

LAUGHTON SINGS AND DANCES — EXCLUSIVE PICTURES FROM HIS NEW FILM

# Film Pictorial 2<sup>d</sup>

Every Thursday



Dorothy  
Lamour



A scene from "Alf's Button Afloat," showing the Crazy Gang taking part (and an amazing part it is, too, because the Genii of the Button also takes a part—unseen) in an entertainment given by the Marines.

## COMING SHORTLY

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

\*—Good.

\*\*—Excellent.

\*\*\*—Outstandingly brilliant, must not be missed.

**\*\*ALF'S BUTTON AFLOAT.**—A first-rate entertainment by The Crazy Gang—Flanagan, Allen, Nervo, Knox, Naughton and Gold—with Alastair Sim doing a grand job of work as the Genii of the Button. It opens with a scene that will set you rocking with laughter and it keeps you in that gloriously happy frame of mind all the way through. Imagine it, the Gang gets into the Marines. See it, and you'll go floating with them through an hour and a half of fun and frolic that will act like a tonic. Give us more stuff like this, boys!

**\*\*A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER.**—Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Donnelly, Allen Jenkins. One of the craziest, maddest guyings of gangsters ever put upon the screen. Edward G. Robinson, the once-famed "Little Caesar," will surely never be able to take a gangster role seriously after this? He is in his element here as a beer baron "turned legitimate," after the repeal of prohibition and he has a grand foil in Ruth Donnelly, who revels in a role that is absolutely made for her. There is wisecrack after wisecrack with machine-gun-like rapidity and the situations have been most ingeniously evolved. A grand chuckle.

**\*\*A YANK AT OXFORD.**—Robert Taylor debagged in traditional Oxford style, Robert Taylor winning the boat race, and the inter-university relay, Robert Taylor almost being sent down for having a woman in his room—although, of course, he is merely upholding the Oxford tradition by shielding a fellow-undergraduate. Whether you like it or not depends on whether you like Bob Taylor. I do. There is nice work by local boy and girl Griffith Jones and Vivien Leigh, and some snappy dialogue, and it will pass a jolly—I was going to say hour, but it runs almost for two.

**\*\*ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER.**—Tommy Kelly, Ann Gillis, Walter Brennan, May Robson. Excellently photographed in colour, this version of the Mark Twain classic has recaptured the spirit of youth in a grand way. It is full of delightful touches, with its hilarious comedy and drama, especially the cave scene. But the amazing feature is the work of the unknown Tommy Kelly. The way the makers of the film have converted a former slum boy, without any previous acting or screen experience, into a personality who will win everybody's hearts, is little short of miraculous.

**\*\*BLOCKADE.**—A sincere and praiseworthy attempt to arouse the conscience of peace-loving peoples against the horrors of war—especially war on women and children. And if at times the camera dwells too long on scenes of grief and privation, who can help but realize that too grim a picture cannot be painted of the massacre of home-loving civilians. The setting is Spain, but the lesson is for the world. Minor faults of characterization are more than made up for in the excellence of the production as a whole, and the highest praise is due to Henry Fonda, who breathes life and fire into his role of peasant and patriot. Madeleine Carroll, John Halliday and particularly Leo Carrillo, are also good.

**\*\*BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE.**—Very gay and sparkling in something like the old naughty and, at times, daring, Lubitsch manner, this film gets off to such a gem of a start that it looks as if it is going to be the comedy hit of the year. It doesn't quite manage to keep up the pace, however, and though it is lively and gay nearly all the time, there are one or two sagging moments. But Gary Cooper, more charming than ever in a role that suits him admirably, and Claudette Colbert in a perfectly fitting character, make an ideal team. And David Niven puts in another nice piece of work, too.

**\*\*BREAK THE NEWS.**—Jack Buchanan's best screen performance since *Monte Carlo*, in a witty comedy directed by Rene Clair. Maurice Chevalier, too, in a role very different from the sophisticated ones he took in Hollywood films, is excellent, and so is June Knight. Comedy has its unpleasant side—Chevalier is to be hanged for murder—

but 10 hilarious minutes when Buchanan is involved in a Ruritanian revolution make up for everything.

**\*COCOANUT GROVE.**—A riot of fun, romance and rhythm, with Fred MacMurray in the role of dance band leader Johnny Prentice, and the Yacht Club Boys, Ben Blue, Rufe Davis and young Billy Lee among his "boys." Harriet Hilliard plays opposite Fred. The band is in a bad way owing to Johnny's pugnaciousness where managers are concerned, but Johnny keeps the boys together by telling them he has been promised an audition by the manager of "Cocoanut Grove," a famous resort of film stars. The journey to the Grove is the funniest part of this very entertaining film. Johnny is lucky enough to get an audition—and the circumstances and the outcome provide rich comedy.

**\*CONVICT 99.**—Will Hay, Moore Marriott, Graham Moffatt. Not quite as successful as *Oh! Mr. Porter*, but still containing plenty of laughs, the new Hay film deals with a Dr. Benjamin Twist, who becomes governor of a prison by mistake. The picture is almost stolen by Moore Marriott, as an old man who has been tunnelling his way out of jail for 40 years.

**\*DOCTOR RHYTHM.**—Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie, Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine. Getting off to a richly comic opening, this looks as if it really is going to be a "different" musical show. But in spite of the inanities of Beatrice Lillie (a little too stagey for the screen), and the tuneful numbers by Bing, it slumps rather badly. Still, it has its moments and the sequence in a menagerie where Andy Devine, drunk, dives into a sea lions' pool, is very funny.

**\*\*\*HAPPY LANDING.**—Sonja Henie's newest film is in many ways the best of the lot. She skates with the same grace and skill, and her pleasant personality is cleverly exploited. Don Ameche is excellent, too, but a fine bit of picture-stealing comes from Cesar Romero as an amorous dance-band leader.

**\*I MET MY LOVE AGAIN.**—Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda can do little with a rather contrived story. The title gives you a fair idea of what it is all about, but the film is put across with a certain artificial brightness and Louise Platt, a newcomer, is really good as a schoolgirl with a "crush" on science-master Henry Fonda.

**\*\*JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN.**—Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker. Grand stuff, this. Down-to-earth story of a normal family, with Mickey Rooney stealing the show all the time as an adolescent youth, blossoming out in his first dress suit, trying to smarm his hair down, and shocking a very respectable matron at a dance by doing the Big Apple. It is full of chuckles, has a sprinkling of sentiment and romance and is ideal entertainment for the whole family.

**KATE PLUS TEN.**—Jack Hulbert, Genevieve Tobin. Another Edgar Wallace yarn, not quite as fast or exciting as it should be. Jack Hulbert neither sings nor dances, but is quite amusing for all that as a police inspector on the track of bank robbers. Edward Lexy, as his dumb assistant, almost steals the picture.

**\*\*LOVE AND HISSES.**—Remember the "feud" between journalist Walter Winchell and band leader Ben Bernie which was introduced to the screen in *Wake Up and Live?* Here's the second instalment, not quite as bright as the first, but still very high up in the musical class. Simone Simon shows what a delightful voice she has, too.

**\*OWD BOB.**—Will Fyffe giving a grand performance in the role of a sheep farmer hating and hated by everybody—except his dog. There is an attractive air of the great outdoors about this film, with some really exciting scenes of sheep-dog trials. Margaret Lockwood and John Loder are pleasing young lovers. A British film which really "shows the British countryside on the screen."

**\*PENITENTIARY.**—Walter Connolly and John Howard in a prison story that promises to be first-rate, but slips

badly owing to the introduction of a love interest. Tremendously powerful acting from the two principal men makes it worth seeing, though.

**\*PORT OF SEVEN SEAS.**—Touching story of a young girl, deserted by her lover, who turns to an elderly man for help, and finally finds happiness with him. Frank Morgan gives a finished sensitive performance and Maureen O'Sullivan also shines in a none-too-easy role. Wallace Beery and John Beal are also effective in smaller roles.

**PRISON NURSE.**—Typhoid, floods, prison life and a desperate jail-break form the rather sordid background for this melodrama, which is competently acted by Henry Wilcoxon, Marian Marsh and Ben Welden.

**\*SALLY, IRENE AND MARY.**—The kind of musical which Twentieth Century-Fox turn out frequently and without apparent effort, it will pass an idle hour very pleasantly. Story tells of three chorus girls seeking the bright lights, but the fun lies in the trimmings, which include a gypsy dance by Gregory Ratoff, Joan Davis's elastic face, and a Schnozzle Durante number. Alice Faye and Tony Martin, husband and wife in real life, make love most realistically, but Alice is rather wasted. So is that bright newcomer, Marjorie Weaver.

**\*SECOND BEST BED.**—Bright and witty British film with Tom Walls in a "different" role and Jane Baxter as the shrew he sets himself to tame. The film would have been much better but for the fact that it tries to combine two stories, each good in itself, which just don't mix.

**\*\*\*SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.**—Walt Disney surpasses himself in this, his first full-length production. It doesn't matter what it cost or how long it took to make, or the fact that it is not suitable for children—it is 83 minutes of very good entertainment. All colour—and excellent colour, too. Pathos, beauty, wizardry—they are all here, and grown-ups will enjoy the result of the combination.

**SWING, TEACHER, SWING.**—George Burns, Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, Edward Everett Horton. With a title and a cast like that, what else do you need to know? Yes, it's college rhythm stuff and it's crazy. All you don't know is just how crazy it is—though you will within the first five minutes of the opening. Take that as a caution or a compliment according to your taste in this kind of entertainment.

**\*THANK EVANS.**—Max Miller again portrays the breezy Edgar Wallace character which fits him like a glove—that of Evans, the racing tipster. There is only the mildest hint of romance between Evans and Polly, a barmaid (pretty Polly Ward plays the role). Even if you can't understand all the racing jokes—and Max Miller's extremely rapid patter doesn't make it any easier—you are bound to feel good-humoured at the mere sight of the jovial Cheekie Chappie. Hal Walters makes an excellent foil for him.

**\*THREE COMRADES.**—Good story and acting are ruined by cloying sentiment. Three young Germans return from the war to a defeated country. They stick together through their difficulties, and when one of them falls in love, they accept the girl as "one of the gang." One of the men is killed in street rioting but the other two carry on. Robert Taylor as the husband, Franchot Tone as the faithful friend, and Robert Young as the radical who is killed, bring conviction to their roles, and Margaret Sullavan makes it easy to understand why all the men were so fond of her.

**TROPIC HOLIDAY.**—Lavish mixture of songs, romance and comedy, set in an unbelievably picturesque corner of Mexico. Ray Milland, as a Hollywood script writer writing a great love story, comes to the little Mexican village, where he falls in love with the innkeeper's daughter (Dorothy Lamour). As he is engaged to a temperamental film star (Binnie Barnes), this means trouble. Dorothy Lamour seems almost overdressed, and surely Milland's fans should have protested by now against the waste of his talents. Comedy from Bob Burns and Martha Raye—if you think it's comic.

**\*\*YELLOW JACK.**—Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce. MGM have made a film as gripping as any for a long time about the war waged against yellow fever by the American troops in Cuba in 1898. Villain of the piece is the mosquito, cause of yellow fever, the heroes are doctors and five soldiers, who volunteer as "human guinea-pigs," to be experimented upon at risk of their lives. Montgomery, with a role he can get his teeth into, gives a magnificent performance, and he is supported by a fine cast.

**YOU AND ME.**—Sylvia Sidney, George Raft. Directed by Fritz Lang, who made *Fury*, this film is disappointing. The theme, that crime does not pay, has been handled better in MGM's series of shorts, and in his effort to give new significance to old material, Lang has tried experiments which are at times most bewildering. The acting is good, particularly that of Warren Hymer and Vera Gordon, who are the only human beings among a whole gallery of "types."

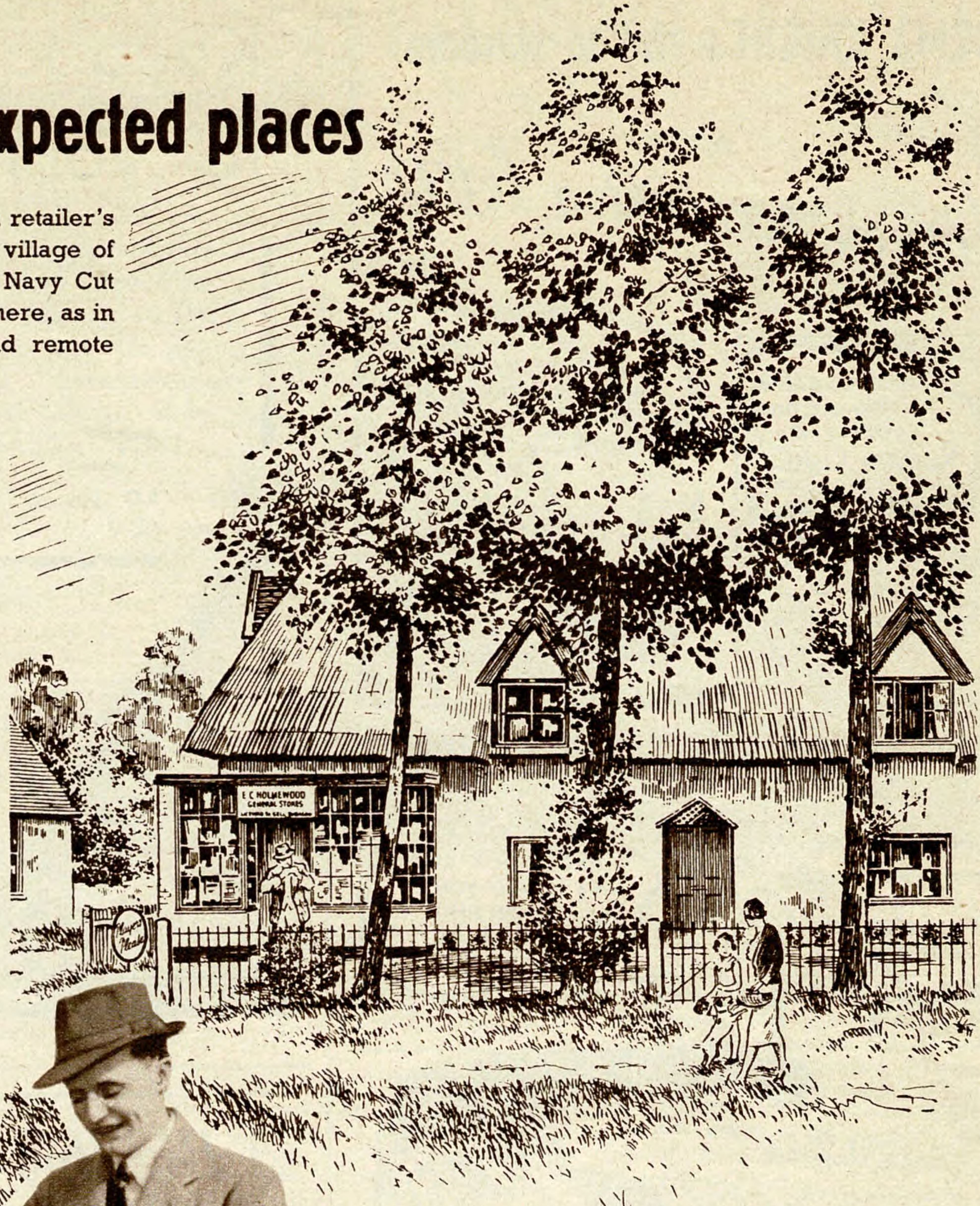
(For Next Week's general releases reviewed by JOHN MILFORD turn to page 16.)

Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in "You and Me."



