

MERLE, MEN and MARRIAGE - **HOLLYWOOD'S OPINION**
of **OUR MISS OBERON**

Film Pictorial

2nd

Every Thursday



*Adolphe
Menjou*

in **EDWARD SMALL'S**

"KING of the TURF"

*Pictures
and Story
Inside*

These ghosts are very awkward, turning up at the most inopportune moments in the most inconvenient places! Connie Bennett has just materialized, with Asta, in Roland Young's hotel apartment in this scene from "Topper Takes a Trip," the rollicking sequel to that hilarious fantasy, "Topper." (Below) Yes, these ghosts ARE awkward, aren't they, Mr. Young? Doing the most embarrassing things which you can't even explain.



COMING SHORTLY

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

*—Good. **—Excellent
***—Outstandingly brilliant, must not be missed

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."

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY.—Comedy that depends for its humour more upon gags than upon the main theme or situations. It tells of six slum boys who are given the chance of staying at a country mansion because a doctor has prescribed companionship with poor boys as a remedy for the apathy of a rich youngster. Scene stealers are Edward Everett Horton and Mischa Auer.

****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.

***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.

****PERSONS IN HIDING.**—There's a genuine air of authenticity behind this film which was written by J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Investigation Bureau of America. Story is of poorly brought up girl who marries a small-time crook and turns him into a notorious criminal to satisfy her longing for riches. A fine drama, forcefully made, with Patricia Morison as the girl.

***STAND UP AND FIGHT.**—Stirring story of American pioneering which doesn't quite hit the mark. Bob Taylor, tougher than ever, is Blake Cantrell, a Southern dandy who is tricked into becoming a labourer on a stage coach route which is battling hard for custom with a new railway.

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

***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.

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.

***CLIMBING HIGH.**—Don't wait for Jessie Matthews to sing, because here she doesn't. And somehow you'll be sorry. You feel as if something's missing, because the story conforms so much to the usual Jessie "musical" formula. It's grand entertainment, though, and beautifully directed by Carol Bank Holiday Reed. And Michael Redgrave, as Jessie's boy friend, gives an amusing performance.

***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 bolsterous but that is a minor point. Stars are Luise Rainer and Fernand Gravet.

****KEEP SMILING.**—Gracie Fields' best film to date, the producers having succeeded magnificently in getting her warmth and humanity down on cold

F.P. 9

JOHN MILFORD REVIEWS THE NEWEST FILMS

*TOPPER TAKES A TRIP

WHY can't they let the dead rest? You all remember that delightful fantasy, *Topper*, in which Constance Bennett and Cary Grant, as two Bright Young Things, were killed in a car crash and returned from the Hereafter to torment a little, hen-pecked bank president, Cosmo Topper, played by Roland Young?

Well, they've returned again and, I'm afraid, with less happy results than usual.

I said "they." I meant Connie. Cary Grant is featured only in a flash-back from *Topper* so as to freshen our memory. And all through the film I felt that Hal Roach, who made this sequel, was trying to worm round the story minus Cary; because Cary, at the time of production, was unavailable for the role.

So we're told, and not very convincingly, that Cary has gone to a higher plane leaving Connie behind him to get Topper out of the many scrapes which are the aftermath of the original film.

The story opens with Topper in a divorce court, with his wife, played by Billie Burke, suing him for divorce. You'll probably remember that in *Topper*, Connie, as ghost Marion Kerby, had been caught in his bedroom.

So Marion returns from the dead again to get him out of the scrape.

Mrs. Topper drops the case and goes to Europe and Topper, accompanied by Marion, follows. The funniest scenes are when Topper, absolutely broke, enters a French casino and, with the help of Marion, breaks the bank.

The film has some hilarious moments, and the photography, especially the trick photography, is extremely clever. But somehow, I never thought the story so funny as the original *Topper*.

But maybe that's the way of sequels!

****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.

****YOUNG IN HEART.**—A pleasantly sentimental film based on I.A.R. Wylie's novel of a family of adventurers, the Carletons, who live by their wits on other people's money. They pick up with a Miss Fortune, a lonely old lady whom they think will leave them her money, but the scheme goes wrong and they really fall in love with her. Cast includes Janet Gaynor, Billie Burke, Paulette Goddard, Douglas Fairbanks Jun. and Roland Young.

***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 16.)



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

Round The Studios With The British Nomad

THIS MAN WANTS to WATCH YOU LAUGH!



How a George Formby film is made. Jack Kitchin and Tony Kimmins, producer and director of the Formby comedies, hold a script conference. The Nomad tells you this week of Tony's great four to find out what makes YOU laugh.

WATCH out for him—a tall, dark-haired young man who resembles a film star. Immaculately dressed, probably in a light check fawn suit with suede shoes, he'll leave his expensive limousine a few streets away from your local cinema, walk round to the box-office and pay his money.

In spite of his elegant appearance, he'll go in the very cheapest seat.

He'll Be Watching You

IF a George Formby film is showing, and it probably will be, don't expect to see him laugh. He won't be looking at the picture anyway—he'll be looking at you. The gags are stale to him. The last time he thought them funny was when he read them in scenario form.

This young man, you see, is Anthony Kimmins, brilliant young director of George Formby films who also works on the scripts, and he wants to keep pace with your taste.

Keeping Formby On Top

ANTHONY, one-time leading man and a hit playwright—he wrote *While Parents Sleep*—has helped build George into a star. George's last film, *Trouble Brewing*, which I saw privately the other night, is even funnier than *It's in the Air*.

Anthony has built George into Britain's most popular star. Now he has to keep him in the top rank.

The film world is a small world; so small that if you become immersed in its glamour you may forget what the public wants to see. And that is exactly what Anthony doesn't want to do—he wants to know exactly what you like, what you laugh at, what you cry at.

It's A Small World

IT'S so easy to lose touch with the public," he told me this week. "I'm cooped up here, working for months on end, in the little world of film studios. And outside, public taste is constantly changing—their sense of humour, their sense of drama, changing, changing, changing. So far I've been lucky, damned lucky. George's film, *It's in the Air*, is breaking all records. George is at the top, but we've got to keep him there. That's the trouble with some directors. They'll make a hit with a certain type of film. And then they

think they can go on turning out similar hits, irrespective of the fact that the public taste has changed.

He turned away from the window and enthusiastically shook a finger at me. "It's like this," he said. "I've got to keep up to the minute, so to do it I'm going to make a grand tour. Folkestone one night, Brighton, Lancashire, Glasgow to follow. I don't know which towns I'm visiting, although Glasgow's a certainty.

Visiting The Small Cinemas

I'M going into all kinds of halls, but most of my visits will be to the smaller cinemas in the suburbs of provincial towns. Moreover, I'm going into the sixpenny seats. That's where you get your audiences. They'll probably think me terribly rude, staring into their faces, but I just want to know what they like. After all, what else matters?"

Popularizing Formby In America

ANTHONY talked of his new play which is going on in the West End later in the season. "And I'm so busy I don't know how I'll do it," he told me. "First this tour, then the script of George's new film, then directing . . ." And talking about George, Anthony let out a secret. . . . George may soon have his films shipped to America.

"It's in the air, of course," said Anthony, with a smile. "But Americans seem to enjoy British films as long as they aren't Americanized. Even Gracie Fields seems to have made a hit on the West coast. Now George, remember, doesn't fight for his laughs. His humour conforms more to the American film formula of 'reaction comedy.' He's just a simple lad who always gets the better of anyone who tries to take a rise out of him. It's a formula that never fails." He paused. "Now Americans haven't liked British comedians in the past because they've fought for laughs through gagging. George doesn't, and honestly, I don't see

why he shouldn't get over quite well in the States.

"It'll be slow, naturally, but we'll keep everything strictly British and we'll certainly not try to make films with 'an eye on the American market,' as they say in film circles.

"Of course, nothing might come of this at all. But the idea's there.

"By the way," Anthony said suddenly, "do you play darts?"

"Of course."

"Why didn't you say so before," snapped Anthony, and he took me sharply by the shoulder and propelled me into an adjoining office where a dart-board hung on the wall. He handed me three darts. "Play you for a bob," he invited.

Anthony played with terrifying skill, and, of course, I lost my bob. No wonder he can hit the bull's eye with his films, too!

Anna Lee—Steam Engine

IN the studio canteen I lunched with Anna Lee and director Walter Forde. Anna's hair was bunched up into curls and she was wearing a black spangled dress. And, Anna, how did you get that slim 1870 waist?

We all ate very ravenously. Anna was starving. "Bob Stevenson, who is directing me in *Young Man's Fancy*, works me like a steam engine," she said, smiling, "and now he wants to slim me down to nothing—nothing at all."

Francis Sullivan, sitting at the same table with a long French beard gummed to his chin, was proudly telling us of his cooking accomplishments.

"I cook all my own meals," he said. "My wife's an excellent cook, too, but she knows it pleases me to do all the cooking, and it saves her a lot of work, too. I've devised heaps of my own dishes. It's grand fun. I cook instead of reading. As a matter of fact, I could make you something now, with permission from the kitchen," he suggested.

"Providing you eat it yourself," cut in Anna.

Hussar For Griffith Jones!

ON the set afterwards I met Griffith Jones, looking very elegant in his gay Hussar uniform. He plays lead with Anna in *Young Man's Fancy* and I'm pleased that he's getting the break in British films for which he's waited so long. Griffith has turned down offer after offer from Hollywood, just because he wants to act in Britain, and until producer Micky Balcon came along with *Young Man's Fancy*, I never felt that British studios had returned the compliment.



Anna Lee was visited in her dressing-room at Ealing by her mother, Mrs. Winifrid, who had come to see Anna and her husband, director Bob Stevenson, at work on their new costume film. It's called "*Young Man's Fancy*"—and Anna is it!

The film has backgrounds of London and Paris in the 1870's and everywhere were bowler-hatted Frenchmen with long curled moustaches, small beards and those picturesque leg-tight trousers you see in family albums. And the Parisian ladies looked so oh! la la! with their dresses sweeping up the dust.

A Slightly Naughty Story

GRIFFITH and I sat down in a circus ring built on the set and talked for half an hour on sundry topics. Then he was called away to play a scene with Anna.

Bob Stevenson, directing, told me that the story of the film is witty and just a trifle naughty, but not naughty enough to offend the most conventional of tastes. Griffith plays the part of a Duke who elopes with an actress, Anna, and pretends to spend a week-end with her in Paris so that he shan't have to marry a girl he doesn't love. But they go to Paris in time for the siege of the Franco-Prussian war and they're out there for nine months.

Marie Lloyd—And Anna

GREAT news for those filmgoers who felt that Anna Neagle has been swamped with too much dignity since her film biographies of Queen Victoria. Anna is to play Marie Lloyd, after all, and that clever actor Cary Grant, who was himself a music-hall artiste in his early days, will play opposite her. The story will be a semi-fictional one built around the character of the Queen of the Halls, just as *Boystown* was an imaginary episode built round the real-life character of Father Flanagan. This will be the first film that Anna will make in Hollywood, and will, I think, give a real fillip to her at present rather static career.

I heard the news at a luncheon party given by Herbert Wilcox when he returned from America recently. He had some other interesting things to say, too, about the tie-up with RKO-Radio. Wilcox will make three or four, possibly more, super films each year, in England, but financed by Radio. All the profits will come to him. And what do Radio get out of the arrangement? They get a complete British film unit of players and technicians, including Anna Neagle, going out to Hollywood to make films out there. They have also, by the way, arranged to finance Leslie Howard Productions in the same way—which means that Howard will be returning to Britain to make more films here.

Mr. Walker Wants To Know

AT the little Highbury Studios, Grafton Films are making a screen version of that thriller, *I Killed the Count*.

The star is Syd Walker, or rather, as he prefers to call himself over the radio, "Your old friend Syd Walker." Lest you don't know, Syd is the deep-voiced vagabond who every week tells you a problem story on the radio, finishing up with that well-known line: "Now what would you have done, chum?"

Syd has been playing on the films for

years, but *I Killed the Count* is the first picture in which he has been starred.

I caught him on the set with Terence "Monte Cristo" De Marney (how he does remind me of his brother Derrick!) and David Burns, who must be Britain's pet American tough guy. Syd plays the role of a detective with Terence as his over-bright assistant.

"And how does it feel to be a star in your own right, Syd?" I asked.

"Chum, it's grand," replied Syd. "The only trouble is, these film blokes are so inquisitive. All day long I'm being asked, 'Mr. Walker, what IS the answer to your last week's radio problem.' And, of course, I can't give the game away.

"Funny thing happened the other day," Syd went on, chuckling. "I came along to the studio by tube. Just opposite were a couple of workmen. They kept on staring at me and pointing. Suddenly one of them came over. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but aren't you Syd Walker?' I said that I hoped I was, and then he turned to his chum. 'Come on,' he demanded, 'that's a bob you owe me. It IS Syd Walker, see?' And then he asked me the answer to last week's problem!"

Barbara Blair, that clever young American star who has been placed under contract by Associated

British, has been loaned out to Grafton Films for an important role in *I Killed the Count*. She plays the part of a wise-cracking American cabaret girl who is questioned about the murder.

A Friendly Battle

OLAF OLSEN and Peter Murray Hill were having a friendly battle of ability when I arrived on the *At the Villa Rose* lot at Elstree. Charles Laughton's *Jamaica Inn* is taking up so much floor space at the Associated British Studios, that the Associated British people have had to move over the road to a neighbouring studio.

Olaf Olsen, you'll remember, was that young, dark-haired son-in-law of Victoria and Albert in *Sixty Glorious Years*.

Peter had just been through a short scene with Keneth Kent, who plays the part of an astute French detective. He came back to the set where Olaf and I were sitting. "Look here, Olaf," he said, "I consider that last bit of acting of mine was absolutely magnificent."

Olaf shook his head. "Magnificently terrible," he intoned. "You might have acted with your face, your hands, your voice, but my dear Peter, what was your back doing? Nothing, absolutely nothing. An actor should act with his back, you know. And your toes? Were they doing anything? Nothing . . . absolutely! You are a very bad actor, Peter . . . what is it you call it in England? . . . Ham! A ham actor?"

Britain Strikes Back

"JUST because you gave a thoroughly bad performance in *Sixty Glorious Years* you show me how to act," Peter parried back. "I the great Peter Murray Hill. My dear Olaf, watch my carriage as I walk across the set and you'll learn something about dramatic art. I symbolize the British theatre."

"My dear Peter," drawled Olaf, "that is just the point—you do."

Peter sat down and fumbled for some cigarettes which eventually I supplied. Then he talked about his book-shop (you'll remember that I had tea with him there a month or so ago.) "I wonder what the takings are to-day?" he said, "and I wonder if any of my favourite volumes have been sold. I shall be terribly annoyed if they have been."

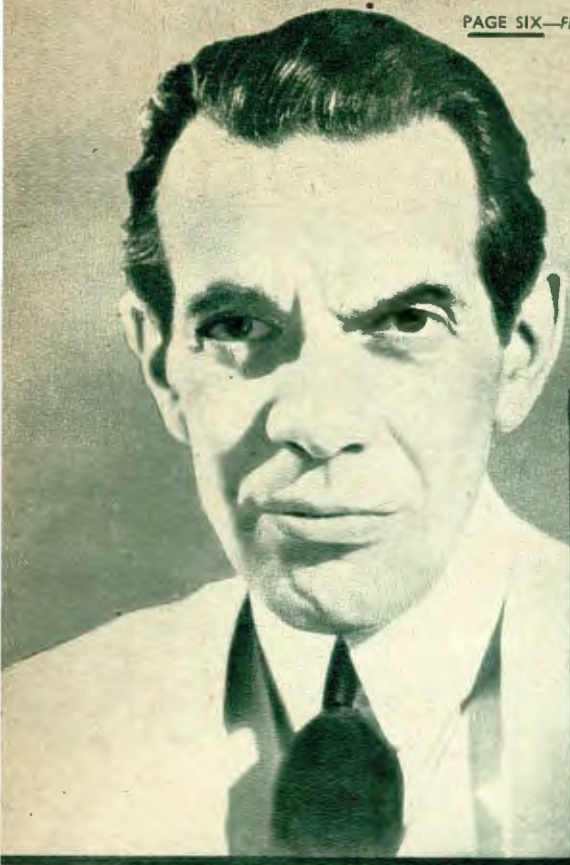
"Do you sell many books to film people, Peter?" I asked. Peter smiled. "My dear Mr. Nomad," he replied, "we do not sell penny fiction nor anything which resembles a blood and thunder. Therefore we do not!"

