

IRENE DUNNE—HOLLYWOOD'S PERFECT WOMAN

Film Pictorial **2nd** Every Thursday



*Victor McLaglen
Joan Fontaine
Cary Grant*
IN
"GUNGA DIN"
*Special Four-Page
Souvenir Inside*

COMING SHORTLY

ADVENTURE IN THE SAHARA.—A not very original melodrama of the Foreign Legion. There is the inevitable cruel commander, forcibly played by **C. Henry Gordon**, and the desert outpost which is constantly raided by bands of Arabs. Story is of aviator who joins the Legion to avenge the death of his brother which has been brought about by the cruelty of a commander.

****ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES.**—Pat O'Brien and James Cagney in one of the most gripping films since *Scarface*. Imaginatively written with forceful dialogue and brilliant acting, it is the story of two friends, one of whom becomes a racketeer and finally goes to the electric chair; and the other, a priest. But it's the climax that counts.

***COWBOY AND THE LADY.**—Mildly entertaining comedy of a politician's daughter who marries a cowboy, first causing a scandal and finally bringing happiness to her family. **Gary Cooper** back to his old form as the cowboy and **Merle Oberon** charming as the girl. **Harry Davenport** shines in a supporting role.

****DAWN PATROL.**—Exciting, intelligent and brilliantly acted story of flying during the Great War. The commanding officer is forced to keep sending men to certain death, and the other officers disapprove, but each in turn sees that it is necessary when he succeeds to the command. **Errol Flynn**, **Basil Rathbone** and **David Niven**—the latter stealing all acting honours.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME.—Max Miller breaks away from his screen role of Evans with less happy results. Here he has the role of a vacuum cleaner salesman who is hired by a Parliamentary candidate to run a campaign.

***FOUR'S A CROWD.**—Comedy of mixed matrimonial intentions—with well-tried ingredients freshly dished up. If you enjoyed *Libeled Lady* a year or two ago, you'll like this new variation on a similar theme. **Errol Flynn**, **Olivia de Havilland**, **Rosalind Russell** and **Patric Knowles** star, and there's good work from **Walter Connolly**.

****GREAT WALTZ.**—Not just a Hollywood orgy of spectacle but a sensitive musical life story of Johann Strauss, with a musical background of his charming waltzes. Sometimes it becomes just a shade boisterous but that is a minor point. Stars are **Lulise Rainer** and **Fernand Gravet**.

HOLD MY HAND.—Film of the musical comedy in which **Jessie Matthews** appeared on the stage several years ago. **Stanley Lupino** spends nearly all his money trying to make a success of a newspaper which belongs to **Polly Ward**. When she unexpectedly arrives in England he tries to prevent her knowing about the paper's failure. You'll either think it's all very funny . . . or extremely dull!

I STAND ACCUSED.—Two young lawyers meet a crook who causes a break up of their friendship. The film culminates in an exciting court-room scene. **Lyle Talbot** as the racketeer and **Robert Cummings** as one of the young men, deserve praise.

****KEEP SMILING.** **Gracie Fields'** best film to date, the producers having succeeded magnificently in getting her warmth and humanity down on cold celluloid. Story a trifle unoriginal, but there are excellent songs, a first-rate supporting cast, which includes **Asta**, and a grand slapstick finale.

***LAST OF THE CAVALRY.**—Demonstrators of a new tank begin their demonstrations before the cavalry and, as you can expect, trouble results. One of the cavalry colonels is taken for a ride and the tank turns over and kills him. The identity of the man who tampered with the engine isn't revealed until after a thrilling court-room climax. Good acting from **Preston Foster**, **Madge Evans** and **James Gleason**.

****LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.**—This film almost comes into the three-star class because of a fine piece of acting from **Adolphe Menjou** and a first-rate story and direction. Story is of famous actor, known as a Great Lover, who discovers that he has an illegitimate daughter who wants to go on the stage. In the end he is killed in an accident,

but the film isn't a scrap gloomy, for there are **Edgar Bergen**, "**Charlie McCarthy**" and **Bergen's** new creation "**Mortimer Snerd**."

****MAD MISS MANTON.**—The tail end of the crazy comedy craze with a crazy bunch of debutantes solving a series of murders. Leader of the set is **Barbara Stanwyck**, while the opposition to her investigation comes from **Henry Fonda**, who portrays a left-wing journalist. Grand comedy and murder interwoven into a grand film.

***MEN WITH WINGS.**—A history of aviation from the historic first flight of the **Wright Bros.** in 1903 to modern times. There is a triangular story, and a lot of the history of aviation from its earliest days. There is some good flying and not a little quite effective humour. The stars are **Ray Milland**, **Fred MacMurray** and a newcomer, **Louise Campbell**.

****OLD BONES OF THE RIVER.**—A delightful travesty of *Sanders of the River* packed full of laughs, and once more proving the team-value of **Will Hay**, **Graham Moffatt** and **Moore Marriott**. Hilarious.

****OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS.**—Yet another chapter in the adventures of **Judge Hardy** and his family, and one that will be enjoyed by those who are already friends of the family. This time **Judge Hardy** gets a letter from an old flame who is married to a ranch-owner out West. They are in trouble because of a bad man who is trying to foreclose the ranch mortgage and the **Judge** is wanted to try to find a way out. So the **Hardys** go West and you get a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

****PARIS HONEYMOON.**—**Bing Crosby**, at the top of his form, is to marry a wealthy socialite when her forgotten husband unexpectedly turns up. **Bing** retires to a Balkan castle during the divorce proceedings and after some vocal interludes, marries the local beauty queen, played by **Franciska Gaal**. A really good musical.

SERVICE DE LUXE. **Constance Bennett** as a hard-boiled business woman who falls in love with a tough male and is upset when she finds he is not so self-reliant after all. Even **Charlie Ruggles**, **Mischa Auer** and **Helen Broderick** fail to extract much humour from the story.

****STOLEN LIFE.**—Admirers of **Elisabeth Bergner** must not miss her in this, which is her best film since *Escape Me Never*. She plays a dual role, that of two sisters, both of

Watch this page for New Films that may come to your town soon

*—Good. **—Excellent.

***—Outstandingly brilliant, must not be missed

whom are in love with an explorer. One sister is **Sylvina**, the other **Martina**. **Sylvina** marries the explorer, but is killed in an accident. So **Martina**, who alone saw the fatality, pretends to be **Sylvina**. **Michael Redgrave** is splendidly cast as the explorer.

****SUBMARINE PATROL.**—For sheer entertainment this is as good as any film you are likely to see for some time. Not that there is anything pretentious about it; but it is one of the most human films made by **Twentieth Century-Fox**. Story is of bumptious young man who joins the Navy during the war and has his conceit knocked out of him. **Richard Greene** has his best acting opportunity to date.

***THE GLADIATOR.**—The funniest comedy **Joe E. Brown** has ever done. **Joe** is a simple lad who is injected with a new serum which gives him superhuman strength. The results are hilarious.

****THE OUTSIDER.**—A few more brickbats for the medical profession slung by **George Sanders**, **Mary Maguire** and a strong cast. Story is of unqualified but brilliant bone specialist who, against odds, cures the beautiful daughter of a great surgeon who loathes his unorthodox cures.

***THE WARE CASE.** **Clive Brook** as a lovable rogue suspected of murder when his rich, unpleasant brother-in-law is found drowned. There is a dramatic trial scene and surprise ending, and **Robert Stevenson's** direction is interesting. Capable cast includes **Jane Baxter**, **Barry K. Barnes** and **Edward Rigby**.

***VALLEY OF THE GIANTS.**—This film has three stars. **Claire Trevor**, **Alan Hale** and the redwood trees. Story is rather old-fashioned and in formula belongs very much to the silent days. But the action is vigorous and **Hollywood** has given us every opportunity to appreciate the breath-taking loveliness of the Californian redwood forests by filming it in **Technicolor**. **Claire Trevor** gives an excellent performance.

***ZAZA.**—Hollywood version of a once-naughty French play. **Claudette Colbert** gives a fine, sincere portrayal of a vivacious music-hall star of the early 1900's who falls desperately in love with a married man, played by **Herbert Marshall**. A well-made film with fine acting, but not such a fine story.

(For Next Week's general releases reviewed by **JOHN MILFORD**, turn to page 18.)

JOHN MILFORD REVIEWS THE NEWEST FILMS

**GUNGA DIN

If Rudyard Kipling had seen this lavish adventure story which has been erected on the slim foundation of his famous poem, he would no doubt have enjoyed it immensely. So will you—though not, perhaps, in quite the same way.

*It is real, honest-to-goodness thick-ear stuff, wonderfully photographed against a background of mountains and deep canyons, and acted for all it's worth by **Victor McLaglen**, **Douglas Fairbanks Jun.**, **Cary Grant** and a "cast of thousands." **Cary**, particularly, shows his versatility by playing a dumb cockney, woman-hating sergeant of the Royal Engineers. **Sam Jaffe**, in the title role, is also excellent.*

The story is given on pages 14 and 15.

JOUEUR D'ECHECS

(The Chess Player)

CONRAD VEIDT returns to the type of role in which he made his name here—the macabre style of "Caligari" and "Student of Prague." It is a story of an eccentric courtier who delights to make mechanical models. To save the life of a young friend who is hiding from the wrath of the Empress Catherine, the courtier makes his greatest model, a mechanical chess-player. Inside the figure he hides his friend. The Empress, intrigued, plays a game with the model, and loses. Then the rumour goes around that a living person is hidden in the model. . . .

*Veidt gives a fascinating study of the bizarre, eccentric **Baron Kempelen**, and **Francoise Rosay**, French star of "Kermesse Heroique" and "Carnet de Bal," is excellent as the Empress.*

But their work is somewhat obscured by a dullish love-story and tale of revolution that is grafted on to the main theme.

*SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

IS the monster alive? Well, has anyone ever succeeded in killing a character which the public wanted to see?

*Fu Manchu met the most terrible fate at the end of every picture, yet he always bobbed up again, devilish as ever, by public demand. The same thing has happened to **Boris Karloff's** famous monster, although—just to make doubly sure of your approval—he is here aided and abetted by that other old maestro of horror, **Bela "Dracula" Lugosi**.*

*Baron **Wolf von Frankenstein**, son of the monster's creator, returns to **Castle Frankenstein** to take up his heritage. He brings his wife and small son, but when he arrives, he finds that because of his father's creation the villagers hate him.*

*In **Castle Frankenstein** he discovers **Ygor**, who has been hanged, pronounced dead—and who still lives. **Ygor** is the monster's friend, and the terrible creature will do whatever he says. The hanged man seeks vengeance on his judges by sending the monster out to slay them.*

*You are sure to get many a chill down your spine when **Lugosi** and **Karloff** go to work. But somehow, I felt they had lost a lot of their old power. Perhaps it is because we have other—real-life—monsters to bother about now.*



F.P. 7

Conrad Veidt and Francoise Rosay in a particularly "Dr. Caligari-ish" scene from "Joueur D'Echecs" the new French film now showing in the West End. That's Veidt in the middle, on the right is a wax model.



Player's

CORK-TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD

Her choice of a cigarette is guided by taste rather than by precedent. But a majority verdict endorses her preference for Player's Cork-Tipped

10 for 6^D
20 for 11½^D



Gabriel Pascal, producer of "Pygmalion," has announced that he will make Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," with a cast headed by Greer Garson, Roland Young and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Leslie Howard, seen with Pascal in the top left-hand picture, may return from Hollywood to star in the technicolor "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The Nomad tells you about both films.

French actress would appear for him in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Neither of these things has come to pass. But Pascal ("that Napoleonic little man"—and remember, they said he would never make *Pygmalion*!) has got to the stage of announcing a cast for *The Doctor's Dilemma*, containing the illustrious names of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Jean Cadell (who was Leslie Howard's housekeeper in *Pygmalion*) and Greer "Mrs. Chips" Garson.

You Can Choose His Stars

THEN comes a fascinating bit of mystery—the two most important male roles haven't yet been cast. Why not? Pascal wanted Ronald Colman for one of them, but found that another enterprising British producer was already negotiating with Colman to act in *Lord Kitchener* over here.

At the moment, he says he hasn't the faintest idea whom he will get. But he adds: "I would like two young actors as unknown to the screen public as Wendy Hiller was before *Pygmalion*. I am going to search all over the country for them, and trust my intuition to know when I have found them."

"PYGMALION"

Then he added that if **FILM PICTORIAL** readers had any suggestions, he would very gladly receive them at Pinewood Studios, Iver, Bucks. He assured me that suggestions would be most carefully considered, not thrown into a wastepaper basket. So if you want to help this very enterprising producer, go to work now.

Dissipated Artist and Brilliant Doctor

THE first role is that of a brilliant young artist, Louis Dubedat, who is suffering from an incurable disease. Brilliant though he is, his personality is very unpleasant. Contrasted with him is an industrious doctor who is suffering from the same disease. One of them can be cured. The doctor's dilemma is to decide which. The painter, if allowed to live, may create masterpieces which will delight the world for generations to come. The doctor, on the other hand, might go on to do brilliant work as a savior of life.

If you saw *Pygmalion*, you can probably imagine Shaw's treatment of the theme. But suggestions to Pascal, please—not to me! My own money is on Stephen Haggard for Dubedat.

Howard as "Bonnie Prince Charlie"

MEANWHILE, Pascal's aider and abettor in *Pygmalion*, Leslie Howard, is working in Hollywood on *Gone With The Wind*. He was full of plans for his own British company, but these fell through because the worthy gentlemen who provide money to make films were afraid that all kinds of terrible things might happen before Howard's plans reached your cinema, and failed to open their purses to him.

But Leslie Howard isn't entirely lost to British films. Mrs. Natalie Kalmus, the technicolor expert, announces that she has acquired the film rights of *The King Over The Water*, based on the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The film will be produced in technicolor at an early date, and at least three-quarters of the film will be made on location in Scotland. All facilities for filming scenes of historic spots, the use of authentic documents and the personal property of many leading Scottish families, have already been secured.

Howard has always wanted to play Bonnie Prince Charlie, and Mrs. Kalmus has invited him to star in the film. She has also invited Anthony Asquith, who co-directed *Pygmalion*, to handle the new picture.

I hope Howard has better luck with this than with his other plans. He deserves it.

Busiest Girl in Films

I HAD lunch with Valerie Hobson, tea with Sabu—and both of them were making me furiously jealous by discussing holiday plans.

THEY call themselves "fish-and-chips merchants" at Denham nowadays, because *Chinese Fish* has just begun, and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* is just finishing. (Some wit once described Hollywood as "that cheese factory," which, I suppose, has nothing to do with this particular case.)

Besides *Mr. Chips*, *Chinese Fish* and plans for Alexander Korda's *Thief of Bagdad* (alternative titles: *Procrastination* or *The Thief of Time*), Denham is much concerned about the return from America of that Napoleonic little man, Gabriel Pascal.

Pascal's *Pygmalion* is said to have made £200,000 profit so far, and, as one cynic put it, "it's even making money in America!" It was, in fact, listed in the Academy Award nominations among the best to films of the year. Its stars, Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, were nominated for the title of 1938's best actor and actress. And Pascal is back now with sufficient financial resources to go ahead with Bernard Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

A Star-Sprinkled Cast

IF you have an unpleasantly long memory, you will no doubt think of Mr. Pascal's other announcements—that Clark Gable would come over to star in *The Devil's Disciple*; that an unknown

CHEAP SNEERS AREN'T FUNNY

WHEN American stars visit England, either to work or on holiday, they are treated by the British Press with exceptional courtesy. Indeed, when one critic behaved with what his colleagues felt to be disrespect towards a leading male star, he was made to feel the weight of their disapproval.

Unfortunately, this courtesy doesn't seem to be extended to British stars visiting New York or Hollywood. Perhaps the challenge of last year's brilliant British pictures has upset America a little. At any rate, Vivien Leigh has not been treated at all well by newspapers or fellow stars who seem distinctly aggrieved that she should have won the most coveted role of the season.