# In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends—Cork-tipped or Plain.

*Player's Please*

**MEDIUM OR MILD**

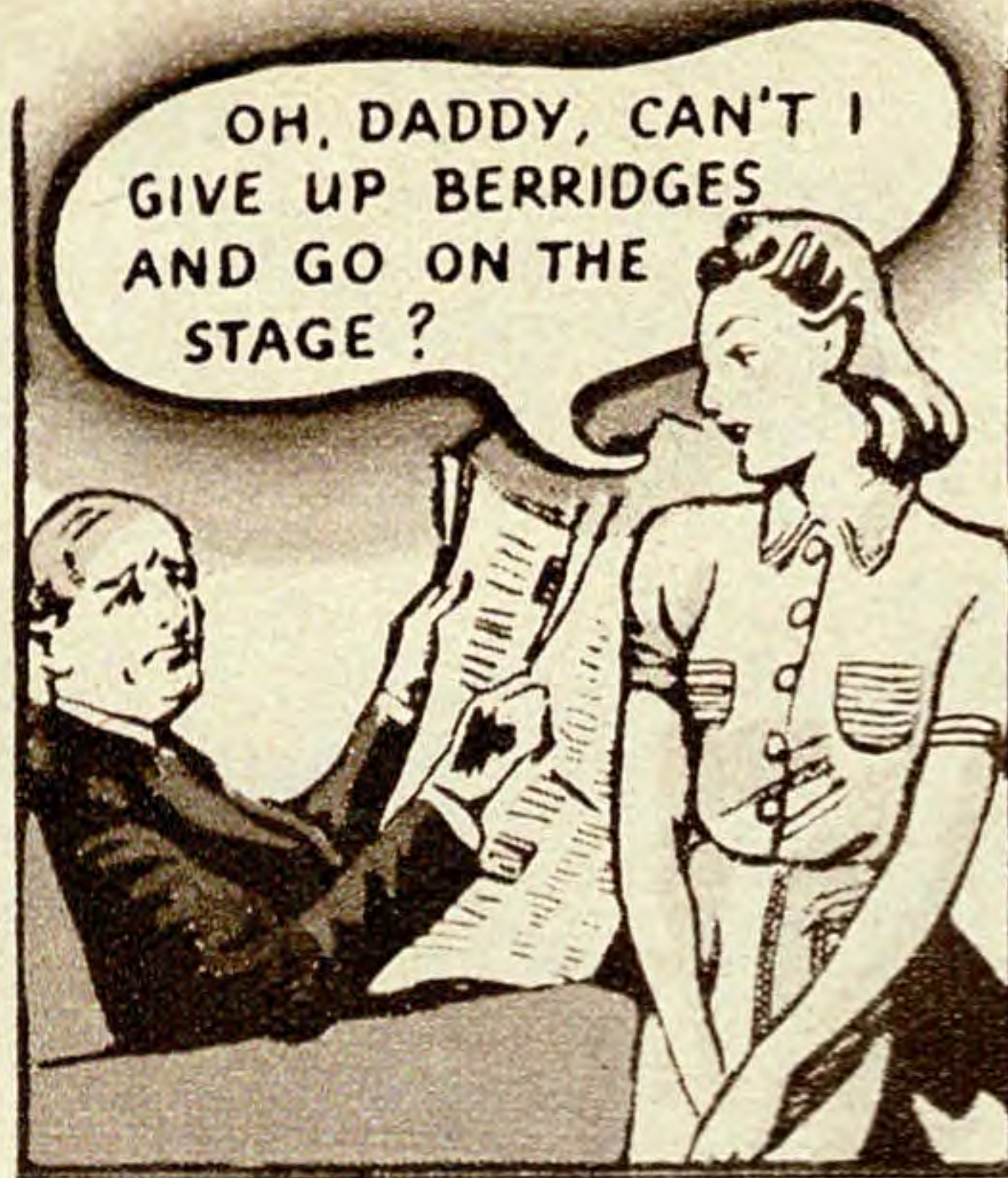
# NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 11

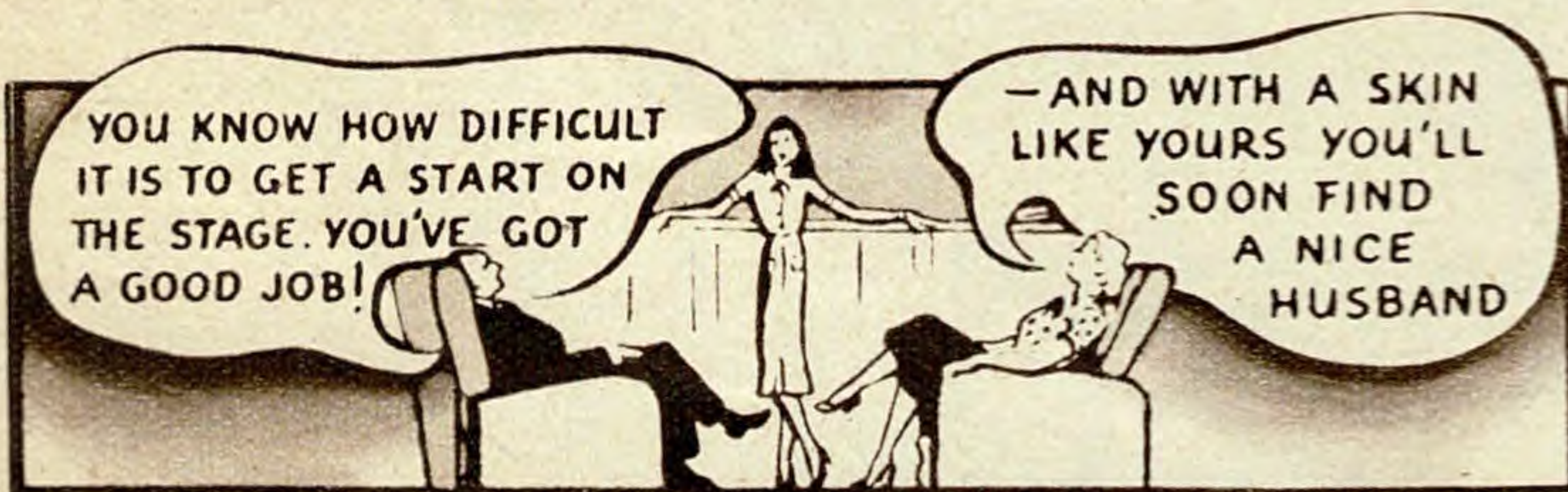
## Norma receives a letter



Norma found working at Berridges dull after the excitement of acting in the dramatic society. She found it hard to keep her mind on her work.



At home she was worried and unhappy.



One morning she received a letter in unfamiliar handwriting.

WHY IT'S FROM HUMPHREY CARSON HE WANTS ME TO GO AND SEE HIM AT THE THEATRE TO-NIGHT AT SEVEN O'CLOCK!

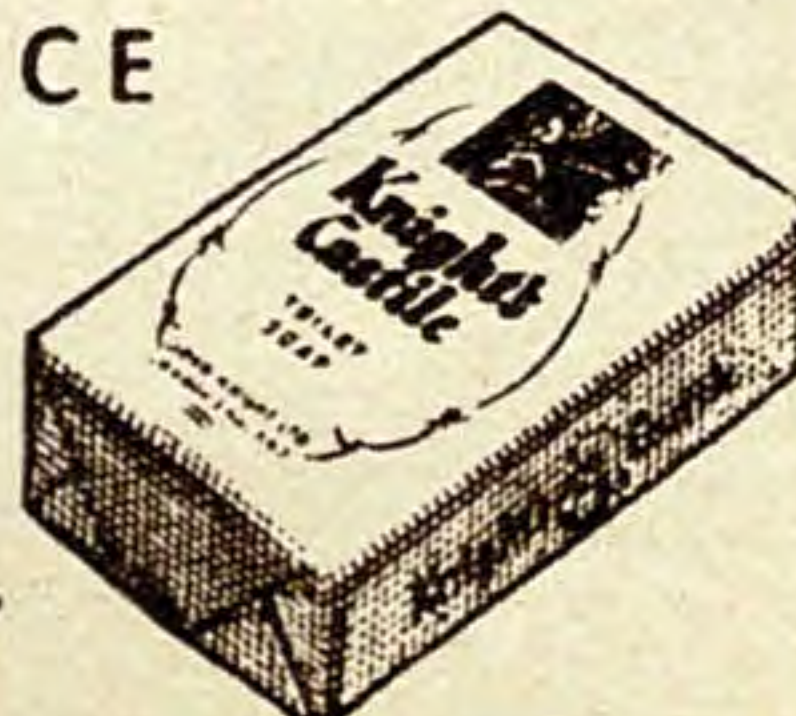
What is in store for Norma? Read the next instalment and find out. And never forget to wash night and morning with Knight's Castile—the soap that prevents "Tired Skin"!

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RONALD COLMAN'S LIFE STORY. HOW TO WIN FILM FAME, by GINGER ROGERS. "THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO." EIGHT PAGES OF FASHION AND BEAUTY AIDS. Full-page portraits of DEANNA DURBIN, NORMA SHEARER, RANDOLPH SCOTT & SHIRLEY TEMPLE, etc.

# FILM PICTORIAL SUMMER EXTRA

Now on sale at all Newsagents 6<sup>d</sup>

# FILM PICTORIAL

EDITOR :  
CLARENCE WINCHESTER

TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.4

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Katharine Hepburn is making another bid for screen success with her new film "Holiday" (a re-make of an Ann Harding picture). (Right) Cary Grant, teamed with her in "Bringing Up Baby," is again her leading man. (Above) Katharine with Lew Ayres, said to give a very good performance in the film, Edward Everett Horton and Ruth Donnelly in a scene from "Holiday."



## AMERICA SQUABBLES

# OVER HEPBURN'S FUTURE—but she's gone fishing!

**K**ATIE HEPBURN, for one who can claim the title of Hollywood's Publicity Hater Number 2 (Garbo, I suppose, still holds top ranking), manages to hit the headlines with considerable frequency.

In recent weeks you have had little chance to forget the "Box Office Poison" squabble, which began when New York exhibitors claimed that the names of eight stars—Hepburn's among them—kept people away from their cinemas.

Shortly before that startling announcement, Hepburn had broken away from RKO-Radio, for whom she made her sensational debut in *Bill of Divorcement*, and producers of all her other films. Hoping she would refuse, the company suggested that in future she should make cheaper films. Katie did refuse. Her unfinished contract was cancelled by mutual agreement and Katie, as a freelance, was making a film for Columbia.

### Battle Of the Billboards

**T**HE film was *Holiday*, re-make of the 1930 success starring Ann Harding. *Holiday*, when shown in America, received "rave" reviews from the critics. Columbia placarded hoardings all over the country with vast notices, "Is It True What They Say About Hepburn?" Exhibitors, with bigger notices, retorted that it was. Columbia, fighting gamely, came back with more placards, "It's True What They Say About Hepburn"—"they" being famous film personalities who had paid high tribute to Katie's acting in the picture.

### Hepburn Not Interested

**D**URING this raging battle—which you may consider very amusing—Hepburn had shown her almost complete lack of interest by leaving Hollywood for New York as soon as the film was finished, and subsequently turning down a handsome offer from producer Hal Roach on the grounds that she wanted to go on a fishing trip with Howard Hughes.

Is this carefree, independent air another Hepburn pose? Is she really not bothering about

her career? Or is she just confident that everything will be all right?

### "Beginning" A Great Career

**I** WAS talking to my old friend, Henry Kolker, on the set of Clark Gable's *Too Hot To Handle*. He had an important role with Hepburn in *Holiday*, and gave it as his opinion that she was just beginning a great career on the screen. (Kolker has 35 years of acting experience, and knows what he's talking about.)

Under her RKO-Radio contract, Katie was paid £20,000 a film, with 10 per cent. of the revenue. "She's got enough money now to pick and choose," Kolker told me. "During our long talks on the set, she said that to-day she's going to do only what she wants to do in pictures."

### Doesn't Excuse Mistakes

**I** FOUND her tremendously interesting. She's alive, she's vital, she's a tireless worker, and is content only when she has done the best possible with a scene. She makes no excuses for her mistakes, such as that play, *The Lake*, which flopped, or *Mary of Scotland*. (Of *The Lake* an unkind New York critic said, "Miss Hepburn ran the whole gamut of emotions—from A to B.")

George Cukor, who directed her in *Holiday*, as well as in *Bill of Divorcement* and several other pictures, says with true directorial simplicity that she is a genius. I, despite her general coldness to the press, have always found her pleasant and stimulating. (Best story of her relations with the press, probably untrue, concerns a reporter who was closely examining her about her marriage. "Have you any children?" the journalist asked. "Two," Hepburn replied sweetly and frankly. "And they're both black. Isn't it a pity?") Those who work with her are staunchly loyal in their praises, although admitting that they never quite know what she's going to do next. That's exactly what we would all like to know.

The makers of *Holiday*, Columbia, are a very shrewd firm, be it remembered. Following the

announcement that they had signed Hepburn for one film came news that two other "box office poison" stars would work for them—Edward Arnold in Capra's *You Can't Take It With You*, and Dietrich. They may be gambling on the present publicity value of these names. But Columbia gambles have a happy knack of coming off. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Warner Baxter, were given new popularity by such Columbia pictures as *It Happened One Night* and *Strictly Confidential*. *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, another Columbia film, made Gary Cooper a bigger star than ever before. Jean Arthur, too, made her come-back under the Columbia banner.

*Holiday* may prove that box office poison is Columbia's meat. I have seen it, and think it's a very good film. Hepburn's acting is better than ever. But will it draw America's dollars?

\* \* \*  
*Talking of box office poison, an American film exhibitor recently cracked, "Miss Garbo is generally associated with the saying, 'I want to be alone.' When 'Marie Walewska' showed for three days at our theatre recently, no one troubled her."*

### Tennis With "The Three M's"

**I** MOTORED the 130 miles to Coronado, near the Mexican border, one week-end recently, to visit Minna Gombell, see something of the aeroplane factory where the great flying boats are made, and play tennis with Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan and Fredric March, all staying in Coronado Bay on the Morgan yacht.

The first Hollywood citizen I met, out taking the sun, was Walter Connolly.

Connolly is doing his fiftieth motion picture part, in *Too Hot To Handle*. It's another of those loquacious roles, as the head of a news-reel company, Clark Gable's boss. "Funny thing is," he told me, "I do most of my work sitting at a telephone, talking, or rather arguing, with Gable, who's 10,000 miles away."

### More Interested In Race-horses

**A**T the moment, I'm more interested in two young race-horses that I'm trying out at the Agua Caliente track. A few more races, and they'll be good enough, we hope, for Santa Anita next season."

# Gossip: by The Nomad



After her good work in "Stage Door," RKO-Radio are building up Lucille Ball and giving her more important roles. She has just finished "Go Chase Yourself" with Joe Penner—and now she has been co-starred with Jack Oakie in "The Affairs of Annabel."

Next morning, Connolly umpired a long-fought doubles match between Robert Montgomery and myself against Frank Morgan and Freddie March. We won, three sets to two, had lunch, then relaxed on the silver sands by the pool.

#### Bob Taylor's New Picture

FRANK had to be at work early on Monday morning, and we arranged to breakfast together at the studio. At the appointed time, I waited for him at the MGM commissary, discovered that he'd had an earlier call, so went on to the set of *Give and Take*, the new Robert Taylor picture.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is base ingratitude," Frank Morgan was saying as he looked down on Robert Taylor, who, in bright blue boxing trunks, and with hands bandaged, was lying on a table and being rubbed by his trainer, a role played by Lionel Stander.

Mr. Stander growled, "See, you can't beat 'em—got too many words."

Looking pretty sour, he unfastened Bob's shoes and dropped them to the floor with a look of disgust at Frank Morgan, who is the manager.

The sound stage represented a boxer's training quarters. Several battle-scarred prize-fighters were clustered round the camera, intently watching handsome Bob portray one of their kind.

Two boxing rings, punching balls, training bags, and the assorted paraphernalia of a boxer were spread about the set.

I noticed that the bare walls of the sound stage, covered with ribbed sound-proofing material, were being used for the walls of the gymnasium, which was somewhat unusual. In this instance, the sound stage walls looked right, with photographs and poster announcements of boxing matches nailed here and there.

#### Bob Is Annoyed

TAYLOR was not in a talkative mood. The publicity man explained that he was a little annoyed at a couple of cracks two visiting American newspapermen had taken at him. He's been very sensitive about publicity since that New York reception preluding his arrival in England, the matinee idol fanfare, and now the new he-man, red-blooded policy.

Sitting talking to Maureen O'Sullivan, who was knitting a blue pullover, was William Gargan. He plays the old champion whom Taylor knocks out and kills in the ring.

#### Eleanor Powell Rehearses

IN the next sound stage, the ring for the fateful championship fight was being built. Along one wall was an enormous cyclorama, painted with hundreds of faces, depicting a section of the audience.

Rhythmic swaying music attracted me to the other end of the stage, where high screens had been placed. Ignoring the "No Admittance" sign,

I looked in, and was delighted to find Eleanor Powell, rehearsing a dance for her forthcoming picture, *Honolulu*. The setting was palm trees and bamboo effects.

Slim and graceful, Eleanor wore two creamy white leis, a shimmering skirt made of strips of cellophane, and white anklets. She swayed gently

to the captivating melody, stopping now and then to discuss the steps with the dance director.

#### Chinese "Big Apple"

AGAIN into the bright sunshine, to visit *Too Hot To Handle* and watch Clark Gable in action. He was at a microphone, addressing a laughing, giggling crowd of young Chinese on a dance floor in some smart amusement place, apparently in Shanghai.

Director Jack Conway gave the signal, the man at the playback machine put on the recorded music, and that bunch of Chinese lads and lasses began to dance the Big Apple.

Getting a great kick out of the Oriental antics were Myrna Loy and Walter Pidgeon, also in this film, which will provide another opportunity for Gable to demonstrate his dominant masculinity.

#### A Continental "Team"

THE *Great Wall*, the new Luise Rainer film, had begun that morning, so I strolled over to see what was doing, and identified the set by the crowd of students in costumes of pre-war Vienna.

"Hallo, hallo! Do come in and sit down, won't you? I'm so very glad to see you again!" It was Fernand Gravet, in his first MGM picture, inviting me into his dressing-room for morning coffee.

Gravet likes the idea of doing a single picture in Hollywood, followed by a pleasant holiday in England and France. Mme. Gravet and he have decided not to take a house during their Hollywood stay. They have a spacious service flat, thus avoiding the difficulty of getting good servants. These are as scarce as a snowfall in June.

#### Love Returns To Hollywood

LOVE is staging a comeback in Hollywood. Since madcap comedies descended on the movie town, kisses have been fewer in pictures, (Please turn to page 8)

### PUZZLE PORTRAIT

## SMALL, BUT CAN SHE FIGHT!

SHE is a tiny person, dainty, quiet, brown-haired, large-eyed. Her first film showed her as the menace of the piece. It was wrong casting. It was quite a time before she did any more movie work, and she has never been a menace again.

She plays a lot of rather sombre roles, but in real life has a puckish sense of humour.

She is a town-bred girl through and through, and confesses that outdoor activities hold little interest for her, although she loves motoring. She dresses smartly though simply, likes fur coats but not jewellery, believes in the subtle use of perfume.

She reads a tremendous lot and spends most of her spare time in the theatre. She is at the moment thinking of doing another play.

She likes to curl up in a large chair, tucking up her legs.

She is intelligent, sincere, candid, has always wanted to be an actress, and is always trying to improve. She says, "It's my ambition to become a really good film actress." Is considered by most people to have fulfilled that ambition.

