have changed.



Even the more orthodox love scenes have changed. Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall as natives in "The Hurricane" look fondly at each other without benefit of heaving chests and rolling eyes.

Talmadge? These old-timers of the screen must shudder when they see Myrna Loy, in the fade-out of "Double Wedding," prostrate on the floor of an auto trailer after being hit on the chin by a wild swinging bystander.

However deplorable, the admission must be made that 1938 Movie Love is not the movie love

Director Clarence Brown, in "A Free Soul," was one of the first to inaugurate the new treatment of amour. In that picture he ordered Clark Gable to plant a kick on Norma Shearer's bustle. M.G.M. executives, apprised of this daring treatment of love, argued far into the night. "People will blackball our theaters,"

said one sentimentalist. Brown was adamant. "People will blackball your theaters unless you realize that love is a rowdy emotion, too," spake he. So with fear and trembling, the master minds permitted him to let Gable boot Miss Shearer. To their amazement, audiences loved it.



3 Now we have the real McCoy, as Frederic March lands a blow on Carole Lombard's jaw in the recent film "Nothing Sacred."

Other studios, which also had their eyes glued on public reaction to this approach to love, immediately ordered scripts in preparation to be re-written. Overnight, the movie landscape was dotted with the figures of Cagney landing a grapefruit in Mae Clark's face; Robinson booting Margaret Livingstone (now Mrs. Paul Whiteman) for a field goal, and other heroes taking whacks at ingenues. Gable, the guinea pig of this startling experiment, later served again in an even more radical innovation, when in "San Francisco," he hit a priest in the face. The studio again discussed the pros and cons of this far into the night, and even called in Catholic clergymen of the coast to get their reaction before permitting it to be released.

It seems, however, that the movies have reached the saturation point in violent love treatment. Shortly, the hands of the pendulum will swing back, and heroes will go back to the Francis X. Bushman formula of awed tenderness.



Near the zenith of all that was perfect in film lovemaking. Rudolf Valentino embraces Bebe Daniels in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



The modern embrace comes closer to being a riot, as witness Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart in "The Lady Escapes."

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: As I have been among those silent approvers of your column for quite some time, I decided it was high time to put in my two cents.

In my estimation Ronald Colman is "tops" in the movie industry. Why hasn't more been said about him? He deserves more than a few laurels for his splendid performance in "Lost Horizon." I would be thoroughly gratified if you would print his biography and a picture.

Thanks!
ISABEL TAYLOR.

Editor's note: High time, indeed! We appreciate that "silent" boosting—but like to learn about it, too! (You know how it is?)

Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. He's 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. Educated at Littlehampton, Sussex, England. His hobbies are tennis, motoring, reading, and swimming. During the World War he was in the British army. Before going to Hollywood Mr. Colman appeared on the stage in England.

You're welcome.

Dear Mae Tinée: After looking over the theater programs of this season at our loop legitimate theaters—what grand films



RONALD COLMAN
Called "tops" for "Lost Horizon."

the plays shown would be! I think that: "The Women" would make a dandy drama with Gloria Swanson, Merle Oberon, and Janet Gaynor.

"Brother Rat" would prove a box office winner with Wayne Morris and Anita Louise in the leading roles.

"Madame Bovary," of course, on the screen, with Norma Shearer in the rôle that Constance Cummings enacted so well here.

"You Can't Take It With You," with Mary Boland, Hugh Herbert, Nydia Westman, and Tom Brown.

"Yes, My Darling Daughter" would be smooth comedy with Helen Broderick or Billie Burke in the rôle that Florence Reed had.

But then when most of the film producers hash the best plays, we might even expect Garbo in "Brother Rat."

But, all the joking thrown out, I enjoy your columns and agree with them—that is, most of the time. Luck to you always.

JAMES ALANSON DAVIS.

Editor's note: Your comments are thought provoking! Thanks for your good wishes, and—right back at you—luck to you!

Dear Miss Tinée: Hello again, this is S. R. Remoh writing in regard to a picture thief named Miss Anne Shirley. Movie? "Stella Dallas." Victim? Barbara Stanwyck. Honestly, did I enjoy her work in this picture! Miss Stanwyck was wonderful, too, but a couple of Anne's scenes just about got me.

Tell me, was Miss Shirley's name ever Dawn O'Day? That's all for now—S. R. Remoh signing off again. Thanks a lot.

S. R. REMOH.

Editor's note: Hello! Hello! Miss Shir-

ley appeared as Dawn O'Day in the films "Mother Knows Best," "City Girl," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "Private Lessons," Vitaphone short productions, "Picture Palace" and "The Key."

You're welcome.

Dear Miss Tinée: I read your column every Sunday and enjoy the letters of your fans and your answers to them.

Would you please tell me who the leading girl was in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," and where I could reach her?

Thanking you in advance, I remain,
R. KUNTER.

P. S.—Would you please put her picture in the paper? I don't mean Gertrude Michael, but the girl Mr. Dodd married. Thanks.

Editor's note: Jane Wyman played the rôle of Marjorie Day, opposite Kenny Baker, in the film "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air." She was born in St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 1, 1914. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Educated at Columbia university. Her hobbies are ice hockey and polo.

Glad you like the columns. And here's the girl Mr. Dodd married for your album.



JANE WYMAN
The girl "Mr. Dodd" married.

Dear Miss Tinée: I read your column every day and find it very interesting, as I am an ardent movie fan.

I would like some information concerning Dorothy Lamour and the name of her next picture.

I would like to know the complete cast of the not-so-recent picture, "Piccadilly Jim." There has been quite a heated argument in my family as to a certain character in the picture.

Thanking you, I am sincerely yours,
RUTH LOVRITZEN ("PINKY"),
Galena, Ill.

Editor's note: Welcome to our corner! Here's the information you desire:

Dorothy Lamour was born Dec. 10, 1914, in New Orleans, La. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, and has blue-gray eyes and brown hair. Educated public high school and Spence's Business school. In 1931 she was "Miss New Orleans." She sang on several radio programs and with Herbie Kay's orchestra before going to Hollywood to appear in pictures. She's married to Herbie Kay. "Hurricane," opposite Jon Hall, is her most recent film.

The cast for "Piccadilly Jim" is as follows:

Jim Crocker	Robert Montgomery
Mr. Crocker	Frank Morgan
Ann Chester	Madge Evans
Bayliss	Eric Blore
Eugenia	Billie Burke
Macon	Robert Benchley
Lord Charles	Charles Forbes
Nesta Pett	Cora Witherspoon
Ogden Pett	Tommy Bupp
Paducah	Alleen Pringle
Herbert Pett	Grant Mitchell
Editor	E. E. Clive
Taxi Driver	Billy Bevan
Mrs. Brede	Grace Hampton