Just William—or rather, just young Dick Lupino, who plays Richmal Crompton's famous schoolboy character in the first "William" film. Don't you think Dick looks perfect in the role? Below: prizewinners in our Robin Hood competition received their awards from the hands of Barry K. Barnes at the Granada Cinema, Tooting. Here are Miss Hope, second prizewinner, and Miss Tripp, the winner, with Barry. He, by the way, asks us to apologize to those who turned up to see him if he couldn't autograph all your albums. Better luck next time!



FILM PICTORIAL

EDITOR:
CLARENCE WINCHESTER
TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Vol. XV, No. 369, March 18, 1939



ABE LINCOLN GOES HOLLYWOOD!

The rival Lincolns: On the left is Raymond Massey who, as the Nomad tells you, will repeat his Broadway success as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Below: Hank Fonda will play Lincoln, too. This candid snap was taken in Hank's dark room—and please note the drying socks!



RAYMOND MASSEY will be in Hollywood again in the summer. He has signed a contract with RKO - Radio to appear in a film version of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, the stage play in which he has been playing in New York through the past winter. It is by Robert Sherwood, who wrote *Idiot's Delight*, and it is, in its way, a much finer, more constructive, plea for democracy and sanity than that play.

Massey An Ideal Choice

THE story shows a little-known side of Lincoln, the struggles that he had with himself when he was a young lawyer in Illinois, before he made up his mind to take up public life. Raymond Massey will interrupt the run of the play to come to Hollywood in the summer, to make the film. Massey is a particularly suitable person to play the role of Lincoln, for not only is the great President one of his own idols, but he also has had personal contact with friends of his father who knew Lincoln.

So now Sam Goldwyn will have to hunt around for another vehicle for Gary Cooper—he had been hoping to get the Lincoln play for Gary, but Radio out-bid him.

Hank Fonda as Lincoln, Too

MEANWHILE, at Twentieth Century-Fox, preparations are going ahead for *Lawyer in the West*, another film about Lincoln as a young man, in which Henry Fonda will star. "Hank" was chosen for the role only after the most exhaustive tests. He's a good choice, for he always seems to me to be better in the serious, masculine type of film than in glamour stories or crazy affairs. In addition, he has a gift of deep sincerity, which will stand him in good stead in playing the role.

The Stars Hunt Autographs, Too

WHO are the most avid autograph hunters in the world? According to statistics, the stars themselves. Bing Crosby, for instance, has a wooden ceiling to his Cocktail Room, into which is burned the signature of nearly every star in Hollywood. He gets his visitors to autograph the ceiling with a red-hot poker.

Pat O'Brien has a door on which visitors are invited to carve their names. Gary Cooper has the more conventional visitors' book at his home—but the sidewalk in front of his dressing room

has been fixed with cement into which his star pals mark their footprints and names. You'd think you had strayed into the famous forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Arthur Hornblow, the producer, has the walls of his office lined with pictures of the scenes he likes best in the films he has produced, all signed by the stars appearing in them. The place of honour goes to a giant crayon coloured drawing of Myrna Loy, his wife.

Walter Huston doesn't collect autographs of his fellow stars—but he has a very complete collection of signatures of Abraham Lincoln. (I can see Walter's collection is going to be in demand among Hollywood producers for research purposes, what with the current fashion for films about Lincoln.) The signatures range from the scrawly, uncertain style he employed in his youth to the bold and decisive name which he signed as president of the United States.

A Problem for Jane Withers

KEENEST of all Hollywood's autograph fiends are, of course, the children working in films. Jane Withers, for instance, has a leather jacket on which her grown-up friends were invited to inscribe their names. But unfortunately a slight problem has arisen. The jacket is still intact—but Jane has grown out of it.

Even more difficult is Shirley Temple's problem. Until recently Shirley collected film star autographs with all the excitement and joy of any little girl who had never been inside a film studio. Collecting autographs thrilled her just as much as it thrills any other fan. But the collection had to come to a halt—Shirley now has all the celebrity autographs available in Hollywood!

Shirley's Poise

TTALKING of Shirley, I couldn't help being struck by the way she is developing into a really poised and charming child, when I saw her the

other night at the preview of her new colour film, *The Little Princess*. The occasion was a really "swanky" one, with many of the most famous stars in Hollywood turning up in ermines and orchids. Shirley was allowed to stay up late, which is still a rare treat for her.

As is usual at these Hollywood premières, stars were called up to the microphone on arrival and asked to speak over the air. Shirley stepped up with a complete absence of self-consciousness, and in the most friendly and charming manner addressed her army of fans. She wasn't at all forward or precocious, but just perfectly self-confident and serene.

When A Smoke Isn't A Smoke

SHIRLEY, by the way, has had to smoke a pipe for her new film, *Susannah of the Mounties*. But I have the assurance of Darryl Zanuck's lieutenants that even though Shirley may appear to have smoked the pipe, she won't really have done so. A trick pipe with concealed tubes has been designed for her, and it is manipulated by a prop man just out of camera range, who by means of rubber bulbs can make the pipe draw and emit smoke.

This gadget has been designed for Shirley by Lou Witté, the special effects expert, who planned the big fire scene for *In Old Chicago*.

Claude Rains As Disraeli

ONE of the most successful of the early talkies was *Disraeli*, in which George Arliss made such a hit. Now Warner Brothers are planning to remake the picture, with Claude Rains in the title role. Details in the Prime Minister's life which were omitted from the earlier film will be included in this new version.

Loretta Young and Cary Grant Teamed

ANOTHER outstandingly interesting piece of casting news is that Loretta Young has signed a contract (at the reputed salary of £25,000) to co-star with Cary Grant in *Our Wife* for Columbia. Harry Cohn, head of the studio, has been looking for a feminine star for this story for some time, and the film will go into production as soon as Loretta has finished *Alexander Graham Bell* at Fox, the last picture under her contract there. From now on she will freelance. She had been with Twentieth Century-Fox ever since their inception.

It'll be interesting to see how *Our Wife* turns out. Cary has developed into such a very good light comedian, and the best of Loretta's recent films were those light comedies in which she co-starred with Tyrone Power and Warner Baxter. If she and Cary can turn out the same kind of thing, filmgoers can look for a treat.

A Rose At Any Other Studio

ALSO signed by Columbia is Rose Stradner, the Viennese actress who came over here many months ago to work for Metro, but who made only one film, *The Last Gangster*, with Edward G. Robinson. As you'll remember if you saw that film, Rose displayed striking talent and charm, and it's a mystery to me why we haven't seen more of her. Now she is to appear in *Blind Alley* for Columbia, which will be directed by Charles Vidor (Karen Morley's husband) and in which Chester Morris and Ralph Bellamy will also appear. Let's hope this will be the turning point in Rose's career.

Just Like You And Me

ONE usually thinks of stars as either working hard under the dazzling arc lights or else attending

glamorous parties and previews. But what do they do on their days off from work, when they have no important engagements? Much the same as you or I, I've discovered.

Many of them, for instance, take the chance of sleeping late, which they don't normally get when work at the studio begins at nine o'clock. Some have breakfast in bed. The men like to potter around their gardens or tinker with their cars. The women catch up on their shopping.

Bette Davis is one of the exceptions who doesn't lie in bed. This is not because Bette is particularly Spartan, but simply because her terrier, Tibbie, always jumps on to her bed to waken her at seven o'clock. And Tibbie doesn't distinguish between work days and days off. For the rest of the day, Bette likes to loaf around her house and garden or take long drives through the lovely Californian countryside in her car.

George Brent Breakfasts At Lunch

GEORGE BRENT, who always has a struggle to get out of bed in the morning, no matter how early he goes to bed, sleeps so late that he is able to combine breakfast and lunch; then he practises the piano for an hour or two, and then works in the garden. But when George has two or three days off at a time, he usually goes to a "hideout" of his in the desert near Palm Springs, where he reads, sleeps and sunbathes. Sometimes he has a real spurt of energy and—takes a walk!

Errol Flynn is just the opposite, always restless, unable to relax even when he isn't working. Many a Beverly Hills friend has been awakened by a sound of splashing and has looked out of the window to find Errol making himself at home in the swimming pool. Tennis (really exhausting tennis, too), boating and fishing are other strenuous ways in which he passes his time.

Wayne Loves the Studio

WAYNE MORRIS can't keep away from the studio, even on his days off. He says he likes the atmosphere there, and gets a kick out of watching others work while he loafs.

Ann Sheridan takes a busman's holiday. She

WIN A NEW SPRING OUTFIT

Doesn't that sound attractive? You can do it by entering a simple competition in next week's "Film Pictorial." We are arranging that the winner will receive £5 credit at any store he or she chooses—just in time to get that new Spring outfit, a super-camera for your holidays, or anything else you choose. There is a Max Factor make-up outfit for the runner-up and many splendid consolation prizes.

Next week, too, will begin the LIFE STORY OF ROBERT DONAT, which Sylvia Terry-Smith has written specially for "Film Pictorial." Don't miss this story of the Manchester boy who has become Britain's foremost screen star.

usually finishes a shopping expedition by dropping in at a local cinema, catching up with the films she has missed during her working days. After all, films are almost the only topic of conversation at Hollywood parties, and a girl feels rather out of it all if she can't chatter about what she's seen.

"Production No. 734"

SO often do fans grouse about constant changes of title which cause them to miss films they wanted to see, that Republic followed a very sensible policy when they decided to change the title of their new film. It was originally called *Wagons Westward*, and when this name was scrapped the film was simply known as "Production No. 734" until the final title was decided upon. You'll see the film as *Man of Conquest*.

It's another American pioneering story with a patriotic flavour, and deals with Andrew Jackson, who became president, and Sam Houston, governor of Tennessee, and the story of how these two men brought Texas, which had belonged to Mexico, into the United States. I would take a bet that the film will be one of the big, exciting films of the year, and certainly the biggest thing Republic have ever done. They have a first-rate cast. Edward Ellis, the fine character actor who recently starred in *A Man to Remember*, will be Stonewall Jackson, and Richard Dix plays Houston, probably his finest role since *Cimarron*. Gail Patrick, Joan Fontaine, Ralph Morgan, C. Henry Gordon, Victor Jory and many other fine actors are in the cast.

But the day before work was due to begin, C. Henry Gordon was taken ill and rushed to hospital with appendicitis. He plays the important role of General Santa Ana, Houston's rival, and

believing him to be irreplaceable, the director has arranged to shoot around him in the hope that he will recover in time to play the part.

He Who Gets Dunked

CECIL B. DEMILLE has just filmed his twelfth bathtub scene in 25 years of film-making. But the occasion was notable for a complete lack of the gilt and marble splendour, gallons of milk and dozens of lovelies usually associated with DeMille's Order of the Bath.

The bath was administered to Robert Barrat by Joel McCrea, and the tub was a crude water trough erected on a set representing a pioneer camp in *Union Pacific*. It began with a fight and ended with Joel tossing Barrat bodily into the water trough, ducking him three or four times and then placing a wooden cover over him and sitting on it.

There is one other bath scene in *Union Pacific*—but this, too, is an unconventional one. It is a scene of an Indian attack on the pioneers, when the braves upset a 50,000 gallon water-tank on a speeding locomotive, exploding the engine and wrecking the train!

Mr. and Mrs. Bulldog Now

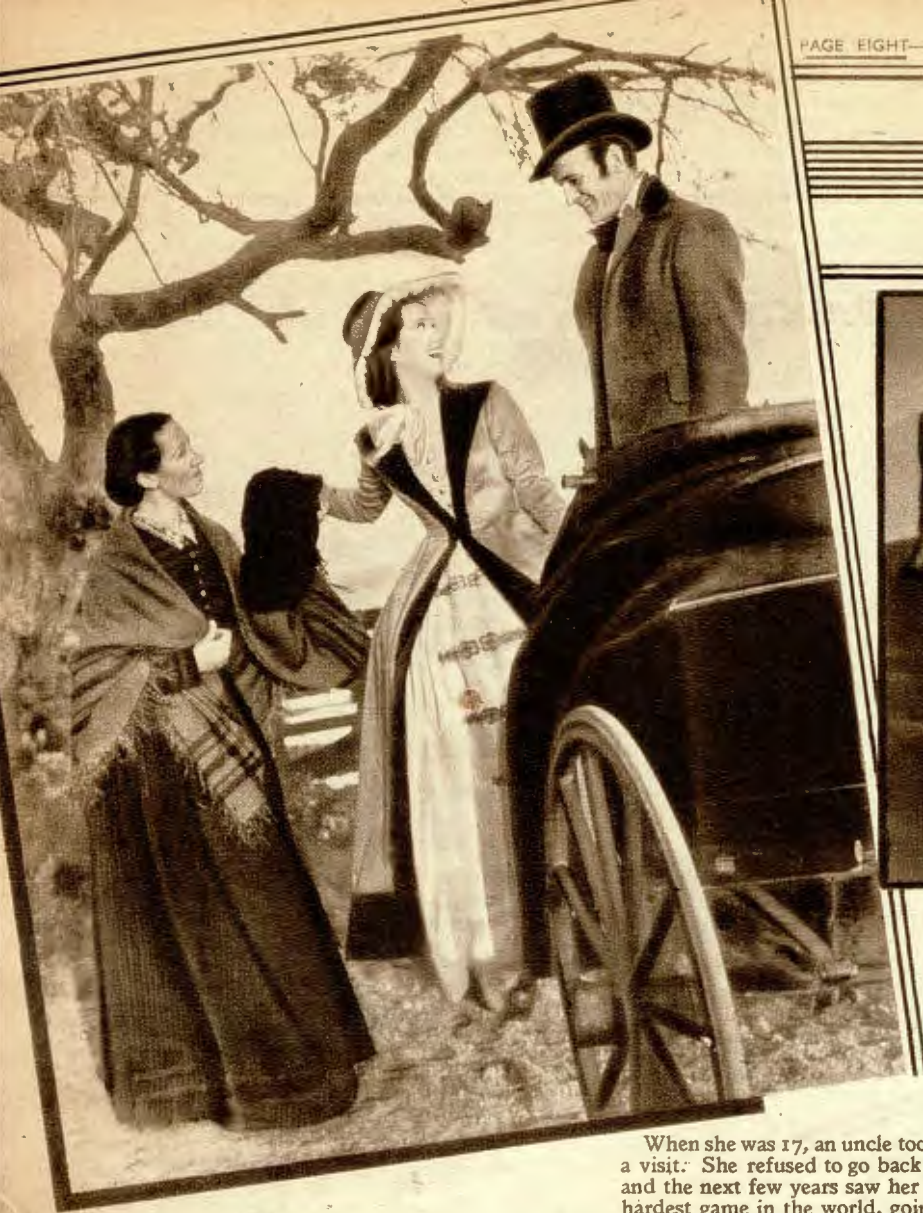
WEDDING bells will ring at last in the screen romance of John Howard and Heather Angel, who have been for so long on the verge of matrimony in the *Bulldog Drummond* series. As Bulldog Drummond and Phyllis, they will step to the altar in the new Bulldog Drummond film now before the cameras at Paramount. And I have it on the best authority that no dastardly plot of thieves or other criminals will be allowed to interfere at the last moment.

HERE'S GLAMOUR FOR YOU!

The lovely on the left is RKO Radio's starlet, Claire James, who is with Astaire and Rogers in "The Castles." But don't ask us why she wears a fur coat on top of a bathing suit. That's just Hollywood, we guess. Right: Italian glamour girl Isa Miranda, who makes her American debut in "Hotel Imperjal." Her leading man is handsome Ray Milland—and, judging from the picture below, a good time was had by all!