Two other instances of discourtesy to British stars have come to our notice. The first was an interview in a New York daily paper with Gracie Fields, which presented her as a half-crazy, ill-mannered creature.

The second is an interview with Margaret Lockwood, in which Margaret's accent is exaggerated to such an extent that she is made to say "Hollem" for Harlem, "Ameriker" for America, "rilly" for really, and so on. The interviewer humorously tells Margaret to keep a gun by her while she is crossing the continent, lest the Indians should scalp her, and when she tells him that her husband is "in steel," he misunderstands her and asks "What does he steal?" The tone of the interview is such that anyone reading it would get an entirely wrong impression of the Margaret we know and like.

Such funny interviews are very easy to write. We do not overestimate our talents when we claim that we could write them as well as any American. But we prefer not to, because we believe that a visitor should be made welcome, not ridiculed.

PASCAL GETS TO WORK

FILM PICTORIAL

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Valerie has had an amazing record since she acted in *The Drum*. She appeared next in the successful *This Man Is News*, and followed that with three films in quick succession—*Q Planes*, *Spy in Black* and Anthony Havelock-Allan's production tentatively called *Chinese Fish*. And when *Chinese Fish* finishes, she goes to work without a day's break on *This Man In Paris*, the sequel to *This Man Is News*, which will team Barry K. Barnes with Valerie again. Dave MacDonald is to direct. Not bad, eh, when almost everyone else is out of work!

Cruising Round the Greek Islands

ALL this is one very good reason why Valerie is looking forward to a well-earned holiday. When *This Man In Paris* is finished, she told me that she is off for at least two months. "I want to go to Italy," she said, "particularly Venice. Have you been there? I haven't. I think I shall like it, but if I don't, I shall move on somewhere else. The idea is to stop in one place just as long as I want to. After Venice, I'm going to cruise round the Greek Islands, and then home by way of Paris to buy some clothes."

I don't think anyone has ever disputed Valerie's title to be Britain's Best-Dressed Film Star. She told me that she had had to rack her brains over *Chinese Fish* because she wears the same clothes throughout. Finally she had designed for herself a very smart grey—well, I would call it a suit, so forgive me if I'm wrong, Valerie—in which, with the "up" hair-style, she looked particularly attractive.

An Orgy of Clothes

BUT in *This Man In Paris*, Valerie has a real orgy. Barry K. Barnes, as her husband, Simon Drake, is sent by his newspaper to Paris to track down a gang of crooks. And, of course, Mrs. Drake has to do her share of the tracking. How lucky for her that that can best be done by patronizing an exclusive dressmakers' establishment, which is owned by the head of the gang! In fact, the kindly script-writers will allow Miss Hobson no fewer than 20 changes of dress in the film. Wow!

What a Director Should Resemble

FROM dress to directors is only a conversational short step when you consider how some of them do dress—von Sternberg and his turban, Thomas Bentley's panama hat, Norman Lee's sandals, to mention only three peculiarities observed by your Nomad in British studios within living memory. Valerie and I began discussing Herbert Mason, who is directing *Chinese Fish*, because I said that he didn't resemble a director.

"Oh, but I think he does," Valerie said. "He's big, as a director should be. And he looks at you with an eagle eye. He knows what he wants and he has a big heart. I think that's the perfect combination."

Film About The Crisis

MASON made such a good job of *Strange Boarders*, in which Tom Walls had his best role for years, that we expect something a little extra from him in the way of comedy-thrillers. *Chinese Fish* (which, by the way, won't be the final title by any means. Watch these columns for future announcements!) is a story suggested by the Czecho-Slovakian crisis. Peace has been brought to Europe, but an armaments king is trying to stir up trouble again by assassinating a great statesman. Valerie Hobson has been persuaded to do the killing, because they have told her that the statesman has bitterly wronged her father. Rex Harrison, however, has the role of a detective out to stop the assassination; and John Loder is a journalist striving to unravel the threads of political intrigue. Now guess which one Valerie marries.

Loder Is Half French Now

IT is good to see John Loder in a British studio again, but I'm afraid we no longer have exclusive rights to his services. He was in the middle of a French film when he was asked to appear in *Chinese Fish*, and he is likely to divide his time pretty equally between French and British films in the future. *Katia*, in which he co-starred with

Danielle Darrieux, ran for a long time in London, and you are likely to have a chance to see it in many of the larger towns.

John, with a French wife and a French godmother for his baby (who is called Danielle, after godmother Darrieux), is an enthusiastic Francophile. France, he says, makes the best films in the world—about a dozen a year. "She also makes the worst," he added a little wryly. "There's nothing quite so bad as a bad French film."

Tea With Sabu

LEAVING the *Chinese Fish* set, I threaded my way through the millions (or possibly trillions) of noisy small boys who were helping Robert Donat to make *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* even better than *The Citadel*, to fulfil an invitation to have tea with Sabu.

Sabu was full of holiday talk also, for by the time you read this he will be in Switzerland. Mae Dovey, of the London Films' publicity department, had just returned from Arosa, in the Swiss mountains, and she and Sabu were deep in technical discussion of ski-ing trousers, boots, skating rinks, and was it "shee-ing" or "skeeing?"

"Do you have to learn to ski?" Sabu asked.

Miss Dovey told him that at the end of her fortnight's holiday, she could just about manage to stem.

"Oh," Sabu said, obviously a little disconcerted. "Is there a skating-rink at Arosa?"

Skating is his greatest sport just now. He was recently chosen to play ice-hockey for the Rangers' Supporters' Club against the Rangers at Earls Court, and almost the whole of Denham turned out to see that brilliant red turban flashing round the rink.

Off To South America

PRETTY Evelyn Ankers was tremendously excited when I saw her the other day, and well she might be too. She had been chosen by a big South American film company to star in their first super production, *La Hija de la Dolores* (*The Daughter of Dolores*). And the contract makes Evelyn the first British or American actress ever to be engaged out there.

Evelyn knows the country well. "You see," she told me, "I was born in Chile and lived there for several years. Consequently, I can speak Spanish as fluently as I can English. I'm just longing for the trip because I haven't been to South America for 10 years."



Remember that popular series, "The Cohens and Kellys"? Well, these pictures should be called "The Loders and Lodges in Paris," for Mrs. John Lodge took the above snap of her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. John Loder. Below are John and Mrs. Loder and their baby, Danielle, with Danielle's godmother, Danielle Darrieux, winter-sporting in Switzerland. John Loder is back in British studios now, making "Chinese Fish"—but Danielle Darrieux isn't back in Hollywood.





The Hollywood Nomad Tells You About

DISNEY'S THREE NEW FULL-LENGTH FILMS

Ferdinand, the pacifist bull who won't fight but just loves to sit and smell the flowers, is Walt Disney's latest masterpiece to arrive in London. He is taken from the famous children's book written by Munro Leaf and illustrated by Robert Lawson. The Nomad tells you this week about Disney's big future plans

be *Alice In Wonderland*, according to Roy Disney, Walt's brother and business manager.

Deanna Writes Her Own Script

SURROUNDED by four men whose eyes took in her every movement, Deanna Durbin was eating her lunch at the Universal studios the other day. Between mouthfuls of a meal that would have done credit to Gable, Deanna was telling her producer, her director and the two men who have been writing the script of her new film about a singer she had heard the night before.

"Golly! Phew! He was great," she commented enthusiastically. The four men looked at one another and nodded. . . .

That afternoon, Deanna was handed a page of the script for *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. One line had previously read, "I met a musician this afternoon. Gee, he was wonderful."

Now it read, "I met a musician this afternoon. Golly, phew, he was great."

She Thought It Was a Joke

YOU'D be surprised to know how much we use Deanna herself as a model for her screen characters," Bruce Manning, the script writer, told me. "They are all really Deanna herself—at least as much as we can make them so by studying her habits and characteristics. This goes for the music, too. We never consult her about what songs she shall sing in films, but we often ask her voice coach which are her favourites of the moment, and incorporate them in her films."

"And what does Deanna think of having her own mannerisms and words used in her films?" I asked.

"At first she thought we were doing it to tease her," Manning told me. "But now she's used to it."

And Deanna, coming up at that moment, told me, "I never know when I'll pick up the script and meet some of my own actions face to face. It helps me to be more natural on the screen, of course, but for a while I couldn't figure out what they were trying to do."

Danielle Did It, Too

IT'S curious that director Henry Koster, who evolved this technique for making the Durbin pictures, also tried the same stunt with Danielle Darrieux when he directed her in *The Rage of Paris*. He used to have her lines translated into French for her, and then let her re-translate them into English, so that some of the odd phrases which Danielle spoke on the screen were the natural result of her own real unfamiliarity with English.

Another Child Discovery

NOW Joe Pasternak, who virtually discovered Deanna Durbin for Universal, has another moppet whom he is going to launch on a film career.

She is 10-years-old Gloria Jean, who has had *The Under Pup*, by I. A. R. Wylie, bought for her debut. Nan Grey and Juanita Quigley will also be in the film.

Donat to Act with Garbo

ALTHOUGH Garbo has not yet begun shooting on *Ninotchka*, MGM are already busy with preparations for the film she will make after that. It will probably be *Madame Curie*, and Metro are reported to be trying to get Robert Donat for the leading role opposite Garbo, that of Pierre Curie, the scientist's husband, who collaborated with her in her work.

The chief trouble is that Donat doesn't like working in Hollywood, and anyway can't make films for Metro here until he has completed his unfinished contracts with Warners and RKO-Radio. If he accepts the role, the film will be made in England. So don't be surprised if the glamorous Garbo arrives to work in London one of these days.

Vivien and Her Southern Accent

THE casting of Vivien Leigh in *Gone with the Wind* has aroused a storm of controversy here, for many fans think an American girl should have been chosen for the very American Scarlett O'Hara. On the other hand, she's received a number of



I PAID a visit to fairyland recently. The atmosphere of fairyland is a mixture of a business college and an architect's drawing-office. It is peopled by girls in gay smocks, and men working at drawing-boards in their shirt sleeves.

It is Walt Disney's studio, where three new full-length films are in production.

No sign of such real fairytale characters as Snow White or Dopey there, although Bambi, a soft-eyed deer, has a pen in the grounds.

The most fantastic-looking person is the head magician, Walt Disney himself. Disney's artistic eye was attracted by a Tyrolean jacket he saw in a shop one day. He now wears it constantly and although it is purple on the outside, lined with red satin and having large silver buttons, he seems quite unconscious of the effect he creates in it.

Snow White Breaks All Records

AND Disney has proved himself a real magician. He has just performed a miracle that hasn't been done for 11 years. He has broken all existing box-office records with his film *Snow White*. The previous record was held by *The Singing Fool*.

Already *Snow White* has made over a million pounds for Disney, and hasn't finished yet by any means.

I'm glad, because I know something of the circumstances in which it was made. Disney had to mortgage all his interests to get the necessary credit to make the film. If one of his creditors hadn't been an understanding man, when the film took longer to make than was expected, Walt Disney might have been sold up lock, stock and barrel. Not that he would have cared—he's an artist, a visionary. One of his subordinate artists confided to me that he wouldn't even release *Snow White* until the bailiffs were practically on the doorstep, because he wasn't satisfied with it.

Now he's established himself financially through *Snow White*, and it won't need the bailiff's persuasions to get him to release his other films. With his profits he has built himself a grand new studio and is going ahead with production.

Snow White's Successor

I ASKED him what I knew you would want to know—just when we may expect to see *Snow White's* successor, the next full-length Disney production which everyone is so eagerly awaiting.

"Not before the autumn, at the earliest, and probably not until the beginning of next year," was Disney's reply.

Even a head magician, you see, can't produce full-length cartoon films, with the thousands upon thousands of drawings they necessitate, just by waving a magic pencil.

"I have three full-length films in production now, in addition to the Mickeys, Donald Ducks, and Symphonies. Probably *Pinocchio* will be the first to reach the screen, and after that the films will come along more frequently, one every six months or so. *Bambi* is the second film on the list, a story of a deer who grew up to be lord of the Maine forests."

Working With Stokowski

THE third film on Disney's list—but possible second in the order of its completion—will be the musical film which developed out of Disney's original idea of starring Mickey Mouse in the one-reeler, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. It will be a classical fantasy based on the music of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Debussy's "Moonlight," Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a Bach toccata and fugue, Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring," Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," and maybe one or two others. The music will be recorded by Leopold Stokowski's orchestra.

Mickey Mouse will be seen as the sorcerer's apprentice who dons his master's hat and learns to perform magic. Dinosaurs and brontosaurus will cavort to the modernistic strains of Stravinsky, and there will be a hippopotamus ballet, and a Cossack ballet to the Tchaikovsky's music. Walt Disney thinks it will be the best thing he has ever done.

Models for "Pinocchio"

I SAW the models for *Pinocchio* at the studio. It is a story of a little wooden puppet made by an old woodcarver, which comes to life but has to prove himself worthy before he is allowed to be a real little boy. Pinocchio has a long nose, a drooping lock of hair, a jaunty hat with an equally jaunty feather, and just the slightest look of Mickey Mouse about him. Pinocchio's lines will be spoken by Dickie Jones.

Christian Rub has modelled for the old woodcarver and will speak his lines. Another character is a villainous old fox who will have the voice of Walter Catlett.

It's rather far to look ahead, but when those three films are finished, and Disney has 900 artists working on them, the next production will probably

friendly letters from fans wishing her luck. The South, who wanted a Su'thun gal chosen, was placated by learning that Vivien's name is pronounced "Lee."

To do Vivien justice, I think she is trying very hard to give a good performance in the role. She is studying to acquire a Southern accent, and says she will rely on her stage experience to help her cope with the part.

Vivien told me she got the part of Scarlett "more or less by accident." It seems she met Myron Selznick, brother of David, who invited her to go along to the Selznick set and watch the filming of one of the scenes of the burning of Atlanta, a highlight of *Gone With the Wind*. She went, was introduced to David Selznick, who was so interested in watching the fire scene that he didn't even look at her as he said hello. But he noticed her later, and offered her a screen test, "partly from force of habit—every actress in Hollywood has already had a test," chuckled Vivien. And she got the part.

First Day of G.W.T.W.

CAMERAS have now begun turning on the great epic—with Lee Garmes, the cameraman who turned director and has now reverted to being a cameraman simply to work on *Gone With the Wind*, in charge.

First days are notoriously jittery occasions, and when I dropped in to watch shooting, *Gone With the Wind* was running true to form. Vivien Leigh was sitting on the sidelines in a green wrapper, and her stand-in was wilting under the arc lights as electricians debated just how many arc lights would be required. Garmes and William Cameron Menzies, the art director, were going into huddles all over the set, and George Cukor was busy looking for somebody called Charlie who turned out to be painting a mirror.

At last the tumult and the shouting died, and everyone prepared for a take. Vivien dropped her wrapper and walked on to the set wearing an old-fashioned pair of corsets and frilled pantaloons. Hanging on to the four-poster bed for grim death, she stood firm while Hattie McDaniel, as Scarlett's coal-black mammy, tugged away at the corset laces.

So the first scene for *Gone With the Wind* was shot—after two years of preparation.

Since then, director George Cukor has walked out, refusing to go on with the film. Rumours here are that he was set on having Hepburn for the leading lady.

To Play Opposite Taylor and Tracy

YOUNG Jo Ann Sayers has been attracting a lot of attention here, for her work in *Young Dr. Kildare* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Now she has been awarded the feminine lead in

Northwest Passage, due to go into production in a few weeks' time with Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy as co-stars.

W. S. Van Dyke is directing the film, which was to have been made during the autumn of last year but was postponed because location work in Idaho was necessary, and the good weather broke early there.

Lead In Her First Two Films

A GIRL who arrived in Hollywood with few assets besides beauty and Ambition with a capital A, has walked off with the leading role in her second film.

And that capital A has seen to it that the film is an "A" film, namely, one of Paramount's more important productions.

She is Patricia Morison and she is just 21. She made such a good impression in *The Two Bouquets* on the stage that she was given the feminine lead in her first film, a B picture called *Persons in Hiding*, and she made such an impression in that that she was given her present job of leading feminine role in *The Magnificent Fraud*, opposite Lloyd Nolan. Which brings us back to where we began.

