

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan

Christmases Recalled by Stars

By ED SULLIVAN

Hollywood.

SALVATION ARMY Santa Claus tolling their bells on corners. Mistletoe and holly wreaths in store windows. Snow in the air and the strains of "Adeste Fideles." Youngsters pressing their noses against store windows to regard sleds and dolls. Of course, we don't have that kind of a Christmas out here, where the sun shines steadily, but to conjure up some of the atmosphere of the holiday I asked some of the stars to tell me about the Christmas that they remembered best.

"The Christmas I recall most vividly was pretty sad," said Barbara Stanwyck. "I was 11 years old, and because my parents were dead, and my sister on the stage, I was living with a family. Just why they decided to break the news to me on Christmas I'll never know, but that morning when I came to see the tree they told me that they were going to have a child of their own and that perhaps I'd better go to an orphan asylum. Every Christmas morning I think back to that."

Tyrone Power says that the 1934 Christmas was unforgettable: "I'd gone from Chicago to New York to take a crack at the legitimate stage. On Christmas eve I had exactly \$3 remaining of my scanty fortune, just about enough to take me to the home of some friends who had invited me to their house for a party. I grinned ironically to



Tyrone Power



Jeanette MacDonald



Pat O'Brien



Ginger Rogers

myself as I dressed in tails and top hat, because the get-up certainly wasn't in proportion to the bank roll. I spent \$2 of the \$3 to get some flowers for my host's wife. I wanted to show them I was a high-class guy. The other dollar went for cab fare to the apartment. It was a swell evening, but when I left I didn't have a dime, and I couldn't very well tell them about it. So I had to walk home through the snow, forty blocks."

Jeanette MacDonald places her best-remembered Christmas in Chicago.

"It was the first Christmas after my father died," she said. "I was singing in a show, and mother was with me. After the matinee we went to a restaurant, and, as if we were each conscious of the other's dejection, we both attempted a spurious gaiety that was tragic in its result. It didn't ring true. Mother told me to eat, to keep up my strength. But I didn't have much appetite for food. I remember that I ordered a ham sandwich; she ordered a turkey sandwich. But I couldn't swallow it. All I was conscious of were the tears that kept rolling down her cheeks and dripping to the tablecloth."

Ginger Rogers' recollection is a little gayer: "In Chicago. It was the first time I'd ever seen snow. Up to then Christmas had always been a purely Texas holiday, with roses blooming on the front lawn and the sun shining down hotly." Rosalind Russell says it was in Boston, with a stage troupe: "It was my first time away from home, and I sobbed when I opened the presents from home in a cold, bare hotel room."

Robert Young prefers the 1933 Christmas: "My wife and the baby came home from the hospital on Christmas morning." Kay Francis recalled the Christ-



Olivia De Havilland's happiest Christmas brought her assurance of a career in films.

mas party that the "Gentlemen of the Press" company gave on the stage of the Broadway theater. "It was my first experience in show business," says Kay, "and a Christmas party on the stage was incredibly romantic to me."

Bette Davis will never forget that Christmas when she was 12 and was playing Santa Claus on Christmas eve with a cotton beard, which caught fire from a candle on the tree. She suffered bad burns, lost her lashes,

eyebrows, and some of her hair. All one painful night her mother applied sweet oil to the blistered skin. A peaches-and-cream complexion, every one thought, would be permanently scarred. But next day a doctor from Boston arrived and declared that, thanks to the first-aid treatment, there'd be few or no scars left to tell the tale!

Dick Powell recalls that Christmas eve in Terre Haute when he had to pawn his saxophone in order to eat, and not an hour later got the offer of a job with a small orchestra, start-

ing on Christmas day, IF he could get back his "sax." They wouldn't give him an advance, not even the \$1.25 he needed to redeem the saxophone. But—they'd give him \$1.25 to play the drums that evening! The pawnshop was closed when he'd finished playing, but next morning—Christmas day—it was open for business. Dick, astonished but gratified, got his sax and his orchestra job!

