

Looking at Hollywood

with
Ed Sullivan

Ann Sheridan Heads List of "New" Jean Harlows

By ED SULLIVAN

Hollywood. IT IS ALMOST two years since Jean Harlow died, and although the movies have found a substitute for almost everything, the unique place which she filled in films has not been occupied, which is the finest tribute that could be paid to her platinum blonde importance. Not that the movies haven't tried. Warners at the moment are making efforts that are fairly gargantuan with Anne Sheridan, M-G-M is hopeful of Lana Turner, Paramount has come closest with Dorothy Lamour, RKO at one time thought that Lucille Ball might qualify, and the other big lots, lacking any semblance of a successor, haven't even made the effort.

Mary Dees, who looked most like Jean and who actually finished the scenes in "Saratoga" for her, was so handicapped by the resultant publicity that she couldn't get a job in films. I received a card from her not long ago, postmarked Australia, where she had gone with a road company of a legitimate show.

What, then, did Miss Harlow have that others have been unable to supply? Her platinum blonde hair was an identification mark that registered most strongly in the public consciousness, I think, and her physical charms had a certain earthy appeal that attracted rather than repelled fans. Movie fans felt that she was one of them—better looking, undoubtedly, but

trust who had proclaimed her to be all washed up. She appeared with N. T. Granlund, better known as N. T. G., on the night club circuits, and busted so many records that M-G-M sent



ANN SHERIDAN



JEAN HARLOW



Mary Dees Lucille Ball

still one of them. She symbolized the good looking, streamlined blonde who lived around the corner or who worked a few desks away in the office. That at least is what the letter writers have tried to express in the ton of mail that has come to her mother since Jean died on June 7, 1937. The tenor of the mail is that "I always felt, from seeing her on the screen, that she was regular."

The movies, however, did not realize the hold she had on the fans. At one time, when she was at the height of her career, M-G-M was ready to get rid of her contract. That was the time she went on her personal appearance tour, and, perhaps with a fine sense of irony, she picked M-G-M's own houses, the Loew chain, to ridicule the brain

in a hurry call for her to return to Culver City.

Her box office strength was the fact that she represented a certain definite type of picture and never deviated from it. Joan Crawford, Jim Cagney, Robert Montgomery, and other stars have become famous for one type of characterization and then attempted to veer away from it, to the disappointment and resentment of their fans; but the Harlow name on a marquee was an implicit promise to the ticket buyers that they would not be disappointed.

A 70-year-old veteran, Samuel Kayzer, well known to an older generation of Chicagoans, was responsible for the charting of Jean Harlow's professional course. She had gone to Mr. Kayzer when she first was becoming successful and asked the veteran voice analyst to teach her to talk differently. "I'd like to play some of the characters that Helen Hayes plays," she told him. Kayzer snorted: "Miss Harlow, that would be suicidal. Your greatest assets are your physical charms and your youth, and your voice has

to express them." She never forgot Mr. Kayzer's advice, and while often she was tempted to essay other rôles, a visit to his studio always disabused her mind of the idea. It was that continuity of purpose that perpetuated her popularity with her fans.

Ann Sheridan, the Texas girl who is being groomed by her



Lana Turner Dorothy Lamour

studio for the Harlow mantle, is completely unlike Jean. In fact, Miss Sheridan, Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, and Lucille Ball all are on the brunette side, sultry in contrast to her blonde brittleness. In "They Made Me a Criminal," with John Garfield, Warners succeeded in getting a scene past the censors that was a typical Harlow scene,

the wrestling match in which Ann engaged with Garfield and which concluded with both of them on the floor, toasting each other with glasses emptied by the tussle. While it wasn't as daring as Jean Harlow's bathtub scene with Clark Gable in "Red Dust," it was in the same groove.

Matching the constancy of the fans who never have forgotten her is the constancy of William Powell to the Harlow memory. He never has been the same since she died, and his generous and touching tenderness toward her mother has been one of the nicer chapters of this town of contradictions.

It is within the realm of possibility that the movies some day will find a substitute for the famous platinum blonde from Kansas City, Mo. It is equally certain that William Powell never will be that fortunate.

That goes double for her mother, who has attempted unsuccessfully to find a certain measure of forgetfulness as an interior decorator.

Another Dictator Is Dame Fashion

(Continued from page one.)

group of aristocrats gave a ball. Its theme was guillotined heads. Only those whose close relatives had been executed could attend, and the woman guests wore narrow neckbands of red ribbon to represent the cut of the executioner's knife.

A fortunate chance might start a note that would sweep France in a week. One astute clothmaker in Lyons found the formula. He went into the dressing room of Mlle. Mars, the famous actress, and laid a vast fold of yellow velvet before her. "Wear this," he begged. "It is marvelous cloth. But I can make no color well but yellow, and there is a great deal on hand. Set a fashion."

The actress hated the shade, but her heart was kind. She had a yellow gown made. When she donned it she wept. "I am a huge canary," she cried. "The performance must be called off." Other members of her company persuaded her to go on. The audience agreed with them that Mlle. Mars had never been so striking.

