

Looking at Hollywood with Ed Sullivan



"Poverty Row," the Santa Monica beach homes of movie stars, where actors find week-end recreation.

Like the Flowers, Hollywood Legs Come Into Public View in the Spring

By ED SULLIVAN

Hollywood, Cal.
THIS IS the time of year when the cinema sirens start posing for pictures of themselves in the surf at Santa Monica. You will see Joan Crawford using an Australian crawl, Carole Lombard on the sands at Malibu, June Travis sporting the latest thing in beach sandals, shapely Lily Pons cuddled under a beach umbrella, Danielle Darrieux exhibiting to advantage a new one-piece bathing suit, June Lang eating a hot

dog on the shores of the Pacific. Spring is one of those rare occasions when the biggest stars will permit their legs to be photographed, for as the movies have developed, the feminine stars have become more and more reluctant about leg pictures. In fact, some of them have clauses in their contracts that excuse them from this type of exploitation. Stars with bad legs are particularly insistent on this protective clause.

However, I beg of you, upon seeing these athletic pictures of the Hollywood sirens, not to be gullible. You will read publicity yarns about Katie Hepburn getting up at the crack of dawn to go horseback riding. You will be led to understand that Loretta Young, Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett, Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Livingstone, Olivia De Havilland, Virginia Bruce, Nan Gray, Barbara Stanwyck, Rosemary Lane, and Anita Louise spend so much time at tennis and golf that it is with the greatest reluctance they can be persuaded to make pictures.

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You will see these beautiful creatures posed on the tennis courts or on the golf courses. You will see them astride chargers that would have taxed the equestrian skill of Richard Cœur de Lion. Believe me when I say to you in stricken tones that the only exercise most of these glamorous creatures get is in lifting the four suits of a bridge deck (or is it five-suited now?) Ruby Keeler Jolson plays a fair game of golf, but Ruby is the exception to the rule.

The stars, as a matter of fact, haven't much time in which to get athletic. They report at their studios about 8 a. m. and

are there until 6 o'clock at night. Sunday is their only day of leisure when working on a picture, and on that day you will find them down at Santa Monica's "Poverty Row." This is a row of ocean mansions lined up along the Pacific. Jack Warner, Marion Davies, Greg La Cava, Mervyn Le Roy, Hal Wallis, Norma Shearer, and others of the picture colony have their summer homes grouped together, each one with a swimming pool and tennis court attached. The parties start about 3 p. m., a buffet supper is served about 7, and then you go into the host's private projection room and see some pictures that have been rushed down from the studios. On rare occasions, when one of the studios has shipped down a flicker in which the industry is interested, the picture will play the entire Poverty Row in one evening. It will start, say, at Le Roy's place. As soon as two reels are finished the cans will be taken to Norma Shearer's, and by the time she has run two

reels, two more reels will have arrived. In the meantime Marion Davies' chauffeur will have taken away the first two reels from the Shearer residence. So one picture plays up and down the beach in an escalator process.

After the projection room the party will break up into card games. They play for big stakes, these movie magnates, and a poker pot of \$15,000 is not unusual when you have Joe Schenck, Darryl Zanuck, Al Lichtman, and Billy Wilkerson holding the chips. Connie Bennett is an excellent card player, and the men like her to play

ruined by photographers. Every time you swallowed a mouthful a cameraman asked you to move away from the table while he took a picture. What I thought was an unusual dessert was an old flashlight bulb that had been left on my plate.

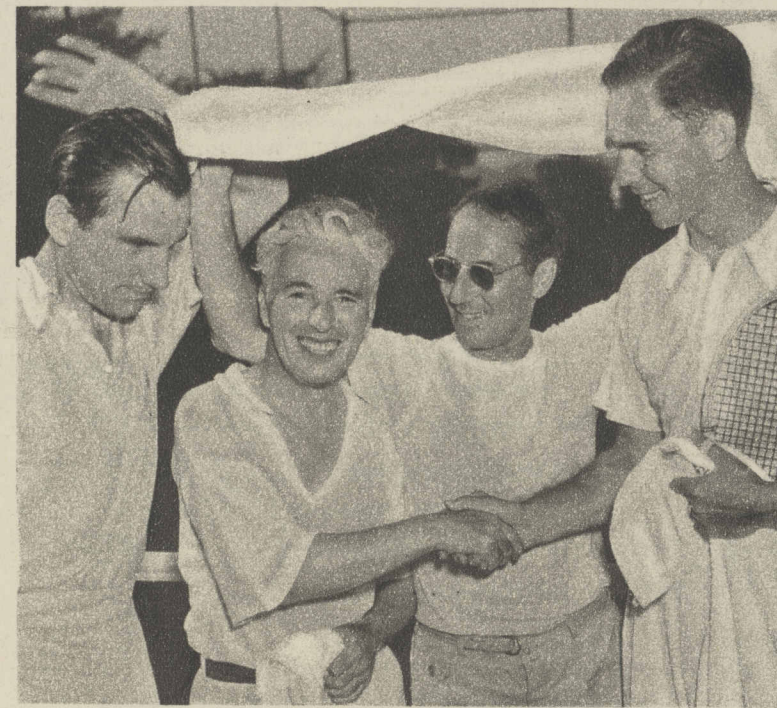
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If the Hollywood glamor girls are distinguished by their almost complete abstinence from athletics, let it be noted for the records that the Hollywood males not only go in for sports but excel at them. Spencer Tracy, the Academy award winner, is a fine polo player. So is