She is admired for her mental and physical courage. Never shirks the issue. Has hit the headlines again and again in fighting for her rights.

Once demanded damages from a shoe company who used her name without permission when advertising their product. Didn't funk the unpleasant publicity when her father brought a suit against her. Her courage won. The suit was dropped.

Was once accused of "walking out" on a studio. Made one of her greatest hits in a picture which was never shown in England.

Has been unlucky physically. Has suffered a lot from ill-health, and has undergone several operations. She worked for a long time on one film with her ankle in a plaster cast. The same ankle gave her a lot of trouble when making another picture later on. She slipped and sprained it.

Is near-sighted. On one occasion, had the strange experience of going to the preview of a picture in which she was starred, without being able to see herself on the screen. She had broken her glasses and could only hear her voice.

There is no one else at all like her on the screen. Yet, in her early film days, the label "second" was attached to her because she was given a role originally intended for another star, who had been taken ill. The two weren't in the least alike. As it happened, the story was purchased with the idea of giving the other a break-away from her usual style.

London audiences recently had the chance of seeing her again, in her first film since what was generally thought to be one of the best pictures of last year. Her name? If you can't guess, turn to page 13.

The film was a success. The newcomer made a hit. It was only her second part. She has been a top-liner ever since.

Had never bothered about owning pets until a fan sent her two love-birds, with which she immediately fell in love.

Has a "coal black mammy" maid who calls her "Missy."

Directors are fond of featuring her slow, warm smile. It has been reported that executives used to issue instructions that her smile must be shown, whatever the story.

She owns a portable dressing-table which was used once upon a time by the great Sarah Bernhardt. Another precious possession is an early edition of Shakespeare. Has a lot of valuable books, many of which she has bought herself from second-hand book stalls.

Was born in New York, to which her foreign parents had migrated. Her parents were divorced. When her mother married again, she took her new father's name and was legally adopted by him.

After studying elocution, she went to a dramatic school. Searched for stage work; found it after a couple of months. But it was an unfortunate beginning. She strained her leg, and the show lasted only a week.

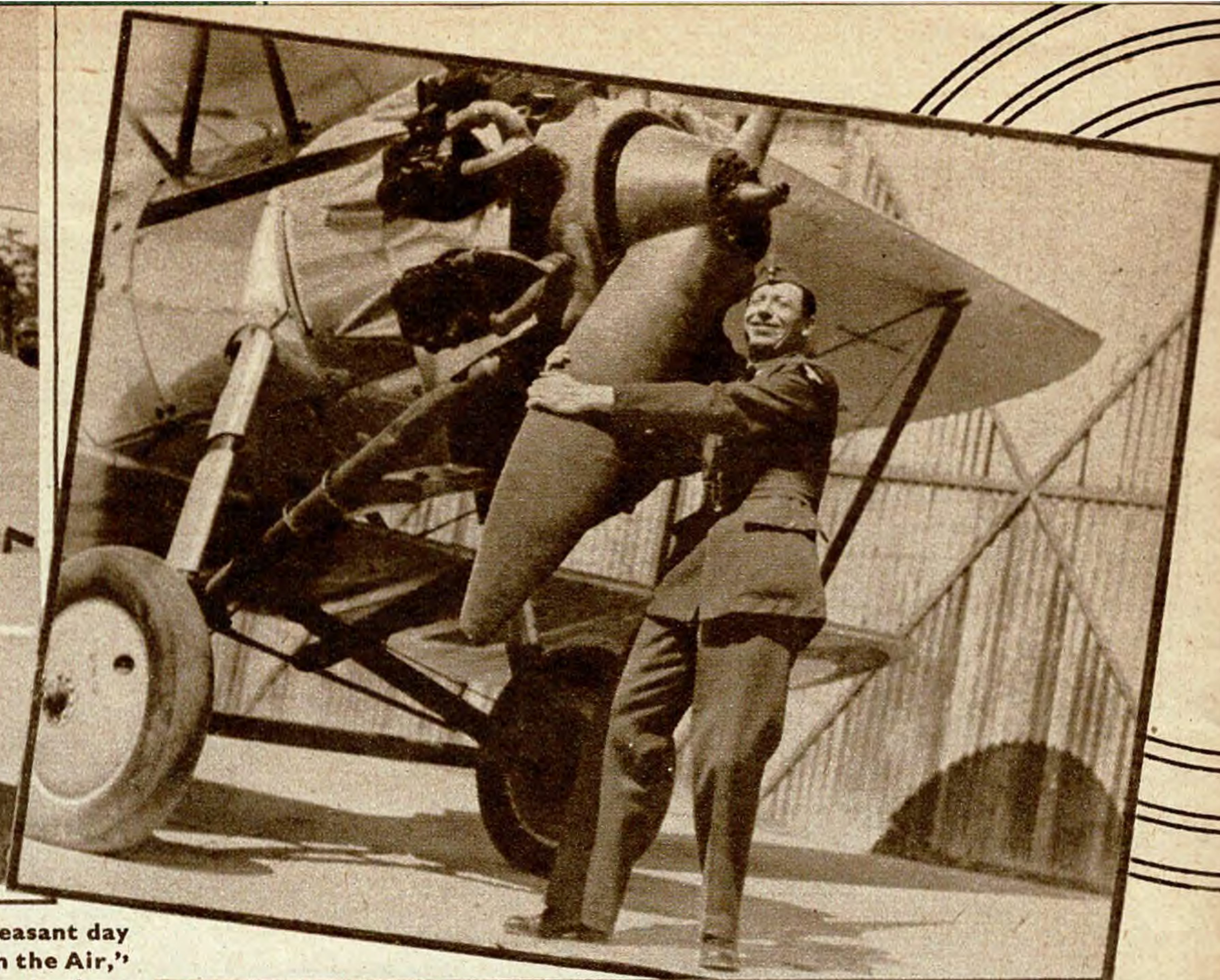
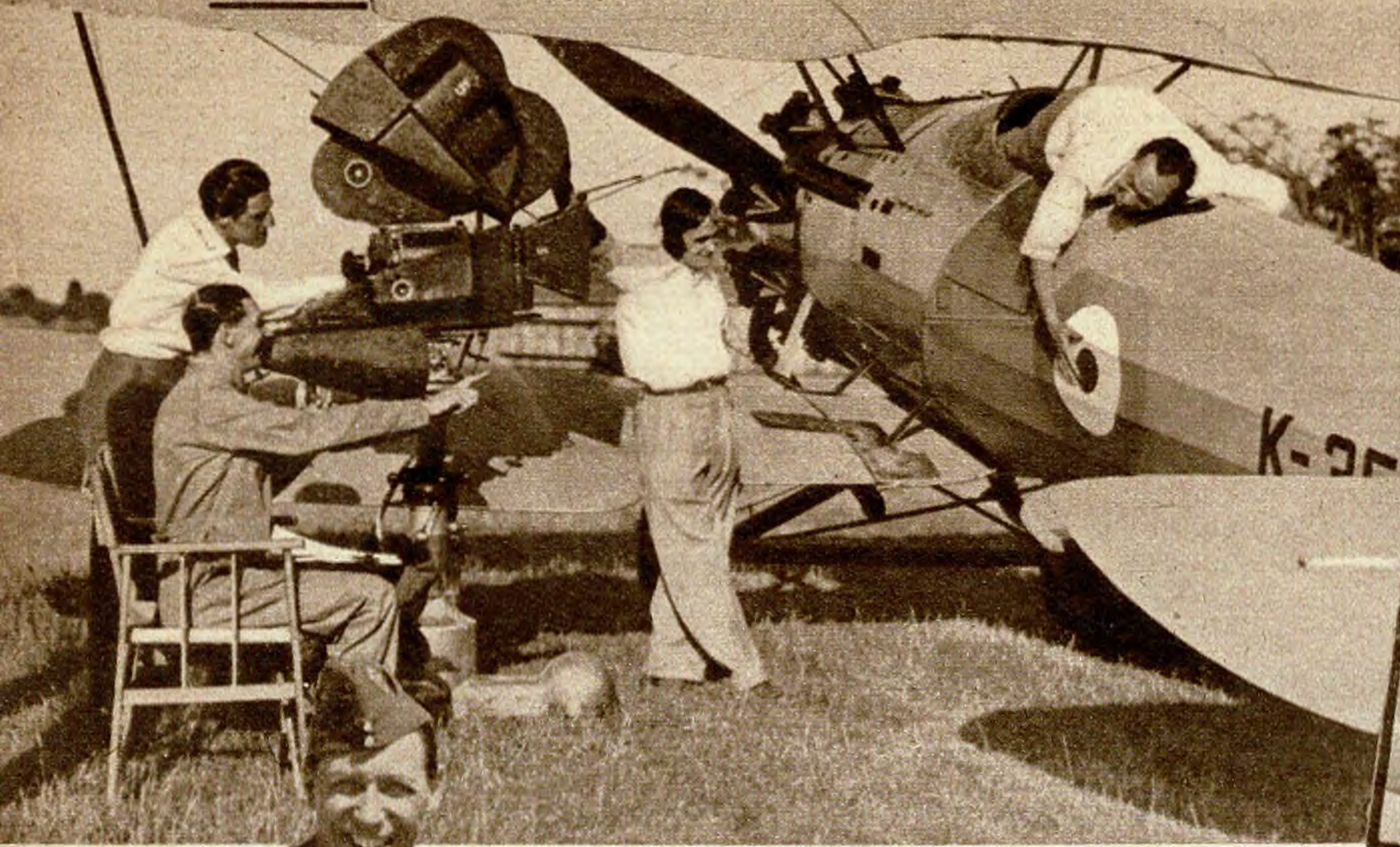
Managers thought she looked too young. One advised her to go back to school. But she got her chances. She was rather plump in those days, but as she grew up she became slimmer. Has a lovely slender figure now.

Received experience in stock companies. Then, slowly but surely, she made a big name for herself on the New York stage, and became one of the theatre's highest-paid actresses for one so young.

After her first unlucky film venture, she returned to the stage. A well-known producer saw her in a play, and managed to persuade her to try the screen again. She's glad now that she agreed to accept his offer.



ROBERT  
MONTGOMERY  
and VIRGINIA BRUCE  
are hero and heroine of "Yellow  
Jack," villain of the piece being  
the mosquito which causes  
yellow fever. Sounds dull? Well,  
it isn't — and Bob's acting  
is even better than  
in "Night Must  
Fall."



As the Nomad tells you this week, he spent a pleasant day on location with the George Formby film, "It's in the Air," at Hanworth Aerodrome, and he brought back these pictures for you. (Above) The director directed. This time it is George Formby who wields the megaphone, script on his knee, and director Anthony Kimmins, who is descending from the aeroplane in so dignified a manner, while two technicians look on and enjoy the joke. (Above, right) "Is this how it's done?" asks George Formby, practising for his role of an R.A.F. recruit. (Below) Polly Ward and director Anthony Kimmins chat between scenes.

## Fooling and Flying with George Formby



Cooper certainly knows the technique of keeping still," said Nolan. "But get him on the subject of his baby daughter! His face lights up, his eyes gleam, and he's the complete picture of the fond father."

### Muni—Honey Expert

ON the way to Burbank to visit Warner Brothers' Studios, I passed Paul Muni, parked beside a shop in the highway which displayed jars of golden honey, jams, preserved fruits. I pulled up, and listened to Mr. Muni extolling the virtues of this particular honey.

"This, my friend, is the finest orange blossom honey I've tasted, simply because the bees gather their nectar in the orange groves in the Valley. My wife and I are both very fond of it. You ought to try some."

The recommendation was too good to be passed over. I bought a jar, and later enjoyed some with brown bread, butter, tea, and Olivia de Havilland and Bonita Granville, on the set of *Head Over Heels*.

This is Olivia's first job after her sojourn with you in England, and the habit of afternoon tea is so strong with her that she has—almost—convinced the Powers that there should be a lull in the afternoon's work to enjoy the cup that cheers.

### Another Odd Family

THIS *Head Over Heels* (no connexion with the Jessie Matthews picture of the same title) is a fluffy comedy of a gay New York family, with Isabel Jeans and Charles Winninger as the parents of Olivia de Havilland and Bonita Granville. Yes, as you have guessed, Bonita plays the unpleasant younger sister, and Olivia is the dreamy romantic. Melville Cooper is the butler, who jousts with Mr. Winninger in contests of table tennis, billiards, and, funniest of all, fencing.

This particular sequence I watched was laid in Olivia's bedroom, done in pastel shades, thick piled carpets, enormous windows, with the usual panorama of the exciting New York skyline. A difficult scene for timing, it was finally "in the can." Two uniformed coloured boys had already brought tea. We were joined by Melville Cooper and Patric Knowles, and Olivia told us of the joys of England. Waking up from a quiet snooze in the corner, Allen Jenkins lumbered over.

"I don't go much for this tea stuff, but it all sounds pretty swell to me. Milady," he said, addressing Isabel Jeans, "wouldst pour me a cup?" The teatime habit has not quite caught on in

romantic moods a matter of split seconds. *Three Blind Mice* is helping to change all that.

On a sound stage at Movietone City, your old friends Loretta Young and Joel McCrea played a love sequence that ran for 13 minutes, and required four cameras to film it. The average film love scene runs for about 90 seconds.

Shooting in a spacious garden, ideal for romance, the cameras photographed the screen lovers as they strolled slowly among the flowers and finally sat by an oak tree for the highlight of the scene. Instead of breaking up the sequence into several shots, Director William A. Seiter filmed it in one stretch, believing that he could better keep the mood that way. Six times it was shot before Mr. Seiter was satisfied. Before you see it on the screen, film editors will have cut its 13 minutes of footage to six.

### When Gary Cooper Went Courting

THERE are scores of people in Hollywood who like to tell you about the stars they "knew when—" Sometimes these recollections are humorous. During Gary Cooper's last film, an assistant from the art department went on to the set to do a sketch of Gary. The artist grinned broadly when introduced to Gary. Gary grinned back.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Cooper, don't smile, just look pleasant," the artist requested.

Gary wiped the smile off his face, held his usual immobility. In a few moments the artist grinned again, and Gary grinned; they had an awful time getting the sketch finished.

As the artist was leaving he was asked why the Dickens he kept on grinning at Gary.

"I just couldn't help it," he chuckled. "I kept on remembering how that guy Cooper used to stand outside my apartment-house and yell for a girl called Tessie."

Then it was revealed that when Cooper first came to Hollywood, he was wont to squire a young lady whose apartment-house door was often locked by the time he arrived. The only way he could get in touch with her was by yelling beneath her window. Once, while he yodelled, "Oh, Tessie, oh, Tessie, come on down!" the young artist, unaware of this romance, stuck his head out of his window and shouted, "For Pete's sake, keep quiet, can't you?"

Blushingly Gary apologized, subsided into silence. The artist said he just couldn't help grinning every time he thought of Gary Cooper courting Tessie.

### Gary's Sit-still Technique

STORIES of the lean young man from Montana seem to be in the air. As I was chatting with Lloyd Nolan on the set of *Prison Farm*, while he and Shirley Ross waited for the camera, he told me about Gary being on location in the mountains.

It began to rain. The company returned to the hotel. Gary curled up on a couch, and Roscoe Karns was laying the odds that Gary wouldn't move for three hours. People came up and spoke to him; he answered with monosyllables and did not move.

Two and a half hours passed. Mr. Karns was jubilant. Then the rain stopped, and bets were called off.

"I think he'd have won it, though, because that



"All ready for off?" asks George Formby before climbing into the pilot's seat to film one of the most hilarious sequences for his new film, "It's In the Air." (Below) George is very proud indeed of his new car—and wouldn't let it be photographed until he had carefully removed a tiny leaf that had fluttered down on to the bonnet. Still, wouldn't you be proud to own a car like that?



they were dressed in early-Victorian get-up, maybe you'll understand still better what torture they were suffering so silently and nobly!

The particular scene they were shooting was from *Marigold*. Right in the centre of the set was somebody who caught my eye and held it. Cool (at least she looked it), serene and smiling was Sophie Stewart. Yes, in spite of her encasement of corsets and crinoline!

**Sophie Loves "Dressing Up"**

AND believe it or not, she told me when I got a chance to talk to her that she simply loved being dolled up like that and playing in a costume piece.

"These dresses are lovely, don't you think?" she said to me, and looking at her I agreed heartily—though it wasn't just the dress I considered lovely. That only did a small part in adding to the charm of the wearer.

"You must by now feel more at home in period costume than in fashions of 'Thirty-eight,'" I remarked—remembering that most of her pictures have been costume ones—*Under the Red Robe*, for instance, and *Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*.

"And if those old-time fashions come back," I asked, "you wouldn't mind?"

Sophie smiled. "I didn't say that," she answered. "Oh no, it would be awful. These dresses belong to a time when girls had no freedom. We're never going back to that, thank goodness."

But she was happy enough to dress like that for pictures—and especially happy to be playing the lead in *Marigold*. After all, who should have the role but Sophie?

Look how many times she played it on the stage, first in the touring company over here, then in the U.S.A. and Canada, then again when the play was revived in London.

**First Film In 24 Years**

ANOTHER Scottish actress playing an important role in *Marigold* is Jean Clyde, sister of the famous comedian, Andy Clyde.

Miss Clyde must be finding things somewhat changed in the world of film-making. It's 24 years since she last appeared in a picture. Her time since then has been completely taken up with stage work.

I'm not asking you to tax your memories. I'll just tell you that her last film was the silent *Rob Roy*—and maybe you weren't even born when that old-timer appeared.