Within ten days the Lyons manufacturer had sold every yard of his goods. The women of the salons for the time being would wear no other shade. To prove his gratitude the Lyons manufacturer presented the actress with a beautiful villa.

Radical trends in dress continued under the rule of Napoleon. The styles of the consulate and the empire still get respectful consideration. Paris established itself as the style center of the world. Among the women who favored the spectacular in their gowns were the Empress Josephine and Pauline Bonaparte, the hoyden sister of the emperor.

They were bitter rivals. History has recorded one of their clashes. Pauline was married to the Prince Borghese, who possessed one of Europe's finest collections of diamonds. She was to attend a party at Malmaison, where the Creole empress resided. She procured a spectacular gown of green velvet, dressed in it, stuck a few cupfuls of precious stones upon it, and swept into the palace.

But the artful Josephine had heard of the green gown. She had decorated all her great rooms in a hard, uncompromising blue. Pauline looked ghastly. The heroine of the occasion was the empress, entirely without jewels and in a simple gold-edged dress of white muslin.

England was too conservative to follow the French fashions in a time of enmity and hatred. A court dress in London in 1808 had the same lines as those of Marie Antoinette's time—the huge skirt and the tight waist. And milady of England still feathered her hair. But she wouldn't powder it. Prime Min-

ister Pitt didn't know he was doing it, but when he ordered a tax on powder in 1795 he was the instrument of fate in bringing about the end of the white wig.

Napoleon fell and the Bourbons returned to power. There was a reaction to old styles in Paris. The daring costumes of Mme. Récamier, of Josephine and Tallen, were taboo. By 1816 the lady of the court was wearing something with the general shape of, and not much more graceful than, a flannel nightgown.

For a dozen years and more ladies' dresses in Paris and in London and in America grew more and more stuffy, more and more concealing. In the 1830s a woman with pretensions to smartness had to be shaped from the waist down like a farm dinner bell. Hoops came back; it was disgraceful for a woman to



A looped over dress, something like a pair of curtains.

have anything like a normal outline. The voluminous creations were to be favored for wellnigh forty years more. They reached the depths of ugliness in the 1850s, after France changed from a short-lived republic to an empire under the sad-faced Napoleon III.

Dominant dressmakers decreed that the skirts would have to be fuller than they ever had been before. The usual materials were too limp to support the flounces that were part of the mode. Even a dozen starched petticoats wouldn't serve. So a material known as crinoline was developed. It was made of horsehair and flax and could almost stand alone.

But alas, even crinoline was too flabby, and the dressmakers, harassed by their own genius, cried loudly to steelmakers for help. The artificers came up with some new gadgets in the way of steel springs and hoops. A lady became a walking hardware store. Strangely enough, she liked it. Skirts billowed out. You could sail a boat with the material a 100-pound girl had to lug about with her.

Statistics compiled in 1854 showed that the steel manufacturers of the world were making ten million pounds of dress springs a year! That's what kept the ladies getting more and more tentlike.

The style held on through the days of our own Civil war and well into the 1870s. Then came a mild revolt. Skirts were shrunk a little. But the pannier came in. It was a looped over-dress, something like a pair of curtains, that emphasized the size of the hips. With it came a problem: What, for goodness sake, would a dressmaker hang his panniers on?

That stroke of genius known as the bustle was the answer. It was a device, often of wire, sometimes of padding, that made a lump near the base of the spine. The relieved dressmakers decreed bigger ones. To balance their customers fore and aft they built them out in front above the waist.

Several efforts for dress reform were made during the long era of uncomfortable and unesthetic costuming. George Du Maurier, noted English artist, drew striking pictures of an idealized girl in the 1870s—a creature he described as "divinely tall and divinely fair." Some observers have credited him with starting a movement for more sensible and natural styles. His



"... divinely tall and divinely fair."

drawings were almost as popular as the Gibson girl became in later years.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer shouldn't be forgotten. She seems to have been filled with the reforming spirit. As editor of an American publication called the Western Home Journal, she designed a new feminine costume that featured a short skirt and loose trousers or pantaloons gathered at the ankles.

America wouldn't adopt it, and Mrs. Bloomer in 1851 courageously invaded the British Isles. She advocated the shedding of hoops and the cage-like corsets that were torturing half the civilized world. She was not a success abroad, although some Bloomerites braved the ha-ha's of the multitude by parading publicly in pantaloons in Dublin, London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Hecklers on one occasion forced Mrs. Bloomer to abandon a lecture. Soon afterward she wrote a letter to a London paper as follows:

"Sir: May I be allowed in your columns to ask why the British public is so horrified at the idea of women dressing in trousers, seeing that they have for many years tolerated a number of men from north of the Tweed in wearing petticoats, and shockingly short petticoats, too?"

This jab at the bare knee knobs of the Scots helped Mrs. Bloomer little. She won the support of nobody much but the doctors, who had long inveighed against tightly laced corsets. She went away from England, a disappointed pioneer a few decades ahead of her time. But her fame lived on, and the derided "bloomers" blossomed eventually into knickerbockers for lady cyclists and bloomer girls' baseball teams.