Darryl Zanuck. Walt Disney, Randy Scott, Bruce Cabot, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Phil Harris are exceptionally good golfers. Crosby is never far away from the 71 notch. Clark Gable is a great hunter and digs for the woods every time a picture is finished. Groucho Marx, Smith Ballou, Nelson Eddy, and Bob Riskin can be found almost any afternoon at the Beverly Hills Tennis club. Ray Milland plays golf. Joel McCrea has a stable of horses at his ranch forty miles out of Hollywood, and his horseback riding in "Wells Fargo" wasn't turned in by any double.



(Welbourne photo.)
Olivia De Havilland contributes a sun-bathing pose to the spring-augmented output of "leg" pictures.



(Acme photo.)
Sometimes Hollywood stars DO participate in the sports their publicity men credit to them. Fred Perry, professional; Charles Chaplin, Groucho Marx, and Ellsworth Vines, professional, after the first two had won what was billed as the world's craziest doubles match.

ORDINARY SOAPS LEAVE ME UNCERTAIN OF MY DAINTINESS



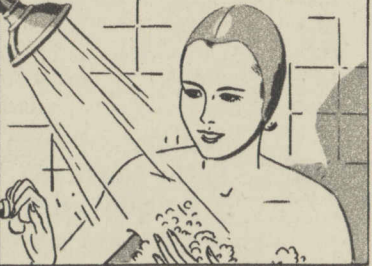
They don't stop "B.O." as Lifebuoy does!

Miss Rosamond E. Bowen of West Newton, Mass., busy "office hostess" gives her recipe for personal freshness

"AS SECRETARY AND 'OFFICE HOSTESS' MY EVERY DAY IS A STRENUOUS ONE LIFEBOUY IS MY DAINTINESS INSURANCE....ORDINARY SOAPS LEAVE ME UNCERTAIN"



"I LOOK FORWARD TO MY DAILY LIFEBOUY BATH. LIFEBOUY'S CREAMY LATHER RESTORES MY VITALITY AND REFRESHES ME AFTER THE LONG, BUSY DAY...."



"AT INTERVALS I HAVE TRIED ORDINARY SOAPS AND HAVE ALWAYS COME BACK TO LIFEBOUY.....LIFEBOUY HAS SOMETHING WHICH THESE SOAPS LACK"



"I WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT LIFEBOUY FOR THE WORLD. ORDINARY SOAPS SIMPLY DO NOT STOP 'B.O.' THE WAY LIFEBOUY DOES"



MISS BOWEN is right when she says, "Lifebuoy has something which other soaps lack"... It has an exclusive purifying ingredient not in other popular bath and toilet soaps! An ingredient which makes it more thorough and milder!

Right now when stuffy rooms and heavy clothing increase the dangers of "B.O." we all need this extra-thorough soap—these daily baths with Lifebuoy that stop "B.O." as no ordinary soap can!

Right now, too, when sharp winds parch our skins, we need a complexion soap that's truly mild! Lifebuoy is by test over 20% milder than many leading "beauty" and "baby" soaps.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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 would like a little information on one whom I think is a very promising young star. He's no other than the little devil of the films, Jackie Searle. I'd like his biography and his address.

And O, Miss Tinée, do you think you could squeeze in a picture of him?

Thanks loads,
ROSEMARY MCKINNEY.