Wayne Morris had one of the funniest—and saddest—Christmas-memories. He spent it in midsummer down in New Zealand, grieving because he'd worked his way down there on the S. S. Mariposa with a friend, hoping to join the Byrd expedition—and the friend had won the bid and shipped away on one of the Byrd supply ships. There was no room for Wayne. He was "on the beach" in New Zealand, faced with a Christmas day about as far from friends and family as though he'd gone to the south pole.

Paul Muni has a favorite memory that still gives him a grateful glow. He had just joined the cast of one of his first New York shows, but was facing a bleak and cheerless Dec. 25 because all his friends and his family were out of town—and he was pretty much pinched for money. He slept late that morning, but was aroused by a lot of clamor—and the whole cast of his show, along with the director (young Theater guild folk), burst in on him and swept him

away to a private home for turkey dinner. "Thought you might be lonely, Muni Weisenfreund," they explained.

Pat O'Brien remembers best the Yuletide when Frank McHugh introduced him to the present Mrs. O'Brien, a young society belle who'd just joined a small stock company Frank was managing.

Rosemary, Priscilla, and Lola Lane think last Christmas the most memorable for them, for it was the first to mark an almost complete family reunion in Hollywood and presage many more united holidays to come.

Olivia De Havilland selects as most notable the one just before she played in "Captain Blood." As a present from Warner Brothers she got the assurance that she'd made good in pictures and would be given a new contract—that nothing short of very bad luck could prevent her from making film acting her career.

Humphrey Bogart recalls the Christmas day he spent as gunner on a U. S. transport during the World War. The Germans may have picked that day—their own favorite holiday—as the one on which most likely the Americans would be unalert. At any rate a "U" boat slipped up on the transport and actually launched a torpedo at it before being noticed. The deadly steel fish swam past its mark, shaving the stern—and Bogart and his mates spent a lively fifteen minutes pouring shells at the sub. Bogart ate his dinner that day in spasms—interrupted by three false alarms that the same or another sub had been sighted.

It was on a Christmas day that Edward G. Robinson shook hands with the man who promised him a small part in his first New York stage play. And maybe because it was the holiday the manager said: "By the way, we don't pay while we're rehearsing, you know. Do you need a small advance?" Eddie confessed that he needed that advance so badly the manager looked exactly like Santa Claus to him.

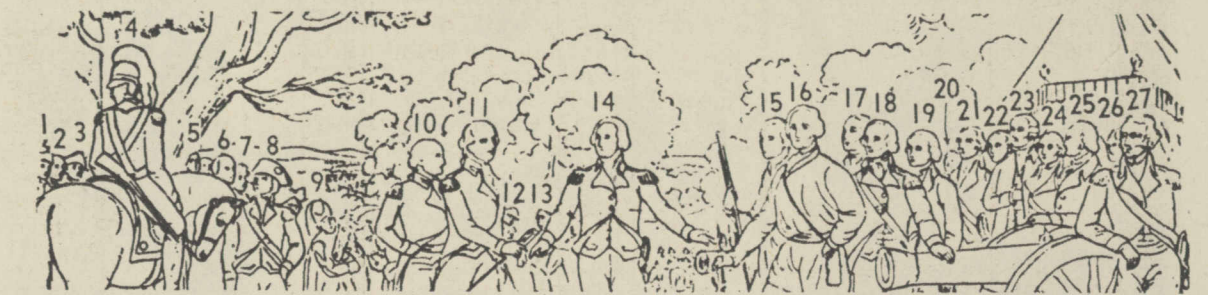
James Cagney's best-remembered Christmas goes back to his boyhood and the days when Santa Claus occupied an important place in his mind. He'd been told he'd get no presents if he had one single fight with the scrappy little Irish neighbor boys between Thanksgiving and Christmas. After taking no end of punishment and chaffing with a grin, he finally stepped into a battle in which a little tot was being beaten by a bully. Stepped in long enough to get a beautiful shiner. But fortunately the neighborhood priest had witnessed the whole thing and interceded, so Jimmy, black eye and all, could receive and enjoy his presents next day.