**Pat Barr's Big Chance**

BUT all of you must remember that grand little picture called *Cavalier of the Streets*. That takes you back only a matter of months. And if

Hollywood, but there's always a cup to be had when members of the British colony are working.

**Stars' Tribute To Helen Hayes**

AT the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre, Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina* opened before a gay, sparkling, star-studded audience. Seeing Helen Hayes portray Queen Victoria, you'd fully appreciate her innate love for the theatre and the stage, how important it all is for her as an actress.

Last year, when she was on holiday in California, with her little daughter and playwright husband, Charles MacArthur, Miss Hayes told me that she would not return to the screen until the right story came along. The most tempting offers, financially, have been made to her. She has refused them all. Financially, she has been very successful with *Victoria Regina*, and you can well understand her personal satisfaction with the Housman play.

I went along to the Trocadero afterwards, where Norma Shearer entertained for Miss Hayes. Scores of leading film personalities came to give tribute to the great actress. There were Mary Pickford, Merle Oberon, Joan Bennett, Sonja Henie, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, the Spencer Tracys, George Brent, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, as well as many of the big producers.

In a way, it expressed the screen's acknowledgement of the artistry of the stage, and the dependence of films on the theatre for a perpetual enrichment of talent in acting, writing and directing.

**March's Expensive Lesson**

A FEW days later, I was at the Hal Roach Studios, to see the opening scenes of *There Goes My Heart*. There's been a lot of bother about casting this picture, finally settled with borrowing Virginia Bruce for the leading feminine role opposite Fredric March, whose last Hollywood job was *Nothing Sacred*.

March grinned when Alan Mowbray and I referred to his unsuccessful venture on Broadway with *Yr. Obedient Husband*. "That was an expensive

lesson, and all we can do is to charge it off to experience and income tax," he said.

The first week of this picture will be spent at Santa Catalina, where the principals, Virginia Bruce, Freddie March, Patsy Kelly and Alan Mowbray, will do their acting by the shores of the blue Pacific.

Nancy Carroll makes a welcome return to films in *There Goes My Heart*. She's been away from the screen far too long, spending most of her time bringing up her attractive young daughter, Patricia.

**When the Stars Envy You**

A GOOD many of you will be reading this while you are enjoying a lovely lazy time by the sea, writes the British Nomad. Well, holiday-makers, the stars you envy so often are envying you for a change.

It's hot work making a film—the indoors scenes, anyway. I stepped out of the sunshine the other afternoon into the Associated British Studio, at Elstree, and once again realized this fact.

Outside it was hot enough. But when I wandered on to the set and got under the glaring lamps that were pouring down their heat as well as light, my collar soon began to feel mighty tight.

**Crinolines and Make-up**

IMAGINE what the poor players must have felt like under their heavy make-up. And when I tell you that

**The Girl On The Cover**



Dorothy Lamour.

DOROTHY LAMOUR, whom you can see in *Big Broadcast of 1938*, released next week, and whose most recently finished film, *Tropic Holiday*, was shown in London a short time ago, has appeared in 10 pictures since her sensational 1936 debut in *Jungle Princess*.

At the age of 23, Dorothy has made a name for herself which many another star would envy. When she arrived in Hollywood, as a torch-singer and wife of band-leader Herbie Kaye, she wasn't exactly the world's most brilliant actress. But someone discovered that Dorothy Lamour in a sarong didn't have to act—very many people were willing to part with very many dollars just to look at a scantily-clad Dorothy being made love to by Ray Milland. Dorothy became a star in her first film. "Lamour" became "Glamour"—with a big capital G.

A Hollywood shop assistant recently remarked that when Dorothy came into the shop, she wasn't recognized—she was wearing so many clothes. But Dorothy isn't content. She wants to become an actress. She works very hard practising her job. She has to work even harder persuading Hollywood producers that Acting is more important than Leg. The producers, wise men with years of experience behind them, just don't believe her. That's why you won't be hailing Dorothy as an Academy Award winner for a long, long time. But you'll have plenty of opportunities to gaze in admiration at one of the most perfect figures in Hollywood.

you saw it, you must remember Patrick Barr and must be looking forward to seeing him again. You get your chance in *Marigold*.

Twenty-eight, tall, good-looking and with great charm of manner, this young Irishman is certainly well worth watching, in both senses of the word.

Then there's a young Welshman in *Marigold* who'll take your eye—if he hasn't already done so. He's Clifford Evans, who was fired with an ambition to get into films when, at the age of 15, he won a cinema competition as the boy with the best speaking voice.

But he can hardly call his film voice his own, never yet having played a Welshman's part!

### Victoria and Albert Squabble

I LOOKED in at Denham recently on the *Sixty Glorious Years* set, where Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were having one of their little domestic tiffs, which ended with Victoria humbly begging to be forgiven.

It was literally a question of "kiss and make-up," for Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook were rehearsing this scene, even to the final kisses, while the make-up men were touching up their cheeks and eyebrows. So much for the "romance" of studio love-scenes!

### Gracie Fields Keeps Busy

GRACIE FIELDS is busy at Pinewood on *Keep Smiling*—not another new film, but just another new title. It's the same film as *Piccadilly Circus*—you may have heard of it under that name.

But Gracie, with the kindness of heart which we know so well and which has endeared her to thousands, has found time to fit in a piece of work for charity. She has agreed to open a Children's Fair in aid of the League of Mercy—a charity which was founded by Edward VII for the support of hospitals. The fair is taking place at Bedford College, Regent's Park, on Friday, July 15, and Gracie Fields will perform the opening ceremony at 2.30. I'm told an unusual feature is the fact that all the stalls will be presided over by children.

It's a work that certainly deserves support. Who knows—perhaps I shall meet some of you there, those of you who live in London.

### Peter Coke's Big Chance

APPEARING with Gracie in *Keep Smiling* is a young Peter Coke (pronounce it Cook, please), who, with Mary Maguire, the young Australian girl who came here via Hollywood, sustains the romantic interest in the film. Mary follows Jessie Matthews' lead, though, by having two partners—one for dancing, one for romancing. Her dancing partner is Jack Donohue, the man who taught Shirley Temple so much of her dancing. He's married to Tutta Rolf, with whom he appeared a little while ago in *Rhythm In the Air*. If you saw that film, you saw something very like

Donohue's real life—for he really did take up dancing to help mend a broken ankle.

### A Famous Star Gets Temperamental

A BAD case of temperament occurred, I am sorry to report, in a British film unit recently. A famous and very popular star absolutely refused to do what was required of him. He had to rush joyously into a scene and appear full of enthusiasm for one of his fellow actors. The director and the other actors had almost exhausted their patience—but the star continued to moon aimlessly around, ruining take after take.

Scruffy (for it was he) seemed totally unconcerned at all the efforts to arouse him. He would rush on, barking joyously, then, instead of jumping up at George Formby as the action of *It's In the Air* required, he would wander out of camera-range, inspecting the aeroplane out of which George had just climbed. Once, he did jump up—but on to the aeroplane wing, where he didn't seem to know how to get down again.

### Formby's Great Pal

STILL, in spite of his "temperament," Scruffy is one of my favourite film stars. Such a joy to interview, never any scandal attached to him, never any ordering of visitors off the set. I wish all film folk were like him.

Scruffy had become very much attached to George Formby during the making of *It's In the Air*, and while the unit was on location at Hanworth Aerodrome, making flying scenes, Scruffy spent all his spare time in George's caravan trailer. "Coom on, Scroof," George would cry, and the two of them would go off for a grand romp together.

I have often thought that somebody ought to make a comedy round the Air Force, and that is what *It's In the Air* is. Formby has the role of a young man who gets into the Air Force by mistake and then can't get out again—and has to take up 'planes and so forth, with comic results.

### "Tony, George and Polly"

ANTHONY KIMMINS, who directed *I See Ice* (released next week) is again in charge. If I were a film technician, I think I should try very hard to get a job on a Kimmins film. The atmosphere of the whole unit of *It's In the Air* was a friendly, matey one. No "Mr. Kimmins," "Mr. Formby," "Miss Ward"—these Important People were "Tony," "George" and "Polly" to one and all. No flare-ups took place when things went wrong—and I don't believe the smile was off Kimmins' face the whole day.

### The R.A.F. Doesn't Co-operate

ALTHOUGH it was so glorious out-of-doors (I collected quite a good coat of sun-tan!)

it was particularly tiring work. Even I, who was only sitting watching, felt exhausted. The studio staff, who were concentrating on getting through as much work as possible, must have felt it far more so. Every time they seemed "all set" for a good scene, an aeroplane would start off nearby (remember, this was all happening on ground "rented" from the R.A.F. and Air Force "business as usual" was continuing close by).

Yet, after a whole day of that kind of thing, while the hot glaring sun was beating down on their bare heads, the studio hands gathered round, shouting wisecracks, and joining in the fun, when Director Anthony Kimmins and George Formby decided to "change places" for a joke, after shooting had finished for the day. I got a picture of the incident, which you can see on page 8.

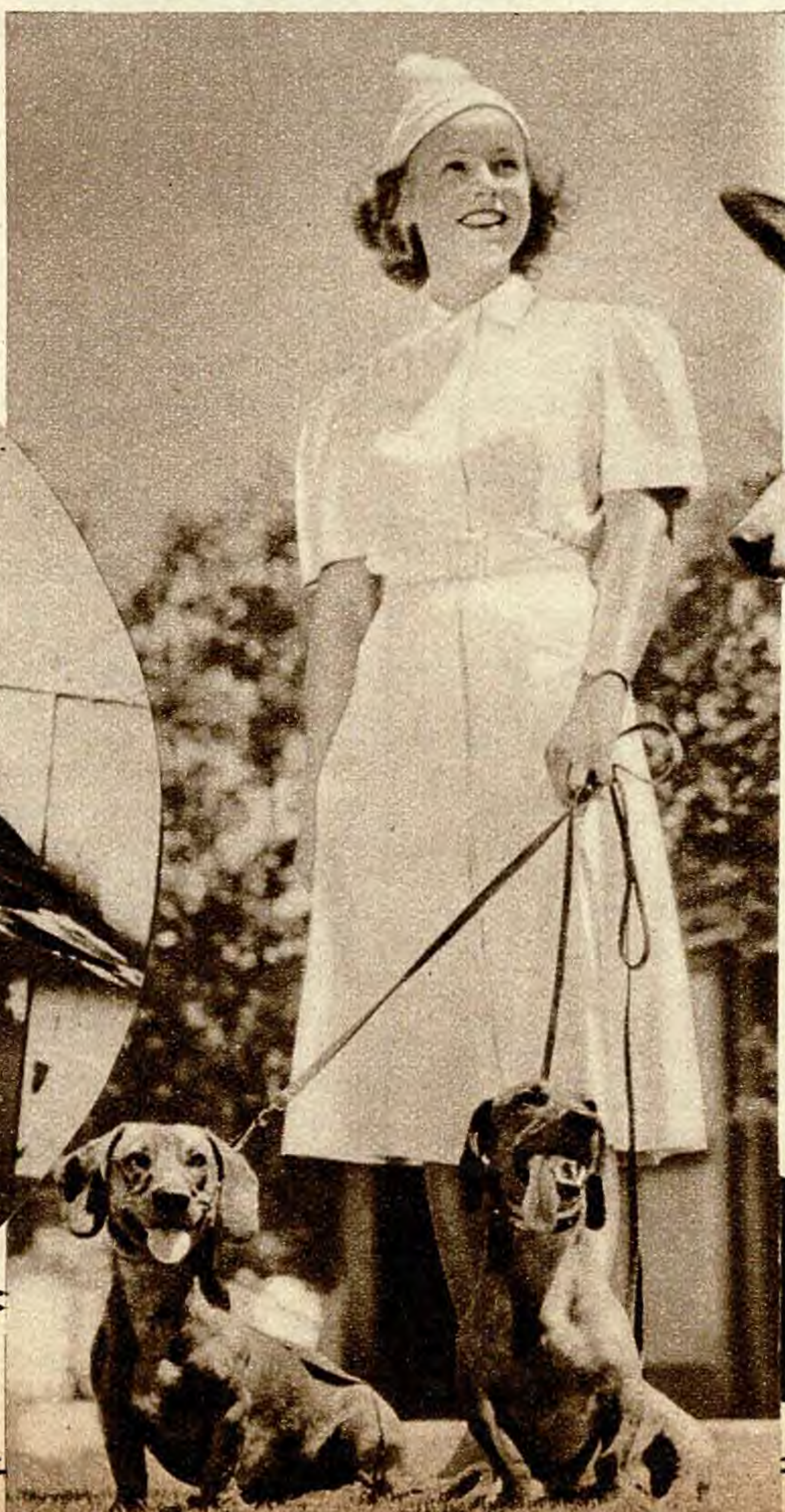
### Polly Ward Goes Ahead

POLLY WARD, who has just finished playing Jessie Matthews' original role in the film version of *Hold My Hand* at Elstree, is George Formby's leading lady, and told me how pleased she was to feel she is really making headway in her film career. Polly and her stand-in are great pals, and were conferring anxiously over a knitting problem. A modern proverb might well be "a touch of knitting makes all women kin."

### Right—or Wrong?

AWAY from the main unit, red-headed Basil Dearden, who is Anthony Kimmins' right-hand man on the film, was directing a shot which called for a group of R.A.F. men under a sergeant-major to march towards the camera. The sergeant-major called out, "By the right, Quick March," and off they all started. This was done three or four times and at the fourth take one of the many aerodrome mechanics who were using their lunch-hour to watch the film-making turned to me and said, "There, that's wrong! He said 'By the right,' but they all started off with the left foot again!"

Philip Guedalla, author and historian, told the annual conference of the British Cinema Exhibitors' Association, "When I was a boy, the second-hand business had its centre in Wardour Street (where most film companies have their London offices). Sometimes I think it still has."



WHOSE ZOO IN FILMS. Henry Fonda (left) lights a cigarette for Rollo, the Raven, who appears with him in "Spawn of the North." (Centre) Phyllis Welch with the two dachshunds, given her by Harold Lloyd on the completion of "Professor Beware." (Above) Pamela Kellino with Freddie the Fox, who appears with her in "Deadwater," the film which she, Roy Kellino and James Mason are making.

# MADELEINE CARROLL

## has a TICKLISH JOB

**L**OVELY Madeleine Carroll is visiting Europe as the ambassador of Hollywood. Being possessed of an unusual share of brains as well as beauty, she has been chosen by the film magnates to visit those in authority in various countries to point out to them that certain American films in a serious vein are really a means of helping the people of all nations to get to know one another better.

Sitting in a charming apartment overlooking the chestnut trees of the Rond Point des Champs Elysees, in Paris, Madeleine Carroll told me something of her new mission and what she hoped to achieve by it.

"My aim," she said, "is to try to convince censors in various European countries that a serious film, such as *Blockade*, is not necessarily a propaganda film, either for or against any country.

"In these days of fierce competition, when there is such a vogue for the best French films, and with production costs so high, it is a serious matter for Hollywood to have a film banned in France or Italy or Germany. It means one block of bookings completely wiped out. My job is to try to prevent this. Hollywood seldom has a film banned in England. People with the force of the British Empire behind them can afford to have a sense of humour. It even amuses them sometimes to laugh at themselves. They are so steeped in tradition that they think it funny to see themselves misrepresented.

### No Sense of Humour

"**N**ATIONS with younger constitutions are more sensitive. The young rarely have a sense of humour. When I was very young I had none at all. That is why the nations who have newer forms of government are apt to be touchy about even minor characters which seem to ridicule them.

"There is a certain actor in Hollywood who is looked upon there as the typical comic stage Italian. As a matter of fact he is not Italian at all, but Mexican. His appearance in a film, however, always annoys the Italians. They simply cannot bear him. I hope that by my knowledge of various European languages and of the people of different nationalities I may be able ultimately to work as a kind of liaison officer between Hollywood and Europe, not only interpreting the real meaning of American films over here, but also pointing out to producers in Hollywood just why it is better to avoid certain innocently intended forms of humour that offend where they were meant only to amuse.