O-BEE



Left: Flora Robson, Merle and David Niven in a happy scene from "Wuthering Heights," which they are making in Hollywood. Above: Merle lunching with Rex Harrison in the Denham Studio restaurant while they were working on "Over the Moon," her last British film.

ON the set she is called O-Bee. Her chair, her dressing-room, the electric fan rigged up as a surprise by one of the studio employees, are all marked O-Bee. A member of the press-shy unit was asked why.

"It wouldn't sound right to call her Miss Oberon. If we didn't like her, we wouldn't tag her with a nickname. It's mutual."

She is also known as Merle, the giggler. Her giggle has a lower, more agreeable sound than the word usually denotes, resembling the sound of water gurgling in a spring. It does nice things to her face, which is nice enough under any conditions, but lights up in laughter like the face of a child who still trusts the whole world. People who have seen that happen say silly things to see it happen again. She's spotted by her giggle, as a firefly is by its spark. Hearing it from the other end of the set, someone is likely to murmur: "There's O-Bee now." Her comic sense is well developed. You needn't be particularly witty to get a response. Her own goodwill is such that the will to entertain her is almost enough.

Saw Herself in Star Role

HER gaiety does not come from any light-hearted acceptance of life as a joke. She has had ample cause to be aware of the contrary. Her mother's courageous but losing struggle to make a living after her father's death stirred in Merle a fierce sense of protectiveness. Her mother belonged to an untrained generation. She, Merle, would train herself, remove the burden from the older woman's shoulders and make up to her for all the privations she had suffered.

Merle had taken part in amateur theatricals in Calcutta, but the idea of being an actress wasn't planted till she went to a cinema that was showing the silent version of "The Dark Angel." For some reason she can't define she saw herself in the Vilma Banky role, and from then on her mind was made up.

When she was 17, an uncle took her to England for a visit. She refused to go back to India with him, and the next few years saw her trying to break the hardest game in the world, going cold and hungry, rain seeping through the shoes she couldn't afford to have mended, being turned away from door after door and plodding hopefully on, though nobody gave her anything to hope for. It's the story of thousands of stagestruck girls, too familiar to bear telling. Merle was the one in a thousand stubborn enough to take it on the chin and come back for more—not giggling, but not whining either.

Was It Mere Superstition?

WHEN success came, she took a deep satisfaction in doing for her mother all the things she had dreamed of. Ferrying, as it were, between England and America, they had always lived in hotels. Merle was sick of it. On her return to England two years ago to make a picture with Charles Laughton, she decided to rent a house and found one in Regents Park, London, that charmed her. "How can the owner bear to let it?" she asked at the time. A friend told her that the owner had taken a superstitious dislike to the house; that she was bound to get rid of it—by sale, if possible, by letting in any event, for ill luck had dogged her footsteps from the time she'd bought it. "Pooh!" said Merle, and moved in.

A few weeks later she was almost killed in a motor accident. Her injuries put her to bed for five months. Her pictures had to be abandoned. Hardly had she recovered, when the flu laid her low again. Her mother's visits to the nursing home suddenly ceased. They told Merle she wasn't feeling well, nothing serious, she'd be up in a few days. Merle tried to struggle out of bed. "I've got to go to her." She hadn't a chance, however, against her own weakness. A day or two later her mother died.

It wasn't long before she was faced with the necessity of making a decision about the house she had rented. The owner had a buyer, but would give Miss Oberon first choice. Some of her friends regarded the prospect uneasily. "Of course, we don't believe in the silly stuff, but see what's happened to you," they warned her.

"What's happened to me," said Merle, "has nothing to do with the house. I love it and I'm going to buy it."

As superstition couldn't affect her sanity, so grief has left her fundamental gaiety unimpaired.

The hurt of her mother's death was aggravated, and probably always will be, by the fact that Merle couldn't go to her, by the fact that she didn't live long enough to enjoy all the things Merle loved to lavish on her. But her daughter keeps her sorrow to herself. On those rare occasions when she speaks of it, her eyes take on the bewildered look of a lost child's.

But hers is a nature that rejects morbidity. As her healthy body craves sunlight and open air, so her healthy mind turns instinctively to the warmth of kindly relationships and the release of laughter.

She loathes Hollywood chi-chi. She has none of that false graciousness of the snob. She is unimpressed by her dignity as a movie star. She was rehearsing a scene with Walter Brennan for *The Cowboy and the Lady*, a picture so long in the making, incidentally, that Merle amended the title to *The Tired Cowboy and The Very Old Lady*.

"I don't smell, do I?" she inquired anxiously. "We had snails and garlic at Claudette Colbert's last night, and she said the flavour lingers." Next moment her voice rang out indignantly. "What do you think you're doing, Walter?" He had turned his head slightly to give her full advantage of the camera. "Will you put your face back or shall I sock you one?" the lady demanded.

Gary Cooper's stand-in is shyer, if possible, than Gary himself. Girls terrify him. He writhes visibly when he has to go into a clinch with the feminine stand-in.

One day he electrified the set by marching over to Merle, and thrusting a picture of herself under her nose. "Write something hot," he muttered. "No good wishes stuff."

Merle giggled and wrote, "Something Hot from Merle to Slim."

Fun in a Dance Hall

WHEN luncheon was called, someone yelled, "Obee's private car." The assistant director peddled up on his bike, Merle settled herself on the handlebars and was wheeled off to the restaurant.

She takes her fun on the giant roller-coaster at Venice, Hollywood's Blackpool, swooping and shrieking in terrified glee. She eats, by her own admission, like a horse, and loves to dance. Her idea of a well-spent evening is to dine at a chop suey restaurant, then go in her ordinary daytime clothes to the Palomar, where they pay five shillings for the privilege of dancing themselves into a state of exhaustion, where a movie star is just another Big Apple-er, ignored unless she steps on their feet.

JOYFUL

We have often told you how popular Merle Oberon is in British Studios. Now read this account of what Hollywood thinks of the girl whom even the studio hands call "O-Bee."

By IDA ZEITLIN.

Her studio held its annual picnic recently. The stars were asked to attend. Some of them dropped in for half an hour. Merle arrived at 11 and stayed till three, not as her good deed for the day, but because she couldn't tear herself away. She ate hot dogs and hamburgers and spilled lemonade down the front of her dress. She howled when they put Sam Goldwyn into jail for coming late—the jail being an ancient contraption on wheels and from which you are only released on payment.

A baseball game was in progress. "What the dickens is baseball?" They tried to explain, she tried to understand, and finally wailed, "I'm just an English ignoramus," and gave it up. Strong hands seized her, dumped her into the jail, and wheeled her, squealing, round the park.

She had sent her two maids to the picnic, and left them there when she went home to prepare for a dinner party at Norma Shearer's that evening. She couldn't find the shampoo, she couldn't find the towels, she couldn't find the makings for a cup of tea. She soothed her feelings by talking to herself. "Why did I let them stay? Why shouldn't you let them stay and whip up enough gumption to find out where things are kept in your own house?" She left a pathetic little note propped up on her dressing-table, asking them please to tidy up her room. She found a note from them on her return, thanking her for the lovely day they'd had.

Hilda is the cook, Frances, the maid. She brought them with her from England, "because I like them and they like me and it's nice to have friendly people around." As they're strangers in a strange land, she feels a special responsibility for them. She sends them out with the chauffeur to see the sights. She is often at Norma Shearer's for dinner, and when Norma plans to show a picture in the evening, she asks permission to have Hilda and Frances come over. They seek her expert advice as to dancing places, and come home to tell her, "Oh, miss, when we get back to England, they'll think we're mad if we dance like that."

With Sand Between the Toes

BETWEEN California and London her heart is torn. Her friends in both places are legion. A sun-worshipper and fresh-air fiend, she revels in the outdoor beauties of the south. She lives at the beach in a house rented from Norma Talmadge, and the beach is her happy hunting ground. On working days she gets up at six to swim. On non-working days, she swims and lies in the sun and goes up and down the beach to visit her neighbours, the Goetzes, the Zanucks, Norma Shearer.

She walks in the sand by preference. When her shoes get full of it, she takes them off. When it sifts through her stockings, she takes them off. When it gets between her toes, she wriggles them and feels simply fine.

But London is her home. It's the place her people came from, it's the place where her beloved house is. She was frantic because she had to leave while the house was being renovated. She sends long cables describing to the last fraction of a detail how she wants her curtains hung. She sighs, "Those lucky contractors. They can walk up my beautiful staircase, and I can't." To no picture has she looked forward with greater eagerness than to *Wuthering Heights*, which she is at present making. Yet even *Wuthering Heights* has taken on something of the guise of a dragon, looming inexorably between herself and her beloved house.



A beautiful open-air picture of Merle and Laurence Olivier as they appear in "Wuthering Heights." It looks as if Sam Goldwyn is putting quite a lot of cheerfulness into the grim Brontë masterpiece.

London is also the home of Alexander Korda. What Korda means to Merle can only be guessed at. Their friendship blossomed during the period of her last stay in London, during the period when so many things happened to her, when after her illness, she made "The Divorce of Lady X" and "Over the Moon." That, at least, is the supposition.

Hollywood suspected nothing till the slender Hungarian, with his sensitive face and great personal charm, arrived a few months ago, ostensibly on business only. He and Merle were constantly together, taking candid joy in each other's company. The air bristled with questions, which remain unanswered. The principals smile and keep their mouths shut, the curious continue to burst with curiosity, but the only conclusion safely to be drawn is that Korda and Merle are excellent friends, and that she's looking forward to making *Lady Hamilton* for him when she goes back to England.

Her extravagances are jewels and fur coats. She loathes imitations and will wear only genuine stones, contending, reasonably enough, that they're not really an extravagance at all, but a canny investment. She offers no such alibi in vindication of her passion for fur coats. "I love them," she admits, "for themselves." She is one of the rare possessors of a chinchilla coat.

A Romp With the Baby

OTHERWISE, her interest in clothes is that of any woman. "Dress up and be glamorous, Merle," begged a publicity woman who was bringing an important newspaper representative to call on her. Merle appeared in a dirndl, looking all of 12 years. The newspaper man was enchanted. When she does dress up at night in something slinky, she is not immediately recognizable to her friends. "Is it you or your aunt?" they'll inquire sarcastically.

She loves puppies and babies. She pines to adopt every stray she meets, and compromises by feeding them biscuits and milk, and sending them off by private car to a dogs' home. She owns two noble

Dalmatians.

Unable to take them to England because of the quarantine laws, she was forced to leave them behind in kennels. Going to Hollywood, she drove her travelling companion crazy.

"Do you think they'll know me? If they don't know me, I'm going to turn around and go right back home."

Not only did they know her. By some sixth sense they'd also got wind of her coming, broken loose from the kennels, torn madly down the Santa Monica beach and leaped her own gate in time to welcome her home.

One of her favourite babies is Katharine Thalberg, the adorable solemn little daughter of Norma Shearer, Merle's best friend, who returns the affection. They call on one another, tell one another stories, admire one another's clothes.

Katharine's mother came in one day to find them both crosslegged on the floor, identical blue ribbons, supplied by Merle, holding their curls in place.

Katharine was handing Merle coloured beads from a bowl in her lap. Merle was stringing them and listening to a complicated tale of how Dopey had caught cold and couldn't find his handkerchief.

"Which of you two is the baby?" Norma asked.

Merle looked at Katharine, Katharine looked at Merle, and they both giggled.

40 YEARS YOUNG

MARGARET BURROWS tell you about Fay Bainter who, at 40, has won a high place in Hollywood for her brilliant acting.



Fay Bainter as she appeared in "White Banners." She won an Academy Award for her supporting work in "Jezebel," and she was nominated for another award as star of "White Banners."

IN the acclaim following the winning of the Academy Awards by those two spectacular stars, Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy, few filmgoers spared a moment to notice that Fay Bainter had performed a unique feat—that of getting into the nominations list twice, as a star for her performance in *White Banners*, and as a supporting player for *Jezebel*. Nobody had done that before, though Paul Muni once got into the lists in two consecutive years—for the same film!

The fact that Fay got into those lists twice is proof, if any were needed, of her quiet but astonishing virtuosity as an actress. That she could so hold the centre of the screen as she did in *White Banners*, in competition with that gifted actor Claude Rains, and yet be capable of submerging herself and doing good supporting work when Bette Davis was giving her best performance in *Jezebel* is a rare thing in Hollywood, where talented players are usually only too anxious to steal scenes from the stars.

As you know, Fay Bainter was given the award for the year's best work in a supporting role.

Years of Stage Experience

NOT bad, for a woman who arrived in Hollywood just over two years ago with only two cents in her pocket (though that was an accident—her husband brought some money to the airport to give to her and forgot to do so).

But, of course, it isn't just two years in Hollywood that has put Fay Bainter on top. It is the thirty-odd years of stage experience that lie behind her too. She was on the stage at the age of 10, in 1909 (which makes her present age so nice and easy to calculate, doesn't it?), and has been acting ever since. She has played such varied roles as the little Chinese girl in *East Is West*, the selfish Fran Dodsworth, the role played by Ruth Chatterton on the screen, Restoration comedy, and Barrie plays. She has been, as she put it, good women, bad women, foreign women, clever women and

stupid women. An actress with all that acting experience can take an Academy Award in her stride.

Her private life has not been exactly uneventful, either. She was the heroine of one story that "made" the front-page of every newspaper in America, so fantastic and picaresque was it.

Fay is the wife of a retired Commander of the United States Navy who during the war was in command of a destroyer. Fay was in France, doing war work. Not unnaturally, they missed one another. Then, when the war ended, Fay cabled her husband that she was sailing home on board a big liner, and would be with him in a week.

Seven whole days. The young husband couldn't wait all that time to see his wife, after so long a separation. He got the cable on board his destroyer at New York.

"Stoke up the boilers," he ordered through the engine-room telephone. And in less than no time that gallant little destroyer was ploughing through the mountainous seas of the Atlantic on no more warlike mission than to meet the commander's wife and escort her home in triumph; while the commander himself, in the manner of a modern Nelson, put the radio receiver to his deaf ear and ignored the messages ordering his return.

Naturally there was a day of reckoning. Even Nelson himself came up against authority sometimes, so how could a young Commander borrow a ship without permission and hope to escape reprimand? His sword was taken from him and he was called up for a court martial. It began to look as if the whole gallant affair would fizzle

out in a welter of red tape and official documents.

Then the Secretary of the Navy heard about it.

"Thank God romance is not dead in the Navy," he chuckled. The officers comprising the court martial, hearing of the attitude Authority was taking, changed their minds. "Naughty boy—don't do it again," they said in effect, and let him off with two years loss of promotion, two years which didn't seem nearly as long as those seven days he might have had to wait in New York.

Charm of Maturity

THAT was only the beginning of Fay Bainter's real-life love story. She and her husband are still happily married, and have a son of 14, the image of his father.

It comes as something of a surprise, in view of some of her more mature screen roles, to realize that Fay is only 40. She does not look more, indeed, but one is so used to seeing mature women such as Crawford and Shearer dressing and behaving as girls of 20, that one mentally adds at least 10 years to the apparent age of any actress.

It seems to me that Fay Bainter has solved the problem that has been besetting another, and vastly different star, Deanna Durbin. The problem is that of growing older gracefully—being one's age. As her pleasanter screen roles show, Fay has full measure of that very special charm that comes only with maturity, a kind of bloom that settles on a woman when she is sure of herself and her ability to cope with any situation, when she has realized that she has got as far as she is likely to get, and stops worrying very much about making her way in the world. Fay Bainter can look back on an exciting and interesting life, and remember it tranquilly, as if it belonged to another person. To her future roles, she can bring all the weight of experience, sifted and co-ordinated by a warm intelligence.

Possibly it was her real-life experience as the wife of an officer in the Navy that makes Fay so

good as the wife of "Captain" Ralph Morgan in *Mother Carey's Chickens*, released next week. In that role she shows all the mature, rather motherly charm that is hers in reality, though the character lacks to some extent the clear-sighted penetration of the real Fay Bainter. It was the same with those essentially "nice" roles she played in *Jezebel*, *Quality Street*, and *Arkansas Traveller*.