Pat's co-star in *The Magnificent Fraud* will be Lloyd Nolan who got his role when George Raft dropped out. This same thing happened over *St. Louis Blues* a few months ago, you will remember.

Impersonating A Dictator

THE story of *The Magnificent Fraud* is an interesting one. It is about an American adventurer who becomes the intimate friend of a dictator in a foreign country. A huge loan to the country is jeopardized when the dictator is assassinated, and to save the loan the American has the idea of getting a refugee actor to impersonate the dictator until the loan has gone through. Akim Tamiroff has one of the principal parts.

But to get back to Patricia Morison. She tells me her real name is Eileen Patricia Augusta Fraser Morison—she was given it because relations couldn't

agree on what she should be called. Everybody was supposed to be pleased with this somewhat lengthy compromise—but Patricia herself wasn't, when she was old enough to know what had happened. And she quickly dropped everything but plain Patricia Morison.

Among her other distinctions, she tells me, is the fact that she has the longest hair in Hollywood. It is 39 inches long, as compared to Dorothy Lamour's 36-inch locks. Let's hope this won't mean that Patricia will be expected to do little but look pretty in long hair and a sarong, because she really can act.

Marlene To Film in France

MARLENE DIETRICH has signed to make *The Image* in Paris for Forrester-Parant, the French film company handling *Katia*, the Danielle Darrieux-John Loder starring film. Julien Duvivier, director of *Carnet de Bal* and *Great Waltz*, will wield the megaphone, and Erich ("All Quiet") Remarque is writing the scenario.

Forrester-Parrant are trying out an interesting scheme. They are attempting to find Hollywood players with established reputations who can also speak French, to appear in French films. The idea is to popularize French films in America and Great Britain. After *The Image*, it is possible that Dietrich may do another for them.



Left: Cesar Romero is Joan Crawford's constant escort these days, and here you see them at the "Ice Follies of 1939." Above: Janet Gaynor may already be Mrs. Adrian. No one seems to know. Sitting beside Janet is glamour star Hedy Lamarr. Her second film, "I Take This Woman," in which Spencer Tracy co-starred, has been indefinitely shelved.

The Nomad tells you about the sudden rise to fame of British-born Patricia Morison (right), who becomes a star in her second film.

Just Like



Left: Irene has a game of golf—a game at which she's particularly expert. Left above: With Charles Boyer and Maria Ouspenskaya in a scene from "Love Affair." Above: As she appeared in that grand comedy, "Thiodora Goes Wild," in which she showed Hollywood that she was a comedienne as well as a great dramatic actress.

saults and back flips could scarcely be termed dignified.

She is a brilliant conversationalist. When she feels like it, you might add. When she doesn't, she just daydreams herself right out of a conversation, that vague, dreamy expression on her face baffling you right in the middle of a sentence.

She's domestic. Oh, yes, and she knits; but sometimes the things she knits accidentally turn into something else. A sweater somehow misses fire and becomes a kind of scalloped scarf; the scallops were originally intended for sleeves.

Irene In A Huff

IRENE is never very definite about her week-end trips, either. When she and her husband start off in the car they usually toss a coin to decide whether to go north or south, and they generally go east.

Even when you refer to Irene's career you can't be sure of its status. You comment that Irene Dunne has established herself as one of the finest comediennes on the screen,

and then comes the announcement that for the time being she has forsaken comedy and is doing *Love Affair* with Charles Boyer.

So, necessarily, any true picture of her has to be a kaleidoscopic one. First of all I'll give you Irene in a good, huffy mood, one which had a most amusing climax—and about which Irene is still laughing.

One morning not so long ago, she went out to the garage at her Holmby Hills home to get into her car, but found that it had gone. In a few minutes all the household had affirmed what she feared. Dr. Griffin, her husband, had left the house in her car an hour or so before.

"Just Like A Man"

NOW if that wasn't just like a man, always having whims! Of course he had left her his car, a much better and newer one, but that didn't matter—it was the principle of the thing. The car was hers, and he knew she always preferred to drive it; he knew that she had wanted to use it this morning, too—or did he? No, he really didn't, because at the breakfast table she had said she was going to be home all day—but just the same, isn't it a woman's privilege to change her mind?

She made faces at his car, but finally got in and drove off in it.

Twenty minutes later she was driving along Hollywood Boulevard when, ahead of her, she saw him in her own car. For four blocks she chased him, gesturing, honking, weaving madly in and out of traffic.

Finally, she drew alongside and, like a vexed policeman, waved him over to the curb. "And now, my darling, do you mind telling me what all this is about?" she demanded.

The driver of the car shrugged and smiled. "I don't know, lady. That's what I was intending to ask you."

It was not Dr. Griffin at all, but only resembled him. Irene turned and ran like a frightened school-girl. Two minutes later she was giggling like one. Her anger always winds up in a laugh, somehow.

We know, too; that you often think of Irene as a woman with every hair on her pretty head always in place. You have heard of those charming little dinner parties which she gives occasionally, and while many of them are planned days in advance, there are also those which just happen at the last minute.

The Crazy Side

IN this respect Irene is completely spontaneous, but her spontaneity also has its nerve-racking aftermath, which usually arrives at the very moment when she hangs up the telephone after making the invitation. The conversation, before the aftermath, usually goes like this: "Ellen, there's a perfectly charming picture that I've just heard about—a French picture—playing at a little theatre on La Brea, and I think we ought to see it, don't you? How about a little dinner party here at the house and we'll go? I haven't seen you and Bill for so long, anyway, and I've been meaning to call you and arrange an evening."

"Why, of course, Irene, we'd love to. When?" "When? When? Why, I mean to-night, right now, this minute. Oh, I know it's almost seven now, and I suppose you'll think I'm terribly rude calling you at the last minute like this; but honestly I just thought of it. Come on now, please do, because we'll be expecting you."

Comes the aftermath: "Oh, dear, now why did I do that? The Dantons of all people! They're always so lovely and formal when they entertain. Last month, those beautiful engraved invitations. Oh, dear, what shall I say to the cook? What shall I say to the cook? And suppose the picture isn't any good?"

IRENE DUNNE is one of those people you can never quite pin down, she's so eternally on the move. You can never quite classify her as any particular type, either, because her moods are as changeable as shadows. Some time ago when she had to fill out a questionnaire about herself, she puzzled a long time about her answer to "What is your most consistent habit?" A little desk-thumping with her long, artistic fingers, a little pencil-chewing, and then she wrote: "Inconsistency."

In that one little word is the whole secret of her fascinating personality. When anyone asks one of her friends what Irene is really like, it is impossible to describe her briefly, because the sum total of Irene is such a mixture of so many contradictions. You say:

Oh, she is charming, always so well contained—and at precisely that moment she may be in a glorious fit of temper, throwing hairbrushes or anything else that's handy.

You admire her impressive dignity. Dignity Irene has of course, on occasions. But she also takes gym lessons every morning, and her cartwheels, somer-

A WOMAN

The moods of Irene Dunne are as changeable as shadows, never to be classified because she is eternally on the move. In this revealing pen-portrait, KAY FRINGS tells you what Irene is really like in her private life, and of how she finds happiness with her husband and small daughter, Missy.



Above: Irene and Charles Boyer in an amusing scene from "Love Affair," in which they are co-starred.



Ruffled and fluttered, she suffers and trembles. But everything always turns out all right in the end. What she says to the cook doesn't matter because how she says it is always effective. She has a way with servants, as with guests, even hastily invited ones, and the evening always winds up perfectly.

That is, it always winds up all right for the guests, but it occasionally plunges Irene into a mad insomnia. Irene is strictly a night thinker and an in-the-middle-of-the-night thinker. As for instance:

One evening when the after-dinner talk had been about income tax, Irene, in bed for hours, couldn't rid her mind of the subject. She began going over all the deductible things again—business expenses, charities, secretary's salary—then suddenly, she sat upright in bed, laughing. A title for a song had suddenly come to her! A foolish love song which an employer might sing to his secretary: "I Love You Because You Are So Deductible." The more she thought about it, the more it amused her. You see what I mean? Midnight madness, of course, that's all it was, but two hours later she was still awake, originating lyrics for it.

"And even if I'm not awake, thinking up such foolishness, I usually have the rottenest dreams!" Irene further confessed. "Like the other night, I dreamed that I was somewhere with Mrs. Roosevelt. I don't even know Mrs. Roosevelt, but, anyway, we were awfully chummy, in my dream, and finally I said to her, as one pal to

another: 'You know, Mrs. Roosevelt, I've always prided myself on being capable and efficient and practical and all those things; but I must say I certainly can't keep up with you. How do you do it, anyway?' Can you imagine a dream like that?"

You should see Irene go from a morning in the nursery with Missy to a football game in the afternoon with the doctor, and you'll wonder how a mother can herself become a child in so short a time. With Missy—that's Mary Frances, aged three, the adored and the adorable of the Dunne-Griffin household—Irene is the perfect old-fashioned lullaby lady.

Golf she plays particularly well, and has made several holes-in-one. On a recent holiday in Del Monte, golf made a new friend for her—Ginger Rogers, who was also holidaying. Some years ago they both appeared in "Roberta," but did not play one scene together, and consequently did not get to know one another.

One delightful quality about Irene is her mischief-strain. You must have noticed it in *The*

Awful Truth and other comedies, but it was not born of them. It goes a long way back, to her school days at the Loretta Academy in St. Louis.

At that time, Irene, in her first-term year, felt she just had to organize a secret club. After many after-lights-out conferences with some of her school friends, they formed the Mischievous Maids Club, exclusively limited to 10 members, with Irene, of course, as president. They had little gold pins, each of which was monogrammed MMC. Every time a girl became too serious or gloomy, or couldn't think up some kind of mischief when called upon, she had to pay a forfeit. Irene was the only member who hadn't paid a single forfeit by the end of the school year.

Missy Gets Her Way

This is one of the reasons she is so delightful and sympathetic when a similar strain pops out in Missy. And little Missy has a way with her that usually gets her what she wants. Though Missy is an adopted baby we can't help feeling that Irene was very much like her as a child. Down through the years she has won pretty much what she wanted. Singing fame first on Broadway, then musical comedies; then fame as a dramatic actress in *Cimarron*; then a high comedy standing in *The Awful Truth*. She has changed her type and her work so often in pictures that she has held her importance far beyond the usual period of years. A variable young lady is Irene in every respect but one—her marriage. It has been almost 11 years now since she said, "I do." That is one thing which she insists will never change, either. The doctor has only one real complaint—Irene and the furniture.

That's right, you've guessed it—every other Friday she always changes it round! She just can't help it. She's just like a woman.

YOUR CHANCE TO MEET DIANA CHURCHILL

"I'd love to meet a film star, to visit a studio," you sigh, "but I don't see how I can manage it." That's just where you're wrong. Your chance has come—this week. By entering for a simple and fascinating competition, you may win the opportunity of visiting Elstree studios, seeing a film in production, and having lunch with Elstree's charming star, Diana Churchill.

This is what you have to do! Think back to the roles Diana has played in such films as "House-master," "School for Husbands" and "Jane Steps Out." Then drop us a postcard saying what type of film you would most like to see her in in the future—you may, if you like, suggest some book or play that would make a good vehicle for Diana. Say, too, which leading man you think would team up especially well with her in future pictures.

The competition will be judged by Walter Mycroft and the Editor of "Film Pictorial," and the sender of what they consider the best suggestion will be invited to Elstree to lunch with Diana and watch a film being made. There will be autographed portraits of the star for consolation prizes.

Send your entries (postcards only, please!) to "Diana Churchill," FILM PICTORIAL 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.). The closing date is Monday, March 13.

The judges' decision will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into. No one connected with FILM PICTORIAL or with Associated British Pictures is eligible to enter.

ALTHOUGH HE'S BEEN LUCKY, HIS OWN PERSONALITY AND ABILITY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING REX HARRISON WHERE HE IS TODAY, SO, AS LESLIE MASTERS TELLS YOU HERE—

DON'T CALL IT LUCK!

Upstairs in his dressing-room we chatted while he removed his make-up.

I like Harrison, mainly because he does not behave as an actor when he is away from his work. And, though he talks of his job with enthusiasm, he has not been spoiled by success.

"I hear rumours that you may be leaving us and going to Hollywood," I said.

He nodded. "It has been suggested, but there is nothing definite. At present it is out of the question, because of this play. We've broken a few house records during the first weeks, and it looks as if it may settle down to a long run. That will keep me away from Hollywood for some time.

"Certainly I should like to go, provided that I do not have to tie myself down to a long-term contract. I'm too fond of the stage to want to cut myself away from it for several years.

"But a Hollywood picture—yes, that would be a most interesting experience, particularly if the company were MGM. As I've just worked in 'The Citadel,' I know that sounds as

if I have an ulterior motive for singling out one company. It goes much deeper than that—it's the system of handling their actors that I admire. They not only make new stars, but also they keep them at the top for year after year. We won't mention names, but think of the many MGM stars who have been at the top for eight and nine years. It is an incredible record.

Not Keen to Play in "The Citadel"

"What I admire about the company, too, is its determination to have every part in a film played perfectly, regardless of expense. It's a wonderful policy for the actor, too, because working with first-class artistes keeps him on his toes.

"That cameo of mine in *The Citadel* has probably done my film career more good than anything else I have done on the screen, yet I very nearly did not play it. It is entirely thanks to Victor Saville, the producer, that I did the part.

"When the role of Freddie Lawford was first offered to me, I wasn't at all keen about it. I had read the book and I imagined Lawford to be rather plump and middle-aged. I just couldn't see myself playing the part.

"But Victor Saville was persistent. I went down to Denham several times to chat with him about it, and I began to see the part from his point of view. So I was ready to trust his judgment.

"This new film, *Chinese Fish*, appealed to me for quite a different reason. I liked it because of its topicality."

Rex Harrison has a particular reason for enjoying his work in the new Coward play. Diana Wynyard, his co-star, and he both had their theatrical training in the Liverpool Repertory Company.

"It was wonderful experience," he said. "Hugh Williams was also there at the same time, and when he left I was given some of the parts that he would have played. After two seasons I left and went into a touring company. And that was my life for the next few years. I think I must have played in every town in England that had a theatre.

"It's that kind of life which prepares you for any emergencies which might occur on the stage, because it helps to harden you.

"I was still touring when talkies came along. I saw the long queues outside the cinemas and saw our own audiences getting smaller. Then I decided that this was the time to escape from the touring company.

"I went to London. It is only during the past four years that I have had much luck on the London stage, but actually my first experience in the West End was in 1930. The trouble was that none of my plays ever had a long run.

"My luck changed when I was engaged to go to New York with the *Sweet Aloes* company. The critics were very kind to me, and there was some suggestion that I should go to Hollywood to play in the film version. But Warners preferred Roland Young for my part, and, although another company asked me to make a test I returned to the London stage.

Spotted by Korda

"I GOT a role in *Heroes Don't Care*, which had a seven months run. On this second night Alexander Korda was in the audience, and within a few days I was under contract to him. That's how I came to make *Men Are Not Gods* and *Storm in a Tea Cup*. And, as soon as the play finished its run, I began my two years in *French Without Tears*. The one ended on a Saturday, and on the following Wednesday I opened in the new play."

"That reminds me of something," I said suddenly. "When last I saw you, your main thought was of the holiday you would have when the rush subsided. Have you had that holiday yet?"

"Have I indeed!" he exclaimed. "As soon as I finished in *French Without Tears*, my wife and I went off for two months to the south of France. For the first month we stayed in a tiny little place which was almost bare of visitors, and we did nothing but laze in the sun. Then we had a few weeks in Cannes.

"It was my first holiday in three years, and I can safely say it was the best of my life."

WHEN most of the young actors in British films are bemoaning the lack of opportunity due to the current depression in the industry, it is refreshing to know of one who is not only busy but who is also steadily building up his reputation as a star.

