

By Virginia T. Lane

plan them, said Loretta Young

It was the last thing on earth I had expected her to say. Because, you see, I've always seen Loretta during her guarded hours. Hours when she was before the camera, or dancing to some provocative music in a popular night spot, or lolling on somebody's yacht. Hours when she was on public display, so to speak, and watching every little step. For there has been nothing haphazard about Loretta's career. She has left little to chance in the clever patterning of her work, in her efforts to perfect every rôle.

"This is the first picture I've worked in since last summer. Perhaps there's something significant about its being called 'The Unguarded Hour!'" Loretta laughed. "I've had plenty of them during the last few months. You do, I think, at home with your family like I've been. Something is released in you and somehow you feel freer, gayer. Do you know, even if I was ill during part of it, that's the first vacation I've had in

nine years? The first real breathing spell

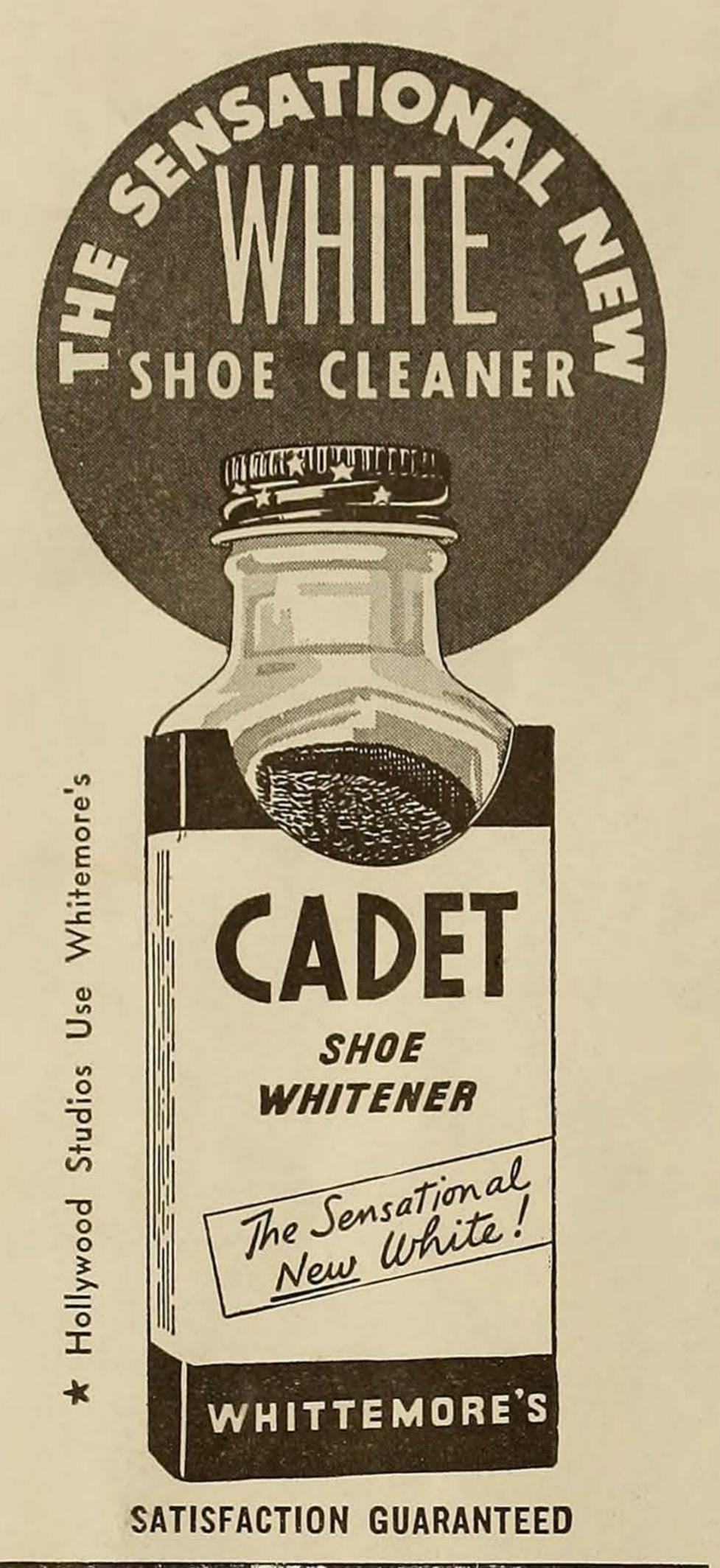
Certainly, it's changed Loretta. There is an increased power in her personality. But most surprising of all is this: Loretta is recapturing the girlhood she lost. You sense it in the lilt to her voice, in her enthusiasm

That is what her unguarded hours have done for Loretta. At nineteen I thought her the most sophisticated young woman in Hollywood. A product of the crowded, necessarily watchful years that brought her stardom while other girls were still dewyeyed over their first beaux. Now, at twentythree, she has slipped back into a young charm that's as refreshing as spring, itself.

I'd heard she had been bored with the TNGUARDED hours are happiest-because you don't European trip she took with her mother immediately after completing Shanghai. She looked startled. "Bored? Why it was one of the few things I've looked forward to in my life that I wasn't disappointed in! After going through a few of those castles I actually began to appreciate what mother saw in antiques! She has our house full of them, you know. When I got home I made the rounds and had her explain the history

of each one of them over again. . . . "Rome was my favorite. The Countess di Frasso was there at the time and her ancient Italian palace is so lovely I don't see how she can ever bear to leave it. Time seems to stand still over there. It makes you feel just how small your place is in the tremendous Scheme of things. I had an audience with the Pope, too. That was terribly impressive. There were about sixty of us present, all kneeling, the women dressed in longsleeved black gowns. Mother and I bought special dresses for the occasion which I'd like to keep to show my grandchildren!