In that star role in *White Banners*, however, Fay had a harder task. She had to put over sentiment without letting it slip into sentimentality; she had to talk of ideals to filmgoers who often ignore the existence of such things. That she succeeded is a testimony to the power of her acting, nicely balanced between appeal to the head and to the heart.

But Fay has always dreaded being typed, and she took, as her contract with Warners allowed her to do, a role in an MGM production, *The Shining Hour*. In this, she played the only unsympathetic role in the film, that of the sister-in-law who so openly resents the intrusion of a Broadway dancer into her "county" family. This, together with her portrayal of the stupid, selfish, daughter-in-law in *Make Way For To-morrow*, make it abundantly plain that her range is wider than one might have supposed from her "mother" roles—and that includes the whole range of kindly aunts and sisters she has played, too.

Problem of Suitable Roles

I AM not one to get all hot and bothered about the question of whether a dancing cutie should avoid being typed by leaving musicals for "straight dramatic roles," which usually turn out, on inquiry, to be about as dramatic as the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. But I should simply hate to see an actress of Fay Bainter's quality wasting half her talents through being confined to one type of role. And I feel that what is all too likely to happen to her is that she may become the mother of one of the ubiquitous screen families that are so fashionable. Alternatively, she runs the risk of being hopelessly typed in a series of roles too similar to give filmgoers many pleasant surprises.

Fay herself feels the same, I know. "What could they do with a middle-aged woman?" she asks, and answers herself with, "Give her character parts and let it go at that. There aren't enough parts to justify stardom for a woman of my type."

I disagree, Miss Bainter, respectfully, but firmly. It shouldn't be hard to find the parts, if producers exert themselves. After all, 40 isn't old. A woman is then old enough, and young enough, for anything to happen to her. Some of those possibilities would make exciting screen stories. I could see Fay as Madame Curie, if Garbo doesn't do it, which seems doubtful now; she resembles the great scientist much more than Garbo does, anyway. Or as the wife in a film version of *Robert's Wife*; or in the title role of *Belinda*, or in a role similar to that in which Marie Dressler was so shockingly miscast in *The Late Christopher Bean*; or in almost any Dodie Smith story.

CORRECTION

Messrs. John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., would like to correct a mis-statement which appears on card No. 37 and in the Album of their "Film Stars" Third Series to the effect that Mr. Arnold Pilbeam—Nova Pilbeam's father—was for fifteen years business manager to the late Sir Nigel Playfair.

As a matter of fact Mr. A. P. Horn was business manager during the whole period of Sir Nigel Playfair's activities as managing director at the Lyric, Hammersmith, from May 1919 until June 1932, during which time, Mr. Pilbeam was secretary to the theatre syndicate. After the syndicate ceased to function, Mr. Pilbeam acted as Sir Nigel's business manager from July 1932 until the latter's demise in 1934.



FAMILY GROUP

In "Mother Carey's Chickens," released next week, RUBY KEELER returns to the screen in a straight role. She and ANNE SHIRLEY are both in love with JAMES ELLISON in the film—and it is Ruby who gets her man. Don't they all look charming in their old-fashioned clothes?

I KNEW RENE WHEN . . .

Anyway, the opening night of *Wonder Bar* saw Rene in the tiny role of a cigarette girl. She spoke two words. The gigantic night-club setting in the show was "dressed" with a large number of beautifully attired "supers," all of whom held similar four-pounds-a-week contracts. Working with Rene were four other young actresses, Wendy Barrie, Joan Gardner, Gertrude Musgrove and Miki Hood, all of whom were unknown at that time.

Then Rene played lead in several quota quickies: *Born Lucky*, *Peace and Quiet* (with the late Herbert Mundin), and *While London Sleeps*. And then Eric Hakim, who remembered her in *Wonder Bar*, offered her the important role of "Trixie" in Adolphe Menjou's first British picture, *Two White Arms*, which Fred Niblo had come over from Hollywood to direct for MGM.

In actress Ellen Pollock, Rene at this time found a real friend for afterwards, with no immediate film work in view, she promptly decided that she wanted to make a success on the stage. Ellen recommended Rene for the part of "Lucy" in *The Dominant Sex*. "Lucy" was the landlady's imaginative daughter who knew all about life and free-love because she got books from the library, and went to the cinemas!

Her Big Chance

DURING the run of *The Dominant Sex* Rene got her biggest "break" when she was chosen for the role of "Stasia" in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and Rene has never forgotten the help and advice given her by Conrad Veidt during the making of that film.

That set her on her feet. People knew about her, and were asking who "the little maid was?"

After *The Dominant Sex*, which ran for over a year, Rene alternated her film appearances with stage work. Her films have included *The Beloved Imposter*, *His Lordship*, *Crime Over London*, *The Rat*, *Housemaster*, *Weddings are Wonderful*, *The Return of the Frog*, and her most recent film, *Home From Home*, with Sandy Powell.

In only three of her films, *Born Lucky*, *Mountains of Mourne* and *Home From Home*, has Rene been allowed to sing, although she has sung several of her husband's compositions over the radio. Her husband, by the way, is composer George Posford.

Under the coaching of Mrs. Percy Pitt, Rene's singing voice has developed considerably, and one day it seems very probable that she will have an opportunity to exploit her fine soprano voice.

Since *The Dominant Sex*, Rene has appeared on the stage in *The Admirable Crichton*, with Giles Isham; *Bees on the Boatdeck*, with Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier; *Yes and No*, with Diana Churchill; *Three Blind Mice*; and at present is appearing with Beatrice Lehmann and Carol Goodner in *They Walk Alone*.

MOLLIE MONCRIEFF HART, who wrote this pen picture, has known Rene Ray since they were youngsters together, when Rene was an ambitious schoolgirl who wanted to go on the films. She tells you how Rene made that dream come true.

A year or so ago, when she was reading the script of *Yes and No*, she found that the role demanded that she play the piano almost continuously. And Rene couldn't play the piano; at least she couldn't until two days before the rehearsals began, and "The Funeral March of a Marionette," which is by no means an easy piece, was the tune which she had to play.

Rene rang me up late in the evening. Oh, how much she wanted to appear in that play; if only she had taken piano lessons at school, she told me regretfully. And then she brightened a little. Did I suppose I could teach her enough about piano playing to enable her to play the required music in two days? I agreed to try. I played the piece over several times, and she was soon able to play the melody with one finger, but the chords presented considerable difficulty. Finally we pencilled the letters of the notes on the ivory keys and correspondingly changed the notes on the lines and spaces of the manuscript to the letters of the alphabet. By three o'clock in the morning she could play the first six bars without referring to the "amended" copy of the music.

Played Without A Mistake

AFTER a few hours' sleep the piano lessons began again, and we continued almost without a break until supper time when Rene still seemed a little doubtful about her part. That evening we went to a nearby cinema, and by a very strange coincidence "The Funeral March of a Marionette" was played on the cinema organ. There and then, Rene made up her mind that within the next 24 hours she too would play "The Funeral March of a Marionette" without a mistake, and from memory. And she did.

In 1930 when we first met, Rene's sole ambition at the age of 14 was to become a film star. I was exactly six months younger and although still at school I had a rather vague ambition to become a journalist. It was at this time that Rene said: "You know, if you really want to be a journalist you'll be one, and maybe one day, when I'm a film star, someone will want you to write an article about me."

Well, here's the article, so Rene's prediction was pretty accurate, wasn't it.



Rene Ray with husband George Posford, the composer, and Mrs. Leila Stewart, a friend. This picture was taken by your Editor during a recent holiday in Madeira.

IN 1930 a 14-years-old film-struck girl, Rene Ray, after several months as an extra, was given her first speaking part on the screen as Kitty, the little Cockney shop girl in *Young Woodley*.

Just after that film's release, Rene came down to stay with me in the country. She was interviewed by a local journalist and made the headlines in a newspaper as "Rene Ray, the popular and talented British film star."

Yet her ambition to become a star—though very definite in her own mind—seemed rather remote at that time. But you cannot know Rene for long without realizing that she accomplishes everything that she sets out to do.

Ever since she was eight years old Rene had played in charity pantomimes at Sutton, in Surrey, but it wasn't until six years later that she decided that one day she would become a film star. At 14, with very bleached hair and clad in a short, school-girlish party frock, she arrived one night at a Wimbledon dance at which film star John Longden made a personal appearance. During a lull in the dancing Rene walked up to him and, her big blue eyes shining with excitement, boldly asked John to persuade someone to give her a film test. Though the request was impossible, John obliged by getting her a day's crowd work in *Palais de Danse*, possibly with the idea that the experience would cure the little film-struck girl. But the courtesy had entirely the reverse effect. Rene soon made headway, leaving crowd work behind and making a minor impression in small featured roles.

Played in Quotas

THEN Rene heard that André Charlot was giving auditions for his new show, *Wonder Bar*, and she went along to his office determined to get a role. She was told that the show had already been cast. But Rene wasn't going to let a thing like that stand in her way and boldly demanded an interview with Charlot himself, which she got. She gave impersonations of famous film and stage stars, and then Charlot told her to be just Rene Ray. She sang and danced, and was given a contract at four pounds a week, although Charlot admitted that he did not know of any part he could give her in *Wonder Bar*.



Rene Ray snapped with Mollie Moncrieff Hart, the writer of this article. It was taken during the early days of their friendship, when Rene was just a struggling young actress full of ambition to become a star.



Left: a remarkable portrait of John Garfield, who makes his sensational screen debut in "Four Daughters," released next week. Above: with Claude Rains and Gloria Dickson in "They Made Me a Criminal," his newest film.

HIS name was Julius Garfinkle, and he was leader of the toughest gang of youngsters in one of New York's blackest Dead Ends. He hated mankind, because he rarely had enough to eat, because his mother had died from the effects of poverty and starvation, because his father was often out of work and couldn't pay the rent, because his kid brother was starving, too.

ROMANTIC LIFE of a "REAL DEAD END KID"

John Garfield grew up in a New York slum. He might have turned into a gangster, but for one man's help and sympathy. JOHN CARPENTER introduces you to Hollywood's greatest male discovery for a long time.

He fought his war against humanity with a bitterness and determination which spoke volumes for the strength of his personality. The cops were his chief enemies. They stood for the authority which kept him from filling his empty belly at the overflowing food stalls in the streets; from taking the warm clothes and blankets and coal that he so desperately needed, from getting out of the foul slum air to the clean country beyond. And every time he sent a broken bottle crashing from a rooftop on to the people below; or chivvied an overworked cop; or made another gang of young hoodlums run in terror, Julie was happy. He had won a victory against those who grudged him all the good things in life. And he had proved to his gang that he was tougher than they, that they must look up to him as their hero and leader.

Million-To-One Chance

NOW that state of things can end in one of several ways. The boy can be caught and "reformed" into a Baby-Face Martin from *Dead End*. He can grow up with that hatred of humanity eating into him, forcing him on, until he becomes a millionaire or a dictator with absolute power over the men and women he hates. Or he can stew in the scum of the back-streets until he dies, a man who has never really lived.

Once in a million times, there is another alternative. Julie was lucky enough to find it.

"When the authorities were tired of me and I was about ready to join a real gang," he will tell you, "I was sent to a school run by a great and remarkable man—Angelo Patri. It isn't a reform school. It's an experimental institution designed to help 'difficult' children who have had to face the temptations I was up against."

Julie was 13 then, and he didn't want to be helped. He ran away from the school on every possible occasion. He attended classes when he had to, but he always sat sullenly in the farthest corner of the room, ignoring the teacher and his fellow-pupils, fighting them whenever he got the chance.

The teachers at that school were as remarkable

as its founder. They got disheartened pretty often. But they knew that if they once despaired, they were risking the whole future of their difficult charges. So they kept on at Julie. They tried to show him that he wasn't an unwanted outcast, tried to interest him in lessons, in athletics, in acting. And it was acting that turned the scale.

The teacher of dramatics saw him several times standing outside her classroom, hating himself for taking an interest in such a cissy subject, yet unable to tear himself away. She told him to come in. He bolted, but turned up again next day to stare. This time she dragged him in by main force, and by force, cajolery—every trick known to woman since Eve had to manage a "difficult" son—she kept him there.

From that moment, Julius Garfinkle disappeared. John Garfield, of Broadway and Hollywood, was born.

It was a long, hard climb from that dramatic class at the Angelo Patri School to his long-term contract with Warner Brothers which gives him the right—he and Muni are the only stars on the lot who have it—to return to the stage whenever he wants. But now Garfield had something to live for and fight for, instead of against. He wanted to be an actor. He wanted particularly to interpret to those who didn't understand, just what a kid of his upbringing had to go through. And always Angelo Patri stood behind him, ready with advice, or money, or encouragement if the struggle became too hard.

Garfield Discovers America

WHEN he left school, Garfield was given a month's trial with the American Laboratory Theatre, which was run by the late Richard Boleslawski, the director, and Maria Ouspenskaya, who makes fleeting but memorable appearances in such films as *Marie Walewska*. The trial was a success. Garfield was given a seven months' apprenticeship with the theatre.

But how was he to live during those seven months? He had been earning £1 a week as newsboy, but he couldn't be both newsboy and actor. It was Patri who helped him. Patri—who had made a man out of a

little slum hoodlum, and who was determined that his work shouldn't be undone.

But Garfield did most of his own fighting. When theatrical jobs were hard to get, he and an artist friend decided that, if they were to show America—the real America—on the stage and in painting, they should know all about it. So they set off to explore the continent.

They worked in coal mines, those two, in the great wheat field and fruit orchards. When they had no money, Garfield recited popular poems and held out his hat; the artist drew little sketches and peddled them. The results of that trip were a knowledge of America and

its people which is probably equalled by no other actor, and a bout of typhoid fever that nearly killed Garfield.

Garfield fought that fever because now he wanted to live. He conquered it, and went back to his real work of storming the American stage. He was given an unimportant role in *Lost Boy*, a more important one in support of Paul Muni, always his idol, in *Counsellor at Law*.

Then came another turning point in his life. He met Clifford Odets, a young left-wing playwright with no success behind him, but endless confidence.

Odets wrote a play, *Waiting For Lefty*, that was produced at the Group Theatre with Garfield in the lead. The morning after the first night, Odets and Garfield awoke to find themselves famous. And Garfield took the opportunity, between the matinee and evening performance, to marry Roberta Mann, whom he had met years before, while he was still fighting Authority at the Patri School.

When Garfield arrived in Hollywood, he was just another actor. He was given a role in *Four Daughters* which wasn't easy—that of a bitter, fate-ridden youngster who will never come to anything and hates himself because he knows it. Garfield had to put that across, and to keep the sympathy of his audience. He was up against stiff competition from veteran Claude Rains. But when the film was previewed, there was only one man in it.

Garfield has since worked on three films—as the star of *Blackwell's Island* and *They Made Me a Criminal*, and in a quite unimportant role in *Juarez*, "because the film was worth making and I wanted to work with Muni," he says.

He is the obvious man to play Golden Boy in the film version, but there are difficulties in the way. A well-established star, it is said, won't work with him in the picture because she is afraid he will outshine her.

There are difficulties in the way of his career, too. One is sometimes driven to wonder if Hollywood has any place for an actor of such talent, sincerity and independence. But—Muni brought it off at the second attempt. Tracy won through after a struggle. Garfield, with that fighting record behind him, should be able to wipe the floor with Hollywood.



Mrs. Barnes, Goldie's mother, comes to see Mason to persuade him that the boy must be allowed to return home to live the normal life of a youngster. Adolphe Menjou, Dolores Costello and Roger Daniel in a scene from "King of the Turf."



(Left) Gold for Mason with his



Mason, now a great racing man again, comes into conflict with Grimes (Alan Dinehart), head of a ring of book-makers, who is desperately anxious for Red Gold to lose a race.



Above: Gold and time and to find h and in com crowd of l Grimes. H hears Mas th



ROGER DANIEL

Jockeys His Way TO FAME

ie's friendship
leads to a row
employer.