In the past four years Rex Harrison has had two careers. On the stage he began with a successful American debut in *Sweet Aloes*, followed by two long successive runs on the London stage, and now he has every prospect of a hat-trick.

In the cinema, he began with *Men Are Not Gods*, Miriam Hopkins' only British picture—and has recently clinched his success with a perfect cameo study of a Mayfair doctor in *The Citadel*. Now he is busy at Denham on *Chinese Fish*, a film with a story of espionage.

In four years of work, in fact, there is only one black spot on his record. That was the ill-fated *Over the Moon*, which he made with Merle Oberon at the end of 1937. Seventeen weeks of hard work and the film has not yet been seen—but Harrison cannot be blamed for that.

Wants to Work for MGM

AT first I was tempted to speak of his remarkable run of luck, but that would not be fair to him. He has been lucky—yes, but that would not explain why he is besieged with offers to appear in plays and films, or why producers now consider him to be one of the best light comedians in the country. The only reasons for these tributes are his own personality and his urbane style of acting.

Recently, I saw him at the Haymarket Theatre, London, after a matinee performance of *Design for Living*. As I waited for him at the stage door, I heard the audience's roar of applause as the play ended. A few moments later, Harrison, Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard—the three stars of the play—appeared their smiling faces still showing their pleasure at their reception.

Rex Harrison clinched his success on the screen with his brilliant cameo of a young Mayfair doctor in "The Citadel." Here he is in a scene from the film with Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell.





A delightful portrait of TYRONE POWER and the new star, NANCY KELLY, as Jesse James and his young wife in "Jesse James," the technicolor film which deals with the dashing exploits of "The Robin Hood of America." Tyrone has another costume role in "Suez," released next week.



Bette Davis as she appears in "Jezebel" as the ill-fated Queen Charlotte, wife of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who, after her husband's execution, went mad. Above: With Errol Flynn in "The Sisters."

TRAGEDY QUEEN!

Bette Davis has been nominated for the Academy Award for her fine performance in "Jezebel." Yet, as FRANK JENNINGS tells you here, it was during the making of that film that her marriage to Harmon Nelson began to break up. Did the real-life tragedy enhance her emotional powers as an actress?

FOR her work in *Jezebel*, Bette Davis has been nominated for the annual award of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for the best feminine performance of last year.

Yet it was during the making of that film that Bette faced one of the tragedies of her life . . . the break-up of her marriage to Harmon Nelson.

She went through with *Jezebel* knowing all the time that she and "Ham" were pulling in opposite directions.

There it was; and there it is. Will it be the fresh turning in her career? Free from the restricting bonds of marriage, will she now throw all her energies into her work?

Bette, one of the stormy petrels of Hollywood that the Warner Brothers seem to have a genius for picking, is now recovering from that second crisis in her professional life.

The first, you'll remember, was that little dispute fought out with her employers in the British Law Courts.

But Miss Davis has lately parted company with her husband in an absolute and final way. That reputed Hollywood ideal marriage is now a thing of the past—and the publicity files!

Not Making Headway

DISTRESSING as a break-up in marriage may be, it will probably mean all the difference to her career. A thoroughly honest and conscientious partner, she could not bring the same lasting influence of her working "success story" to bear on her marital life.

Of course, she is not the only one to find that a career doesn't always go with a successful marriage. But in her instance, much more than a lot of others, you can take it that her married existence was "ideal Hollywood"—up to a point.

When she was in London at the time of the court action, some of us had an opportunity of meeting her.

My recollections of Bette are of a four-square personality, a girl who stands pretty firmly on her feet, and faces you with a frankness not necessarily put on for the occasion.

A lot of nonsense is said, written, and believed

about screen celebrities and their private lives. The truth is that these people, so peculiarly endowed with exceptional qualities of personality, fall short in the more down-to-earth undertaking of marriage.

Now don't mistake that for a reflection on Bette Davis. It is written as a generalisation.

But with her it is at least feasible to suggest that the overpowering desire to make good as a screen actress subordinated any other feelings about married life.

Consider these things. Having been a prominent Hollywood player for a decade, gaining recognition as an actress of unusual brilliance and winning an Academy award, she found that she was not making the headway she wanted to. In short, although a star she was unable to pick and choose her roles.

Then, having won her point, she was faced with the problem of carrying it to a successful conclusion or letting it go to devote her full energies to married life. To a woman of such unswerving and devouring ambition, quite a full-sized problem.

Break With Hollywood

NOW let us go back a little, in retrospect. Bette was a player of great merit prepared to throw overboard mere glamorous allure for artistry and acting, such as we saw in *Of Human Bondage*, *Dangerous*, *The Petrified Forest*, to name the pick.

And in between came routine jobs which all but submerged her talent, jobs such as *The Big Shakedown*, *Fashions of 1934*, *Girl From 10th Avenue*, *Special Agent*, and *The Golden Arrow*.

All this time, as the up-and-coming Bette Davis, she was making a success as Mrs. Harmon Nelson. She adored her husband, an orchestra leader.

"Ham," if you have seen pictures of him, resembles Jimmie Stewart. Tall, nice-looking, whimsical, and all that, with a dash of Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

Theirs was an ideal partnership, especially in Hollywood. Bette, certainly, was the more colourful unit, though it didn't trouble "Ham" a great deal in his duties as band-leader and husband.

At that time, neither had the faintest suspicion that Bette's restlessness, her ambition, would divide them. But there it lurked, in the background.

As a beginning, she voluntarily broke away from

Hollywood and the films. She took a chance—a gamble—in staying off the screen for almost a year, time enough for her to slip considerably down the scale in popularity.

When she came to London and prepared to take the starring role in a British film there was a court action. Subsequently, without obtaining any obviously tangible profit, she returned to the Hollywood Warners fold.

Bette wanted more roles better suited to her ability as a recognized actress of repute, quality, and talent. She didn't want any "B" picture set-up. There was also, presumably, the question of salary.

Her differences with her employers were settled amicably. Bette, having survived a major upheaval in her career, was well on the way to doing bigger and better things.

You may not think that in throwing off *Marked Women* (a good, dramatic role, nevertheless), *Kid Galahad* and *That Certain Woman* she was justifying her stand. But they were "fresheners," by which she could get back into form.

Her Golden Chance

FIRST broadside was launched with her comedy performance in *It's Love I'm After*, which hit the bull in a flurry of crazy comedies. And she was still agitating for her producers to acquire the rights of the stage play, *Jezebel*.

And Warners, reconciled, handed it to her on a platter. She now thought this was a golden chance, as it was. She went to work on it with enthusiasm and a happy frame of mind. And then came that second crisis.

In *The Sisters*, her latest film, she has scored a new success. She has a great dramatic role, liberally besprinkled with chances for heavy emotion.

She is a great actress, and if there are times when one suspects a familiarity in some tricks, can it be denied that she holds the attention?

After *The Sisters* comes *Dark Victory*, then *Juarez* with Paul Muni. In it she plays the tragic Queen Charlotte, wife of the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico. It seems it's another victory for her.

At present she queens it as the tragedy actress of the Warners and First National lots. A situation which, providing she gets the right roles—and she will, trust her!—looks mighty promising.

K.O. for HOLLYWOOD

Cary Grant was neglected by producers for years; then, through his own efforts he rose to the top showing Hollywood just where it got off, in the process. Now, in "Gunga Din," he gives Hollywood the final knockout blow. By JOHN CARPENTER.

plays a weakling brother, or a half-mad murderer, or something similar, the public sits up and takes notice. If he does a good job, or perhaps even a fair one, he's an actor and people talk about his talent.

"But if he goes along portraying ordinary nice young fellows and doing the normal things such chaps do, he's just another leading man. And eventually, if he isn't careful, he'll lead himself right out of the business.

"Frankly, I get more kick out of this cheap English crook in *Sylvia Scarlett* than anything I've done before in pictures."

That comparatively small role made Cary decide that he could fight Hollywood on its own ground, and beat it. He knew now what before he had only hoped—that he was an actor. His belief in himself, which had failed sadly while he had been playing matinee idol after matinee idol, was renewed.

When Cary's contract ended, he refused to sign another unless he were given permission to freelance as well. The studio could not agree, and Cary shook the dust from his feet and departed for destinations unknown.

Hollywood wisecracks shook their heads. "Freelancing won't get him anywhere," they said. "He's not a star, he's only a leading man. He'll be finished in a year." Not for the first time, they were wrong. Cary secured a role opposite Miss Grace Moore in *For You Alone*, and proved that besides being a character actor, he was an excellent light comedian.

Found Freedom

COLUMBIA, makers of the film, were so impressed with him that they asked Cary to sign a contract. But Cary had grown cautious. A contract player must, within certain limits, accept any role allotted to him. Cary didn't want to lose his new-found freedom to work when he felt like working, to play when he wanted to play; also he realized the danger of being typed again, this time in comedy roles. Finally, he agreed to

make two pictures a year for Columbia. That ensured plenty of bread and butter, and if he wanted jam, he had the right to make as many films as he liked for other companies.

Since then, Cary's name has risen higher and higher in the popularity list. *The Awful Truth*, with Irene Dunne, won him fresh acclaim as a comedian. In *Bringing Up Baby* he introduced something new in screen heroes—a serious-minded professor of geology pursued by a flighty female even unto the dinosaur's mouth. And then, tiring of crazy comedy, he and Hepburn acted—and I mean acted—in the beautifully restrained, intelligent *Free to Live*.

His Biggest Triumph

BUT the biggest triumph of Cary's career so far is in *Gunga Din*. Cary plays Sergeant Cutter. Cary seems to have said to himself, "They tried to make me a matinee idol, did they? Right, I'll be a woman hater. They tried to give me polish? I'll show 'em how to be tough. They tried to star me in sophisticated comedies? I'll show 'em I can be dumb, and act as well."

Every punch at an enemy's jaw, every bayonet thrust to a bandit's ribs, seems to be levelled at some misguided film executive who has in the past denied Cary the right to act.

Cary himself is a queer fellow. If you meet him at a public function, he is shy, retiring, seeming to want only to run away from the lights and the applauding crowds. But spend an evening in his company, and notice the change. He is out to enjoy himself. If he feels like singing, no power on earth will stop him. If he wants to run very fast along the beach to express his *joie de vivre* after a grand swim, he will run—and to blazes with the dignity which a great star should display in public. After an unfortunate marriage to Virginia Cherrill, he is now happily in love with charming Phyllis Brooks, but refuses to discuss possible wedding plans. He makes good pictures when he wants to make them. He is free to live as he chooses. And, after a resounding victory over Hollywood, he has earned Hollywood's respect and admiration.



Cary Grant as the carefree, battling soldier, Sergeant Cutter, in that grand adventure film, "Gunga Din."

STARS often grumble when asked to display their charms in a series of roles as similar as the Mauch twins. "If only I were given a chance to act!" they moan soulfully, generally over that eighth drink, and mutter bitterly that "Spence and Luise, though they're the sweetest people in the world, of course, aren't much better than hams compared with me." Sometimes an unwise producer takes them seriously, and the result is generally tragedy—even when it's meant to be light comedy!

Exceptions are needed to prove every rule. I cite as living proofs of mine, Bob Montgomery, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. Particularly Cary Grant.

Soon after Cary arrived in Hollywood seven years ago, he was pounced on by Mae West as the ideal tall, dark 'n' handsome to try her charms upon in her first starring film, *She Done Him Wrong*. Cary registered admiration so efficiently that Mae repeated the experiment in *I'm No Angel*, and another promising actor's career seemed likely to go west in every sense.

For when Cary wasn't acting as stooge for Mae, he was performing the same function for any other feminine star who made a film at his home studio. And when he wasn't doing that, he was playing "second male lead"—the nice friend of Gary Cooper or Fredric March, or someone.

Said He'd Be Finished

THIS state of affairs continued for three years, until Cary began to sigh for the tough but happy days when he had been an acrobat, or had paraded on stilts as barker for a Coney Island fun fair, with no movie camera within miles of him.

When a man has character, ability and charm, he generally gets what he wants in the end. The turning point in Cary's career came when he was loaned to RKO Radio for a character role in "Sylvia Scarlett" with Katharine Hepburn.

I remember visiting him on the set at the time, and asking what kind of role he was playing. Having seen most of his films, I thought I knew already. His answer, came as a complete surprise.

"The fellow's rather a bad 'un," Cary said. "He's a rum chap with a sense of humour, which redeems him from complete villainy.

"You know," he went on, "if a chap

Sam Jaffe and Cary Grant in a scene from "Gunga Din". Sam Jaffe plays the title role of the Indian water carrier of Kipling's poem, on which the film is based.



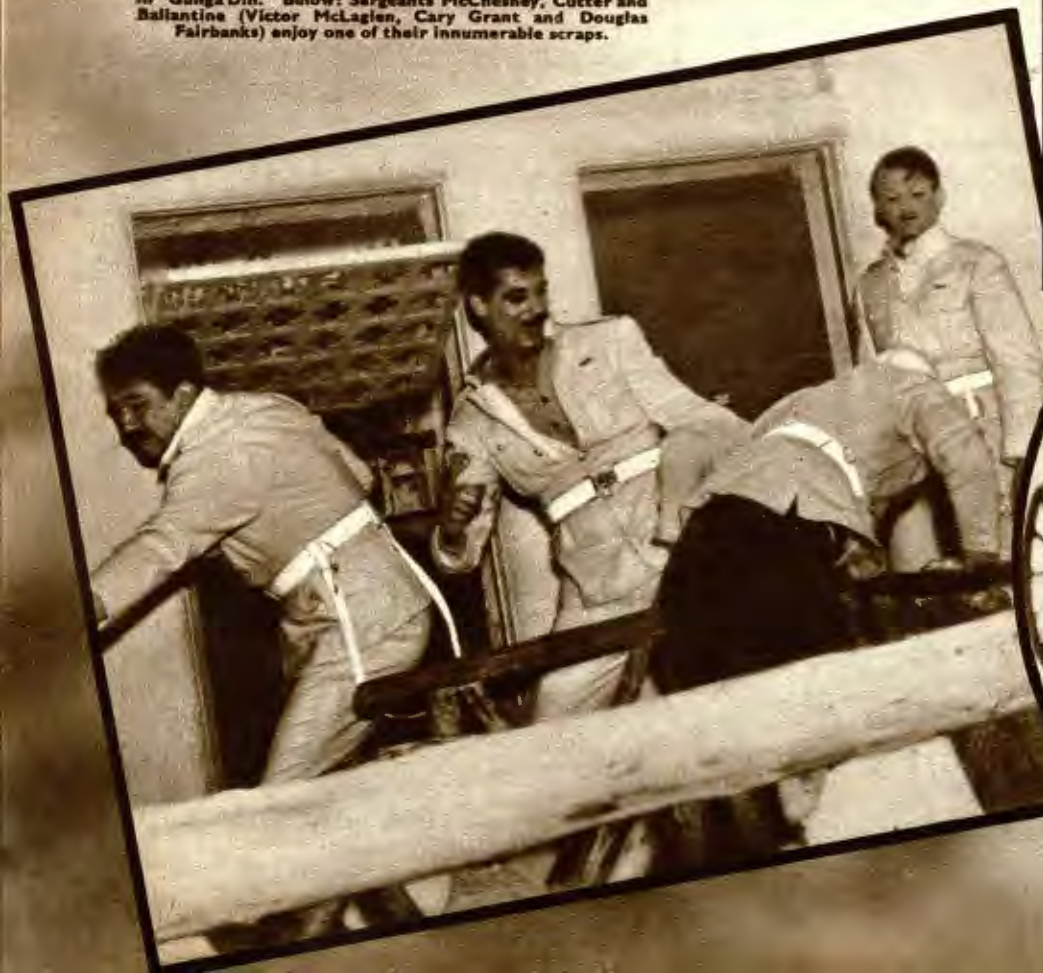
The Story OF "GUNGA DIN"



SERGEANTS McCHESNEY, Cutter and Ballantine, firm friends, are stationed with a detachment of Royal Engineers on the North-West Frontier of India. The Engineers' job is to keep open telegraphic communication between head quarters and the remote frontier outposts. A band of natives called Thugs, dedicated to the extermination of all white men, are raiding the outlying villages, killing and destroying, and cutting the wires.