Editor's note: O, Rosemary, I do believe we'll be able to squeeze in that picture! See—here it is! Welcome "loads"—and here's some news about Mrs. Searle's young hopeful: He was born in Anaheim, Cal., July 7, 1921. His movie career started when he was 8 years old. He's the son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Searle. His father is an oil driller. He has brown hair and eyes.

Dear Miss Tinée: This is the first time I have written to any movie critic, so I suppose there isn't much of a chance for me.

First I would like to give my hearty applause to the movies. Orchids to the producers, directors, and actors for giving us one of the greatest movie seasons in all times. I am an ardent movie fan, and in my estimation I think that shows for this last season are the greatest. They are better in every way—the plots, the acting, and the production. Who can top such great pictures as "Lost Horizon," "A Star Is Born," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and other

great attractions? There are no pictures in the past, in my estimation, that come anywhere near the high mark set this season. My applause to the movie business for giving us the best enjoyment in the history of show business. At last a person can go to the show and really enjoy himself.

I thank you very much for your time. Lots of luck to you and your column.

Here's to better pictures, if they can be any better, and fewer double features.

Your reader, WILLIAM HERBST, Manitowoc, Wis.

Editor's note: Here's to you as a welcome cheerer-along! May we read words from your typewriter again!

Dear Miss Tinée: Just whose idea was this double or triple feature program? I think it is a crime we are forced to put up with it. I have very good reasons for my objections.

It is not always convenient for me to see the star pictures of the month at a loop theater, therefore I make every effort to attend them at a local theater. Here is what I get: "The Lost Horizon" cut into pieces so much so one can't fail to realize they haven't seen the entire picture. Undoubtedly this is their method so as to crowd in another full length feature—cut also.

I hurried home from seeing "The Lost Horizon" eager to look up the cast in a current movie magazine. I was astounded at the length of names such as Pottery Maker, Candle Maker, and Four Missionaries. I purposely went back the next evening to see how I could have overlooked such persons listed in the cast. I actually studied the picture, but there were no pottery or candle makers or missionaries. This convinces me I was cheated of the entire story and it angers one to know they are paying 35 cents to see two half pictures when we would much rather

see one picture complete. From now on I shall be suspicious of every picture I see. It just can't be helped, my feeling this way.

Sincerely, MARJORIE THOMSEN.

Dear Miss Tinée: First I want to throw a bouquet to a swell little actress, Doris Weston, for her fine work in "The Singing Marine" and "Submarine D-1." She couldn't be sweeter or cuter. I think she's one of the most talented stars.

In the near future I hope to see more of this Chicago beauty.

I would appreciate it if you would print a picture and a little biography of Miss Weston.

Wishing you and Doris much luck in the future. Thank you. Admiringly yours, ALICE JANE VOTAWA.

Editor's note: How good wishes do brighten up this department! Thanks for yours, Alice Jane.

Doris was born in Chicago, Sept. 9, 1917. Her name is Doris Weston. She is of Swedish-American ancestry and her father is a real estate man. Educated in the Professional Children's school in New York. Her career started when she got an engagement singing at the Rainbow room, Rockefeller Center. N. B. C. offered her a radio contract and she appeared on many programs before making her debut in motion pictures. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, and has green eyes and blonde hair.

Dear Miss Tinée: Please, will you tell me if "Heidi" is a true story? And will you describe Jean Hersholt? Does he really look like he did in "Heidi"? I have never seen any actor perform as well as he did in that picture.

Thank you very much.
HARRIETT BURRUS.

Editor's note: The motion picture "Heidi" was adapted from a story by Johanna Spyri.

In real life Jean Hersholt has dark hair and does not have a beard. He played the rôle of the doctor in "The Country Doctor," in which the Dionne quintuplets were featured. You're welcome.

Dear Miss Mae Tinée: I wonder if you could answer these questions for me. Where can I reach the movie stars listed: Sonja Henie, Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, the Lane sisters, Eleanor Powell, Don Ameche, Carole Lombard, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Alice Brady. You don't know how I'll appreciate this.

Thanking you in advance, I remain yours respectfully,
A READER.

Editor's note: The addresses you request are as follows: Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, care Twentieth Century-Fox studio, box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. Barbara Stanwyck, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire, care RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower street, Hollywood, Cal. Robert Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald, Eleanor Powell, and Nelson Eddy, care Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, Culver City, Cal. Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, the Lane sisters, Anita Louise, and Jane Bryan, care Warners-First National studio, Burbank, Cal. Carole Lombard, care Paramount studio, 5451 Marathon street, Hollywood, Cal. Alice Brady, care Universal studio, Universal City, Cal.