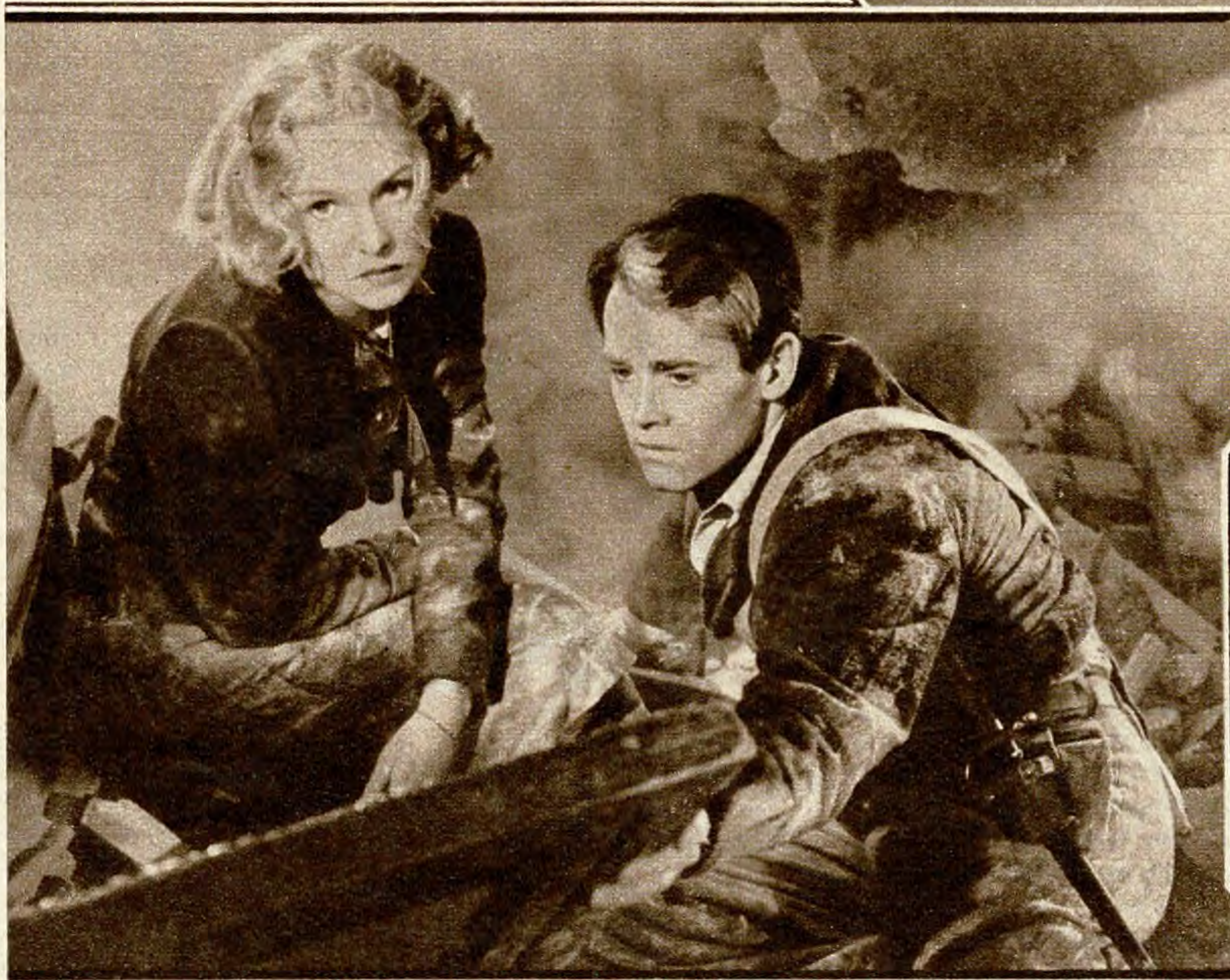
### Wrong Ideas About Hollywood

"**W**ITH its world-wide appeal, Hollywood must learn the point of view of other nations. By doing so it not only makes itself the interpreter of America, but also helps to make all people know one another better by presenting them in a true light. And helping nations to know one another properly is surely a stepping-stone to peace! Travelled people seldom have pugnacious natures. It is because they have friends in many countries. Hollywood can give everyone the travelled outlook.

"There is, perhaps, no place in the world about which strangers have a more erroneous opinion than Hollywood itself. They come expecting glamour, excitement and pleasure. They find people absorbed in their work and in keeping themselves fit and young.

"Stars have to get up early to be on the set on time. There is scarcely a moment of relaxation until they return home after the day's work. The

She has come to Europe as Hollywood's ambassador, to persuade Continental censors that such pictures as "*Blockade*," her new film about the Spanish Civil War, are not propaganda. It isn't easy, for some Continental nations are very sensitive. But the writer of this article, WINIFRED BOULTER, feels sure that the Carroll charm can bring it off.



"Blockade," although it is about the Spanish war, is careful not to take sides. In spite of that, the film is not popular in certain Continental countries, and that means a financial loss to its Hollywood producers. Madeleine and Henry Fonda are on the left in a dramatic scene from the picture.

moment one has played the smallest scene or made a movement that puts a hair out of place, there is a hairdresser ready with a comb to put it back again. A maid with an iron and a board is hovering to straighten out your dress if you sit down for a second. It's tiring. Also I think it tends to make films untrue to life. I believe part of the great success enjoyed by French films at the present time is due to the fact that they represent real people doing ordinary things, and don't attempt to put over such a quantity of glamour.

"When I'm beginning a new film the hairdresser will say to me, 'Miss Carroll, don't you think your hair would look nicer dressed like this?' I always answer, 'Well, we may as well try it.' They pay you so much in Hollywood that they should be allowed to see the effect of whatever they think best. But they always come round to my point of view about the hair in the end.

"Personally, I live rather far out of Hollywood because I like being near the sea. That means I have to get up even earlier than most stars, for it is a long drive to the studio. But it is lovely to get home and change into old slacks or a bathing dress, and have a good swim and forget all about glamour.

### Celebrities Do Not Sparkle

"**A**S for parties, I think we scarcely appreciate them as much as you do over here. There are so many celebrities side by side that none of them achieves quite the radiance of the same people met singly in other places.

"In Paris or London or Rome if you want to meet somebody famous it means getting into touch with various people first and making a certain effort. That creates a pleasurable sense of anticipation that is missing in Hollywood, where you cannot go to a party without meeting celebrities. They, too, are more likely to scintillate

when they know there has been this effort. It is easier for both sides.

"What is marvellous about Hollywood is working there. People are so appreciative. They assume one is a success until one has proved oneself to be a failure. Often in the Old World it is the other way about. Americans are the most stimulating and encouraging people in the world. And they are always prepared to give a new idea a trial.

### Clothes—and Marriage

"**C**LOTHES? Yes, I think Hollywood is the best judge of film fashions. I like to get my private clothes in Paris. But the point of view is different. You get a Paris dress because it is smart and new and in keeping with the mood of Paris at the time. In Hollywood they expect a dress to do something for you. It must make you look younger or slimmer. It must hide some defect you may possess, or accentuate some asset.

"About marriage, that is such a personal matter it is difficult to generalize. I don't really see why Hollywood should wreck a marriage. When I am there my husband comes over to visit me seven or eight times a year. And we both like the life we are able to lead there together when I am free from the studio.

"One day, however, I expect I shall make a home in France. My mother is French, so I have an inherited love for the country and I understand its people. I am looking for a house in the country, not too far from Paris—a place I can come back to and rest between films. Also a headquarters for this new work that I find so fascinating.

"I think there is a future for what I call 'serious' films. Since films have such a wide and far-reaching appeal, why shouldn't they give people just a little uplift occasionally? After all, isn't that what some of the best of them are striving after?"

Marjorie Lane, who writes this article, with her husband, Brian Donlevy. The drawing of Marjorie which Brian is holding is by James Montgomery Flagg the famous artist who described her as "the most attractive girl in Hollywood's younger set."

Trocadero—I had been there two years—when Louis B. Mayer, the power that is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, summoned me.

"How'd you like to be an actress?" he asked me.

"I'd love it," I said.

"Come to the studio," Mr. Mayer said—and I did.

Then came disillusion. Every year there is a crop of young hopefuls in Hollywood. Three years ago I was one of the crop. I didn't get the grand opportunity. Finally a song writer at the studio whom I knew came to me.

"I've written a song for *Broadway Melody*," he said. "You're the only one who can sing it the way it really should be sung."

**"Lucky Star" Was Unlucky**

I SAW opportunity breaking down the front door until he added:

"It's a special favour. In reality, Eleanor Powell will sing the song on the screen. You'll just be the voice. But the executives'll all know who sang, and you'll attract a lot of favourable attention."

So I sang it, and that was my downfall. The song, ironically, was "Lucky Star." From that time on I was held on contract so that I could sing again for Eleanor in her next picture.

Even though I was anonymous, I really had a good time. Eleanor is a grand girl. As I write this a charm bracelet she gave me dangles from my left wrist, a symbol of our association. It says, "To Marjorie, with love, from Eleanor." I recall with a laugh her nervousness at my wedding to Brian Donlevy—the first she'd ever attended. She was my bridesmaid, and a shy one.

We went through *Born to Dance* together, into the second *Broadway Melody*, in which she appeared, and finally into *Rosalie*.

I'd better give you something of a technical idea of my job, and who sings for people, and how. I'm just one of a large number of people



# SHE Lends her Voice to the STARS

IN the past few years, during which I've spent most of my time as the anonymous singing voice of several of the stars, the happiest moment that I can recall was my meeting with Jean Harlow. Too much cannot be said about her sweetness, her lack of conceit, her friendliness.

A year or so before she died I was singing at the Trocadero. I was sitting at a table with friends when she came to it, and said: "I've just heard you sing, my dear. You have a lovely voice. I'd be proud if you'd loan me your talent. Will you sing a song or two for me in one of my pictures?"

How could any one refuse? She might well have assumed that she was doing an obscure singer a great favour. Instead, she asked me to do one for her. I was her voice in the picture she was then making.

This was not my first experience as a "voice of the stars." During my rather short career—I'm only 23—I've sung for Eleanor Powell in four pictures, for Wendy Barrie in two, for Isabel Jewell and Ann Dvorak and Peggy Conklin. And Jean Harlow isn't the only fine person I've met in the hot, driving, bustling studios.

There is irony in the story I have to tell. Since I first began to sing as a child in Topeka, Kansas, I've wanted to be an actress. I've pointed my whole career towards that work. I've been denied the one thing I've sought.

It's odd to think that for a year and a half I was under contract to a leading studio, that I never appeared in front of a camera simply because I had

MARJORIE LANE, who has sung many songs for the films, but who has never been seen on the screen, tells you what it is like to be a Hollywood "voice-double" in this interview with Ed Churchill.

a good voice. James Montgomery Flagg has sketched me and has called me "the most attractive girl in Hollywood's younger set." If that sounds like boasting, please forgive it, I don't agree with Mr. Flagg, but it does give you a general idea that I'm not barred from the screen because I'm positively deformed.

What a night it was when I thought my big break had arrived!

I was singing at the

Three of the stars for whom Marjorie Lane has sung in films—Isabel Jewell, Ann Dvorak, and Eleanor Powell. Eleanor is a great personal friend of Marjorie's and was a bridesmaid when Marjorie married Brian Donlevy.



who make a living loaning their voices. One can't overlook Virginia Verrill, the voice of Andrea Leeds in *Goldwyn Follies*. Or Grace Saxon, who has sung for Claire Trevor, Joan Davis, Peggy Conklin, Judith Barrett and many others. We could go back 10 years and find the list of "dubbers" huge, studded with such names as Kenny Baker, and plenty of others.

A song-double first has to have a name as a singer. Once known, you're seized upon as having a voice which "fits" a certain star. The star is given the song which he or she is to sing. Sometimes the star sings it, and in this way the best key and the range of voice is established. Then you, as singer, are called in for a test. If your tones match fairly well, you get the job.

### Secrets of "Dublin"

IF you have the right range, you're hired on a contract basis, your job being to rehearse and record. You are ushered into the presence of the star and further tests are made. You sing. The star watches you, she having to "mouth" it before the camera. Next, you are called to the recording room. Usually, the star isn't there. You proceed to sing the song. It is recorded. Then it is played back to the star, who "mouths" it before the camera. Then your voice is put on the sound track, and the job is done.

That's the principle of the thing. But, in practice, there are many slips. Maybe the star introduces a bit of business during the song at the behest of the director. The song must be sung over again. Maybe the director decides that the song should be sung by the star with a touch of gaiety. Again it must be done over. Or with a sob in the voice. Over again.

When my little bits of film work are done, I step back to my job at the Trocadero. In case you're interested, that's the best place to be discovered that I can think of offhand. I remember the night that Wally Beery came in, spotted me, heard me sing. Wally called me to him and in his gruff way said: "You're okay. You'll have to come and sing on my radio programme."

I did. Al Jolson picked me up for his broadcast the same way. Phil Ohman, the orchestra leader, also singled me out. But always for my voice, never for my face, or acting ability. Martha Raye did a small bit there one Sunday night, and to-day she's a star. Tony Martin accomplished the same bit of magic overnight.

### Still Hoping

MAYBE you want to know how I got to the Troc. It all began in Manhattan, Kansas. I was born there on February 21, daughter of a newspaperman who later became a publicity director for the Santa Fe railroad. My mother was a church organist, and she got me started, as far as singing was concerned.

I got a job as singer with Hal Grayson in 1931. Later I joined Jimmy Grier's band, and I opened with him and at the Biltmore Bowl at the same time. The Trocadero followed, seven nights a week, nine until two, with no vacations, for two years. But it pays. Yes, indeed.

After a song one night I joined Robert Taylor and Jack Benny at their table. The then manager of the Troc came to me and said: "Brian Donlevy wants to meet you."

I refused to meet him on New Year's Eve, 1935. We were married a year and a day later, New Year's Day, 1937, at Ensenada, Mexico, and re-wed a week later with Eleanor Powell as bridesmaid at a Methodist Church in Hollywood.

I'm tired of being a voice only, and I want to act in motion pictures. So I'm just getting up my nerve for another assault at the citadels which our hillside home overlooks. This time, maybe I'll get myself on the screen.

Answer to Puzzle Portrait on page 6. The star is SYLVIA SIDNEY. First film, *Thru' Different Eyes*; second, *City Streets*, originally intended for Clara Bow; made a big personal success in *An American Tragedy*, which has never been shown in England.



Another of the actresses who "borrowed" the voice of Marjorie Lane is Wendy Barrie.

# SIXTH TIME LUCKY

Frieda Inescort decided that she would become an actress.

Just like that. She had never revealed any acting ambitions before. Had she done so, she could have obtained work in this country. Her father, veteran journalist and publicist Jock Wightman, had plenty of contacts that would have ensured a chance for her. But she has had six careers before finally winning fame in films.

At first, although her mother was an actress, she preferred the idea of following her father into the newspaper world.

Yet when she did become a journalist, she suddenly changed her mind.

So she became an actress.

Now she is heading for big film stardom. She has been in quite a number of films. Two stand out. She gained a lot of attention when she appeared in the successful *Call It a Day*. Since then, the starring role in the newly released *Portia On Trial* has confirmed the impression that she is an emotional actress of unusual ability.

### Quick Work

FRIEDA was born in Edinburgh, but soon came to London. She became secretary to Lady Astor. All the time she was holding down the job, she was planning to go to America, and saving her money for this purpose.

When she had saved enough, she sailed for New York and continued her secretarial work in the British Consulate before branching out into the literary world.

Her journalistic debut was made as editor of a shipping paper, and after this she found herself handling the publicity for an important firm of publishers. It was this job that led her into romance.

Naturally, when working for the publishers, she mixed with writing people. One of the literary people she met was Ben Ray Redman, poet and novelist. They found they had a lot in common, and before long, they were married.

They're still married. Frieda's husband is one of the many writers to have been snapped up by the Hollywood studios.

Once she had decided to go on the stage, it was simple. She was in New York, and she wrote to a well-known producer, and asked him if he knew of any stage part that was going.

The producer knew of her mother and was under the impression that Frieda herself had been an actress in London. His error gave Frieda her chance. To her amazement, within 24 hours of her acting ambition being born, she was engaged to appear with Leslie Howard in a play!

Success came quickly to her. But, at first, her canny Scottish blood restrained her from plunging completely into the theatrical business until she was sure she really was an actress.

### Stepping Stones to Stardom

SHE kept her publicity job during the day, and worked as an actress at night. Then, once she was convinced that she had inherited something of her mother's ability, she gave up publicity.

One of her engagements was a tour with George Arliss in *The Merchant of Venice*, in which she appeared as Portia, and she played leads in nearly two dozen Broadway plays.

The screen didn't enter her mind. Her film debut came about when one of Sam Goldwyn's talent scouts saw her on the stage, and was struck with her possibilities.

Success didn't come so easily on the screen as on the stage. The film people looked at her critically and said: "H'm, rather tall." Perhaps, too, they thought she was a bit highbrow for them, with her literary connexions and her record of classical roles on the stage.

She didn't worry. Unlike most actresses, she didn't put on an act of any kind, and was quite willing to take small parts. Just as she had wanted to make sure that she could act on the stage, she hesitated to claim screen ability until she had proved to herself that she could master film technique. Small parts, she felt, would give her a useful groundwork.

The amazing story of Frieda Inescort, whose recently released "*Portia on Trial*" has shot her to stardom. Her father supplied the information for this revealing article by

JOHN IFIELD

Frieda, therefore, accepted relatively unimportant supporting roles in such pictures as *If You Could Only Cook*, *Garden Murder Case*, *The King Steps Out* and *Mary of Scotland*.

She free-lanced all this time, and then received a contract from Warners, who put her into *Hollywood Boulevard*, *Sweet Aloes*, *Great O'Malley*, *Another Dawn* and *Call It a Day*.

*Call It a Day* was the turning point in Frieda's career. Remember her as Ian Hunter's wife? It was a mature, human portrayal, and it made a great impression. Soon after this she found herself starring in Republic's *Portia on Trial*, in a dramatic role which at last gave her every opportunity.

### The Kay Francis Type

SHE is no glamorous youngster—though she has a fascinating face and a lovely figure. She is a sincere, intelligent actress of the Kay Francis type, with a particularly striking speaking voice.

Talking of her voice, by the way, columnist-film-star Walter Winchell commented after a recent broadcast of Frieda's: "The trouble with radio is that you can't see a face like Frieda Inescort's."

Broadcasting is just another of her accomplishments. Besides radio acting, she has given a lot of fashion talks. She invariably writes her own material.

She is, in fact, a staggeringly versatile young woman. She believes that life is something that should not be wasted. She occupies her time fully and well.

"She is very fond of walking, horse-riding, swimming, knitting (which she does on the set as well), and cooking," her father told me. "Meeting her, you wouldn't take her to be a film star."

"Her house in Hollywood is on old-fashioned lines, large and with big fireplaces. Since being out there, she has introduced darts and shove-halfpenny—with a lot of success!"

Hollywood is very keen on signing up glamorous youngsters. It hesitates about straight actresses of Frieda Inescort's calibre. But when such actresses do become stars, they are not simply overnight sensations. They last.