At headquarters is an Indian water carrier attached to the regiment. His name is Gunga Din, and his ambition is to become a soldier. But he is of such humble origin that this can never happen. Knowing that the simple-minded Sergeant Cutter has a secret passion for hidden temples, Din offers to guide Cutter to one. They set off astride an elephant, and after a hazardous journey arrive at the temple, which proves to be the sacred place of the Thugs. Cutter sends Din back with the news, while he covers Din's retreat by giving himself up to the Thugs. They torture him, to make him reveal the

Above: A magnificent photograph of cavalry who take part in "Gunga Din." Below: Sergeants McChesney, Cutter and Ballantine (Victor McLaglen, Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks) enjoy one of their innumerable scraps.



"DIN" IN WORDS AND PICTURES

regiment's plans, but they cannot make Cutter speak.

Meanwhile, Din has given his news to Sergeant McChesney who, instead of taking a detachment of troops, insists that he and Ballantine should go alone to rescue Cutter.

They, too, are captured—but they know that the regiment, on watch for the Thugs, will be coming that way within a few hours. The Thugs know that, too, and they lay a diabolical ambush in which the British soldiers will be wiped out.

At last, Cutter, Ballantine and McChesney hear the sound of the Scottish pipers with the regiment. They see the Thug cavalry and artillery preparing for the slaughter. They are helpless to warn their colleagues. But Gunga Din picks up a trumpet which has been dropped in a scuffle and, though sorely wounded, climbs to the roof of the temple, whence he sounds the alarm. The British troops prepare for battle. The Thugs are annihilated, and the humble Gunga Din is buried in a hero's grave.



Above: McChesney, Ballantine and Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe) arrive at the Thugs' temple to find Cutter being tortured. Below: the three sergeants and Gunga Din go into action.



Above: The sergeants capture the Thugs' leader (Eduardo Gnanelli) and hold him surety for their safety. Left: Ballantine, off to fight the Thugs, bids good-bye to his fiancée (Joan Fontaine) while McChesney tells him to hurry.





MEET THE KING OF FAIRHAVEN

in this Article by L. V. THOMPSON, who tells you about Victor McLaglen's famous 10-acre estate and his private Army and Air Force.

THE Kingdom of Fairhaven stands on a hill in the La Canada district of California, not many miles from Hollywood. From there you can look across miles of rich country, over the masses of blossoming orange trees in the Californian valleys, to the misty blue mountains over which the sun rises in golden splendour.

The King of Fairhaven has his own army and air force. There are 300 stalwart horsemen armed with lances and sabres, clad in magnificent uniforms of blue trimmed with gold; 50 air-minded youngsters who have been taught to fly largely at the King's expense; and 60 of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, who have enrolled under the King's banner to render first aid should any of his army be hurt in battle.

The King runs a football team, a physical training centre and a sports stadium, out of which he is said to make a profit of £200 a week. He gives most of that money to poor people whom he personally seeks out.

And when he isn't being King of Fairhaven, a colonel of Light Horse, a company director or a charitable institution, he finds time to be a movie actor.

His name is Victor McLaglen.

A Wonder of Hollywood

VIC'S Fairhaven estate is one of the wonders of Hollywood. The house is built in Tudor style, and its mellow red bricks and tiled roof resemble a corner of Vic's native England transported to semi-tropical California. He loves every bit of it.

It cost £50,000, so he should.

The grounds are magnificently laid out. Flower-

banked paths lead to unexpected nooks shaded by magnolia, lemon and orange trees. An outdoor swimming pool tiled in a deep blue occupies one corner of the 10 acres. Also in the kingdom are a gymnasium, complete with steam bath and every type of athletic apparatus; a tennis court; an outdoor playroom equipped with various kinds of games; a riding track and a butcher's shop.

Wandering about the grounds are dogs, cats, deer, cows, goats, two Mexican ant bears, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, rabbits, quail, pheasants, and hundreds of rare singing birds from all over the world.

The stables house thoroughbred horses on which Mrs. McLaglen and her daughter have won many awards.

The King of Fairhaven's contract with Twentieth Century-Fox gave him a salary of £60,000 a year to play with. He does everything on a £60,000-a-year scale. His idea of a quiet evening is to ask a few friends in and roast an ox whole in the forecourt.

Soldier At 14

THE King himself is not among the least of Fairhaven's wonders. Son of a bishop who spent most of his life working for the poor in East London, Vic ran away from school when he was 14 and, by lying about his age, became a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards. He won a considerable reputation as a fighter before his father discovered him, bought him out of the army, and had him apprenticed to the law.

It quickly became obvious that McLaglen, K.C., would never become the terror of defendants at the Old Bailey. Vic left the blindfolded lady to fend for herself, and sailed in the steerage to Canada.

His knowledge of boxing, rather than of law, now stood him in good stead. Farmhand, silver-miner, railwayman, policeman—he was all

of them before he found that a living could be made by the pursuit he had always considered as a hobby—punching people in the jaw. In his autobiography, *Sez Me*, he admits that in his first important fight he was paid to lose.

He was due to fight the local champion in a Canadian town. Before the fight, he was offered 75 per cent. of the gate receipts if he would guarantee the champion's victory. He refused. The offers were renewed between each round. Still he refused. "Then," he says, "three more rounds were hugged out. The crowd was restive and on one occasion, when the champion went down from a particularly light hook, the timekeeper must have taken 20 seconds counting up to eight. I decided in that interval, with a withering crowd blistering me with epigrams, that I would get up and lie down. There was nothing to be gained from a fight of this kind except the pay cheque."

That, however, was the only occasion on which he "sold" a fight. His boxing career continued, with considerable distinction, until the war, during which he fought in Mesopotamia and became Assistant Provost Marshall of Bagdad. (That post, he says, taught him how to organize the McLaglen Light Horse. Everything comes in useful.)

When he returned to England he tried to take up boxing again, but found that at 33 he was too old. One evening, when he had been badly beaten in the ring, he was offered the leading role in a British film, *Call of the Road*.

"Don't be silly," he told I. B. Davidson, who made the offer. "I don't know anything about acting. Besides, it's not the kind of thing that would appeal to me."

It has appealed to him for nearly 20 years—

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16-PAGE SOUVENIR of "MEN WITH WINGS"
GIVEN AWAY WITH NEXT THURSDAY'S "FILM PICTORIAL"

longer than any other job. And he has had plenty. Before he became an actor, he had tried no fewer than 18 professions. Besides those I have mentioned, he had fished for pearls in the South Seas, been physical training instructor to an Indian rajah, hunted big game, and toured the world as a vaudeville team with his brother Arthur.

He made about 20 British films before he was offered a Hollywood contract. He arrived in California, typically, with just £5 in his pocket. The first person he met was a friend of his boxing days, who was down-and-out. Vic lent him half his fortune, went on to the studio, and was told that his picture had been postponed for a month—and with it his salary!

Two years later, he became world-famous in the Flagg-and-Quirt film, *What Price Glory?* It almost killed his fame, too. So successful was it that producers—who are usually men with single-track minds—insisted on starring Vic and Edmund Lowe in a series of not-so-good films on the same lines until audiences stayed away from the McLaglen-Lowe films in thousands. Vic's stock had fallen very low (joke not intended) when John Ford asked him to play Gypo Nolan in *The Informer*.

Those who say that McLaglen still knows nothing about acting have never been able to explain his magnificent performance in that film. They attribute it to Ford's direction. The fact remains that Vic won the Academy Award for the best performance of 1936, and a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox at a salary of £60,000 a year.

Great Role in "Gunga Din"

THAT contract ended by mutual consent at the end of 1938. Vic declared, with some justice, that he was being given increasingly poor roles. (One of the last was in a rather dull affair reminiscent of the Flagg-and-Quirt days, so single-minded are some producers.) As a freelance, he seems to have recovered all the ground he had been losing in previous months. He was lucky enough to step straight into a made-to-measure role in *Gunga Din*. The hard-hitting, not-so-dumb-as-he-looks Sergeant McChesney he creates with such zest isn't far removed from the McLaglen personality. More recently, he has had equally satisfactory roles in *Dusty Road* with Nelson Eddy, *Captain Fury*, and *Pacific Liner* for RKO-Radio.

But even if he never makes another film—which is unlikely—Vic has enough money to rule as King of Fairhaven for a great many years. He has a crown prince, now on a world tour, who is two inches taller than his father. And film-making is poor sport compared with riding flamboyantly down Hollywood Boulevard in gold-braided uniform at the head of 300 lancers.

Vic thinks so, anyway.

Victor McLaglen chats with his 17-years-old son, Walter, after a game of tennis at McLaglen's 10-acre estate at La Canada, near Hollywood. Walter is already two inches taller than his giant father.



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At the right she is seen leaving the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

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FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS



Above: Robert Donat, says John Milford, gives the performance of his life as Dr. Manson in "The Citadel," which is released next week. Here he is in a scene from the film with Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson. Right: Pierre Blanchar, the famous French actor, as Napoleon in "A Royal Divorce."

JOHN MILFORD, Our Review Editor,
Reviewing Next Week's Releases, says

"THE CITADEL" Is A "REEL" STRONGHOLD FOR BRITISH FILMS

***THE CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT.....	Andrew
ROSALIND RUSSELL.....	Christine
RALPH RICHARDSON.....	Denny
REX HARRISON.....	Dr. Lawford
EMLYN WILLIAMS.....	Owen
PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD.....	Toppy LeRoy
FRANCIS SULLIVAN.....	Ben Chenkin
MARY CLARE.....	Mrs. Orlando
CECIL PARKER.....	Charles Every
NORA SWINBURNE.....	Mrs. Thornton
EDWARD CHAPMAN.....	Joe Morgan
ATHENE SEYLER.....	Lady Raebank
FELIX AYLMER.....	Mr. Boon
JOYCE BLAND.....	Nurse Sharp
JOSS AMBLER.....	Dr. A. H. Llewellyn
PERCY PARSONS.....	Mr. Stillman
DILYS DAVIS.....	Mrs. Page
BASIL GILL.....	Doctor Page

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (British). Director: King Vidor. "A." Running time: 111 minutes.

EARLY in the year though it is, I am willing to prophesy that *The Citadel* will be one of the most memorable films of 1939. Sincerely, forcefully, it tells the story of Andrew Manson, beginning with his first job as doctor in a poverty-stricken South Wales mining village. It follows his career through stages of success, failure, success again, until he becomes a highly-paid society doctor whose time is spent in persuading perfectly fit old ladies that they are really terribly ill.

The death of a friend and the reproaches of his wife, at last make him realize that in spite of his wealth, he is a failure, that the doctor's job really lies among the poor and distressed whom he had served at first in that South Wales village.

King Vidor's direction, the screen play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead and Elizabeth H II, Victor Saville's production, are first class. I shall not easily forget, either, the brilliant acting of Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison, Emlyn Williams, Athene Seyler, Dilys Davis and the rest. But the film belongs to one man, Robert Donat, who brings to the role of Andrew Manson all the compelling honesty and intelligence of his own fine character. Donat has been nominated for an Academy Award; whether he wins it or not, we



should all be very proud that such an actor and such a film are representing Britain and British people before world audiences.

**A ROYAL DIVORCE

RUTH CHATTERTON.....	Josephine
PIERRE BLANCHAR.....	Napoleon
FRANK CELLIER.....	Talleyrand
CAROL GOODNER.....	Madame Tallien
AURIOL LEE.....	Mother of Napoleon
GEORGE CURZON.....	Barras
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....	Metternich
JOHN LAURIE.....	Joseph
JACK HAWKINS.....	Captain Charles
ROSALYN BOULTER.....	Hortense

Imperator (British). Director: Jack Raymond. "A." Running time: 85 minutes.

THIS story of Napoleon and his Josephine is a film that women particularly will enjoy. It has a human, humorous, yet often intensely moving story, and as far as I could judge, is quite without any of those diversions from historical fact which so often enliven American films.

The film opens with the Reign of Terror, with Josephine a young woman whose husband has been guillotined and who has two small children to keep. After the terror, she gets into fashionable society and there meets the young Napoleon, just beginning to be known as a clever soldier. Marrying him for his money, and to ensure her children's future, she later falls deeply in love with him.

But tragedy re-enters her life when she finds she can never give him a son—and as Napoleon is by this time Emperor of France, a son is important. So he divorces her and marries Marie Louise of Austria. His last meeting with Josephine is a few years later, when he brings his baby son to see her.

You will enjoy the acting of Pierre Blanchar, famous star of French films, as Napoleon.

**ROOM SERVICE

GROUCHO MARX.....	Gordon Miller
CHICO MARX.....	Harry Binelli
HARPO MARX.....	Faker Englund
LUCILLE BALL.....	Christine
ANN MILLER.....	Hilda Mary
FRANK ALBERTSON.....	Leo Davis
DONALD MACBRIDE.....	Wagner
CLIFF DUNSTAN.....	Gribble
PHILIP LOEB.....	Timothy Hogarth
ALEXANDER ASRO.....	Sasha
CHARLES HALTON.....	Dr. Glass
PHILIP WOOD.....	Simon Jenkins

RKO Radio (American). Director: William Seiter. "U." Running time: 79 minutes.

GORDON MILLER is a theatrical producer with a play, a cast, ambitions and no money. While frantically seeking a backer for his play, he

has boarded himself, his two henchmen and his entire cast in the hotel managed by his brother-in-law, Joseph Gribble.

Wagner, the hotel's accountant, spends most of his time trying to turn the Miller circus out. But Miller is always one jump ahead of the game. First, his playwright, Leo Davis, pretends to have measles. Then he finds a backer, who signs a cheque to finance the play—but withdraws it when he has seen Miller in action. And finally, with the play almost produced and Wagner still on the trail, Miller stages a magnificent "suicide" scene which saves the day—because the play, as you have guessed all along, is a terrific success.

The plot, funny in itself, is almost a handicap to the Marx Brothers, who have always been used to leaving plots to fend for themselves. Here, however, they have to stick closely to a story. And the result is extremely interesting, for it proves what a very fine "straight" actor Groucho Marx could be if he wasn't one of the greatest comedians in the world.

If you have never liked the brothers before, you almost certainly will in this. Their humour is more restrained, less brutal. And there are grand supporting performances from Donald MacBride as the angry Wagner and Philip Loeb in a tiny role as a debt-collector.

***SUEZ**

TYRONE POWER.....Ferdinand de Lesseps
 LORETTA YOUNG.....Countess Eugenie De Montijo
 ANNABELLA.....Toni Pellerin
 J. EDWARD BROMBERG.....Prince Said
 JOSEPHSCHILDKRAUT.....Vicomte Rene De Latour
 HENRY STEPHENSON.....Count Mathieu de Lesseps
 SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Marquis Du Brey
 MAURICE MOSCOVICH.....Mohammed Ali
 SIG RUMANN.....Sergeant Pellerin
 NIGEL BRUCE.....Sir Malcolm Cameron
 MILES MANDER.....Benjamin Disraeli
 GEORGE ZUCCO.....Prime Minister
 LEON AMES.....Louis Napoleon
 RAFAELA OTTIANO.....Maria De Teba
 VICTOR VARCONI.....Victor Hugo
 GEORGES RENAVENT.....Bank President
 FRANK REICHER.....General Changarnier
 CARLOS DE VALDEZ.....Count Hatfeldt
 JACQUES LORY.....Millet
 ALBERT CONTI.....M. Fevrier
 BRANDON HURST.....Franz Liszt
 MARCELLE CORDAY.....Mme. Paquineau
 ODETE MYRTLE.....Duchess
 EGON BRECHER.....Doctor
 ALPHONSE MARTELL.....General St. Arnaud
 MONTAGUE SHAW.....Elderly Man
 LEONARD MUDIE.....Campaign Manager
 Twentieth Century-Fox (American). Director: Allan Dwan. "U." Running time: 99 minutes.

YOU must be prepared to overlook the wholesale re-writing of history if you go to this film—but if you can manage to accept it in the spirit in which the producers seem to have made it, you will find plenty to entertain you.