More graceful styles came after 1890. The willow curve was the aim of every dressmaker. In the early years of the present century the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson immortalized a type of girl who can still rival any other for charm and smooth appearance.

Almost every popular mode since has emphasized naturalness. Sometimes the emphasis was too marked. For instance, when the first sheath gown arrived in Chicago in late 1908 the police had to protect the wearer from the jeers of a crowd that followed her in the streets.

The jeers didn't halt evolution. Woman's dress became more logical. It remained, in the eyes of its devotees, beautiful.

Looking back from 1939, it seems that Mrs. Bloomer in the ghostland has won two-thirds of her fight. Pantaloons are still behind the eight ball, but who could say the vigorous reformer of 1850 wouldn't find today's corsets light enough and the dresses short enough?

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 wish that you would tell me a few facts about Bing Crosby.

I think he is swell. Also could you put in a picture of him? Is his current film "Paris Honeymoon"? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

NINA McLAUGHLIN.

Editor's note: We are glad to give you a bit of information about Bing and also to print his picture for you. His real name is Harry L. Crosby. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904. He's 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Went to Gonzaga university. Married Dixie Lee and has four sons. "Paris Honeymoon" is the title of his most recent production.

Dear Miss Tinée: I am a great admirer of Luise Rainer. I try to see every one of her pictures, and I think she is just tops as an actress. I have seen "The Good Earth," "The Toy Wife," and "The Great Waltz." I would like to know a little about her. Thank you. LOIS DE KOVEN.

Editor's note: Miss Rainer was born in Vienna, Austria. She's 5 feet 3 inches tall,

weighs 108 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Educated in Europe. Started on a stage career at the age of 16. She's married to Clifford Odets. You're welcome!

Dear Miss Tinée: I have just seen two good pictures, "Men with Wings" and "Brother Rat." In "Men with Wings" I saw Ray Milland and would like to know all about him. Also could you tell me where I could write to him? Then please give me the same information about Ronald Reagan. Tell me, too, where I could write to him. Please give me the addresses of the following stars: Loretta Young, Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly, Wayne Morris, and Mickey Rooney.

This is quite a large order, I know, but I have confidence in you. Thank you very much. GINI.

Editor's note: Large orders are our specialty. Ray Milland's real name is Jack Millane. Born in Drogheda, Ireland, Jan. 3, 1905. He's 6 feet 1 inch tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Educated King's college. He's married to Muriel Webber. Address, Paramount studio, 5451 Marathon street, Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Reagan was born in Tampico, Ill. Educated high school in Tampico and Eureka college. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has gray eyes and dark brown hair. Before entering motion pictures he worked as a life guard and wrote a weekly sports column for a Des Moines, Iowa, newspaper. Address, Warners-First National studio, Burbank, Cal. The addresses you want are: Loretta Young, Richard

Greene, and Nancy Kelly, care of Twentieth Century-Fox studio, Beverly Hills, Cal.; Wayne Morris, care of Warners-First National studio, Burbank, Cal.; and Mickey Rooney, care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, Culver City, Cal. You're very welcome.

Dear Miss Tinée: Recently the dramatic club to which I belong went to Cleveland to see a play on the stage. We saw the play "Golden Boy" with Jean Muir and Phillips Holmes as the leading characters. Now, what I want to know is this—the height and weight of Jean Muir and the pictures they have both appeared in. Could you possibly squeeze in a picture of one of these stars?

Thank you a lot, Miss Tinée. Sincerely, JESSIE STEEVES, Massillon, O.

Editor's note: Here is a photo of Jean Muir. Miss Muir's real name is Jean Muir Fullerton. She was born in New York City, Feb. 13, 1911. She's 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Films in which she's appeared are "Doctor

Monica," "Gentlemen Are Born," "Bedside," "Stars Over Broadway," "White Fang," "Fugitive in the Sky," "Her Husband's Secretary," "Once a Doctor," "White Bondage," "Dance, Charlie, Dance," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Films in which Mr. Holmes has appeared are "An American Tragedy," "Confessions of a Co-ed," "Broken Lullaby," "Beauty for Sale," "Caravan," "Private Scandal," "Great Expectations," "The House of a Thousand Candles," "General Spanky," and "The Dominant Sex." You're welcome.

Dear Miss Tinée: Tonight I've written my first fan letter! Prompted by Ed Sullivan. His article in The Tribune recently hit me the wrong way—and, as he is on vacation, I'll pass my impressions on to you.

Having just seen Francisca Gaal in "The Girl Downstairs," I can't agree with Mr. Sullivan that Darreux and Hedy Lamarr are the only imports of the year that have definitely clicked. True, the impish Danielle and the sultry glamor of Hedy have added something—but certainly no one can forget the gamine of "The Buccaneer." Hats off, we say, to a gal who isn't afraid of a part that makes her look grandly ridiculous.

Here's hoping we see more of her refreshingly different acting in the coming year! Sincerely,

MRS. G. H. LUNDGREN, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Editor's note: Your impressions are most interesting. Come again!



JEAN MUIR Seen on the stage in "Golden Boy."