"UNKNOWN Boy Wins Fame Overnight"—the headline has been used before, but seldom more appropriately than now. For 15-years-old Roger Daniel was chosen from dozens of other boys for the role that was to make him famous, after he had knocked about the Hollywood studios as an extra for four years.

About six months ago he was given his first speaking part, a small role in *Boy Slaves* starring Anne Shirley, which has not yet been seen over here. Then followed his big chance in *King of the Turf*, in which he plays Goldie, a stable-boy who is crazy about horses and racing, and although he is up against some stiff acting competition, notably from that great veteran Adolphe Menjou, he acquits himself splendidly.

Goldie falls in with Mason, a famous racing man who is now down and out, and together they build up a marvellous reputation with Red Gold, a wonderful horse which Goldie rides to success in every race for which he is entered. Then it appears that Goldie has run away from home. His mother comes to see Mason, and here the makers of the film have sprung a surprise. The rest of the story, and the final intensely dramatic ending, we won't reveal, lest we should spoil your enjoyment.

(Above) Roger Daniel, the 15-years old boy who plays the leading role of Goldie in "King of the Turf" after four years as an extra in Hollywood. (Below) Goldie and Mason buy Red Gold, the horse that is to make them famous, for the paltry sum of two dollars.

Goldie runs away a second returns to Mason him drinking heavily company with a dubious bookies, headed by Horror-stricken, he son agree to "sell" the big race.



Goldie wins the big race, riding Red Gold—but when he rides up to Mason, whom he still regards as "the boss," in the "Winners' Circle," Mason is furious with him, and strikes him. Mason has arranged that Red Gold shall lose the race, and considers that Goldie has double-crossed him. Goldie is bitterly disillusioned.

DR. HAY and INSPECTOR 'ARKER ARE HERE AGAIN

John Milford reviews
the week's releases

****OLD BONES OF THE RIVER**
WILL HAY.....*Professor Benjamin Tibbetts*
MOORE MARRIOTT.....*Harbottle*
GRAHAM MOFFATT.....*Albert*
ROBERT ADAMS.....*Bosambo*
JACK LONDON.....*M'Bapi*
WYNDHAM GOLDIE.....*Commissioner Sanders*
JACK LIVSEY.....*Captain Hamilton*
THE WESTERN BROS.....*The Voice of Reproach*
Gainsborough (British). Director: Marcel Varnel.
"U." Running time: 90 minutes.

AFTER two rather disappointing films, Will Hay is almost back to *Oh, Mr. Porter* form in this joyous, full-of-chuckles skit on the *Sanders of the River* stories.

The sudden illness of Captain Hamilton, and the absence of Mr. Commissioner Sanders, leave Professor Benjamin Tibbetts in sole charge of millions of native subjects of the Crown. Professor Tibbetts, not content to leave well alone, decides that he must go tax-collecting among the tribes. He picks up the *Zaire*, an incredibly old boat run by Harbottle and Albert, and steams into a heap of trouble when the tribes rise in revolt.

There are any number of richly comic situations, and Hay, Moffatt and Marriott are in top form. Almost full marks, Professor Tibbetts, for this one.

****FOUR DAUGHTERS**
CLAUDE RAINS.....*Adam Lemp*
JEFFREY LYNN.....*Felix Deitz*
JOHN GARFIELD.....*Mickey Borden*
FRANK McHUGH.....*Ben Crowley*
MAY ROBSON.....*Aunt Etta*
GALE PAGE.....*Emma Lemp*
DICK FORAN.....*Ernest*
VERA LEWIS.....*Mrs. Ridgefield*
TOM DUGAN.....*Jake*
EDDIE AGUEFF.....*Sam*
DONALD KERR.....*Earl*
PRISCILLA LANE.....*Ann Lemp*
ROSEMARY LANE.....*Kay Lemp*
LOLA LANE.....*Thea Lemp*
Warner (American). Director: Michael Curtiz.
"U." Running time: 89 minutes.

ONE of the best of the family films yet to come from Hollywood, and notable besides for the acting of four promising youngsters—John Garfield, Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn and Gale Page—and of such veterans as Claude Rains and Frank McHugh.

Adam Lemp is professor at a small-town Academy of Music. He has four attractive daughters, all at the age when men and marriage seem of paramount importance. Thea Lemp wants to marry a rich man, and she has "hooked" Ben Crowley, a wealthy and pompous local jeweller. Emma can't make up her mind to marry the rather dull Ernest. Kay wants a husband only if he will help her musical career. And Ann, youngest and sweetest of the family, is very much in love with love.

Into the family come two attractive men. One is Felix Deitz, son of Adam Lemp's old friend, and a brilliant musician who is to teach at Adam's Academy. He brings with him Mickey Borden, a bitter, worldly-wise yet lovable man who is sure that fate holds nothing good in store for him. Emma and Ann fall in love with Felix. Mickey falls in love with Ann. Felix asks Ann to marry him. She consents, but on her wedding morning elopes with Mickey, who has told her that she means everything good in his life.

From that point the story takes on a deep beauty which is unusual in films. Ann and Mickey, apparently with the world against them, try to get on. Then Mickey sees that it is no good and deliberately kills himself in a motor smash. Ann is free to return to Felix, her first love.

In my first review of this film, I praised the acting of John Garfield, the brilliant newcomer who seems likely to rank as "the" male discovery of 1938. Now I would like to say a word for Frank McHugh, who gives what is for him a finely restrained, yet always funny study of Ben Crowley.

***RETURN OF THE FROG**
GORDON HARKER.....*Inspector Elk*
UNA O'CONNOR.....*Mum Oaks*
HARTLEY POWER.....*Sandford*
RENE RAY.....*Lila*
CYRIL SMITH.....*Maggs*
CHARLES LEFEAUX.....*Golly Oaks*
CHARLES CARSON.....*Chief Commissioner*
GEORGE HAYES.....*Lane*
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....*Banker*
MEINHARDT MAUR.....*Alkman*
ALEXANDER FIELD.....*Sniffy Offer*
Imperator (British). Director: Maurice Elvey.
"A." Running time: 75 minutes.

WE all have our pets . . . Herbert Wilcox, apparently, prefers his to croak! After the success of *The Frog*, he's resurrected the famous arch-criminal to bring us more thrills with the *Return of the Frog*.

It's grand meaty stuff with plenty of suspects, and our old friend Inspector Elk of Scotland Yard has some unpleasant encounters with time-bombs, stray bullets and desperate gunmen.

The situations are stock, known to every reader of detective stories, but the action is so rapid and Gordon Harker so funny as the famous cockney detective that you'll love it.

But here's a warning: Make sure about the time of showing and don't get there at the end. The identity of "the Frog" is so well concealed that it's a pity to have to see it through again well knowing who he is.

***TENTH AVENUE KID**
TOMMY RYAN.....*Tommy*
BRUCE CABOT.....*Jim "Silk" Loomis*
BEVERLY ROBERTS.....*Susan*
BEN WELDEN.....*Dayton*
HORACE MACMAHON.....*Max*
JOHN WRAY.....*Turner*
JAY NOVELLO.....*Hobart*
CHARLES WILSON.....*Commissioner*
BYRON K. FOULGER.....*Belknap*
PAUL BRYAR.....*Wheeler*
WALTER SANDE.....*Faber*
RALPH DUNN.....*Egan*
JULIAN PETRUZZI.....*Jerry Simons*
BILLY WAYNE.....*Wacker*
Republic (American). Director: Bernard Vorhaus.
"A." Running time: 65 minutes.

YOU'RE going to like young 12-years-old Tommy Ryan. He's tough, mighty tough, but aren't these little tough guys all the rage, anyway?

Jim Loomis, a hard-boiled detective, shoots a crook called Turner in a gun-battle. Then he finds that the crook has a son, Tommy, whom he tries to third-degree into squealing on his dad's gang. But the boy is tough and won't talk; so Loomis adopts him from a reform school, hoping that he'll

be able to loosen his tongue with a bit of soft soaping.

Tommy, you see, happens to know where some bullion booty is hidden, and not even his father's gang know that. Loomis becomes genuinely fond of the boy, who is kidnapped by the gang and almost murdered. But Loomis, of course, rescues him and the last we see of the former slum boy is a young uniformed cadet at a military academy.

Bruce Cabot gives a fine performance as the detective. The director, by the way, is our own Bernard Vorhaus of *Cotton Queen* fame.

***VACATION FROM LOVE**
DENNIS O'KEEFE.....*Bill Blair*
FLORENCE RICE.....*Patricia Lawson*
REGINALD OWEN.....*John Hodge Lawson*
JUNE KNIGHT.....*Flo Heath*
EDWARD S. BROPHY.....*Barney Keenan*
TRUMAN BRADLEY.....*Mark Shelby*
TOM RUTHERFURD.....*T. Ames Piermont III*
ANDREW TOMBES.....*Judge Brandon*
HERMAN BING.....*Oscar Wittlesbach*
GEORGE ZUCCO.....*Dr. Waxton*
PAUL PORCASI.....*French Judge*
J. M. KERRIGAN.....*Danny Dolan*
ARMAND KALIZ.....*M. Fumagally*
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (American). Director: George Fitzmaurice.
"A." Running time: 66 mins.

DESPITE some moments of really horrid whimsy (as when the young couple formulate their rules for happy marriage, chief of which is "love, honour and obey—and always have fun") this is quite a bright little comedy which will afford you some pleasant moments. And how that girl Florence Rice adds to the sparkle of every film in which she appears!

Here she plays Patricia, whose wedding is stopped when a strange young man interrupts (Please turn to page 21)



Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane caught in a charming moment from "Four Daughters," released next week. Lynn, who took Errol Flynn's place in this film, is teamed again with Priscilla in "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

Bushels of Bouquets

for Betty (THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL SKIN)



ANALYSIS OF BETTY

No Muddiness. Her complexion has the fresh radiance of a rose petal. . . You can help your skin to this beauty—by using Pond's Cream which now contains the "skin-vitamin." For this vitamin actually **BUILDS A NEW SKIN** for you.



No Lines or Wrinkles. That smooth youthful look can be yours. For Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" softens lines away.

No Big Pores. One effect of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream is to make the pores smaller.

No Dryness. You can give a satin smoothness to your skin by using Pond's Cream. For the "skin-vitamin" corrects dryness, roughness.

No Blemishes. Spots and blackheads don't come to the healthy skin. Read below how Pond's Cream, by bringing the "skin-vitamin," makes skin healthy.

Help your complexion to beauty with Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

IT REBUILDS SKIN TISSUE!

Doctors recently noticed that one certain vitamin, when applied directly to the skin, healed it quickly. So Pond's asked biochemists to carry out research about this vitamin. The laboratory tests proved that this "skin-vitamin" was essential for rebuilding skin tissue. Without it, cells flattened, oil glands dried up, the under-tissue shrank. But when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, the cells filled out, glands began to function, shrunken tissue became normal. Women who used this "skin-vitamin" cream reported amazing



results! After just a few weeks their skin was more radiant, much smoother. Pores were smaller and lines were less visible. Finally Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into all Pond's Creams. It is in Pond's Vanishing Cream and in Pond's Cold Cream. . . Start using Pond's Cream daily and see the difference in *your* complexion.



Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new kind of cleansing cream that melts as it is applied.



LADY PATRICIA FRENCH (right)

Glamorous grand-daughter of the famous Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in France in 1914. She is scrupulous in the care of her skin. "I use Pond's Cold Cream every night," she says. "That's the best way to get dirt and make-up off my skin and to stimulate little muscles so that blemishes don't come. Then I use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. It smooths away any roughness at once and holds powder a long time. Now that these creams contain the 'skin-vitamin' they're miraculous! They've made my complexion exceptionally clear and smooth, made pores smaller, and softened away little lines."



"Who's this Formby Fellow?"

That's what film producer Basil Dean wanted to know when he saw a long queue of people waiting outside a northern Music Hall where George was appearing. In this fourth instalment of George Formby's life story R. EWART WILLIAMS tells of how he began his great film career.

George in his high-powered racing car, with Beryl, his wife. They're just going for a "steady" 100 miles-an-hour cruise.

Not so comfortable, eh, George? No, George certainly isn't happy in this scene from "It's In The Air."

GEORGE FORMBY has many good stories to tell of his experiences during the years he toured the provinces, but once begun they would fill a whole issue of FILM PICTORIAL. So we will pick up again when his five-years contract to tour the halls with a revue had finished, and he had the idea that he would like to run his own show.

Once again it was the practical Beryl Formby who found ways and means of making a dream into a concrete reality.

"It happened this way," explained George. "On the last night of our revue, a manager came round to see us after the show and asked if we were free to appear at his theatre. The idea appealed to me at once, for his theatre was in a seaside town. Why not combine business and pleasure, I thought. Work and earn money, and at the same time have a quiet holiday by the sea. I winked to Beryl and said, 'You'd better talk business with Beryl. She looks after that side.'

"So I left them to it, and went to have a chat with a pal. When I saw Beryl again, she said that the manager thought we wanted too much money. But we can arrange things if you're ready to take a gamble, George," she said.

"What sort of gamble?" I asked suspiciously. "Well, you've been saying that you would like to have your own show. Why not do it? We'll find the artistes and pay their salaries, on condition that we get half of the takings. That's a fair offer."

"I began to feel a bit nervous. 'But supposing the show is a flop,' I said nervously. 'Supposing we have to pay all the salaries and we don't draw big audiences. That will be a nasty hole in our savings.'

A Gamble That Came Off

BUT Beryl had her own way. She insisted that we ought to take a chance, and as soon as I agreed she went to have another chat with the manager. He didn't argue. 'The deal's on,' he said. 'But it's your gamble, not mine.'

"So we began looking round for artistes. It wasn't difficult. There's plenty of talent on the halls if only you take the trouble to look for it. I can't understand why people say that there's no talent in variety these days."

This is one of George's pet topics, and he will talk for hours about the clever artistes who never get a chance. "You were talking about your own show," I hinted.

"Oh, yes," continued George. "Well, things turned out much better than I expected. We had a good house on the first night and they seemed to like the show. We packed the place for the rest of the

week, and on early-closing day we even broke the house record. When Beryl had finished adding up our share of the takings, and subtracting the salaries we had to pay, she said that we had made a profit of £70 on the week. 'You're daft,' I said. 'You've made some mistake in your figures.' But, of course, she was right—she always is.

"That set her thinking. 'If we can do this one week, George, we can go on doing it. Let's have our own road show.' I'd learned my lesson. I wasn't going to argue any more, and that was fixed.

"Beryl got to work. She got in touch with managers, and soon she had booked a nice long tour. And I had what I wanted—my own show.

Beryl Takes Command

WE ran up against a crisis on our first night, but once more it was Beryl who solved the problem. We had engaged an actor to be the master of ceremonies—you know the kind of thing, he had to announce the next artiste and keep things lively until the curtain was ready to go up.

"We were doing two shows a night, and after the first house he came to me to complain that he had to run up and downstairs from his dressing-room too much between the acts. Well, he was getting on in years and he was a biggish sort of chap, so I felt a bit sorry for him. But as he couldn't have the one dressing-room which was close to the stage—that was reserved for the ladies, who had some quick changes—I said he would have to put up with it.

"He went out, and I thought I had explained things very nicely. But just before the curtain went up on the second house, someone came to me and said that our master of ceremonies had been seen leaving the stage door with his bag in his hand. Rather than face those stairs again he had left the show.

"I was still dressing and I couldn't take over his job. But as Beryl was already dressed, I pushed her out on the stage and told her to be mistress of ceremonies. It must have been a nasty moment for her. But she pulled through very nicely. She cracked a few jokes and announced the artistes, and was so successful that I never bothered to engage a new master of ceremonies. Beryl carried on—but she still swears that she can't remember a word of what she said on that first night.

"That reminds me of the story of how Beryl ceased to be a 'dumb' act. Now don't misunderstand me. I don't mean what you think. In the variety world, a 'dumb' act is one where the person never has to speak on the stage. I've known people who have been in variety for years in a 'dumb' act and have never had one attack of stage fright, yet they have been scared out of their lives if they have had to say one word to an audience.