History Pictured in Color

Below are outline drawings of two pictures on page one of today's Picture Section, identifying by numbers the important characters represented.



1—Count Deuxponte, colonel of French infantry. 2—Duke de Laval Montmorency, colonel of French infantry. 3—Count Custine, colonel of French infantry. 4—Duke de Lauzun, colonel of French cavalry. 5—General Choisy. 6—Viscount Viomenil. 7—Marquis de St. Simon. 8—Count Fersen, aid-de-camp of Count Rochambeau. 9—Count Charles Damas, aid-de-camp of Count Rochambeau. 10—Marquis Chastellux. 11—Baron Viomenil. 12—Count de Barre, admiral. 13—Count de Grasse, admiral. 14—Count Rochambeau, general en chef des Français. 15—General Lincoln. 16—Col. E. Stevens of American artillery. 17—General Washington, commander in chief. 18—Thomas Nelson, governor of Virginia. 19—Marquis Lafayette. 20—Baron Steuben. 21—Colonel Cobb, aid-de-camp to General Washington. 22—Colonel Trumbull, secretary to General Washington. 23—Maj. Gen. James Clinton, New York. 24—General Gist, Maryland. 25—Gen. Anthony Wayne, Pennsylvania. 26—General Hand, Pennsylvania, adjutant general. 27—Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, Pennsylvania. 28—Maj. Gen. Henry Knox, commander of artillery. 29—Lieut. Col. E. Huntington, acting aid-de-camp of General Lincoln. 30—Col. Timothy Pickering, quartermaster general. 31—Col. Alexander Hamilton, commanding light infantry. 32—Col. John Laurens, South Carolina. 33—Col. Walter Stuart, Philadelphia. 34—Col. Nicholas Fish, New York.



1—Major Lithgow, Massachusetts. 2—Colonel Cilly, New Hampshire. 3—General Stark, New Hampshire. 4—Captain Seymour of Shelton's Horse. 5—Major Hull, Massachusetts. 6—Colonel Groaton, Massachusetts. 7—Major Dearborne, New Hampshire. 8—Colonel Scammell, New Hampshire. 9—Colonel Lewis, quartermaster general, New Hampshire. 10—Major General Phillips, British. 11—Lieutenant General Burgoyne, British. 12—General Baron Riedesel, German. 13—Colonel Wilkinson, deputy adjutant general, American. 14—General Gates. 15—Colonel Prescott, Massachusetts Volunteers. 16—Colonel Morgan, Virginia Riflemen. 17—Brig. Gen. Rufus Putnam, Massachusetts. 18—Lieut. Col. John Brooks, late governor of Massachusetts. 19—The Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, chaplain, Rhode Island. 20—Maj. Robert Troup, aid-de-camp, New York. 21—Major Haskell. 22—Major Armstrong. 23—Maj. Gen. Philip Schuyler, Albany. 24—Brigadier General Glover, Massachusetts. 25—Brigadier General Whipple, New Hampshire militia. 26—Maj. M. Clarkson, aid-de-camp, New York. 27—Maj. Ebenezer Stevens, Massachusetts, commanding artillery.

By JOHN A. MENAUGH

THE TWO most gratifying events of the War of Independence from the American viewpoint were those pictured upon page one of the Picture Section of today's Tribune—the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., and the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, N. Y.

They occurred almost exactly four years apart, the Saratoga capitulation on Oct. 17, 1777, and that at Yorktown on Oct. 19, 1781. With the last-named came the collapse of the British cause in America, the assurance of independence for this country.

The campaign that brought Burgoyne's defeat and ultimate surrender appears today to have been ill advised and ill conceived. Burgoyne, with his 8,000 British regulars and 3,000 German mercenaries, could have sailed directly from England for New York, reinforced Howe there, and then advanced northward in the state of New York by comparatively safe and easy stages. Instead a rather impractical plan was evolved in London to isolate New England by occupying the Hudson valley with troops sent down from Canada. So Burgoyne, who, according to some authorities, originated this plan of campaign, sailed to Canada and began a long march southward through the wilderness.