That's what Frieda Inescort is going to do.



Frieda Inescort and Walter Abel in a scene from "*Portia on Trial*," the film in which Frieda's dramatic abilities are given full opportunities.



Laughton as Charles Saggars, the busker, entertains a theatre queue with a dramatic recitation "made famous by Mr. Bransby Williams, and since given by Sir John Martin Harvey, Mr. John Gielgud—and myself." The queue does not regard his talent very highly, and a sixpence is the only result of his fervour.

Right, above: Saggars, in the dock charged with being drunk and disorderly, proves his right to be called an actor by reciting again—Kipling's "If" being the chosen piece. The magistrate is unimpressed as the theatre crowd. "Four months, without the option," is his only comment.

# CHARLES LAUGHTON SINGS for his Supper—and DANCES, too



A careful shave — because there's a lady in the case. "I don't use that frying-pan—except for toilet purposes," Mr. Saggars explains simply.

In "St. Martin's Lane," his new film, Charles Laughton pays tribute to some of the humblest members of his own profession—the "buskers," who entertain queues outside theatres and cinemas. "St. Martin's Lane," gives a picture of real life in London which is as rare in films as it is refreshing. Laughton is as different again from his Ginger Ted in "Vessel of Wrath" as Captain Bligh was from "Ruggles of Red Gap." If you were born within sound of Bow Bells, you may find the Cockney accents of Laughton and Vivien Leigh don't quite ring true—but you will be more than repaid for such a trifling fault by the sight of Laughton singing, playing on a penny whistle, dancing like a clumsy bear, and "doing an Edgar Bergen" with the most amazingly ugly ventriloquist's dummy you ever saw.



"Good morning, Pussay!" says Charles Sagers to his morning visitor. "Pussay," like most of Charles's friends, comes only for what he can get out of the good-tempered Sagers.

Sagers with "the gang" (Gus McNaughton and Tyrone Guthrie), whose orchestra of guitar, mouth organ and penny whistle charms pennies from theatregoers' pockets.



Left: Libby (Vivien Leigh) steals the cigarette case belonging to Prentice (Rex Harrison), a promising young composer. The incident introduces her to both Prentice and Sagers, who between them make her a famous star.

Above: Libby becomes famous, but Sagers takes to drink and gives up even his busking. He had saved Libby from stealing and put her on the path to fame. At last it is her turn. She can't make him a star, but she can persuade him to go on trying—a final scene which has some of the pathos of Charlie Chaplin's famous lonely walks.

Releases Next Week Are Mostly Comedies, says John Milford, Who Tells You About

# SONJA'S RIVAL—"KING OF THE ICE" FORMBY

## \*\*I SEE ICE

GEORGE FORMBY..... *George Bright*  
 KAY WALSH..... *Judy Gaye*  
 BETTY STOCKFELD..... *Mrs. Hunter*  
 CYRIL RITCHARD..... *Paul Martine*  
 GARRY MARSH..... *Galloway*  
 FREDERICK BURTWELL..... *Detective*  
 ERNEST SEFTON..... *Outwaitte*  
 GAVIN GORDON..... *Night Club Singer*  
 ERNEST JAY..... *Theatre Manager*  
 ANDREA MALANDRINOS..... *Lotus Club Manager*  
 GORDON McLEOD..... *Lord Felstead*  
 ARCHIBALD BATTY..... *Colonel Hunter*  
 ESMA CANNON..... *Bride*  
 R. MEADOWS WHITE..... *Bridegroom*  
 ERNEST BORROW..... *Commissionaire*  
 JACK VYVYAN..... *Railway Guard*  
 STERLINI..... *Head Waiter—Lotus Club*  
 FRANK LEIGHTON..... *Ice Rink Manager*  
 A.T.P. (British). Director: Anthony Kimmins.  
 "U." Running time: 82 minutes.

WHEN George Formby is playing the part of the simple Lancashire lad bewildered by the strange tricks of a sophisticated world, he is very good indeed; so good that I think he could be built into an international star. But unfortunately, he sometimes slips from that high level, and becomes just another good comedian (not that there are many of those, but George could be better even than that).

The story? George is a photographer's assistant who has invented a miniature camera contained in a bow-tie. On his way to Birmingham from Manchester, he falls in with pretty Judy Gaye, partner of the famous ice-skater, Paul Martine. Unfortunately, he is so attracted by her that he gets into the wrong part of the train, pulls the communication cord when he finds his mistake, is pursued by an angry guard, and travels under the carriage seat to London. There, the ice-skaters decide to make him their prop-man. George escapes from the station in disguise and turns up at the theatre, where he makes a colossal mess of the act. Judy and her partner are sacked.

There is an exciting and funny climax when George finds himself on skates in the middle of a fierce ice-hockey game, with Paul Martine out to "get" him. George being George, he escapes with the girl, at the cost of the bruises which result from his frequent collisions with the ice.

## \*BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

W. C. FIELDS..... *T. F. Bellows*  
 MARTHA RAYE..... *S. B. Bellows*  
 DOROTHY LAMOUR..... *Martha Bellows*  
 SHIRLEY ROSS..... *Dorothy Wyndham*  
 LYNNE OVERMAN..... *Cleo Fielding*  
 BOB HOPE..... *Scoop McPhail*  
 BEN BLUE..... *Buzz Fielding*  
 LEIF ERIKSON..... *Mike*  
 PATRICIA WILDER..... *Bob Hayes*  
 GRACE BRADLEY..... *Honey Chile*  
 RUFÉ DAVIS..... *Grace Fielding*  
 LIONEL PAPE..... *Turnkey*  
 DOROTHY HOWE..... *Lord Droopey*  
 RUSSELL HICKS..... *Joan Fielding*  
 SHEP FIELDS, his RIPPLING RHYTHM ORCHESTRA, TITO GUIZAR and KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

Paramount (American). Director: Mitchell Leisen.  
 "U." Running time: 91 minutes.

ONE of the main needs of these "annual events," such as the Broadway Melody, Gold-digger and Big Broadcast series, I should have thought,

## AT A GLANCE . . .

JOHN MILFORD, our Review Editor, criticizes the 13 films which are generally released next week.

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

### \*\*I SEE ICE

\*BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

\*HE COULDN'T SAY NO

\*JOHN HALIFAX—GENTLEMAN

DARTS ARE TRUMPS

DODGE CITY TRAIL

LIVING ON LOVE

LOVE IS A HEADACHE

MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

SHE HAD TO EAT

THE WESTLAND CASE

THREE OF A KIND

WRONG ROAD

would have been to have more or less the same casts, so that the very sight of the title would let filmgoers know what to expect. Otherwise, why the continuation? This film, for instance, might have been called *Mine's a Liner*, or *Ocean Frolics* for all the link it has with those other Big Broadcasts. People, having seen the others, would at least expect Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen to appear in this, too. Yet what happens? There is a cast of strange names.

It is good, however, to welcome back our old friend, W. C. Fields, with that rich, fruity voice and his crazy antics. But for him, in fact, this would be rather a sorry hotch-potch.

The original idea is quite bright. Two liners, the *Colossal* and the *Gigantic*, are about to compete for the Atlantic Blue Riband. The *Gigantic* has a marvellous secret invention that ought to ensure success, but just to make success doubly sure, T. Frothingill Bellows, owner of the liner, plans to send his brother, S. B. Bellows, on the *Colossal*, as S.B. "has been involved in every major disaster for the last 20 years." S.B., however, decides to get in a game of golf before he sets off



W. C. Fields (above) as he appears in "Big Broadcast of 1938"—and he plays a dual role, too. Left: "Lombard Socks March"—now its "Weidler Socks Rooney." A scene from "Love is a Headache," in which these clever youngsters appear.

on his Atlantic trip, and knowing he hasn't much time, he careers all over the course on a motor scooter! A gloriously comic scene, this. Then, hearing a ship's siren, he is told he has "missed the boat." "Oh, no, I haven't," he retorts, and letting down a couple of wings from his motor scooter he sets off in pursuit of the two vessels—and lands, naturally, on the wrong ship! And, sure enough, the disasters soon begin to happen and the poor old *Gigantic* is miles and miles behind her rival.

The film has its moments, its tunefulness and its humour, yet it straggles—if you know what I mean. There are lots and lots of this and that, and not enough of these and those . . . also if you know what I mean. But that's the kind of film it is.

### \*HE COULDN'T SAY NO

FRANK McHUGH..... *Lambert Hunkins*  
 JANE WYMAN..... *Violet Coney*  
 CORA WITHERSPOON..... *Mrs. Coney*  
 DIANA LEWIS..... *Iris Mabby*  
 BERTON CHURCHILL..... *Senator Mabby*  
 FERRIS TAYLOR..... *Oxnard O. Parsons*  
 WILLIAM HAARDE..... *Slug*  
 TOM KENNEDY..... *Dimples*  
 RAYMOND HATTON..... *Hymie*  
 JOHN RIDGELY..... *The Man-On-The-Street*  
 CHESTER CLUTE..... *Musgrave*  
 CLIFF CLARK..... *Auctioneer*  
 RITA GOULD..... *Julia Becker*  
 Warner (American). Director: Lew Seiler. "U."  
 Running time: 58 minutes.

FRANK McHUGH in a whimsical mood, providing an ideal foil to Jane Wyman and Cora Witherspoon. He portrays perfectly the role of a meek and mild clerk who has a secret ideal—the pretty daughter of a politician. There is a delightful scene when, ostensibly to buy furniture for their homes, Lambert and Violet attend an auction sale, and all he plucks up courage to bid for is a statue which closely resembles his ideal. Having once acquired the statue, he will not part with it, in spite of several attractive offers. His adventures with the statue, and the original sitter (his ideal) provide very good fun of the type which Frank McHugh is adept in portraying.

### \*JOHN HALIFAX—GENTLEMAN

JOHN WARWICK..... *John Halifax*  
 NANCY BURNE..... *Ursula March*  
 RALPH MICHAEL..... *Phineas Fletcher*  
 D. J. WILLIAMS..... *Al. Fletcher*  
 BRIAN BUCHEL..... *Lord Luxmore*  
 ELSIE WAGSTAFF..... *Fael*  
 BILLY BRAY..... *Tully*  
 HUGH BICKETT..... *Doctor Grainger*  
 W. E. HOLLOWAY..... *Mr. Jessop*  
 George King (British). Director: George King. "U."  
 Running time: 69 minutes.

IF Mrs. Elizabeth Craik were alive to-day to see this latest film version of her famous novel, I'm of the opinion that she would be delighted.

And for those who read *John Halifax—Gentleman* in their younger days and found it to be much more enjoyable than some of the books they were expected to wade through, this film will revive tender and affectionate memories.

It is a very earnest attempt to bring this novel to screen life. And it succeeds. John Halifax, as played by John Warwick, is indeed the great gentleman of Mrs. Craik's creation. The woman he loves is so sweet and true. Her wicked uncle is the perfect villain. Everybody in the cast, in fact, is so right.

But among those who see this film may be many who don't know what to expect, and they may find it hard to imagine that such characters could ever have been believed in, and I shouldn't be surprised if they titter at times.

Yet even those who laugh will like it.

### LOVE IS A HEADACHE

GLADYS GEORGE..... *Carlotta Lee*  
 FRANCHOT TONE..... *Peter Lawrence*  
 TED HEALY..... *Jimmy Slatery*  
 MICKEY ROONEY..... *Mike*  
 FRANK JENKS..... *Joe Cannon*  
 RALPH MORGAN..... *Reggie Odell*  
 VIRGINIA WEIDLER..... *Jake*  
 JESSIE RALPH..... *Sheriff*  
 FAY HOLDEN..... *Mary*  
 BARNETT PARKER..... *Hotchkiss*  
 JULIUS TANNEN..... *Mr. Hillier*  
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (American). Director: Richard Thorpe. "U." Running time: 73 minutes.

LIKE most MGM productions this picture has its points—although it is not in the front rank. Anyway, you are not likely to get a headache from this pleasing little comedy, which has in it romance and wit and just the necessary spice of drama to make it intriguing.

Carlotta Lee, an exotic Broadway stage star, (Please turn to page 24)





+  
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# HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAK FOR

**W**HEN Alice Faye arrived in Hollywood, to make her first picture with Rudy Vallee and his band, the feminine star of the film and the studio were at loggerheads.

Lilian Harvey was to have been the star, but when she read the script she couldn't see herself in the part at all. She refused to accept it. She maintained that it wouldn't be fair to herself or to the picture for her to play in it.

Fox, the producers, were in a predicament. The film was due to go into production, and nobody was available for the role that Lilian Harvey had vacated.

There was confusion. To this day, I don't think anyone knows for certain who put forward the suggestion that Alice Faye should be tested.

She had been in Hollywood only three days, and had never faced the film cameras before. Then, after rehearsing in the studio one day, she was called into an executive's office and told that a test was going to be made of her.

## Almost Too Frightened To Act

**B**EWILDERED by it all, she underwent the test, and was told that she was to have the featured feminine lead in the picture. The part, of course, was rewritten when Lilian Harvey turned it down. What remained of it was mostly singing—but it was an amazingly big role for a newcomer who had never before thought about the screen and had never done any stage acting apart from singing and dancing.

Alice succeeded in keeping her outer poise. Inside, she was more terrified than she had ever been in all her life. When she was told that she would have to speak lines, she almost refused to go through with it.

She found everyone sympathetic and helpful. She kept her jitters under control. The microphone presented no terrors; broadcasting had made her used to it. She amazed everyone, and came through like a trouper.

Just one week after the film had begun production, she was again called into the office of an important executive. She wondered what it was all about. Her inferiority complex told her that she had flopped; that she was going to be removed from the cast.

But she was not a flop. She was a success. The executive wanted to offer her a film contract.

The chorus girl who had never asked for

Continuing this dramatic life story **JOHN K. NEWNHAM** tells how first months in Hollywood meant heartbreak for Alice Faye. She was still very shy, and she was homesick, too. Then came the divorce case in which Rudy Vallee's wife accused Alice of being "too friendly" with her husband.

anything except chorus work suddenly found herself a highly paid feature actress in films. It was beyond all her wildest dreams. She just couldn't believe it. But it was true enough.

When Alice found herself with a Hollywood contract, she should have begun one of the happiest periods in her life. Everything pointed that way.

She was now 22, and had a background of seven years stage and radio experience. Quite a hardened trouper! But she still had to go on pinching herself to make sure it was true, and she was still the same completely unaffected youngster that she had always been.

But her luck changed. For the next couple of years or so, misfortune was to dog her. There were some unhappy times ahead of her.

Right from the beginning, she was unhappy in Hollywood. She was a New Yorker through and through. Except when paying visits to different cities to make vaudeville appearances, she had never lived out of New York. She couldn't bear the idea of living permanently anywhere else.

## Cried When Offered Contract

**S**HE cried that first night she was offered a contract. She almost refused to sign it. Then she decided that she would be crazy if she missed this golden chance, and made up her mind that she would return to New York at least once in every two months.

Her first picture, *George White's Scandals*, was purely and simply a musical. Her producers decided that, if she were to mean anything on the screen, she would have to learn straight acting. Her second film, therefore, was a straight one called *She Learned About Sailors*. It wasn't a big production by any means. But it was valuable training for her.

George Marshall was directing. She went to him at the beginning, and told him frankly that she knew nothing whatever about the film business.

"I've never acted," she said. "I'm afraid you'll have to help me a lot. I'm going to leave myself entirely in your hands."

Marshall smiled encouragingly. "If that's your attitude, I've got nothing to worry about," he said.

A few days later, when producer John Stone, who had been responsible for the casting, asked him how Alice was getting along, his reply was enthusiastic.



(Above) Alice with her husband, Tony Martin, and the new discovery, Richard Green, at the premiere of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." (Right) the composer of the famous tune, Irving Berlin, accompanies Alice, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.



# ALICE FAYE

"Great!" he exclaimed. "She's got something more important than training—naturalness. And she is the most photographic actress I've directed in 10 years."

Alice set about learning her new job in the same way that she had mastered her previous tasks. She didn't rest for a minute. When she wasn't working, she was watching other stars on the set, and learning from them. Her enthusiasm knew no bounds. She went to see picture after picture with the sole idea of learning from them.



Darryl Zanuck, who saw Alice's powers as a dramatic actress, and first exploited them in "In Old Chicago."

But the jinx was catching up with her.

The sensational Rudy Vallee divorce suit broke suddenly, like a thunderstorm. Rudy and Alice had been great friends. She had been his "discovery," and he was justifiably proud of her. He had helped her a lot, and she was grateful to him.

Then came the screaming headlines. Alice was named by Mrs. Vallee. Charges were levelled against her. Newspapers splashed the stories, and Alice knew what

torture meant. The charges were emphatically denied, and finally withdrawn.

But it was an agonizing period for Alice. She held her head high. Her fans came to her support, and she received hundreds of sympathetic letters.

"My conscience was clear," she said, simply.

The case might have ruined Alice. Hollywood is terrified of any mention of scandal, however innocent the victim may be. But her studio stood by Alice. Just as she had miraculously survived that motor smash, she overcame this latest tragedy in her life.

She plunged into work. She found it helped her to erase this mental scar. Her original intention of returning to New York every two months was not fulfilled, after all. After a time, she realized that it was almost impossible. So she persuaded the rest of her family to come to Hollywood.

Her mother was already with her. Brother Bill, who had been in a bank for 14 years, was approached. He hesitated. He couldn't see what Hollywood had to offer him.

"I've got to have a manager," said Alice. "Won't you take that job? I'd rather have you than anyone else."