"Well, as a dancer, Beryl had always been a

'dumb' act. Then, after we had been touring in that revue, she decided that it was time we had a holiday. So we went on a cruise. That was Beryl's idea, too. She was afraid that if we stayed at home I should spend too much time tinkering with my motor-car, and that I was certain to find someone with whom I could talk 'shop.'

"So we went on a cruise. On the first evening out, we went for a walk round the deck. Beryl looked out to sea, and said, 'Isn't this glorious, George? We need not think about audiences and music-halls for the next three weeks. Now promise me you won't let passengers persuade you to talk "shop." This is to be a complete rest for you.'

"No, Beryl, I won't," I promised dutifully. "And I meant it quite sincerely, for I felt too that it was time we had a rest.

"We continued our walk, and suddenly we came face to face with two old friends. It was G. H. Elliott and his wife Emelie! We greeted one another and joined forces. And as we walked round the deck, George Elliott said, 'It's funny we should meet you, George. We came on this trip because Emelie thought it was time I had a rest. She's just made me promise that I won't talk about the theatre to anyone during the voyage.'

"That's funny," I said. "Beryl has just made me promise the same." So the four of us made a pact. We were four ordinary people enjoying a cruise. But, of course, that was asking too much. The purser knew who we were, and he begged us to take part in the ship's concert. Well, we couldn't easily refuse. So we each did a turn, and then returned to our little pact.

What A Show!

BUT the purser came to us again. They wanted us to do another show. But the amateur talent on board felt a bit shy when there were professionals on board, and so they preferred to remain members of the audience.

"So we undertook to put on a three-hours show! Beryl danced, George Elliott sang, and I sang and played the ukulele until my fingers ached. But still we hadn't filled the three hours, and I tried to fill the gap by making a 'cod' speech which I had used in revue. In the excitement of the moment, I forgot that someone in the audience had to act as 'feed.'

"After I had got through about six lines I realized that I should be well and truly stuck. But Beryl had seen what was happening. She slipped into a seat among the audience, and came to my rescue. She knew the act backwards—she ought to, for she had heard it enough times—and she made the right remarks to give me the cues for my gags.

"Well, I felt pretty grateful for that, and I began

to think about it. If Beryl could carry off the situation like that, she ought to be speaking on the stage as well as dancing. So when we got back to work, she dropped half her dancing act to help me out with my gags. Since that time she has never missed a stage show with me, except during her illness two years ago, which prevented her from appearing at Blackpool."

The Formby career continued, the two of them becoming more and more popular as they appeared in road shows, revue and pantomime. George also began to make gramophone records, and on that hangs yet another story.

If you are a Formby fan, you know his song "Chinese Laundry Blues." Perhaps it is not quite so popular with his audiences nowadays because of "When I'm Cleaning Windows," but it is still a favourite number.

As soon as it was introduced into his act it became a favourite with his audiences. Wherever he went, he was asked to sing the song. In Salford it nearly landed him in trouble, for the Watch Committee said he was not to sing it. But the audience was so insistent that George took a chance, and ignored the Committee's ban.

One week George was on the same bill at Blackpool as Jack Hylton and his Band. He sang the song as usual, and Jack's band, which followed him on the bill, played the chorus as their opening number.

When Jack Hylton gave a house-warming party at his London flat a few weeks later, he invited George and Beryl to go along. All the celebrities of the music-hall and dance band world were there, and Jack's boys persuaded George to sing his favourite number.

How George Broke Into Films

THE following morning, before he was fully awake, the telephone bell rang. It was Jack Hylton. "Morning, George. Did you enjoy the party?" he began briskly. "That's fine. Now, listen. I'm making some gramophone records to-day. Will you come along, and make a record of 'Laundry Blues' as a pleasant memento of the party?"

George went along and made the record. Then he forgot about it. The next he heard was a telephone call from Ireland, where Hylton was playing. He said that the record had turned out well. "Will you let me issue it to see how it will go?" he asked.

"The nicest thing about this record is this," says George "Though Jack Hylton and his band recorded the number with me, he would not allow his name or the band's to appear on the record. 'If there's any credit to be had,' he said, 'George shall have it. He deserves it.'"

"I certainly got it—thanks to Jack. On the strength of that record, I was given a contract to record eight songs. Since then I've made over 100.

In 1935 there came a radical change in George's life. He began his film career.

He owes his present film career to the keen insight of Basil Dean. As head of the Associated Talking Picture studios, Dean had already made Gracie Fields famous as a film star.

During a visit to a Northern town, he had seen a long queue outside a big music-hall. His showman's instincts were aroused. "That's a nice house," he said appreciatively. "Who's playing there?"

"A chap named George Formby," said his companion. "He can pack any theatre in this part of the world. You remember his father, of course?"

"Yes," admitted Dean, "but I don't remember having seen the son." But before leaving the town, he rectified this omission. He watched the act, but he was more interested in the audience's reception. And he quickly realized that George had the same popular appeal as his own star, Gracie Fields. They both talked the same language as the man in the street. Their comedy had the same warmhearted appeal. And he decided that George Formby had possibilities as a film star.

When he offered George a contract to make pictures, it was not the comedian's first experience of the film industry. In his racing days, when he was a child of 10, he had played the leading part in a short film called *Won by the Shortest of Heads*. It had taken a week to make, and he was given the princely salary of five shillings! At that time George thought he was well paid. Shirley Temple had yet to show child actors how to make big money.

•• Next week, read how George made his first film at Ealing, and quickly rivalled, then surpassed, the amazing popularity of Gracie Fields.



Olive oil feeds her skin, cleanses it thoroughly, but never harshly. And the rich olive oil lather of Palmolive nurses her complexion to loveliness from babyhood upwards. Then, her skin was smooth and faultless; now it's young and supple, a Schoolgirl Complexion, kept lovely by Palmolive.

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.

Now on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

FILM STAR WHO'S WHO 6d
1939 ON THE SCREEN



One Person . . . but Four Personalities!

"If only I were glamorous," sighs the businesslike woman. "I'd love to be a sophisticate," confesses the open-air girl . . . for it seems to be a truth that we invariably want to be something we are not! But perhaps in this instance that isn't quite true, for the girl who is businesslike can be glamorous on occasion, and the open-air lass can become a sophisticate. Lovely Lucille Ball shows you how true this is.

The transformation has, of course, to do with make-up, hair styles—and clothes (for only Marlene Dietrich could be glamorous in a sack! And there's only one Marlene.)

Take Glamour. It has to do with well-plucked, emphasized brows. A mouth of warm and vivid red—and long nails that match that red in varnish. A complexion smooth, and matt and pale; and hair that waves softly from a centre parting into a fat roll dipping into the nape of Lucille's neck. Add a gown of silver lamé and royal blue stripes . . . and we have glamour indeed.

THE Open-air Girl that is also Lucille Ball wears her hair brushed carelessly into curls about her head. A light film of powder and a bright lipstick are all the make-up she uses, and she wears a pretty but simple dress of white and blue linen.

Then, Lucille the Business Girl. Hair brushed smoothly back from a side parting and allowed to curl in a plain "bob" about her ears. Lipstick (what self-respecting girl would be without it these days?); a little rouge placed very carefully to look completely natural, and powder and cream that produce a lovely and completely matt complexion. "Natural" varnished nails. For dress, a plainly tailored white crêpe blouse with a high peter pan collar, and a pin-striped navy and white skirt which has the "this season's" fullness. A plain, but none the less becoming wide straw hat banded with navy ribbon, navy gloves, shoes and handbag, and rather dark stockings.

Finally, Lucille Ball the sophisticate! Her hair elaborately curled and waved about her ears. Make-up emphasizing brows and lashes; a vivid red mouth—and, of course, a matt complexion (that goes with every type except the Outdoor Girl, who can be shiny, provided her complexion is above reproach). For dress a very chic feather-pierced beret in the two shades of her ensemble—old gold and brown. A tunic in the old gold worn over a brown dress that features a high neck and long sleeves. Brown shoes, gloves and handbag complete the perfect outfit for a sophisticate!

Really quite simple to be several different types, isn't it?—PETA.



GLAMOROUS



BUSINESS GIRL



OUTDOOR GIRL



SOPHISTICATE

JOHN MILFORD'S REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

at the words "or for ever hold your peace." He explains that he objects on the grounds that she is too lovely to marry anybody so ordinary as her prospective bridegroom, and she immediately sees his point, decides that the age of knights errant is not dead, and marries him instead. And Bill, who has been a musician, becomes an advertising executive instead.

But he can't altogether throw off the shackles



Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice and Reginald Owen seem to be contradicting the title of their film—"Vacation From Love." Perhaps this is reaction after the vacation!

of his former happy-go-lucky existence, and when he brings some of his gay friends into a very select party of his wife's, there is trouble. But a vacation from love show the young couple that they can't do without one another after all.

Dennis O'Keefe continues to improve, and he is helped here by a role that fits him like the proverbial glove—that of an ordinary young man who has a hidden longing for excitement and romance.

*MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

ANNE SHIRLEY	Nancy Carey
RUBY KEELER	Kitty Carey
JAMES ELLISON	Ralph Thurston
FAY BAINTER	Mrs. Carey
WALTER BRENNAN	Mr. Popham
RALPH MORGAN	Captain Carey
JACKIE MORAN	Gilbert Carey
DONNIE DUNAGAN	Peter Carey
VIRGINIA WEIDLER	Lally Joy
PHYLLIS KENNEDY	Annabelle
FRANK ALBERTSON	Tom Hamilton
HARVEY CLARK	Mr. Fuller
MARGARET HAMILTON	Mrs. Fuller
LUCILLE WARD	Mrs. Popham
ALMA KRUGER	Aunt Bertha
GEORGE IRVING	Mr. Hamilton

R.K.O. Radio (American). Director: Rotoland V. Lee.
"U." Running time: 82 minutes.

A PLEASANT, folksy film, with something of the "little women" atmosphere about it. It is based on a novel, and I felt that at times the makers had had to compress lengthy incidents into a few minutes on the screen; but there is still plenty to enjoy in the story of Mrs. Carey and her four children.

Tragedy enters the life of the family when the father dies; but though they are often hard-up, they refuse to separate, and meet all their difficulties together. Then they get the chance of buying a large country mansion cheaply, and seize it. Among the friends they make at this place is Ralph, a handsome schoolmaster, who is attracted by the two girls, Nancy and Kitty. They both fall in love with him, but when Nancy realizes that he has chosen Kitty, she generously stands down to give her sister happiness.

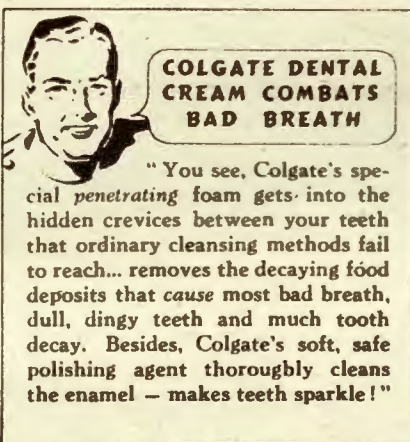
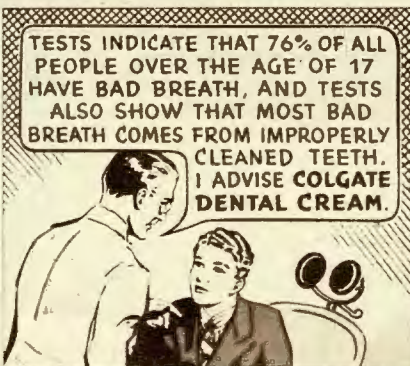
Then trouble comes all at once when the former owner of their house tries to repudiate the sale, (Please turn to page 22)

AT A GLANCE . . .

JOHN MILFORD, our Review Editor, criticizes the 9 films which are generally released next week.

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

- **FOUR DAUGHTERS
- **OLD BONES OF THE RIVER
- *MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS
- *RETURN OF THE FROG
- *TENTH AVENUE KID
- *VACATION FROM LOVE
- ANYTHING TO DECLARE?
- CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN
- WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS



FREE Patterns

for both these delightful designs

Every Bride-to-be should get a copy of THE BRIDE'S BOOK before choosing her wedding and bridesmaids' dresses. FREE PATTERNS are given with every copy for making an irresistibly lovely bride's dress, and an enchanting bridesmaid's design—just a little different, but both equally charming. There are designs for all types of brides and bridesmaids. For the trousseau, there are lovely lingerie designs and the clothes necessary for a bride all the year round.

BESTWAY

Fashion Book No. 169

THE BRIDE'S BOOK

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



**Hurry
- get smooth
white hands
to-morrow!**

Don't wait for white hands—use Glymiel. Rub it well in. Immediately Glymiel gets to work beneath the surface, softens, smooths, whitens. No trace of stickiness or greasiness to tell it's there. Only Glymiel can do this for hands and keep them lovely in roughest weather. Because Glymiel is made by a secret process which cannot be copied.

Tubes 3d, 6d, 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6.



Get
GLYMIEL
JELLY
-it's so speedy!

J 209

Every woman can make pretty things for herself, her children, her home. GOOD NEEDLEWORK AND KNITTING MAGAZINE shows the way, for every issue is rich in ideas and practical advice on every form of needlework and knitting. There are coloured fashion pages, and every copy contains a Free Embroidery Transfer.

**GOOD
NEEDLEWORK
and KNITTING
MAGAZINE**

Monthly 6d

For the
Woman who
Loves Pretty
Things



Above: a scene from "The Circus Comes To Town," with Grant Withers, Anne Nagel, Jack La Rue and Marjorie Main. Right: Belle Chrystall, Eliot Makeham, Noel Madison and Leonora Corbett in "Anything to Declare?" a thriller with an A R P background.



**John
Milford's
Reviews**

(Continued from page 21)

so that he can sell it again to other purchasers at a higher price. His son, a young medico, visits the Careys to break the news to them—and turns their very natural dislike to esteem when he saves the life of the baby of the family. And in a final hilarious scene, the young people get together and stage a "haunting" to discourage the would-be buyers of their house.

The acting is excellent throughout, with chief honours going to Fay Bainter and Ralph Morgan (in a brief appearance) as the parents of the family. Ruby Keeler plays a non-dancing role with much charm, and Anne Shirley, Frank Albertson and James Ellisor are also outstanding—but in such a good all-round cast it is difficult to pick any winners. I would like you to notice little Donnie Dunagan, though, whose work is as delightful and natural as any child-acting I have seen on the screen—not excepting the one and only Shirley.

ANYTHING TO DECLARE?

JOHN LODER.....Capt. Rufus Grant
NOEL MADISON.....Dr. Heinz Klee
BELLE CHRYSSTALL.....Nora Grayson
LEONORA CORBETT.....Helaine Frank
JERRY Verno.....Hugo Guppy
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Professor Grayson
DAVINA CRAIG.....Polly
ALEXANDER SARNER.....Mr. Vander
MELVILLE CRAWFURD.....Pete Voss
NIGEL BARRIE.....Colonel Lockwood
CARL MELENE.....Monsteur Bruckner,
Butcher (British). Director: Redd Davis. "U."
Running time: 77 minutes.

ANOTHER story of the very secret chemical formula—but a story with a difference, with an up-to-date touch. In this instance the formula is for a gas which will render all poisonous gases harmless. So naturally the A R P Council think of using it.

But Dr. Klee, the villain posing as a peace fanatic, is determined to obtain possession of the formula, and Capt. Rufus Grant of the intelligence department is equally determined that the formula shall fall into the right hands.

Add an extremely attractive daughter of the inventor, some genuine A R P manoeuvres, and the humour supplied by Hugo Guppy, Grant's expickpocket assistant, and Polly, the maid at the inventor's home, and you have a story which tries

hard but just fails to keep one wondering what is going to happen next.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

ANNE NAGEL.....Penny
MARJORIE MAIN.....Sava
JACK LA RUE.....Ricardo
GRANT RICHARDS.....Pablo
GEORGE CLEVELAND.....Joe
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Herman
ROLFE SEDAN.....Pierre
BETTY COMPSON.....Marie
SNOWFLAKE.....Tuba
Pathe (American). Director: Karl Brown. "U."
Running time: 64 minutes.