Burgoyne's expedition was to form a junction near Albany with an army under Howe, which was to march up from New York. But the war office in London had failed to instruct

John Trumbull

John Trumbull, the artist who painted the two famous pictures reproduced in the Picture Section, was born in Lebanon, Conn., June 6, 1756, and died in New York City, Nov. 10, 1843. He was graduated from Harvard in 1773 and served in the War of Independence, part of the time as Washington's aide-de-camp. In 1780 he went to London to study art, and when word came to the British there of the capture and execution of Major Andre in connection with Arnold's treachery he was imprisoned as having been of rank equal to Andre in the Continental army. His imprisonment lasted seven months. Back in London again in 1784, he painted "The Battle of Bunker Hill" and "The Death of Montgomery." In 1785 he went to Paris, where he made portrait sketches of French officers for "The Surrender of Cornwallis." The last-named painting, along with "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," and "The Resignation of Washington," was purchased by the United States and hung in the capitol at Washington. For the four paintings the government paid Trumbull \$32,000.

Howe definitely on this point. It even is said that the whole plan was stuck away in a pigeonhole in some one's desk and entirely forgotten until it was too late to save Burgoyne. At any rate, when Howe heard that Burgoyne was moving southward from Canada he started a march

on Philadelphia—a move intended to draw American troops back from Burgoyne's path. This was futile strategy, inasmuch as it didn't work.

On July 1, 1777, Burgoyne's forces reached Ticonderoga, which was taken five days later. On Sept. 13 the British crossed the Hudson river near Saratoga. Four miles away on Bemis's Heights was an American army of 12,000 under Gates. Burgoyne advanced to attack the Americans on Sept. 19, but ran into a hornets' nest in the form of 3,000 men under Arnold and was driven back. With his effectives reduced to 5,000 and his supplies running short, the British commander on Oct. 7 again engaged Arnold and was defeated. Next day he started to retreat, but was bottled up in Saratoga by Gates, who by this time had an army of 20,000. On Oct. 14 Burgoyne opened negotiations with the Americans, and three days later he surrendered.

It was on April 25, 1781, that Cornwallis, with about 1,500 troops, marched out of Wilmington, N. C. He arrived on May 20 at Petersburg, Va., where reinforcements which had been under Phillips and Arnold (the same Benedict Arnold who was fighting on the American side at Saratoga), and some dispatched from New York, raised his army to more than 7,000 fighting men. Facing Cornwallis in Richmond was Lafayette, in command at that time of all American troops in Virginia. Failing in his effort to prevent a union of troops under Lafayette with those directly under Wayne, Cornwallis retreated down the James river in the hope of receiving more reinforcements from New York. The British general moved into Yorktown and began fortifying it, while Washington, who at the time was in the state of New York, left about 4,000 of his troops to guard the forts on the Hudson river and set out with the remainder of his army to join Lafayette. A French fleet in the meantime had seized control of the coast, and a French army was waiting at the head of Chesapeake bay to strike at the British. This force, along with the American force, finally was transported by water to Williamsburg, and the two combined, 16,000 strong, on Sept. 28 marched on Yorktown.

Trapped in a semicircle formed by the Americans and the French, Cornwallis fought desperately. The Americans and French repeatedly assaulted the British works, while the British launched counterattacks. On the night of Oct. 16-17 the British tried to escape across the York river to Gloucester, but a storm wrecked their plans. Fearing new attacks, Cornwallis on the 17th offered to surrender. Two days later he yielded to the victors, surrendering an army of about 7,000 men.

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 am a true fan of David Niven; in fact, I'm ca-razy about him. I enjoyed his acting so much in "Four Men and a Prayer."

Could you and would you squeeze in a picture of him and tell me where I might write to him?