The story tells how young Ferdinand de Lesseps is jilted by the Countess Eugenie who prefers to marry the ambitious Napoleon III (this seems to be a good week for Napoleons!) So he goes out East and plans to build the Suez Canal. After a score of difficulties, in which he is sustained by the devotion of a little French girl, he finishes the job.

The surprise of the picture is the work of Annabella as the French girl. She is delightfully gay and demure by turns, and approaches the form she showed in her early work in French films more nearly than anything she has done since. You'll see once again the Annabella you liked so well in *Wings of the Morning*.

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are a suitably (Please turn to page 22)

AT A GLANCE...

JOHN MILFORD, our Review Editor, criticizes the 10 films which are generally released next week.

***Outstandingly brilliant; must not be missed. **Excellent. *Good.

- ***THE CITADEL
- **A ROYAL DIVORCE
- **ROOM SERVICE
- *RACKET BUSTERS
- *SUEZ
- HELD FOR RANSOM
- MR. WONG, DETECTIVE
- OLD IRON
- ROAD DEMON
- TWO-GUN LAW

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Fashion Book No. 169

THE BRIDE'S BOOK

6^p at all newsagents and bookstalls or 7d., post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.


TAKE YOUR HAIR DOWN and put it in Roll Curls says PETA.




1. Although the accepted coiffure of the moment is one that has high curls on the top of the head, for folk with long faces this adds extra length. Much wiser, then, to give breadth, not length, to your face, by parting your hair in the centre, brushing it sleekly back from your forehead to wave softly over the ears, and to bunch at the back into a cluster of roll curls. Eleanore Whitney shows you above just how charming this compromise on the style-of-the-moment can look.



2. Madeleine Carroll has exquisite, shimmering blonde hair, kept soft as silk. Her new coiffure, of which you see the back view (above) has a row of roll curls across the top of her forehead, the longer hair being brushed in a soft wave over the tops of her ears, and the ends clustered in soft ringlets in the nape of her neck. Madeleine's blonde hair owes much of its superb shimmer to the fact that it is shampooed regularly, a good rinse used to brighten it, followed by setting and drying, and a strenuous "polish" with a pad made from a silk hanky.



3. A plastic set is still in fashion this spring, and you can make large flat curls give almost the same effect as roll ones, if you follow the style in circle, above left. The back hair is rather loosely set for contrast. A pretty, trim style, but don't choose it unless your skin and make-up are good and your face rather square. For the stiffly moulded curls and the back-from-the-face set give both width and height.



4. You want to be "different"? Then you can do so with great provocative charm if you part your hair in the centre, the sides and back all brushed up together into one smooth, groomed roll, as Carole Lombard does on the left. Careful setting is needed for this hair style—but it looks very effective on those of you with Carole Lombard looks, and the smartness in dress to carry it off. But, be warned, this coiffure DOES need an essentially smart person to wear it. It is a coiffure that also needs pliable hair.

PRETTY hair is such an asset! If it shimmers with health and is well-groomed, you can "get away" with the most irregular features in the world. Hair is, too, becoming increasingly important. This year some Spring fashions have been designed round the new season's hair style.


And that hair style? It is one that boasts roll curls—in place of the flat curls we have been wearing. The most important thing of all, however, is *not* the new coiffure you choose for the Spring—but the healthy, shimmering head of hair you must have.

No one need have lanky, dull, colourless hair these days—not, anyway, if they will spend the modest sum of sixpence on a Special Vitamin Shampoo that re-conditions and renourishes, and a Tonrinz that puts back all the vital, glamorous colour.

YES, just sixpence will buy all that for you—a Vitamin Shampoo and a matching Tonrinz, both made specially for your own particular shade of hair. The name? Camilatone Vitamin Shampoo and Tonrinz, which can be bought from all good hairdressers and chemists for sixpence complete. (The Tonrinz alone costs 2d. a packet).

So, if you truly want to "put the sunshine in your hair," this pair, shampoo and rinse—really does! It makes the hair gleaming and lovely—and, indeed, strengthens it at the same time. Lost glints are restored, and faded hair renourished.

All this does not mean, of course, that a Camilatone Shampoo and Tonrinz will alter the actual colour—but that they *will* bring out all the beautiful high lights and give you a head that shimmers with good health.



5. Roll curls again, for Priscilla Lawson this time. You can see two views of this style at left and below. From the centre parting the little roll curls grow in length till they reach the top of her ears—then they bunch becomingly in her neck in a "cluster" that encircles her entire neck. A very attractive style if your hair is thick, burnished and well groomed—and there is no earthly reason why anybody's should not be burnished and well groomed, even if it isn't thick.



THE FILM BUREAU

GIVEN £150 A WEEK CONTRACT AS "EXTRA"



Doris Nolan.

J. Hemmingway, (Sutton).—Discovered by a talent scout at the small Provincetown Playhouse, New York, Doris Nolan signed a £150 a week contract for Twentieth Century-Fox and appeared on the screen only twice . . . as an extra!

It was a six-months' contract but the studio couldn't find her a suitable role. She hung around and on two occasions was allowed to do crowd work.

Then Al Woods, famous American stage producer, saw her and gave her the lead in the Broadway production of *The Night of January 16*. It was a hit play and made Doris famous.

Universal stepped forward, gave her the lead with Michael Whalen in *The Man*

I Marry. Afterwards she played with George Murphy in *Top of the Town*.

Doris has been acting since her school-days, when she played lead in school dramatic productions. Her films include *As Good as Married* and *Free to Live*.

L. Leach (Putney).—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor last appeared together in *Change of Heart* in 1934.

"Olivier Fan" (Maldstone).—*First and the Last* has not been shelved—it will be coming along some time this year with a new title *Twenty-one Days*.

Tony Auckland (Neath).—The players in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* are: Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Heler Parrish, Charles Winninger, Robert Cummings, Ernest Cossart and William Lundigan.

"Daniell Admirer" (Liverpool).—Henry Daniell is no longer under exclusive contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He did play in *Jealousy*, but as we have no record of this film I cannot give you the character he played.

S. Middleton (Wandsworth).—Herbert Marshall is not at the moment working in any film studio. It is likely that he will soon be appearing on the New York stage, so the best plan would be to address your letter to him c/o The Actors' Equity Association, 45 West 47th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Katherine Downey (Bolton).—The actor who played Mohammed Khan in *The Drum* was Amid Tafazzani. Sorry we have no information concerning him.

M. Wilson (Lewisham).—You should write to Deanna Durbin c/o Universal Pictures Corp., Universal City, Cal., U.S.A.; Leslie Howard and Vivien Leigh c/o Selznick International Pictures Inc., 9336 Washington Boulevard, Culver City, Cal., U.S.A.; Richard Greene, Loretta Young and Alice Faye c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Film Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal., U.S.A.

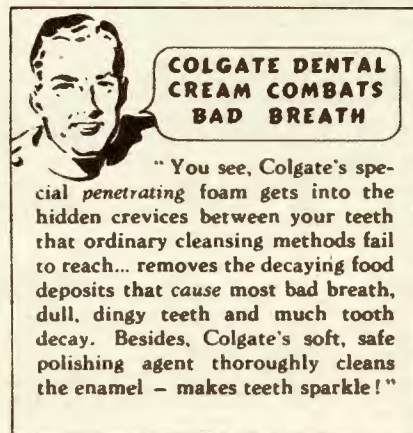
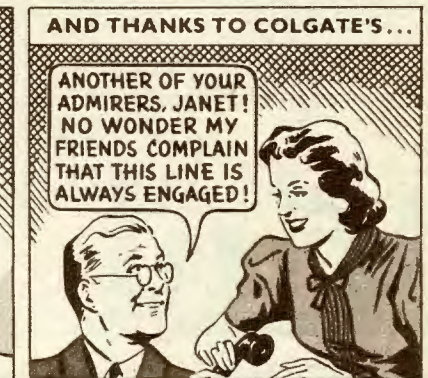
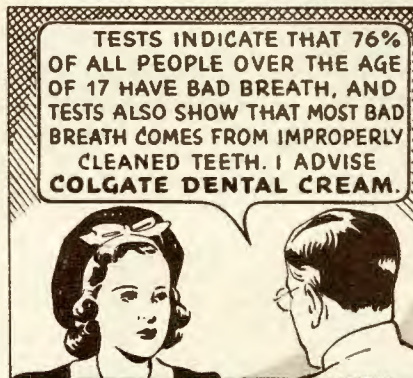
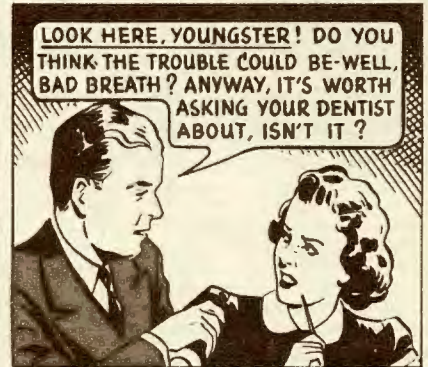
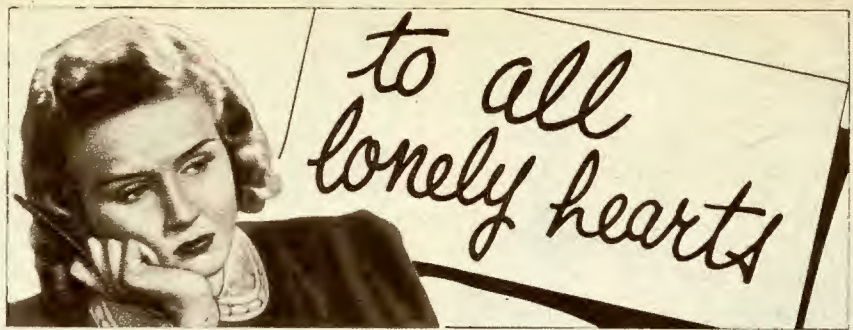
James Mackenzie (Arbroath).—Renee Gadd has fair hair and hazel eyes, and her height is 5 ft. 3 ins. She was born in Biaha Blanca, near Buenos Aires, on June 22, 1908, and came to England as a child; studied ballet dancing. Was introduced to films by Sir Seymour Hicks, with whom she had been playing, when he chose her for the lead in *Money for Nothing*. Her latest film is *Meet Mr. Penny*.

C. James (S.E.3).—George Murphy was born on July 4, 1903, in Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A. He is 5 ft. 11½ ins. in height, has brown hair and blue eyes; is married to Juliette Johnson and they have one son, Dennis Michael. George Murphy has appeared in a number of films including: *Kid Millions*, *Public Menace*, *Broadway Melody* of 1938, *You're a Sweetheart*, *Little Miss Broadway*, *Letter of Introduction* and *Hold That Girl*.

Write to "Peta"

"Peta" can help you with that DRESS or BEAUTY query, so why not write to her NOW? Her address is "Peta," c/o "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Be sure to enclose a stamped addressed envelope and the coupon below when asking her advice on one or two queries. If you have more than two queries, a second coupon MUST be enclosed.

PETA
"Film Pictorial"
(2 Queries)
MARCH 4, 1939



The eyes of the World are on THEM!

1200 PHOTOGRAPHS
1200 BIOGRAPHIES

Spot those players who take your fancy on the screen. Turn up their photographs in "Who's Who" and read all about them—their birthdays, films, their rise to fame. This book will make your visits to the cinema more interesting. Regular filmgoers will find it indispensable. To those who only go to the pictures occasionally it will open up a vast background to the movies, even more romantic and fascinating than the shadow world depicted on the screen by these same stars.

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Test your present tooth-paste. Put it to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your teeth. If you feel the slightest trace of grittiness—change to Odol at once. Dentists know that Odol is the quality tooth-paste, the smoothest and safest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

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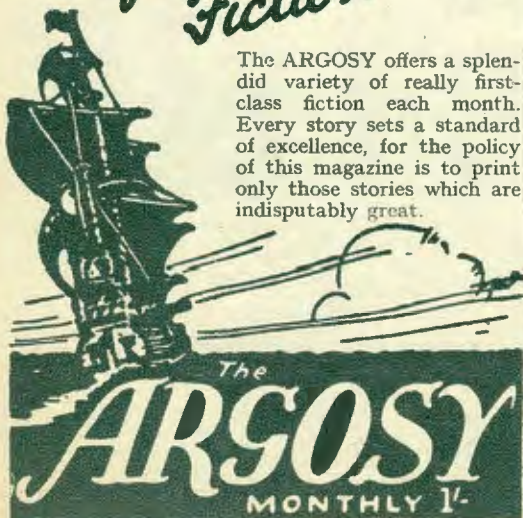
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The Magazine of Masterpiece Fiction



The ARGOSY offers a splendid variety of really first-class fiction each month. Every story sets a standard of excellence, for the policy of this magazine is to print only those stories which are indisputably great.



The Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico and Harpo, as they appear in "Room Service," another uproarious comedy. This time their humour is more restrained and less brutal than usual.

John Milford's Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

glamorous hero and heroine, and there is a good piece of acting in a small role from Joseph Schildkraut.

*RACKET BUSTERS

HUMPHREY BOGART.....	Martin
GEORGE BRENT.....	Denny Jordan
GLORIA DICKSON.....	Nora Jordan
ALLEN JENKINS.....	"Horse" Wilson
WALTER ABEL.....	Allison
HENRY O'NEILL.....	Governor
PENNY SINGLETON.....	Gladys
ANTHONY AVERILL.....	Crane
OSCAR O'SHEA.....	Pop
ELLIOTT SULLIVAN.....	Charlie Smith
FAY HELM.....	Mrs. Smith
JOE DOWNING.....	Joe
NORMAN WALLIS.....	Gus
DON ROWAN.....	Kimball

Warner (American). Director: Lloyd Bacon. "A." Running time: 71 minutes.

JUDGING from the number of city clean-ups instigated by zealous district attorneys, America must by now be quite a goody-goody little country. Yet, in spite of this rather played-out theme, *Racket Busters* is a good film and one that I enjoyed.

A big-time racketeer called Martin schemes to control New York's food supply. So he muscled in on the city's food market by organizing, through terrorism, the Manhattan Trucking Association, which, for an invitation fee of 500 dollars, professes to give innocent truck drivers "protection."

Allison is the city prosecutor who is appointed to run him out of business and, if possible, into prison. Threatened by violence from Martin's thugs, victims are afraid to talk, so Allison has a law passed which makes it an indictable offence to withhold evidence.

Denny Jordan is a truck driver who refuses to be intimidated by the threats of the racketeers. But when they threaten his wife who is about to have a baby, he succumbs to their demands and even joins their gang.

George Brent isn't quite convincing as Jordan, the truck driver, but as Martin, Humphrey Bogart is sometimes terrifying.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE

BORIS KARLOFF.....	Mr. Wong
GRANT WITHERS.....	Capt. Street
MAXINE JENNINGS.....	Myra
LUCIEN PRIVAL.....	Mohl
JOHN ST. POLIS.....	Roemer
WILLIAM GOULD.....	Meisk
HOOPER ATCHLEY.....	Wilk

Pathé (American). Director: William Nigh. "A." Running time: 68 minutes.

I FELT quite sorry for Boris Karloff as the charming Mr. Wong. This new Oriental sleuth-hound is so very Charlie Channish that I couldn't help feeling that he was merely an imitation of an original idea by Earl der Biggers, creator of Charlie Chan.

All the same, I thought that Boris gave a good performance and did his best to fight clear of the Chan and Moto traditions, which was difficult.

Three business men are mysteriously killed. But the question is: Were they murdered, and if so, how?

Well it's all very ingeniously worked out, and very thrilling, too. Right up your street if you

like clever detective stories that require plenty of concentration.

HELD FOR RANSOM

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY.....	Betty Mason
GRANT WITHERS.....	Larry Scott
BRUCE WARREN.....	Don
JACK MULHALL.....	Morrison
KENNETH HARLAN.....	McBride
HARRY HARVEY.....	Mole

Grand National (American). Director: Clarence Bricker. "U." Running time: 59 minutes.