## Jobs For The Family

WHEN Alice puts on her sales talk, it is difficult for anyone to resist her—even a brother. So Bill threw up his bank job, and joined up with his sister as her manager—a task he has been handling with a great deal of skill.

Alice wanted her other brother, Charles, to live in Hollywood too. Charles was an agent for a big motor company, and was doing well. But when he visited Hollywood and was taken around the studios, he became intrigued with the motion picture business. He said that if he could find a job, he'd stay in Hollywood. So he began at the bottom, to learn all about picture-making. Just now, he is an assistant director.

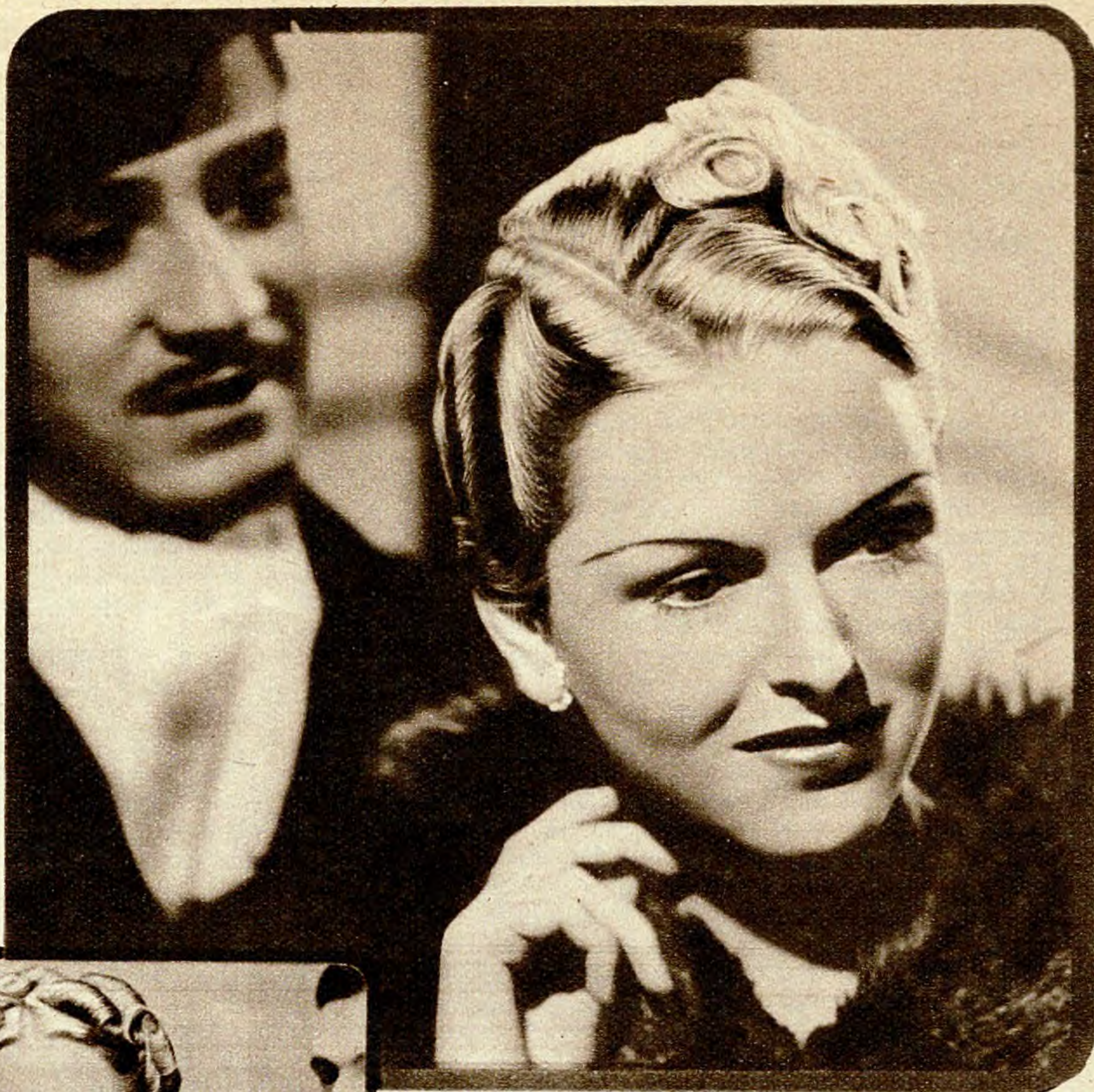
Finally, there was Alice's father. He was the only member of the family still in New York, and Alice missed him badly.

He was no longer a policeman. He had been in the hospital supply business for some time, and he felt now that he was justified in retiring. And thus the whole family was reunited.

The world might have thought of Alice as a peppy glamour girl. But she was still a family girl at heart, and life became tremendously happy for her when her parents and brothers were with her again.

Then tragedy struck suddenly.

- What that tragedy was you can read in next week's instalment. You can read, too, how Alice's film career was almost ended, how she was acclaimed "a second Jean Harlow," and how she won at last a high place in Hollywood.



● **WARNING.** Look for the Eugene Trade Mark printed boldly on each Sachet. Any Sachet which does not carry this Trade Mark is not genuine Eugene, and should be refused.

## EUGÈNE WAVES are essential to the "Smart Set"

Lovely women who take part in the smart social round, who "go places" and "do things", are among the most ardent of Eugene enthusiasts. They know so well that those enchanting little curls and natural waves imparted by the Eugene Method make it the easiest thing in the world to achieve a "Smart Set"... a fashionable hair-style adapted to their own personalities. Eugene-waved hair at once looks lovelier. The graceful waves and springy curls make the hair "manageable" and all this natural charm is ensured if you visit a Registered Eugene Waver and are sure to ask for a Eugene Wave with genuine Eugene Sachets.

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# CLOTHES for the CRUISE

They needn't be many, but they must be "right"—the clothes you take on that "holiday afloat" says PETA

**Y**OU'RE going "by boat" for your holiday this year—and don't know what clothes to take with you? Well, the temptation is, of course, to take all you possess, for once you are aboard there's no more "humping" of luggage to be done. Your "hotel" comes along with you wherever you go! There are two particular "snags" about taking all your wardrobe, though. The first is that there won't be much room in your cabin for the storing of clothes. The second, that there are just a few clothes that are "right" afloat, and many that are wrong.

First, of course, you'll need something to travel down to the boat in. I suggest you choose a linen suit in a colour that won't show the dirt easily, and a long top coat, for that will be useful sometimes in the evening aboard, when it can be quite cold. With this suit and top coat wear a dark coloured blouse that can go later on with a pair of well-cut slacks. A second blouse should be packed away in your suitcase to "ring the changes."

**A** BIG hat must come with you, too—and it's easier to wear this down to the boat than to pack it. On your feet you'll have the one neat pair of walking shoes you'll need.

And in your suitcase what should there be besides the second blouse I've already mentioned, and the well-cut slacks that you are going to wear with either of your blouses? Well, you'll need at least one cotton or linen frock for going ashore. Take this hint from me. You'll be unpopular going ashore in slacks or shorts. In England you can wear these practically anywhere, abroad it is considered the height of bad manners.

Afloat you'll need something jolly in

the way of a "play suit," and, because it can be chilly at sea, I think you'll find an outfit similar to the one Ginger Rogers plays quoits in on this page, the ideal thing. There'll be your swimming costume and bathing wrap—and, if you want to save space you can buy a wrap that will act also as a dressing-gown.

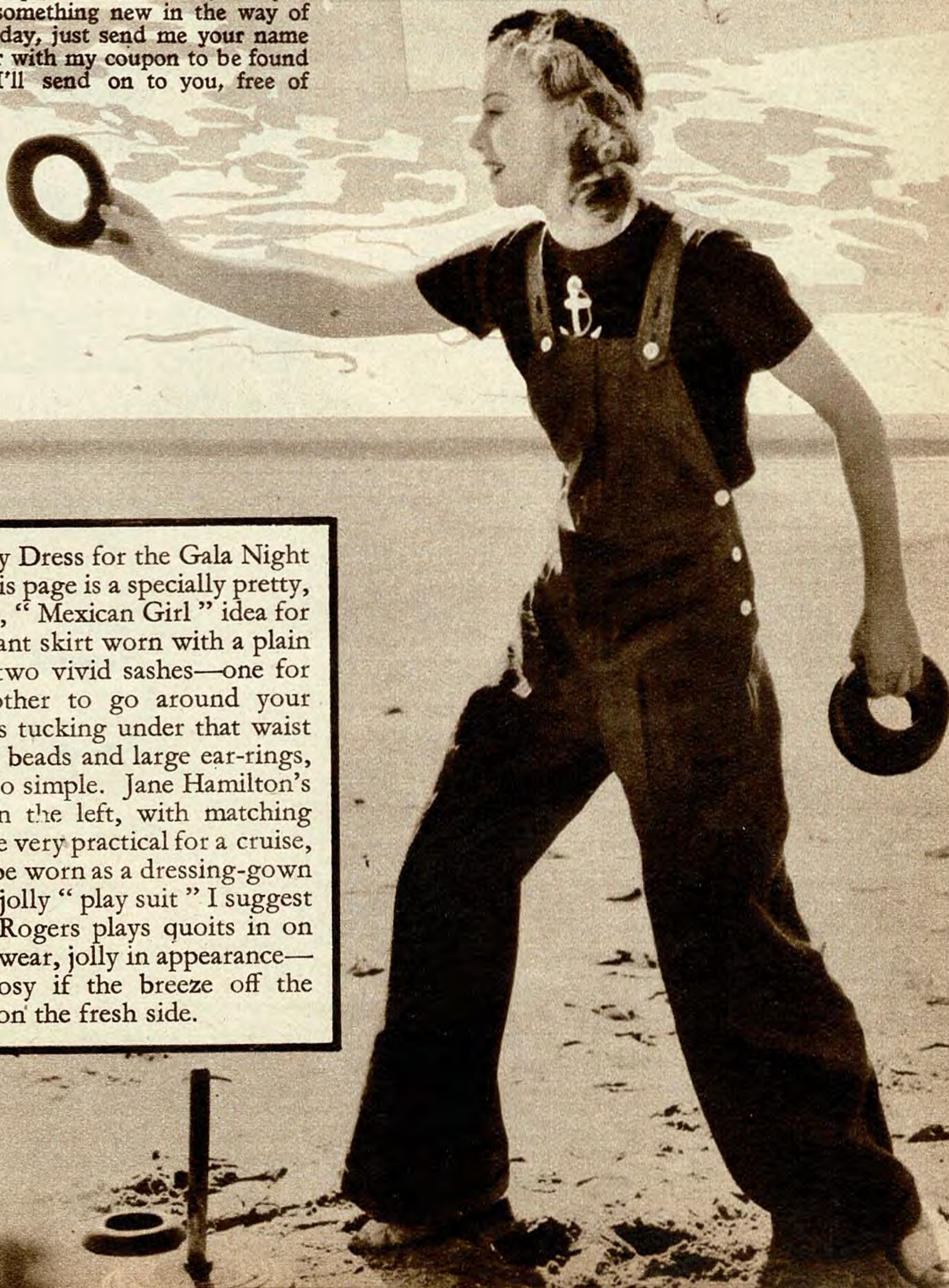
**E**VENING DRESSES are important. You must take two at the least. Printed cotton can make the sweetest and most inexpensive Summer dance frocks. So I suggest it for one of your evening gowns. For the other, something filmy and feminine such as georgette or organdie—and be sure to plan both dresses so that one short evening coat will go atop both. Say white cotton, sprigged with blue flowers for one frock; blue georgette for the other. Then a cerise, white or navy silk-piqué short coat will contrast delightfully with either dress. (If you chose the type of short coat Diana Churchill wears on these pages, a good suggestion would be to include a long black silk evening skirt. This you could wear with the short coat, to give yourself a *third* evening outfit!)

Shoes with little heel, and rubber soles, are best on board—and you'll find tennis socks more useful than stockings, except, of course, for evening.

Finally, you must have a fancy dress for the gala night. Something simple for packing purposes—and the Mexican lady on this page may give you an idea for it.

If, by the way, the pennies are scarce, but you feel you *must* have something new in the way of clothes for your holiday, just send me your name and address, together with my coupon to be found on page 25, and I'll send on to you, free of charge, catalogues from two famous dress houses, from whom, if you wish, you can purchase clothes on the instalment plan... which is such a help on occasion! One of these houses has some really marvellous sale bargains to offer you this month!

You'll need a Fancy Dress for the Gala Night and at the top of this page is a specially pretty, and simple-to-pack, "Mexican Girl" idea for you. A very bouffant skirt worn with a plain coloured blouse; two vivid sashes—one for your waist, the other to go around your shoulders, the ends tucking under that waist sash—and rows of beads and large ear-rings, make this outfit. So simple. Jane Hamilton's floral swim-suit on the left, with matching coat atop, would be very practical for a cruise, for the coat could be worn as a dressing-gown as well. And for a jolly "play suit" I suggest the outfit Ginger Rogers plays quoits in on the right. Easy to wear, jolly in appearance—and moderately cosy if the breeze off the water is on the fresh side.





Maureen O'Sullivan wears a very neat little frock of printed linen. It's green and white with a yellow and green belt. A bright yellow kerchief keeps her curls neat. An ideally trim little frock in which to go ashore and see the sights, if you are in a part of the world where the sun is hot—otherwise go ashore in a suit, or with a top coat over a summery dress.

A very neat little skirt and blouse is sketched top left of this page. The blouse is pretty without being "fussy," so that it can also be worn smartly with slacks or shorts on occasions.

In the centre photograph you see a second jolly blouse—worn by Mary Carlisle. White patterned over with navy and burnt orange, it can be worn with a navy skirt—and with burnt orange slacks for a change!



Take two evening frocks, at least, and, I suggest, in two contrasting materials. On the left, for instance, a sprigged cotton—blue flowers on a white ground. Diana Gibson wears this sweet frock with a posy of cerise flowers at the neckline. On the right is Diana Churchill in soft blue georgette, and, atop, a cerise coatee in silk-piqué. That cerise silk-piqué coatee would look equally well over a cotton gown such as Diana Gibson's—which is what I call clever planning of a wardrobe!



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# ARE YOU AS PERFECT AS YOU THINK YOU ARE?

You'll know the Answer when you've asked yourself the set of questions JESSIE MATTHEWS sets you this week.



"HOW much should a woman tell?"

This debatable point is raised in a letter from Rosalind of Ilford, who writes:—

"I have been going about with a fellow, three years older than myself, for the past two years. We have known one another a great deal longer, but it is only recently that we have taken a serious interest in one another.

"He has not proposed to me yet, though we have an 'understanding' that when he has reached a certain stage in his career we shall become engaged.

"I am not a flirtatious type, but he is rather jealous of any other fellows, and if he had his own way he wouldn't allow me to go out with anyone but himself.

"Earlier this summer I went away on holiday with my sister. We got friendly with a couple of boys about our own age, and the four of us had a very good time.

"I saw no harm in such an acquaintanceship, and neither did my sister. We were not really serious—and neither, I am sure, were the two boys. Unfortunately, the boy at home takes a different view on such matters, and I am in a bit of a flurry as to whether or not I should tell him about this 'holiday boy,' who still writes to me regularly and wishes to meet me again.

"Why is it that men always expect to be told about a girl's 'other affairs?' Have they any right to be told?"

"I know, in my heart, that there is only one man in the world for me, and so other men are not important. But if I talk I shall probably make trouble—and if I keep quiet it may lead to a misunderstanding. Men make things so difficult for us, and they look at things so differently from the way we do, don't you think?"

### Steer Clear of Secrets

YES, Rosalind, I am afraid they do! In fact, many men seem to think that it is one of their privileges to have a "split viewpoint" on men-and-women friendships. (That is—one rule for men, another for women.)

And with your problem, as with so many others, it is impossible to make a decision according to any hard-and-fast rule. Men and women vary so in their natures.

I can only suggest, Rosalind, that you judge from your intimate knowledge of the boy-friend just how much your friendship with other men will affect his feelings for you. An outsider can only point the way—it is for you to make up your mind which road you will take.

It is a good thing, as a general rule, to have no actual "secrets" from one another.

Secrets are usually trouble-making things, anyway, and should be avoided.

I think you will find the best way of steering clear of them is to develop a sense of trust in the other person, so that the necessity for subterfuge or explanations no longer exists.

How do you yourself regard HIS friendship with other women?

Do you expect him to be at your beck and call every free moment he has?

Is it your habit to demand an account of his every minute since you last met?

Can you not feel happy unless he is beside you—on a leading rein, as it were?

Or are you quite contented to know that he is happy, and enjoying himself, no matter where?

Or in whose company?

Do you expect him to take you round everywhere with him?

Or don't you care if he spends three evenings a week playing darts or snooker with other men?

Half the quarrels that arise between boys and girls come from "possessiveness," and bitter as may be the lesson, the sooner such a lesson is well learned the sooner boys and girls will find the right meaning of friendship.

It's rather like having the measles! Love, I mean. At first both are in a state of "high fever." At this stage, in love, the possessiveness makes itself most obvious, and the symptoms usually include jealousy, cross-examination and anxiety.

Such a state of things may be somewhat gratifying to begin with—particularly if you have never had anyone take so much interest in you before, but they are apt to become wearing if kept up. As far as your boy-friend is concerned, Rosalind, I should have thought that, after two years of an "understanding," he has had time to get his "love-temperature" down to normal again, and to regard you as a normal human being, too.

If not—then, for your own peace of mind, it is high time you did something about it.