I am a fan of Robert Taylor and also Griffith Jones, but I certainly don't agree with two of your fans saying Robert Taylor should play the statue in "A Yank at Oxford." I think he was three times as good as Griffith Jones. For gosh sakes, why don't they leave the foreigners alone? I have nothing against them—in fact, most of my favorites are foreigners. I remain,

FERN HULBERG.

Editor's note: Isn't it nice that we can think and speak as we like in this country! Here's Mr. Niven's address for you: United Artists studio, 1041 North Formosa avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Miss Tinée: What I would like to know is this: Was the novel "Jalna," by Mazo De La Roche, ever made into a

movie production? If so, by whom were the characters portrayed?

Also would you please print a few facts about Wayne Morris? Sincerely,

M. E. H.

Editor's note: The motion picture "Jalna" was produced in July, 1935. The cast is as follows:

Alayne.....Kay Johnson
Renny.....Ian Hunter
Nicholas.....C. Aubrey Smith
Maurice.....Nigel Bruce
Eden.....David Manners
Meg.....Peggy Wood
Gran.....Jessie Ralph
Pheasant.....Molly Lamont
Piers.....Theodore Newton
Ernest.....Halliwell Hobbes
Rags.....Forester Harvey
Finch.....George Olfman Jr.
Wakefield.....Clifford Severn

Wayne Morris' real name is Bert De Wayne Morris. He was born in Los Angeles, Feb. 17, 1914. He's 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, and has blue eyes and blond hair. Educated Los Angeles Junior college.

Dear Miss Tinée: I saw "Alexander's Ragtime Band" yesterday, and I think it was swell, but whoever told Don Ameche he could sing is crazy.

It seems that as soon as an actor or actress gets to the top he or she thinks he or she can sing. I love music very much, but when I go to see a musical picture I want to hear some one with a good voice.

Are you tall and thin, or are you short

and stout? Please print a picture of yourself. More power to you. Sincerely,

DONALD RAGONE.

Editor's note: Don's singing suits me fine. But then, of course, I'm no Edward Barry. Just pretend I look the way you'd like me to, will you? Then we can both be happy.

Dear Miss Tinée: In your review of the Picture "Hold That Co-ed" you were extremely hard on the picture and Joan Davis because she is supposed to kick a goal after a touchdown. "The plex is SO impossible," sez you. "Can ANY ONE possibly imagine ANYTHING so IMPOSSIBLE as that ANY college would EVER let a girl kick a goal after touchdown! SO far-fetched! SO ridiculous!" etc., etc., or words to that effect.

In the Oct. 1 issue of a popular magazine there is a story by Yankee Stadel called "Football—a \$50,000,000 Business." He says: "First prize in last year's circus stakes went to the coach of Tuskegee institute, who trained Mabel Smith, a

JOAN DAVIS
Subject of defense letter by a fan.

pulchritudinous Negress, to kick goals after touchdowns." What do you think of that?

I often marvel at you columnists. You have little to do. Writing your column certainly can't take very long, judging from the way it is written. So, having the time, one would think you would have interest enough in your work to check and double-check everything you write and not leave yourself out on a limb like that. But, of course, it is your funeral and none of mine. The only reason I wrote, and it is my first offense, was because of the unfairness of your criticism under the circumstances. You always seem to have it in for Joan Davis, anyway. Never say a decent word for her. Why, I can't imagine, for she is the cleverest woman clown in pictures. But you so often seem to dislike the really talented and unusual actors and actresses, while you gush and gurgle over the incompetents and has-beens. And you have no sense of humor. I have often noticed that. That is probably why you are unable to appreciate either Joan Davis or Joe Penner, the Ritz brothers or the Marx brothers. It is too bad.

So in closing I just wish to say that I have no doubt that you are a very nice person to know, and you are probably good to old people and dumb animals, but, between you and me, you are a punk movie critic. Sincerely,

AIMEE KOSAK.

Editor's note: O, let's not keep it "between you and me." Let's let the world know.