ROUTINE type of circus story, with Marjorie Main as the woman who bosses it, and Anne Nagel as her niece, a trapeze artiste who has to choose between the two men in her act. The fact that Penny loves one of her partners causes a breach between her and her aunt, and the "Three Flying Pennies" leave the circus to branch out on their own. But the curtain falls with everything nicely smoothed out.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS

MICHAEL WHALEN.....Barney Callahan
JEAN ROGERS.....Judy King
CHICK CHANDLER.....Snapper Doolan
ROBERT KELLARD.....Malcolm Hunt
JOAN WOODBURY.....Nora Parker
HAROLD HUBER.....Joe Marco
MARC LAWRENCE.....Happy Nelson
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Ralph Simmons
WILLIAM DEMAREST.....Red Miller
JUNE GALE.....Kitty
CLIFF CLARK.....Inspector Jeff Collins
EDWARD GARGAN.....Sergeant White
Twentieth Century-Fox (American). Director:
H. Bruce Humberstone. "A." Running time: 62 mins.

WHAT lives these film reporters do have, and how their Fleet Street brethren must envy them.

Barney Callahan, reporter, and his photographer, "Snapper" Doolan, are holidaying when an insurance detective working on a series of bond messenger murders, mysteriously dies. So the Press boys return to town and prove that the death wasn't quite so mysterious as it appeared.

Friendship With The Stars

By Mollie Moncrieff Hart

PRESTON FOSTER ENTERTAINS A FRIEND!

I HAVE just received a copy of the "Foster Fanfare" in which Helen Stevens of the Preston Foster Club writes a vivid account of her recent trip to Hollywood.

Helen attended Hollywood previews with Preston and his wife, was introduced to Richard Greene and visited the studios of Universal, RKO-Radio, MGM, Twentieth Century-Fox and Warner Brothers and, among others, met Spencer Tracy, Edward Arnold, Henry Wilcoxon, Bobby Breen, Anne Shirley, Paul Guilfoyle, Douglas Corrigan, James Stewart, Bette Davis, Billy Gilbert, Arthur Treacher and Walter Pidgeon. As a souvenir of her holiday Helen was given several photographs of herself taken with Preston Foster and James Stewart.

Although the Ginger Rogers Club under the supervision of Marion Hesse of 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey, U.S.A., has been running for seven years in America with great success, the membership in England is at present comparatively small. All members are sent a signed photograph of Ginger, and the club news is issued every other month. The annual subscription is 3s. 6d. which you send to the British representative, Miss Ella Daniels, 7 Plantagenet Street, Nottingham.

Many readers have asked for details of a friendship club formed for Jeanette MacDonald. Many organizations for Jeanette have from

time to time, been announced, but recently I got in touch with her and she told me that the two clubs organized by Mrs. Glenna Riley, 749, S. 7th Street, New Castle, Ind., U.S.A., and Dorothy Ludwig, 445 Athens Street, San Francisco, California, U.S.A., are the only ones which she recognizes.

Margaret Connell wishes me to announce that she has appointed Margaret Swaby of 4a Markham Avenue, Shepherd's Lane, Harehills, Leeds 8, as British representative of the Evelyn Venable Club, to whom all communications from British readers should be addressed.

Margaret Connell is very glad to welcome so many British members to the Frieda Inescort Club, and in the near future there seems every possibility of a British branch being organized.

Letter From Frieda

BY air mail comes the latest film news from this increasingly popular star. Frieda Inescort writes: "I finished *Woman Doctor* two days before Christmas. This week I begin at MGM as the 'menace' in the new *Tarzan* picture."

Here are the addresses of various organizations that readers have asked for during the past week, and, which I think may be of interest to many of you

The Brian Lawrance Club (Birmingham Section),

Cathleen Edwards, 34 Nursery Road, Bloxwich, Near Walsall, Staffs.

John Loder's Club, Eileen Marley, 28 York Road, Ealing, London, W.5.

Paulette Goddard's Club, Geris Maris Conner, 1314 Wilmette Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois, U.S.A.

Frieda Inescort Club, Margaret Connell, 811 Hicman Road, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A.

Spencer Tracy Club, Loretta Barclay, Tanglewood Lane, Sea Cliff, N.Y., U.S.A.

When writing for details, please remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.



Preston Foster snapped in the garden of his lovely Hollywood home, where Helen Stevens, a member of his Friendship Club, recently spent a holiday.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalinize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailling way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

For your Throat



Allenburys

GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT

PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

No Bleached Look!

If you want to be a natural blonde ask for HILTONE Bleach

Your Hairdresser will tell you that you can't tell a Hiltone head from a perfectly natural one, so there's no need to risk damaging your hair with harsh bleaches. Hiltone's gentle action just dissolves the colour away.

NO BRASSINESS with HILTONE
You'll be delighted with your Hiltone head—you'll be delighted with its soft, silky blondeness. There's no brittleness, no brassiness with HILTONE. Ask your Hairdresser for Hiltone next time. You'll be delighted with the results.



HILTONE BLEACH



The Lure of Lovely Lips around the Odol Smile

The thrill of soft lips, parting to the gleam of pearly teeth—without that gleam the glamour dies.

And that gleam has only a hair's breadth to protect it, less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel to protect your teeth from decay. Is it any wonder dentists warn us against tooth-pastes whose whitening powers depend on gritty ingredients? For some tooth-pastes are like that. Slowly but surely they grind away that slender film.

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 equality tooth-paste, the smoothest and safest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Get a 6d. tube of Odol to-day or post coupon below for free sample.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste (3 sizes): Solid Dentifrice, Tooth-powder or Denture Powder—all at 6d. And as the famous Odol Mouthwash in various sizes.

Odol

Free Sample. Post in unsealed envelope (4d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. F.P.A.), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

BLOCK CAPITALS please!

Name.....

Address.....

SMALL BOTTLE

8d



For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid; nothing injurious; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS OR

SHADEINE Co., Dept. F.P.A., 49 Churchfield Road, ACTON, W.3

Small bottle 8d., post 10d.; 1/4 size, post 1/6; 2/6, post 2/9; 3/9, post 4/3.

ADVERTISED GOODS
ARE
THE GOODS TO BUY

Film Make-up is always changing and YVONNE THOMAS tells you how, to reach its present perfection, it has brought us

FASHIONS IN FILM FACES

THE gentle art of film make-up seems at last to have been mastered. But it has gone through many, and often quite alarming stages to achieve its present state of perfection, and even now there are fresh fields to conquer with the ever-changing technique of the cinema.

Modern stars should be grateful that they have been spared the crazy experimental years of the past, when the standard make-up for straight and juvenile roles was a jaundiced yellow grease paint, officially known as No. 5. This was spread all over the face and neck. Then came a No. 9, a kind of brick red put over the eyelids and on the lips, and finished off with a yellow powder. An eyebrow pencil, and mascara for the lashes, completed the average film artiste's make-up equipment.

The Crepe Hair Age

THIS type of "straight" make-up was popular for years, simply because it was the only kind of make-up that gave any semblance of "flesh tones" under the hard flat lighting used in the studios of the day. Some faces, of course, fared better than others, but just the same, plump faces were very apt to look like buns with currants stuck in for eyes, while the leaner type of face often took on a consumptive appearance. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, as we all know, stardom was achieved by actors and actresses then who were able to worm their way into the hearts of their audiences, just as the stars of to-day.

During this "yellow peril" period of make-up, it was the unfortunate character artiste who suffered most, for it was he who was condemned to play everyday roles in make-up that would send modern filmgoers into convulsions.

Then crepe hair mania swept the studios, and it was used quite indiscriminately. The make-up of a character actor was never considered complete unless his face was practically smothered with it. For instance, a stern father would not be expected to "do his stuff" without the aid of crepe hair, on the same principle, I suppose, that a mother could not be a mother

Spencer Tracy, says the author of this article, is the best non-make-up star in films. Only once when he appeared in "Captain's Courageous" and wore a curly-haired wig, has he ever used any artificial make-up to change his appearance.

unless she appeared on the screen made up to look like a centenarian, and wearing an incredible white wig. It was a common occurrence to see a girl, presumably about 17, with parents who looked like the "oldest inhabitants." Mercifully, those days have passed, and we now have the pleasure of seeing charming human-looking people such as Billie Burke and Irene Rich in mother roles, while fathers, stern and otherwise, are played by the Lewis Stones and the Walter Connollys, and sometimes even much younger men such as Melvyn Douglas, and Leslie Howard (remember his grand performance in *Smiling Through*, as the old man, with only a few discreet lines, and greying hair to help him?).

The crepe hair period was dreadful enough, but not nearly so dreadful as the one that followed it—the putty age. This came into vogue when studios went mad on what they called "building up faces." They would choose a star, regardless of whether he suited the role, and build him up by disguising his features beyond recognition. To add insult to injury, this was done with an utter disregard for facial structure! For the star was quite unable to move his face under the weight of the putty.

The Putty Craze

THE first picture in which this form of make-up really let itself go was *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, the film which, incidentally, established the late Lon Chaney as a star. They succeeded in "building" his features into all kinds of odd and fantastic shapes, so that he became the most grotesque and inhuman looking monster ever to have appeared on the screen. It was difficult to know if he gave a very fine performance, for he was unable to express any feeling through his "putty" features, as he had to rely entirely upon movement to get over the tragic pathos of the hunchback. This he did with remarkable skill, and left one hoping to see him in some other role in which we could get an idea of his own personality. Then he was cast to play in *The Miracle Man* as a fake cripple. In this his body was horribly contorted, but happily his face was left to look after itself, and it was obvious that if the film companies could get over the idea that he was an expert contortionist, he would be a very good actor. Fate, however, was against Lon Chaney ever really coming into his own, for after a short but very spectacular career, he died quite suddenly from pneumonia.

Conrad Veidt was the next victim of the "putty" craze, when he appeared in *The Man Who Laughs*.





Producers allowed themselves to run amok with Fredric March's make-up in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," made a few years ago. There's certainly nothing very subtle about it, is there?

In this he looked exactly like a clown. How he managed to get the sympathy he did into the character is a mystery and a tribute to his ability as an actor, for he appeared with a chalk-white face, with his mouth literally stretched from ear to ear revealing a set of frilly false teeth. The mouth was essential, more or less, for he was supposed to have been branded in this manner in childhood. Still, this make-up was a decided handicap.

After this, things began to advance. Experts were experimenting with a make-up that would give artistes a more natural appearance on the screen. And it was dawning on directors that if an actor was to be given a chance to show what he could do, it was essential that his face should be left as free as possible from unnecessary trimmings. There were, of course, one or two rather bad

lapses during this period of advancement. The worst was with poor Fredric March as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

There can be no criticism of the acting in this film for throughout it was very fine, but the producers certainly allowed themselves to run amok with Mr. Hyde. With a series of snorts and snarls, good looking Dr. Jekyll changed before the camera into a monster, who looked like a cross between the Hunchback of Notre Dame, and King Kong. It was, naturally, necessary to the story to give a suggestion of the "beast" in Mr. Hyde's make-up, but I still think that this could have been done by much more subtle means without descending to the purely grotesque. It was Fredric March's genius alone that enabled him to put it over. A lesser artiste could never have risen superior to that absurd make-up.

Skill With the Vampires

THEN came a flock of horror and vampire films, but as far as the vampires were concerned, a great deal of skill was exercised in the make-up department. Bela Lugosi, for instance, made a convincing Dracula. The make-up was concentrated on his eyes, while the rest of his face seemed to be in shadow. The effect was very good, and definitely sinister.

Frankenstein aroused mixed feelings among cinema audiences. Some were thrilled by Boris Karloff as the man-made monster, while others were moved to laughter by his appearance. I'm afraid my sympathies were all with the girl who, at the premiere, piped out in a voice that everyone could hear when the monster came to life, "Good heavens. I wonder if they'll need a licence to keep that!"

Happily, films and film stars have now overcome most of these "make-up" difficulties, and actors and actresses play their roles with as little artificial aid as possible. Personally, I think the greatest non-make-up artiste is Spencer Tracy. Only when he wore a curly wig as the fisherman in *Captain's Courageous* has he altered himself in any way for the variety of characters he has played. Spencer Tracy has learned the secret of sinking his own personality into the role he is playing, and just becomes the character he is supposed to be.

Charles Laughton, on the other hand, relies to

some degree on make-up, and although he succeeds in changing his outward appearance, I never think that he quite loses the "Laughton personality." Laughton fans need not get on their hind legs over this, for it is not a criticism of his work. I think he is a great actor, and would go a long way to see him on the screen. By this comparison between Spencer Tracy and Charles Laughton I am merely trying to distinguish the difference between two great artistes, and the methods by which they both get the desired effect.



The late Lon Chaney, seen here as he appeared in "Phantom of the Opera," was considered a master of make-up, and he specialised in the gruesome. But he was also a very fine actor, and did not rely entirely on make-up for his effects.

NEW CREAM DEODORANT

safely stops perspiration

- 1 Keeps armpits dry and fresh for 3 days
- 2 Doesn't burn the skin, even after shaving
- 3 Doesn't stain or rot dresses
- 4 Vanishing, greaseless, sweet-smelling
- 5 Easier to use—no waiting to dry

Arrid 6d. and 1/11 a jar

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

Avoid "Dosing" Children's Colds



Don't upset your child's stomach with internal "dosing." To break up his cold—or your own—quickly and safely, rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub 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 loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy, breaks up most colds overnight.

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

Let me show you

HOW TO GIVE YOURSELF A PERFECT SETTING



With a few drops of Amami Wave Set you can make smooth, sleek waves and curls! No trouble! —just a matter of minutes. The three pictures on the right show you how easy it is! The illustrated leaflet enclosed with Amami Wave Set gives you fuller instructions. You can't go wrong! One 6d. bottle will last you weeks. Two kinds: STANDARD in the Green Pack. SPIRITOUS in the Yellow Pack.

AMAMI Wave Sets



6d. AND 1/3

THE SCREEN PARLIAMENT

WRITE YOUR VIEWS AND WIN

ACADEMY AWARDS FOR BRITAIN?—

I SUPPOSE the Academy Awards will never meet with the approval of everyone, but what a gesture it would have been this year if Hollywood had liked to give one—just one—acting award to a British star! I see that Leslie Howard and Robert Donat were nominated among the men, Wendy Hiller among the women, Robert Morley among the male supporting players, and "Pygmalion" and "The Citadel" among the year's best pictures. Yet the only award we were given was the one which Bernard Shaw so ungraciously repudiated for having written "Pygmalion" 20 or 30 years ago!

I should hate to think that this exclusion of British stars was a deliberate policy, brought about by Hollywood's fear of competition from our films. But what else can one think? I wouldn't for the world belittle that fine actress, Bette Davis. But was her work in "Jezebel" really better than Wendy Hiller's brilliant study of the cockney flower girl in "Pygmalion"? And did Tracy's priest in "Boystown" really beat Donat's Dr. Manson for sincerity and sheer acting ability? And what about the British stars who weren't even mentioned—Ralph Richardson's support in "The Citadel" and "Divorce of Lady X"; Will Fyffe's "Owd Bob," which Hollywood praised so highly; and Alfred Hitchcock's direction of "The Lady Vanishes," which won the New York critics' award for the best direction of the year?

Come on, now, Hollywood, play fair. Charity begins at home, we know, but British filmgoers would have had much more respect for the Awards Committee if one of those gold tokens had crossed the Atlantic.—J. Fairbanks, Farnborough.

(This letter wins our first prize of £1.1s.)

Wendy Hiller (right) was nominated for an Academy Award for her work in "Pygmalion," but didn't get it because as a reader suggests this week, she is a British actress. (Left) Ralph Richardson, whose fine supporting work was as good as anything in "The Citadel," and Will Fyffe, brilliant star in "Owd Bob." These players were not even mentioned as possible candidates for an Oscar.

Highbrow—or Common Sense?