A POOR quality film dealing with the exploits of a kidnapping gang which attempts to get £50,000 ransom by kidnapping a wealthy man. Their plans go astray when an outsider finds the money and tries to return it.

OLD IRON

TOM WALLS.....	Sir Henry Woodstock
EVA MOORE.....	Lucy
CECIL PARKER.....	Barnet
RICHARD AINLEY.....	Harry
DAVID TREE.....	Michael
HENRY HEWITT.....	Wilfred
LESLIE PERRINS.....	Richard Penhau
VERONICA ROSE.....	Lorna
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.....	Eileen
HUBERT HARBEN.....	Hamble

British Lion-Tom Walls (British). Director: Tom Walls. "U." Running time: 80 minutes.

TOM WALLS seems to have made a lot out of nothing here. And even then, it seemed hardly worth making. The story is very dry and uninteresting, but if you like watching a lot of bickering people quarrelling for 80 minutes, you'll probably enjoy it immensely.

Sir Henry Woodstock is a hard-bitten old ship-owner who rules his family, quarrels with everyone and loves his eldest son, Harry. But Harry marries the daughter of a business rival and it is only a manslaughter charge in the last reel that finally reunites father and son.

ROAD DEMON

HENRY ARTHUR.....	Jimmy Blake
JOAN VALERIE.....	Jean Rogers
HENRY ARMETTA.....	Papa Gambini
TOM BECK.....	Ted Rogers
BILL ROBINSON.....	Zepher
JONATHAN HALE.....	Anderson
MURRAY ALPER.....	Hap Flynn

Twentieth Century-Fox (American). Director: Otto Brower. "U." Running time: 70 minutes.

WE don't have many motor-racing films, so these thrills should be quite a change.

Don't expect anything original from the plot, but it's full of action with crooked race drivers, frame-ups and spectacular crashes that make good vigorous entertainment.

TWO-GUN LAW

CHARLES STARRETT.....	Bob Larson
PEGGY STRATFORD.....	Mary Hammond
HANK BELL.....	Cookie
EDWARD LE SAINT.....	Ben Hammond
CHARLES MIDDLETON.....	Wolf Larson
ALAN BRIDGE.....	Kipp Falkner

Columbia (American). Director: Leon Barsha. "U." Running time: 55 minutes.

WOLF LARSON is a western badman who, because of an affection for his adopted son, decides to go straight. And to keep the boy clear of crime, he sends him away to get an honest job on a ranch.

There he becomes involved with a gang of rustlers and to outwit them is forced to rob a stage coach.

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE STARS

By MOLLIE MONCRIEFF HART

GRACE MOORE IS PERSONALLY INTERESTED IN HER FANS

LOVELY Grace Moore is a star who takes a personal interest in her Friendship Club. Moreover, she is interested in its members, to whom she frequently sends letters and autographed pictures of herself.

No wonder the club is becoming more and more popular and every week I get heaps of letters asking for details of it.

The club will soon be celebrating its third birthday, and to mark the occasion, a special issue will be published of the weekly magazine, "Grace Moore Melody" . . . what a grand title, isn't it?

Annual subscription to the club is 3s. 2d. which, at Grace's request, is devoted to the Musicians' Fund.

Grace recently returned to America from Cannes and will spend the next few months making a concert tour. Her latest French film opera—*Louise*, will soon be seen in this country.

A new branch of the Federated Film and Stage Association for East London and Essex has just been inaugurated, and those of you who are interested in this fine social organization should write for particulars to the secretary, Mr. E. W. J. Bacon, 11 Erroll Road, Romford, Essex.

New Secretaries Wanted

MR. Norman Cresswell, who is the local secretary of the Birmingham branch, organizes many jolly social activities every month, and he will be pleased to answer inquiries from prospective members at his new address, which is 73 Cheverton Road, Northfield, Birmingham.

There are other branches of the association in Surrey, Burnley and Taunton, and if you

should live in any of these districts you should communicate with these local secretaries: Surrey Branch: Miss Jean Smith, 95 Henley Avenue, North Cheam, Surrey; Burnley Branch: Mr. Phillip Oddie, 63 Clough Street, Burnley, Lancs.; Taunton Branch: Mr. Arthur Holyday, 15 Mountfield Road, Taunton, Somerset.

The association, by the way, requires a new secretary for its Portsmouth and District Branch. Applicants must provide two good references, and should be willing to give a little time to the working up of this branch. The position is entirely honorary, but carries many advantages with it. Applications for the local secretaryship of this branch, also from other large provincial towns where branches have not yet been formed, will be welcomed and should be addressed to the secretary of the association, Miss Kathleen Costello, 32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

Binkie Stuart's Club

READERS who are interested in the *Binkie Stuart Club* should write to Mr. Raymond Moss, 17 St. Leonards Road, East Sheen, Mortlake, London, S.W.14. To celebrate the Club's first birthday this month, and also the birthday of the very youthful Club President, reduced enrolment fees are being offered to prospective members during the next few weeks. Members of this Club are starting a toy fund for children in the National Children's Home and Orphanage, and the National Children's Adoption Association. If Binkie isn't filming on the Club's birthday, she'll personally distribute to the children her Club's collection of toys.

Miss Norah Wilson of 2 Dynevor Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.16, reports



Grace Moore, whose Friendship Club is so popular.

that the membership of the Flora Robson Club is steadily increasing. In addition to the monthly meetings, theatre parties, and picnics, there is also a correspondence and dramatic section. On joining the club, each member receives from Miss Robson a personally signed photograph.

Miss Audrey Knowlson of 90 Chaplin Road, St. Mark's, Easton, Bristol, is the newly appointed British representative of the *International Jane Bryan Friendship Club* recently formed by Mr. Fred Ferguson, of Columbus, Ohio, under the personal supervision of Jane Bryan.

Members of John Loder's Club will be delighted to hear that he has returned to England to play in *Chinese Fish*, with Valerie Hobson and Rex Harrison.

The fifth issue of "Star Gazer" published by Rex Maid of 36 Lamerton Road, Lower Whitley, Reading, Berks, for the members of the Reading Screen Society has just come to hand. In addition to film news and articles on Anna Neagle and other popular stars, this magazine also caters for stamp collectors and book-lovers.

May we Groom You to Stardom?

We are not offering to put you on the screen, but we can make you the centre of any gathering. We can groom you to star in any circle. Grooming for beauty is the sole *raison d'être* of WOMAN and BEAUTY, a magazine which believes there are no plain women—only women who have not learnt how to be beautiful. Don't envy the stars—learn how to make other women envy you!

WOMAN and BEAUTY

HELPS YOU TO LOOK YOUR BEST

Monthly 6^d

Be beautiful—Be blonde!

Hiltone makes you a lovely, natural blonde.

Don't risk damaging your hair with harsh bleaches, ask your hairdresser to use Hiltone. Colour is gently dissolved away because Hiltone is a non-dramatic bleach.

A NATURAL LOOK.

Hiltone Bleached hair has a lovely, soft, silky *natural* look. There's no brassiness, and no "hard" effect with Hiltone.

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER.

Next time ask your hairdresser for HILTONE. He'll be delighted and so will you.



HILTONE BLEACH

To make hands lovely and keep them white—



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GLYMIEL

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Why it must be **GLYMIEL**

Only Glymiel will do! Because only Glymiel possesses the secret of sinking in without greasiness or stickiness to whiten and soften from underneath the skin. Rub a little Glymiel well in after washing, before exposure to winds and every night. Get Glymiel today!



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Don't upset your child's stomach with internal "dosing." To break up his cold—or your own—quickly and safely, rub this powerful ointment on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. It acts direct through the skin like a poultice and at the same time releases medicated vapours that are breathed in for hours. This direct double action soothes irritation, relieves coughing, loosens phlegm, makes breathing easy, breaks up most colds over night.

Just rub on **VICK**
BRAND
VAPOUR-RUB

GEORGE FORMBY

In this, the second instalment of George Formby's Life Story by R. EWART WILLIAMS, George fights against his Father's ambition for him to become a great jockey, and but for the kindly intervention of fate is nearly killed in his efforts to escape from the stables.

GEORGE FORMBY'S best story of his days as a jockey apprentice in Ireland is of the horse which he tamed with a mouth-organ.

This horse was appropriately named Wildwood, and the only person in the stables who could ride him was the trainer's son, Tommy Burns. Others were pitched off or, if that failed, Wildwood would fall and roll over on top of the jockey.

He also disliked anyone to enter his box, but by accident George discovered that Wildwood liked music. By playing his mouth-organ, he was able to get in the box without mishap, and even to groom him. But if the music stopped, even for a moment, Wildwood immediately became restive.

Johnny Burns, the trainer, chuckled when he heard of it, and sent for George. "I hear that Wildwood has taken a liking for you," he said genially. "That's excellent, my boy. In future you can exercise him."

"Yes, sir," said George nervously.

The Mouth-Organ Jockey

ONCE again the mouth-organ came into play. He played it as Wildwood was led out of his box, he played it while it was being saddled, and he played it again as soon as he had vaulted into the saddle. And then the string of horses would move out of the stable, with one small boy feverishly mouthing the organ for the amusement of the temperamental horse—and his own safety!

"Wildwood never came near to winning a race," said George regretfully, "because he was always up to some trick or another. Now if I'd

been allowed to ride him and to play the mouth organ as we raced, perhaps Wildwood might have earned his keep. But the stewards of the Jockey Club have strict ideas about that kind of thing. A pity—I'd like to be known as the jockey who won a race with a mouth-organ."

But George had his bad moments as well as the amusing ones. On one occasion he was exercising a horse on the seashore when an old newspaper fluttered across the sands. The horse was startled and threw George off its back. He landed on a rock and was picked up unconscious. When he was taken to hospital, they discovered that he had injured his back and broken his collar-bone. Fortunately he suffered no permanent harm.

Within a few months he was back at work in the stable again, but already he was beginning to feel that life didn't suit him. His accident had not shaken his nerve, but he began to dislike the firm discipline of the stable. Also he was putting on weight, and he had the sense to realize that, moreover, there wasn't much future for him as a jockey.

Under Arrest

SO George decided that he would run away from the stable. One of his friends was a lad named Hamilton, who had also made up his mind to leave, and together they planned to escape.

Their first objective was Dublin and one night, after everyone was in bed, they dressed and slipped out of the house. They had a 25-mile walk ahead of them, and they hadn't gone far when a thunderstorm broke. Teeming rain drenched them to the skin as they plodded along the road, bundles slung over their backs containing the principal of their worldly possessions.

As dawn was breaking, a man with a donkey and cart pulled up beside them. The driver listened to their story, and although he told them they were "apprentices running away," gave them a lift for part of their journey.

When they resumed their plodding, it was still raining and it continued until, at three o'clock on the following afternoon, they reached Dublin. George knew the address of a landlady with whom his father lodged when he was in Dublin, and the surprised woman gave them a kindly welcome. She dried their clothes, gave them a hot bath, and prepared a good meal.

They left in the evening to catch a train, but got no farther than the railway station. Two burly policemen placed them under arrest and carried them off to the nearest police station. There they



Above: Young George Hoy, music-hall comedian. But look harder and you'll notice a faint resemblance to George Formby. In fact, it IS George Formby, and this photograph was taken at the beginning of his career before he took the name of Formby which his father had made famous on the stage before him. Right: Yet another phase of George's life, this time as a jockey. He doesn't look too sure of his mount, does he?



RIDES TO FAME

were given a four-course dinner—they still want to know whom they have to thank for that meal—and George entertained them with some of his father's songs.

In fact, George was enjoying himself. "If this is prison, I wouldn't mind staying here for good," he laughed. One of the policemen grunted: "You're going into the cells, my lad. See how you'll like that." A few minutes later they were lying on hard wooden beds, with a couple of blankets to keep them warm. And after one night in prison, George has never had the slightest desire to repeat the experience.

Next day they were sent back to the stable, where they were given a sound thrashing. And for the next few months George abandoned all ideas of running away, although he continued to pine for the sight of his family and the familiar Lancashire landmarks.

He made his next attempt single-handed. He had been sent to Baldoyle for a day's racing, and in his bag he carried a suit of clothes. At a convenient moment he slipped away from the course, changed from breeches into his suit, and took a tram to Kingstown.

Saved—by a Cake

HIS idea was to catch a mail boat to Holyhead, but fate had determined that he should be left behind. Feeling hungry, he tucked into a good tea and lingered so long over the last cake that he reached the pier five minutes after the boat had sailed.

Gloomily he watched it merge into the horizon, and his thoughts were centred upon the punishment he would receive when he showed his face at the stables. It was not until a day or two later, when the pain of punishment had already eased, that he heard of the tragedy he had avoided.

The mail boat had never reached Holyhead. While it was still in mid-Channel, a German submarine had suddenly appeared and sent a torpedo into the crowded boat. In the resulting panic hundreds of lives were lost and only a handful survived.

Six months later George made his third, and final, getaway. This time he was determined that no lurking policeman should spoil his plans, and so he used the excuse of going to Dublin to have a suit fitted. When he arrived in the city, he went straight to a theatrical manager who was a friend of his father's and asked for money to enable him to get home.

The manager smiled. "How will you get home if I don't give you any money?" he asked.

The young fellow on the horse is jockey George Formby. No, it's not a scene from his latest film. It was taken in the days before he went on the halls, when his father wanted him to be a great jockey instead of a film star.



George thought for a moment. "I don't know," he replied. "But I'll manage it somehow. I'm not going back to the stables."

The manager gave him £3. Within a few hours George was crossing the Irish Sea, and he arrived home at three o'clock in the morning.

His father was flabbergasted by this unexpected turn of events. The whole story of the three attempts to run away came tumbling out, and he must have been bitterly pained to see all his plans crashing down. But he concealed his disappointment, and also made up his mind that he would make one more attempt to turn his son into a successful jockey.

The Last Attempt

THIS time George was sent to a stable in Yorkshire, and three months later was transferred to Newmarket. Now he began to take an interest in his surroundings, although still he had no ambitions to spend his life on the Turf. But Newmarket was the centre of the racing world, and he had heard many stories of its people.

He took a fancy to the old Cambridgeshire town, and to the many well-known racing personalities that he met there. He saw the famous Lord Derby and Lord Lonsdale at close quarters, and he was flattered by the interest which visitors to the stable took in him. They would ask after his father and then hint that they would like to hear him sing one of his father's songs. George obliged willingly, knowing that a song meant a handsome tip.

But George's career as a jockey was nearly over. He now weighed nearly eight stone and so was too heavy to ride in flat races. So he was transferred to yet another stable, and for the next few months rode in steeplechases, where his weight did not matter so much.

Then, in 1921 when he was only 15, his father died suddenly. George had spent Christmas at home and had had a few hours with his father, who was due to appear in a Newcastle pantomime. Less than a month later he received an urgent message to go at once to his father, who was lying dangerously ill there. He died three days later.

Following in Father's Footsteps

"I was thankful that he died in the peaceful belief that he had made me a jockey," said George quietly. "He had made great sacrifices to enable me to be a success, and he kept many horses in training so that I should always be well supplied with mounts."

"But I knew that I could never be a jockey. My weight was still increasing, and I could see no future for myself in horse racing."

"Anyway, I left the stables, and went to stay with my family at Warrington. Then a pal of mine decided to go abroad, and he asked me if I would like to go down to Southampton to see him off. That sounded a grand idea, and I thought I would have a few hours in London on the way back."

"The natural thing to do was to see a show, and looking down the list of theatres and music-halls I picked on the Victoria Palace, where my father had appeared more times than he could remember."

"I thoroughly enjoyed myself until, towards the end of the show, a comedian came on and began to give my father's old act. He even used the same individual mannerisms and tricks, and I felt hot with indignation. Angrily I pushed my way past the row of laughing people, and walked out of the theatre."

"I spent half the night walking round London. It didn't seem right to me that a total stranger should be stepping into dad's shoes. If anyone was to use that act, it should be one of his own family."

"That was an idea! I remember that I stopped in the street. Why shouldn't I go on the halls and carry on the family tradition?"