"Then in Paris we met a very [Continued on page 72]



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"Unguarded Hours are Happiest" Says Loretta Young

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remarkable person. He was an older man, an American from San Francisco, and he had a forty-two room place outside of Versailles that centuries ago had been a monastery. I spent one of the most interesting days I've ever had there. You see, he had adopted three orphans and when he went to get them he asked for the homeliest and poorest little boys that could be found. They gave him three of the sweetest youngsters I've ever met. We spent the morning riding in a pony cart and afterwards they showed me the presents they were making for his birthday in their workshop. . . ."

"And what," I said, "about the other remarkable man in Paris?" There were rumors they were engaged when Loretta returned and he still cables and writes

pretty consistently.

"He wasn't remarkable. He was a plain, ordinary Frenchman—but he was nice!" Her eyes danced. I've never seen those level, gray eyes of Loretta's dance before. They gave her a young sparkle that lighted up her whole face.

"TOU'VE had two weddings in your I family within a year. That means there is going to be a third," I assured her. "Maybe. Maybe not. I haven't met the man yet, anyway! There are not so many eligible men in pictures when you come to think of it. And the men I meet in other lines of business have interests so different from mine. . . ."

It's true. There is a man shortage in the cinema capital. Especially of the type Loretta prefers. She likes men of maturity—men of force—and a certain inner fineness that quickens their understanding and sympathies. There are such men—but most of them are already married!

Loretta is co-starring with that likable idol-of-the-hour, Robert Taylor. While heartfree, she has been going with Eddie Sutherland, the director, recently. But there's nothing serious between them. And Bob is having a terrific re-bound on romance. The girl he was engaged to for two years, Irene Hervey, broke off a short time ago and became engaged to Allan Jones, leading man in Show Boat. So Bob is in that particular state from which many a man has awakened to find the greatest love of his life. Will it be Loretta? She has all the qualities of his Ideal Girl. Grace, poise, eyes that can go decidedly mysterious, a lovely, husky voice, and a young-girl charm tailored along ultramodern lines!

Bob, on his part, meets her preferences with one exception. He's younger than the men she usually goes with. But he has a maturity of viewpoint, an intellectual integrity, beyond his years. So—developments are going to be very interesting to watch indeed. . . .

"I like to marry," Loretta mused. "I suppose more than anything else I want a happy marriage. Every girl does. No matter what the Modernists say, that's the focus of a woman's life. But I don't want a typical Hollywood marriage! They dramatize it too much here. It's too often an on-again-off-again game with the wedding ring. I want mine to be sane and

firmly grounded, the kind that goes on and on, with children, and from generation to generation. I don't crave to have thrill piled on thrill. I'd rather have a simple family life as sweet as the one my mother has made for us. It seems much more important to me to be a success in marriage than in anything else. That sort of success lasts, you see. It doesn't always with a career.

"Yes, I believe decidedly that you can combine the two-marriage and a career. Some day I hope to. Look how happily Irene Dunne has done it and several others. For an actress, the more normal life you live, the better your work is. And what's more normal, more completely natural,

than for a girl to get married?"

Recently her two sisters did. First it was Betty Jane (the Sally Blane of the screen) who became the wife of Norman Foster in a simple ceremony right there in the drawing-room of the big, colonial home Loretta had built for all of them. Bet, in white velvet with a short Juliet veil, coming down the curving staircase . . . Loretta had dreamed of such things. Then last January it was Polly Ann who wore the bridal finery at a brilliant church wedding in which she became the wife of Carter Herman, prominent young Pasadena socialite . . . Loretta was bridesmaid. Was she thinking of her own impetuous marriage at seventeen—which lacked any brilliance whatever? She and Grant Withers had simply stood before a justice of the peace who rattled off the ceremony in the hot Yuma courthouse. It had never seemed quite like a real wedding to Loretta. It dissolved two years later. . . .

ODAY she and her mother and younger sister, Georgiana, live alone in the colonial house on the hillside. But the family life still centers there. Bet and Polly Ann are always popping in, and Georgiana brings crowds of young school friends home with her to swim in the pool or play ping-pong. If Loretta isn't working she swims or plays with them. But her chief interest is the new baby of her chum, Josephine Wayne. When she went down to Palm Springs she telephoned every day to see if it was getting along all right in her absence! Funny, about that Palm Springs trip. She was gone three weeks and she didn't bother to have a single "date." Instead, she pal-ed around with a sixteen-year old Southern girl and had the time of her life. "I don't want anybody to go out with me because I'm Loretta Young," she said. "I want them to go out with me because I'm Gretchen—myself."

"Gretchen" is her own name, the one the family calls her by. And it's Gretchen, I think, who has learned that unguarded hours can be so enjoyable. . . . They've given her a new softness, those hours in which she really found herself. They've taken away her tenseness and the terrific strain "Loretta" knew for nine years. Now she's looking forward to one of the big moments of her life—playing the part of Ramona, her favorite character. And she's looking forward to a love so richly beautiful she can let down her young defenses to the world—and never have another hour

en garde....

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