SIR,—Films to-day are becoming increasingly intelligent and ambitious. Yet few of them seem to me to possess the vitality of the old silent films. I find I can remember vividly films seen over 10 years ago, yet many modern films which I enjoyed at the time have already faded from my mind.

I believe the reason is that the cinema to-day is forgetting its main purpose—that of telling a story in pictures. Ta' the dialogue away from almost any current production and I doubt if the story would be at all comprehensible.

"Montage," "Camera Angles," and the rest of the technical expressions are too frequently dismissed as "highbrowism," instead of being considered as an integral part of film production. There was nothing "precious" about *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Good Earth* or *Great Waltz*. But all these pictures remain in the mind because of the power of their presentation.

The film, to live as an art, must retain its own technique, and not rely exclusively on actors and words for its expression.—Robert Gibson, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2.

Propaganda Pays!—But Whom?

SIR,—It is with pleasure I note that Warner Bros. are to film *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. It is good to know that producers are awakening to the enormous scope for worthwhile propaganda that the cinema holds.

To those who say, "Entertainment, not propaganda," I would reply that every film contains it in one form or another; to wit—Catholic propaganda in *Boystown*, crime propaganda in every gangster film, and so forth. It seems to me that it may as well be propaganda on a subject that materially influences and affects the life of every one of us—politics. Anything of interest is also likely to be a source of entertainment.

Indeed, most films which have definitely useful messages have been all the more successful on that account—for instance, *Blockade*, a poor film made noteworthy by its humanitarian propaganda. More power to Warner Bros. for leading the way yet again!

And more dignity to the cinema for at last becoming a medium for something more than the propaganda of crime and easy living.—S. G., Grafton Place, Euston Square, N.W.1.

•• We agree with you in the principle that films should deal courageously with urgent subjects; but we would point out that the great danger with this propaganda business is that any producer with an axe to grind can so very easily make use of the huge resources at his disposal to put over an unscrupulous message. Against this danger the mass of filmgoers have no redress—except to use their brains and sift the wheat from the chaff.—The Editor.

We're Waiting, Mr. Cooper

SIR,—What has happened to Gary Cooper since his memorable performance as Wild Bill Hickok in *The Plainsman*? Two poor stories in succession, and a third that has failed to live up to its interesting title, have caused a definite decline in Cooper's popularity with

Slinky Evelyn Brent, former star, who is now gamely fighting her way back to the top, and has already progressed as far as featured roles.



the public. It is not often the screen is given an actor so natural and sincere as this former "out-door" star, yet a really great producer has failed truly to appreciate the personality of the man who made *Bengal Lancer* and *Mr. Deeds*.

Thus, it is not to be wondered that public interest in Cooper is waning—for the same public that applauds a worthy performance is only too ready to forget when a succession of poor material is thrust forward.

No doubt it will be some time before *Beau Geste* is shown over here and although this should put Gary Cooper back on top, where he belongs, I suggest that in the meantime the film world should not be given a chance to become disinterested. Re-issue *Mr. Deeds* and *The Plainsman*.

Bengal Lancer was shown here last week and judging from the packed cinema and final outbreak of applause, Gary Cooper is the type of actor the screen needs and the public demands.—Lilian M. Purse, St. Augustine Road, Southsea, Hants.

Time Will Tell

SIR,—Time marches on. Likewise the modern movie—by some four thousand feet. Explain myself? Most certainly.

Glancing at a copy of *FILM PICTORIAL* dated some five years back, I totalled up and averaged out the running times of the five best releases of that particular week, and also of a corresponding week recently. It amazed me to discover that during these past five years, the average movie had moved on in length from 64 to 100 minutes.

Now we quite agree that it is impossible to tell a really "meaty" story in the bare hour. Nevertheless there is no sane reason why crazy comedies and musicals, with no appreciable story, should vie with one another in topping the two-hour mark.

Possibly the change represents the producers' efforts to stamp out the supporting feature system; possibly not. But anyway the zenith of public endurance has been passed. Sooner or later the pendulum will swing—and when it swings it may catch the producers a good sound wallop.—Albert C. Kent, Berkely Gardens, Winchmore Hill, N.24.

Sound Scheme

SIR,—Many of the refugees now in England are well-educated people with a wide knowledge of languages. Why shouldn't British film producers choose this time for making sound tracks in foreign languages for the best of our English films?

This would enable British pictures to compete in a much wider market, at the same time giving employment to refugees without prejudice to our own unemployed. On the contrary, it would create work at the studios.—M. Bacon, St. George's Road, S.W.1.

Sorry!

SIR,—Screen Parliament is to blame for the attitude of a reader towards my last letter, about queuing. The one word on which my letter was based was missed out.

It's the middle afternoon programme I would like to see abolished—the one in between the matinee and first house. Not the matinee. I realize there are thousands of mothers who would never get to the pictures if it weren't for the matinee.

One cinema in our town has a matinee, then the first house at 5.45, for which one can book. This compromise is a very satisfactory arrangement for all, as the cinema is practically cleared for second-house patrons. One can also sit through the main feature without having to get up to let people out and so spoil many patrons' views.—(Miss) P. Croft, Rockcliffe Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

•• We are sorry that owing to an oversight an important word was missed at your letter—and hope this puts things right. The arrangement at your local cinema sounds good from every point of view.—The Editor.

Rosenbloom—You're Wonderful!

SIR,—I feel that I must put in a word of praise for Maxie Rosenbloom. It is, in my opinion, the funniest comedian on the screen. I have just seen *His Exciting Night*, and Slapsie Maxie's performance had me yelling. His deep, entirely un-selfconscious voice, also adds to his popularity with me.

At times, he can be partly serious, as witness *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. I do, however, sincerely hope that he is never made a star, for it is his delightful small roles which have made him, or at least, his face, well known.

At my local cinema, whenever he appears, the audience chuckles, for they know, as I do, that they can expect a good bit of humour. Yes, Maxie Rosenbloom is the screen's best "dumb tough guy." Hail to Slapsie Maxie!—K. P. Tynan, Portland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Welcome Back, Evelyn

SIR,—So Paramount are considering placing Evelyn Brent under contract. Stop considering, I say, and sign her up this minute, for judging by her recent screen work this Brent girl is going places again. Although I am too young to remember Miss Brent in the days of the silent films, I did see her in such early talkie hits as *Pagan Lady*, *Under Pressure* and *Travelling Husbands* and a number of gangster dramas. Then she made some bad pictures and



A PRIZE . . . FIVE SHILLINGS FOR EVERY LETTER

—“NOT B— LIKELY!”

slid down the ladder of fame with such rapidity that soon she was reduced to the extra ranks. But not even Hollywood can keep an actress of Evelyn Brent's calibre down for long, and in 1936 she began a comeback campaign in *Symphony of Living*. Since that film I have followed her progress with great interest, and ever increasing admiration for her courage and determination.

To-day by sheer strength of will and purpose, Miss Brent has succeeded in re-establishing herself in Hollywood; and in such films as *Night Club Scandal*, *Tip-Off Girls*, *Daughter of the Orient*, *Mr. Wong, Detective* and *Law West of Tombstone* has proved herself to be as intense a personality and as vital an actress as she ever was.

I believe Miss Brent is now on the threshold of a new career, a career that promises to be even more gloriously triumphant than her last one.

Carry on, Evelyn, we are still shouting for you. And that goes for Betty Compson and Anna May Wong too.—*Jack Morris, Kedleston Road, Roundhay, Leeds.*

Re-issue Madness

SIR,—When companies re-issue a star's earlier films, why do they always pick on his C3 efforts?

We are constantly having Gable revivals, which is good so far as it goes. But there is an utter absence of

Film stars behave like cads on the screen and, sometimes, off, and we think it smart to copy them. In fact being smart and superficial is the chief aim of any film producer.

We are fascinated by their sensational efforts such as *Suez* and *Too Hot to Handle*.

An actress paints up her face to resemble a clown, and some silly people call it the make-up man's art and try to copy.

And so the cinema goes on, making us into a nation of degenerates.—

Elsie J. Birnie, Browning Road, Wallasey.



Fernand Gravet and Miliza "Gorgeous" Korjus, in a scene from "The Great Waltz." As a reader points out this week, nobody could accuse this film of being "highbrow," yet its charm was enhanced enormously because director and cameraman had real knowledge of their craft.

Critic of the Critics

SIR,—As the majority of your letter writers appear to be young people who go regularly to the cinema and see many films, would you care, I wonder, to know what an old lady thinks about it all?

I do not often go to pictures because I cannot follow the dialogue very well, so it is the spectacular films which appeal to me, historical ones most of all. I can tell what many English stars say, as they chiefly speak good English.

I think, however, that many of your correspondents are rather hard on the stars they criticize, for after all, stars don't write or choose the films they have to act in, but must adapt themselves to directors' requirements, when perhaps they would much rather keep their individuality, or expand in quite a different direction to the one chosen for them.

I remember my husband going to London, and seeing the "Biograph," as it was then termed. He tried to describe to me how he'd actually seen a train rushing into a station, and how many people had jumped up in their seats and screamed with fright.

My own first visit to the "Biograph" was at a country "feast," and the

show took place in a tent. We were seated on hard wooden benches, and the pictures danced and flickered; and the acting was crude beyond description.

Compare this with our modern cinema, which I do not think our young people sufficiently appreciate. (Mrs.) *E. Shackleton, Leeds.*

Trailers

So many people agree that the best, as well as the least expensive films being made at the present time, are French, that it would surely be a good thing if some kind of international exchange of actors and directors could be effected.—*Ann Butler, S.W.3.*

The life of Chopin affords fine material film. Why not Garbo, with her beauty intelligence and acting-power, as Georges Sand and Leslie Howard as Chopin? With dark hair, and a French accent Leslie Howard could walk away with the part.—*Mary Savidge, Brentwood.*

No lady of France of the time of Marie Antoinette would use "Americaneese," but, on the other hand, she would not express herself in BBC English. I suggest we do our best to tolerate American accents and hope that our friends on the other side of the Atlantic will not take offence at the somewhat affected accents of some of our own stars. We must not let petty snobbery about accents prejudice us against fine acting.—*G. W. G., Lindsey Road, Dagenham.*

We offer a prize of £1 ls. for the most interesting letter each week, and 5s. for every other letter we publish, except Trailers. Letters must be original and exclusive to us. Should we discover that this is not so, the prize, even if announced, will be withheld. Address your letters to The Editor, Screen Parliament, "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

inspiration in the choice, that makes one wonder, if the re-issue department have ever seen him on the screen.

One could understand a revival of *Hell Divers*, which is not only Clark's best film, but also complies with the present fashion for air dramas, or *Forsaking All Others*, which was good entertainment by any standards; or even *A Free Soul*, in view of the return of interest in gang drama and the "tough guy." But what on earth do we want with such mediocre programme stuff as *No Man of Her Own* and *China Seas*?

These films were sadly lacking in that vital "something" when first released. They appear even more so, when revived.

Manhattan Melodrama is good, but it has been brought out so many times it must have long ago exhausted its powers of appeal.

The re-issue department needs to try looking at a picture from the fans' point of view.—*Louise Merrill, Third Road, Brightside, Sheffield.*

Thank Goodness for Hitchcock

SIR,—I believe it is true, as Mr. Beales states, that film producers consider the filmgoers' intelligence to be subnormal.

A well-known psychologist has said that screen magnates regard the public as possessing the mentality of 14-years-olds.

At the same time, however, I think there is another point not considered by Mr. Beales. This is that a great number of filmgoers regard the pictures solely as a means of recreation and relaxation after the day's work.

Although as a sincere admirer of the screen, I do resent the inference that the fan has but a low intelligence, I believe that the producer-psychologists will continue to make mediocre films until the public awakes and protests.

American producers are the worst offenders, although splendid showmen.

There is no need to despair, however, while such men as Robert Flaherty of *Man of Aran* fame and dear old Hitchcock remain in filmdom. They never fail to give us the goods in a sincere form. Not only is the cinema a vehicle for entertainment, but it is fast becoming also the vehicle for education. Are we ready for it as such? I should like to know.—*Ed. Bottomley, Mount Street, Lockwood, Huddersfield.*

Hollywood Libels Us

SIR,—Whether you approve of the cinema or, not you can't help wondering where it is taking us.

The cinema seems to have become a god which we worship beyond all reason.

Hollywood has taught us to believe most ridiculous things about ourselves; our university students are snobs, and our young doctors are weak-minded, dishonest rotters. We even loathe the sound of our own language.



—The Film Bureau—

WHEN MR. JONES SANG "SWEET ADELINE"

Jed Prouty. J. Davies (Newport).—

Jed Prouty, who plays the father in the Jones Family films, has been appearing in films since the early days, and made a great many films before joining the Jones family. He still appears in other films than the family ones. He made his name on the stage before going into films, and was the first person to sing "Sweet Adeline" on the stage. He also first sang the famous song, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

M. Godwin (Darlington).—The music played in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is all original music composed for the film, and none of it has since been published.

L. Baker (Hull).—*You Can't Take It With You* will be showing at the Regent and the Tower cinemas on August 7. No bookings have yet been fixed for the other films you mention.

Doris Hughes (Margate).—Bob Baker was born in Forest City, Iowa, on November 6, 1914. He is 6 ft. in height, and you should write to him c/o Universal Pictures Corporation, Universal City, Cal., U.S.A. His latest pictures are *Black Bandit*, *Ghost Town Riders* and *Gully Trail*.

Kathleen Tracy (Liverpool).—We have no details of Dorothy Lamour's figure other than that she is 5 ft. 5 in. in height and weighs 8 st. 5 lb. Joan Crawford's measurements are 35 in. bust, 26 in. waist, and 36½ in. hips. She is 5 ft. 4 in. in height.

Joan Fretwell (S.W.).—Frankie Thomas was born in New York City on April 9, 1922. His first film was *Wednesday's Child*, and he has appeared in five others, the latest of which is *Nancy Drew, Reporter*. His next will be *Nancy Drew, Detective*.

R. E. Cork (Devon).—Most actors and actresses can bring tears into their eyes when necessary, and it is very seldom that these have to be indicated on the screen by artificial means. The story of *Saratoga* indicates that the

film closed with a race meeting, but I can find no mention of the Racing Special.

"Film Fan" (Sidcup).—You should write to Shirley Temple, Sonja Henic and Tyrone Power c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Films, Beverly Hills, Cal., U.S.A.; Ginger Rogers and Charles Boyer c/o RKO-Radio Pictures Inc., 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A., and Deanna Durbin c/o Universal Pictures Corp., Universal City, Cal., U.S.A.

Will Lewis (Bridlington).—Mary Carlisle first appeared in films in 1922 (she was 10 years old), but it was not until 1930 that she got what might be called her first real part. Bruce Cabot was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, on April 20, 1905. He has grey eyes, dark brown hair, and is 6 ft. 1½ ins. in height. He was married to Adrienne Ames; they divorced in 1937.

Mrs. Harwood (Luton).—The cast of the 1931 version of *Always Good-bye* was as follows: Elissa Landi—Lila Banning, Lewis Stone—Graham, Paul Cavanagh—Carson, John Garrick—Cyril, Frederick Kerr—Sir George Bloomer, Herbert Bunston—Merson, Lumsden Hare—Blake. *Beau Geste* has been made once before, by Paramount in 1926, and *Beau Sabreur* in 1928 by the same company.

S. Catton (Bedford).—Nelson Eddy has left Hollywood and is now making concert appearances in various American cities, but a letter addressed to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., U.S.A., will reach him.

A stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed with all queries. All replies are made by post, though the most interesting are published. Address to which queries should be sent: Film Bureau, "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



Our Preview Page
"HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES"

The cloak, deer-stalker hat, violin and curved pipe of Sherlock Holmes have fallen to Basil Rathbone in this, latest of the Conan Doyle thrillers to be filmed. If these pictures are anything to go by, Rathbone is a magnificent choice for the role, and who could be a more perfect Dr. Watson than British Nigel Bruce? Richard Greene, Lionel Atwill and sinister John Carradine are included in an imposing cast.