•• In the third instalment of this life story, you must read how George got his first music-hall engagement and fell in love with the girl who afterwards became his wife.

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THE SCREEN PARLIAMENT - - - WRITE A LETTER AND WIN A PRIZE

SEQUELS DON'T EQUAL SUCCESS



Myrna Loy, William Powell and May Robson in a scene from "After The Thin Man." This was one of the few sequels that almost equalled the original.

THE other day a group of film-fan friends of mine were discussing the question of why sequels to hit films rarely attained anything like the popularity of the originals. We came to the following conclusions:—

First, many of the outstanding films achieve their popularity through startling originality of theme or treatment. Two excellent examples of this were *Frankenstein* and *King Kong*. In both instances the film companies tried to cash in on their popularity by sequels containing a re-hash of the ingredients of their predecessors, but the novelty of the idea had, to a large extent, ceased to appeal, and the films had to rely on their own intrinsic value, which was comparatively small.

Secondly, the film companies make no attempt to conceal the fact that they rely on the appeal of the predecessor more than on the actual merit of the sequel, for they introduce the original title into the sequel, no matter how inappropriate it may be; as for example, *Bride of Frankenstein*, which was meant to convey the bride of the monster, and not of Dr. Frankenstein, its creator.

Lastly, the cinema is an art, and just as no artist can be sure of painting a masterpiece, no matter how much care he takes, no producer can say with certainty, "I'm going to produce a smash-hit," despite all advance-publicity and lavish spending.

Two of the most meritorious films of the past few years were *The Thin Man*, which was made in a fortnight, and *Three Smart Girls*, which contained no first-rate stellar names. On the other hand, Cecil B. De Mille lavishes money, time and talent on super-spectacles which somehow just miss the mark. Thus it is that when a film really appeals to the public, the producers

cannot guarantee to turn out a sequel of equal merit.—*J. P. Jackson, Bellington Road, Chesham, Bucks. (This letter wins our first prize of £1 1s.)*

Music, Maestro, Please

SIR,—One of your correspondents wants all music cut out of non-musical films. Whatever would some of the "climax" scenes in films be without the use of music?

Take, for example, the *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, with Edna Best waiting for the certain crescendo in the concert at the Albert Hall at which the shot was to be fired.

The beginning of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would have been terribly dull without Mendelssohn's music.

Perhaps one of the most superb effects that has stuck in my memory was in *Secret Agent*, when John Gielgud walked up the aisle in the little church, the music of the organ getting louder and louder, and suddenly stopping as he finds the organist dead.

Music can easily add to the confusion or terror of a film, for instance, the bedlam that followed when Regus turned on the music box trying to escape when he was about to be shot in *Algiers*, the music in *Things To Come*, and still more the dismal playing of the barrel organ, during the air raid, by a blind man in *Mademoiselle Docteur*.—(Miss) G. M. Quinn, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

••• In the instances you mention, the music all seems to spring from happenings in the film itself, and this is certainly the best way of introducing music to heighten an effect; but do you approve of film music that seems to come "out of the atmosphere" without any special reason for its being there?—The Editor.

Forced Happy Ending?

SIR,—Surely this apparent insistence on the part of English producers on happy endings in spite of all that has gone before becomes at times almost farcical. As an example I cite the Laughton picture, *The Vessel of Wrath*. In this we see Laughton as an exiled English ne'er-do-well, living a life of drunkenness and deceit; and Elsa Lanchester a sanctimonious school teacher, dead against all looseness and with no sex-appeal. The outlook of each on life is totally different; everything about them shrieks of clash every time they meet.

At first they do clash, admittedly. Then, suddenly, she spends a night practically alone on an island with him. She expects him to play the sinner, and he does not. Instead he casually throws a rug over her. Out of that act she conceives a new respect for him, an interest that, heavens knows why, ripens into love.

While fighting together an outbreak of typhoid and the superstition of the natives on an adjoining island, they confess their love. In most instances, I believe, this sharing of a common danger by a man and a woman would bring love. But with these two people, I refuse to believe it.

Therefore, the final scene, in which Laughton, now a respected innkeeper, is married to the former missionary made me yawn with disbelief. I ask: Are

filmgoers expected to swallow everything, all the time?—Reginald B. Baxter, Low Street, Hoxne, Diss, Norfolk.

••• But have you read the original Somerset Maugham story on which the film is based? It's just the same and really convincing. And would you have had Laughton alter the ending of the original? What an outcry there'd have been then!—The Editor.

Mis-Leigh-ding

SIR,—I am interested to learn that Vivien Leigh has been selected for the part of Scarlett O'Hara. Miss Leigh may be a good actress, but is her pronounced English accent going to spoil her performance as, according to the critics, it has done with Kenny Baker in *The Mikado*?

I say English girls for English roles, and American girls for American parts. I think the role is eminently suitable for Bette Davis after her excellent work in *Jezebel*.—(Miss) M. Butler, Park View, Huyton, Liverpool.

••• Many Americans feel as you do, but you are the first English person to complain of the choice of Vivien Leigh for Scarlett. And in any event, Bette Davis's accent would be just as unsuitable as Vivien's, for she is a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee from North America, as her unconvincing Southern accent in "Jezebel" showed.—The Editor.

Be Fair To Hollywood

SIR,—I do not agree with Miss B. Meiklejohn when she states that Hollywood is a failure when it comes to adaptations.

She quotes the two film versions of Shakespeare as being a promise of more to come, and then silence on the part of the film city. The reason for this silence should be apparent to anybody; Shakespeare is not everybody's idea of entertainment, and it is in no way due to lack of talent that Hollywood has stopped producing the works of the bard on the screen.

The same applies to opera. Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and the rest were not put into full-length heavy operas which would have been unpopular, but allowed to sing only the more popular melodies in films which, I agree here, were rather inane.

Had they been cast in full opera every time their film lives would have been very short indeed.

Can it be fair to Hollywood when one remembers such adaptations as *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and *David Copperfield*, to mention only two among many, to say that it "makes a hash of every subject it tackles"?—J. Roberts, Seafield Road, Hove.

Bergner Still The Greatest

SIR,—I was greatly interested to read the recent excellent article by Peter Gerrard about Elisabeth Bergner.

I contend she is easily the greatest film actress that ever strutted before the camera. That she should be condemned for that one bad film she has been associated with, *Dreaming Lips*, in which she really did wonders with the most impossible material and

wretched support, is amazing, proving only the short-sighted fickleness of the general public.

When her great film *Escape Me Never* was shown in Hollywood, the whole colony of experts, including stars whose thrones she was threatening, acclaimed



A reader suggests that Glynis Johns (above) should play the heroine of "National Velvet," the film about horse-racing that MGM are planning to make in England. Spencer Tracy is to have the male lead.

THE FIGHT'S ON! supporters of the Hardy and Jones families rally to the defence of their favourites

SIR,—I was interested to read what your Durham reader thought of the Jones and Hardy families.

I certainly agree that the Hardys are much better. They are so jolly and their affairs are most interesting. Mickey Rooney's presence alone makes the films worth seeing, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy are a charming couple.

But the Jones family have always bored me, they are so dull, hardly any of them can act.—Teresa Devine, Poplar.

SIR,—I, too, prefer the Hardys, chiefly because of Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone. Both are excellent actors in their own line. The

kid brother of any family is always the centre of attraction and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer know this; that's why they made such an excellent choice, and selected Mickey Rooney. But in the Jones Family the brother is older and the limelight is seldom on him.

Stone's portrayal of the stern but just father is a superlative one, but Jed Prouty's Mr. Jones is a caricature of a hen-pecked husband.—Charles Mudie, Lewisham, S.E.13.

SIR,—Give me the Jones family any time! They were the first and are still the best in regard to adventure or calf love. All

the members of this cast act in unison with one another. None are guilty of over-acting, as quite often happens with Mickey Rooney, the young blood of the Hardys.

The Hardys are copying the adventures of the Joneses. The latter have been in Paris—so the former go "out west."—J. R. Sheffield.

SIR,—In the Jones v. Hardy controversy, I vote, unhesitatingly, for the Joneses. Between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Hardy there is little difference, although I must confess to a preference for the former.

Mr. Jones, I submit, is a much

more natural father than Mr. Hardy, who spends at least a quarter of the picture preaching to his son Andy.

How much nicer are the Jones boys than the obnoxious Andy Hardy. In place of a girl-crazy adolescent, there are two average, non-jitterbug young men.

Then isn't Marion Hardy just a little bit too dumb? Bonnie Jones is far more capable. I am sure that Grandma Jones knows far more about life and is certainly more use about the house than Mr. Hardy's sister, who never does a thing.—D. R., Catford, S.E.6.

Britain's Unluckiest Star?

Sir, Surely the most unfortunate film actress to-day is Anna Neagle. The first intimation that "Victoria The Great" was to be a success with a less pleasant back-answer of its own, came when its showing was accompanied by elaborate ceremonial premières. All over the country and even to Canada Anna Neagle travelled to make personal appearances at these.

Such arduous activity is not helpful to the chances of permanent success.

But so useful is all this to the box-office that she has to repeat her Victoria performance in "Sixty Glorious Years," and to go through more tiresome ceremonial. She has become the chief publicity agent for Herbert Wilcox productions.

She is no longer regarded as a rapidly developing actress, she has become a kind of pet institution, "the woman who played Queen Victoria." The succession of versatile roles one had hoped for her is no longer considered practicable.

If she is not careful, Anna Neagle will find that a still highly promising career will have been sacrificed at the throne of "Victoria the Great."—G. Livesey, Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W.11.



A delightfully natural picture of Anna Neagle, taken on board ship on her way to America. She is described as Britain's unluckiest star by a reader this week. Perhaps the film she is to make in Hollywood will be a career- tonic for her.

her performance as perfect. She was equally wonderful in the picture *Catherine The Great*. During her temporary absence from the screen, copyists made the most of their imitations of her "wistful" technique, but to compare them with her is holding a candle up to the sun.—T. Winsome, Silver Street, Bedford.

Riddle-Me-Ree

My first is in Garbo, but not in Greta.
My second in Louise, but not in Anita.
My third is in Vallee, but not in Rudy.
My fourth is in Kelly, but not in Judy.
My fifth is in Mary and also in Pickford.
My sixth in Charles, but not in Bickford.
My seventh is in Judy, but not in Gunn.
If you have guessed so far, the first word is done.
My eighth is in Harold, but not in Lloyd.
My ninth in William, but not in Boyd.
My tenth is in Noel, but not in Coward.
My eleventh in Leslie, but not in Howard.
My last is in Stuart, but not in John.
My whole is a place where stars have gone.
To live in seclusion on quiet avenues

And enjoy the sunshine and all the fine views.
(Answer at the foot of this column.)—Sent in by Miss E. P. Hewson, Broadway, Fulford Road, York.

Will Any Producer Oblige?

Sir,—These are some things I should like to see happen in the cinema.

Wendy Hiller as "St. Joan."
Marius Goring in more films.
Less of Tyrone Power's toothy smile.
No more mutilations of classics, such as *Kidnapped*.
Maureen O'Sullivan as a "bad girl" for a change.
Margaretta Scott as a "good girl" for another and very welcome change.

Lucie Mannheim's return to the screen.
Glynis Johns play "Velvet" of *National Velvet* in the film that MGM are planning to make over here with Spencer Tracy.

Some really good horror films.
More of the *Prison Without Bars* kids, Corinne Luchaire, Mary Morris, Glynis Johns, Sally Wisner and Lorraine Clewes.

Flora Robson's return to British films.
Nova Pilbeam and Marius Goring teamed.
And, lastly, English films to maintain the very high standard they have reached with such productions as *The Citadel*, *Pygmalion*, and *South Riding*.—Stella Krotti, Wells Buildings, Wells Street, W.1.

Dubbing Preferred

Sir,—I differ in opinion with your contributor, Miss Coggins, about the dubbing of foreign films. If foreign films are to prosper in this country, the dubbing process will be very necessary.

Miss Coggins states that a small local cinema had a packed house for three nights during the showing of *Masherade*, which would make one think language difficulties made no difference to the audience.

More likely than not it would be curiosity to see a foreign film that would draw the packed houses on those three nights, but how many would leave the cinema with the dissatisfaction of having only a hazy idea of the story of the film?

Miss Coggins found it fascinating to translate the dialogue. In my opinion that would be fascinating only to the people who have knowledge of the foreign language, such as students. But to the general public who know nothing about foreign languages,

Answer to Riddle-me-ree: Beverly Hills.

what then? A foreign film to them would be a headache without the dubbing process to help them to an understanding of the story.

If perfect English is the best advertisement for an Englishman (as Miss Coggins states), I say, perfect understanding of a foreign film through dubbing is the best advertisement for the cinemas showing foreign films.

So I say on with the dubbing process in fairness to the majority of the filmgoing public who have no knowledge of foreign languages.—(Miss) Daisy V. Burry, Dunard Street, Glasgow.

Give Non-Linguists a Chance

Sir,—Cinema managers are not going to show films which do not pay. I am sure a film in a language we do not understand will not pay among the working class. Singing in a foreign tongue is understood because good music conveys to the listener its meaning, but speaking does not.

Why should the working class be denied a good film and the actors be denied the praise they deserve because the majority of filmgoers are of the working class who cannot understand foreign languages.

I hope other readers see my point of view and will encourage dubbing.—(Miss) C. Bruce, Hazelhurst Road, Tooting.

Profile Is Not All!

Sir,—For a long time I have deplored the fact that Raymond Massey has too often played second fiddle in pictures, but after having seen his forceful performance as the innocent husband in *Black Limelight*, I can honestly say he did command my sympathy.

Won't producers please realize that Massey, given a reasonable chance, can be a most attractive hero, just as Spencer Tracy is in America?

Surely a Taylor profile is not everything!—Joyce Clegg, Bury Road, Rochdale.

Trailers

The suggestion that Ronald Colman should play the part of Kitchener is ridiculous. Charming man though he be, I cannot imagine him as that grand leader of men, a great soldier, head of his own army. I am afraid Herbert Wilcox will make a mistake if he chooses him for this role.—E. Wright, London.

Schools on the screen are, as a rule, totally unlike real life. A shining exception was the brilliant schoolmaster characterization by Claude Rains in *White Banners*. His original and successful method of dealing with the clowning boys in his science class was a delight, to watch.—(Mrs.) N. M. Gibbs, Devon.

Several stars have been mentioned for the role of Joan of Arc. British studios have the ideal star in Wendy Hiller. She would be a much better choice than any of the glamour queens. And someone should give Leslie Howard the opportunity to portray Bonnie Prince Charlie. It cannot be denied that the resemblance is remarkable.—W. E. Classey, Merton, S.W.19.

A limitation of smoking in cinemas is essential to the benefit of the audience. Film going entails more eyestrain than does the theatre, where smoking is often prohibited, and such strain is increased when the atmosphere is thick with volumes of smoke. If cinemas would compromise by allowing smoking in the circle only, the situation would be better.—H. Double, Stowmarket.

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Other great features of next week's "Film Pictorial" will be . . .

A delightful pen-picture of SABU, by a young writer making her debut in "Film Pictorial," Sheila Terry-Smith; we think you'll enjoy her first article, which gives you a real insight into the character of the Indian boy who came over here to become a great star, yet who is a "real boy" at heart.

JEAN ARTHUR, star of the Academy Award film, "You Can't Take It With You," is the subject of another fascinating article next Thursday.

You mustn't miss next week's **FILM PICTORIAL**



Film Pictorial



Our Preview Page

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

THESE first pictures of Shirley Temple's new film show that she has another story on the same somewhat "Fairy-tale" lines as that great success *Heidi*—as charming as childhood memories and as sugary as that birthday cake in the picture above. In addition, this is Shirley's first full-length colour film—need we say more?

You'll be able to pick out Marcia Mae Jones, Anita Louise and Arthur Treacher with Shirley in these pictures. And another treat—clever little Sybil Jason, the British child actress, is also in the film. You don't see her? Here she is preparing someone's dinner with Shirley in the picture below.