Provided that you can answer satisfactorily the first four of the above questions, I do not feel that he is justified in demanding your entire time and thoughts. Your own attitude is pretty obvious when you admit that he is the only man in the world for you—but unless he gets over this jealousy complex before you become definitely engaged, then life is going to be difficult for you later on.

### For YOU to Decide

THAT you trust him seems indicated by your intention of waiting for him, and this alone should be a sufficient guide to him where your feelings are concerned. I do not see that the rest of your life is his affair at all.

The average man, I think, would be glad to know that the girl who is so popular with other men had chosen himself as a life partner.

But there you are, male temperaments are no more reliable than female ones, and it is up to every individual woman to sort out for herself the things that please and the things that annoy her particular man—and then to decide how far she can go in revealing other "affairs" or in keeping her own counsel.

If an affair is likely to come to the surface and "blast" prospective happiness, then surely the person to reveal it is the one most concerned.

Stella. Please send stamped addressed envelope. Too many details required.

Have you a problem for Jessie? Remember, she'll be happy to help you with it if you'll give her the chance. Don't write to her at the studio. Send your letter c/o "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, E.C.4.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for Jessie's private reply, and don't forget that the coupon on the right must also accompany your query.

Jessie Matthews'  
Personal Reply Coupon  
"Film Pictorial," July 9, 1938.

## “FILM PARADE” WINNERS!

IN this recent free competition 17 entrants correctly identified the four sets of film star photographs and the first prize of £20 has, therefore, been divided equally among them. The winners are:

Miss J. B. Ayto, 6 Spinnells Road, Rayners Lane, Harrow; O. Browning, 507 Cricklade Road, Swindon, Wilts.; Miss M. V. Clark, 144 Brownhill Road, Catford, London, S.E.6; Miss J. Dixon, 3 Netley Road, Morden; Miss N. E. Dobbs, 35 Lee Street, Holderness Road, Hull; Miss E. Eddy, “Perak”, South Street, Rainham, Essex; A. Harris, “Coach & Horses”, Richmond Road, Isleworth; Miss B. M. Hart, 94 Reepham Road, Norwich; Mrs. H. Jessiman, 18 Canongate, St. Andrews, Fife; Miss B. Parsons, 64 Wake Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield; Miss E. Peters, 41 Aynhoe Road, London, W.14; Miss D. Prince, 34 Rosaville Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6; Mrs. A. Shoemith, 781 Clarkston Road, Netherlee, Glasgow; Miss L. Snell, Higher Chapel Street, East Looe, Cornwall; Miss D. M. Stevens, 29 Belle Meadow, Barnstaple, North Devon; B. M. Swallow, 18A, Sinclair Gardens, London, W. 14; Miss J. Widdowfield, 6 Barby Road, Rugby, Warwicks.

Twenty-five Special Consolation Prizes were also offered and these have been increased to 71 in number so that the following 71 competitors, whose attempts all contained one error, can receive a prize:

Miss A. Anderson, London, S.E.5; Miss C. Bacon, Gorleston-on-Sea; Miss J. Baker, Derby; Miss V. Bales, Coventry; Miss B. Beesley, London, W.12; Miss M. Blackman, London, S.E.18; Miss J. Boshier, Woking; Miss J. Brett, Thorpe Bay; Miss P. Brooks, Ilford; Miss B. F. Burley, N.W.10; Miss L. Collins, London, N.8; Mr. J. Cooper, London, N.6; G. Culverhouse, London, N.W.1; Miss R. Deere, London, S.W.6; Miss P. Driver, Crowborough; M. Eddy, Rainham; M. S. Eyben, Richmond; A. Farthing, London, S.E.24; Miss E. Gibbs, London, S.E.6; Miss A. Grist, London, S.W. 2; Miss E. Grove, London, E.3; Miss E. Hawken, London, W.10; Miss M. Hawkyard, London, S.E.22; Miss B. Hills, London, N.15; Mrs. L. Hingston, London, S.W.20; Miss M. Holliday, Blackpool, S.S.; Miss J. Hope, London, S.W.17; Miss J. Hudson, Aldershot; Miss M. Hughes, Edinburgh; Miss E. Hutcheson, London, S.W.1; Miss J. Hutchinson, Reading; Miss V. Jarvis, North Harrow; Mr. T. Jessiman, Fife; Miss I. D. Jones, London, S.E.11; Miss A. Knowlson, Bristol; Miss J. H. Lagden, London, N.4; Miss I. Lamb, Southport; Miss B. Levy, London, N.16; Miss E. McKowen, Birkenhead; G. Maloney, London, W.9; Miss K. Malpass, Sunderland; Miss E. Mann, Brighton, 6; Mr. T. Manton, Leicester; Miss B. March, Portsmouth; Miss M. Marshall, Middlesbrough; Miss J. Mathers, Prestwick; P. Mattox, London, S.W.3; Miss P. Morgan, Swansea; W. Napper, London, E.11; Miss D. Negus, Coventry; Miss M. Newall, Leeds; Miss M. C. Nichols, Sutton Coldfield; Miss J. Outlaw, Southall; Miss E. Overall, London, S.E.1; Miss J. Packham, London, N.16; Mrs. J. H. Plumb, Croydon; Mr. K. Parker, London, E.11; Miss T. Penwarden, Rottingdean; Miss K. Pizzey, Bromley; Mr. G. A. Plumb, Croydon; Mrs. B. Rochs, Watford; Miss J. Sands, Nottingham; Miss E. Scotland, Inverness; Miss I. Sheppard, Wells; Miss M. Tame, Kingston-on-Thames; Miss J. Thomas, London, E.18; Miss H. Thompson, London, S.W.17; Miss J. Turner, Nottingham; Miss M. Webb, London, S.W.11; Mrs. I. Weston, Portsmouth; Miss J. A. Wilson, Sheffield, 6.

### THE CORRECT SOLUTION:

Set 1.—1, Myrna Loy; 2, W. C. Fields; 3, Elisabeth Bergner; 4, Robert Donat; 5, Sydney Howard; 6, Gail Patrick; 7, Jack Buchanan; 8, Grace Moore.

Set 2.—9, Maureen O'Sullivan; 10, Sterling Holloway; 11, Nova Pilbeam; 12, Richard Arlen; 13, Peter Lorre; 14, Edmund Lowe; 15, Rene Ray; 16, Jean Parker.

Set 3.—17, Greta Garbo; 18, Leslie Howard; 19, Joe E. Brown; 20, Jeanette Macdonald; 21, Robert Montgomery; 22, Joan Bennett; 23, Gordon Harker; 24, Mae West.

Set 4.—25, Sonja Henie; 26, Jack Hulbert; 27, Eleanore Whitney; 28, Charlie Chaplin; 29, Eleanor Powell; 30, Fred Astaire; 31, Ginger Rogers; 32, Jane Withers.

### THE FILM BUREAU

**B. Close (Hull).**—The name of the music which accompanied the “Cossacks scene” in the film, *Lovely to Look At*, was “Prince Igor’s Telvetzian Dances.”

**J. W. S. Brown (Malta).**—The star who made her screen debut in *College Swing*, now called *Swing, Teacher, Swing*, is Florence George. She won fame as a radio and opera singer. If you wish to write to her you should address your letter to Florence George, c/o Paramount Productions, Inc., 5154 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. Other women players in this film are Martha Raye, Grace Allen, and Betty Grable, all of whom have made other pictures for Paramount.

**S. Donnachie (Scotland).**—Simone Simon’s two latest pictures are *Love and Hisses* and *Josette*. She is 5 ft. 3 in. in height and has gold-red hair and blue-green eyes. Her next picture will be *French Doll*, a comedy with music.

**M. Stone (East Grinstead).**—The tune played by the violinist and also on the piano in the film, *Angel*, was entitled “Angel.” I am sorry we cannot give you any information as to whether a record has been made of this tune, but if you go to a good gramophone shop they would probably be able to supply you with this information.

**W. J. Hawker (Somerset).**—The following are the addresses you require: Paul Robeson, c/o Harold Holt, 3 Clifford Street, London, S.W.1. Wallace Beery and Clark Gable, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A. Oscar Homolka, Edward Everett Horton, and Pat O'Brien c/o Paramount Productions, Inc., 5154 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal., U.S.A. Warner Oland, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Film Studios, Beverly Hills, California, U.S.A.

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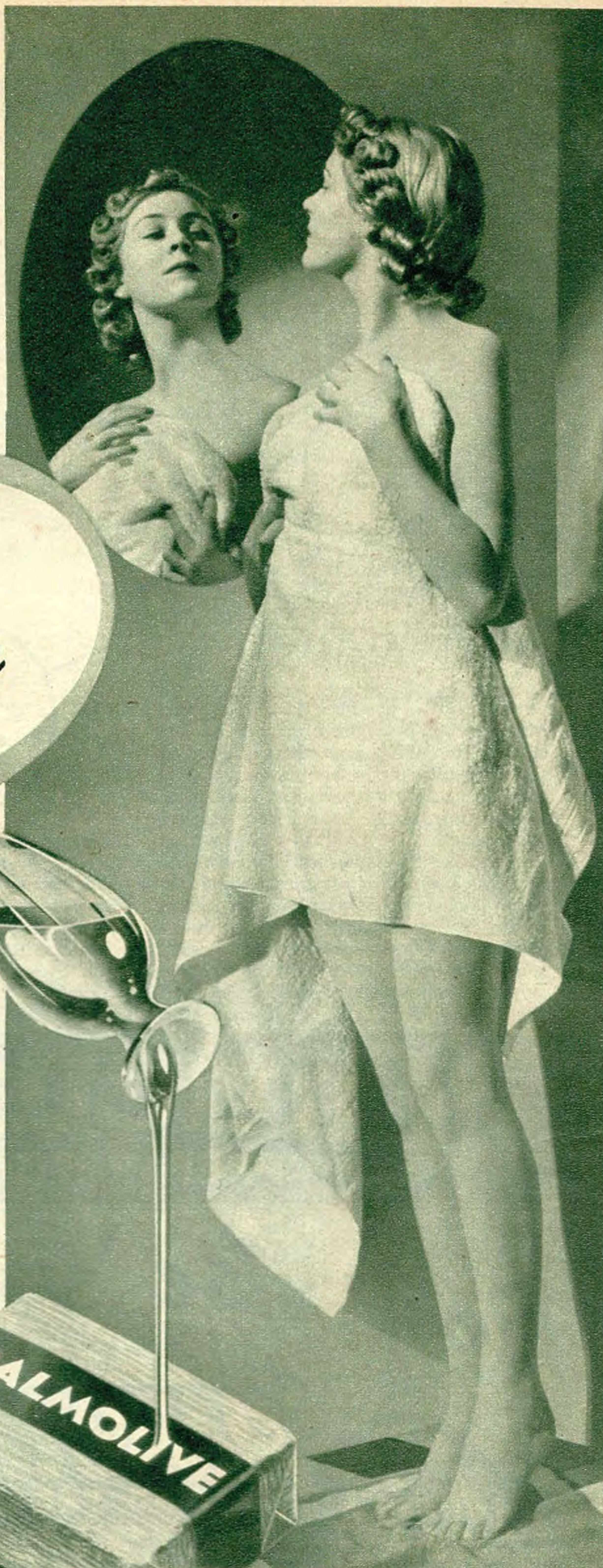
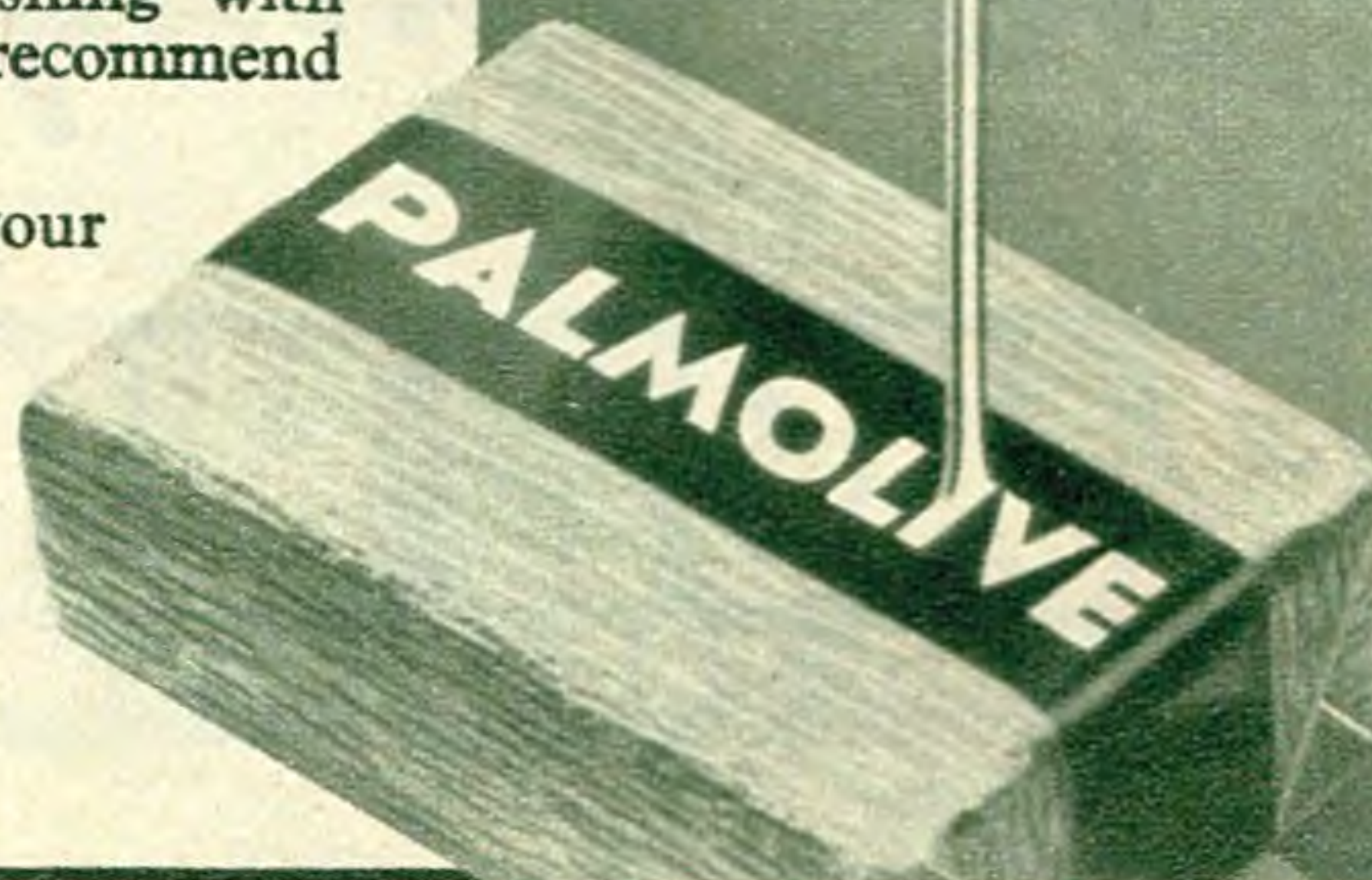
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### THE FILM BUREAU

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ALL enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "FILM PICTORIAL," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

## John Milford's Reviews

(Continued from page 16)

adopts two orphan children for whom Peter Lawrence, a columnist and radio announcer, is trying to find a home. As the adoption was not done according to law, the authorities step in. Carlotta, fearing that the children will be taken from her, runs away with them. Peter follows them up and eventually marries Carlotta. This makes the adoption of the children quite in order in the eyes of the law and everybody is happy.

### WRONG ROAD

RICHARD CROMWELL.....Jimmy Caldwell  
HELEN MACK.....Ruth Holden  
LIONEL ATWILL.....Mike Roberts  
HORACE MACMAHON.....Blackie  
RUSS POWELL.....Foster  
BILLY BEVAN.....McLean  
MARJORIE MAIN.....Mrs. Foster  
REX EVANS.....Holbrook  
JOSEPH CREHAN.....District Attorney  
ARTHUR HOYT.....Beamish  
SYD SAYLOR.....Big Hobo  
Republic (American). Director: James Cruze. "A."  
Running time: 67 minutes.

JIMMY CALDWELL and Ruth Holden, very hard up, plan to steal a large sum from a bank,



Billy Bevan, Richard Cromwell and Helen Mack in "Wrong Road."

hide the money and reclaim it after having served their sentences in prison. Instead of the two years imprisonment they had expected, however, they are sentenced to 10 years. The authorities release them on parole, hoping that the couple will betray the whereabouts of the money. Jimmy and Ruth find that the man with whom they left the money, which was hidden in a music box, has died and his goods are being sold. There are complications, a further crime, troubled consciences and suspense cleverly maintained. Richard Cromwell and Helen Mack are good in the leading roles, and Lionel Atwill gives splendid support.

### MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

RICHARD ARLEN.....Steve Jackson  
FAY WRAY.....Kay Cabot  
RAYMOND WALBURN.....The Senator  
WYN CAHOON.....Flo Melville  
SCOTT COLTON.....Larry Foster  
THURSTON HALL.....Charles Cabot  
MARC LAWRENCE.....Rusty Morgan  
GENE MORGAN.....Henderson  
MARY RUSSELL....."Angel Annie"  
GEORGE MCKAY.....Officer  
LEON AMES.....Rodney Hunter  
BARRY MACOLLUM.....Murphy  
MARJORIE REYNOLDS.....Molly  
Columbia (American). Director: Albert S. Rogell.  
"A." Running time 67 minutes.

KAY CABOT literally drops from the sky into Steve Jackson's apartment, and when Steve hears that the occupant of another apartment in the same building has been murdered, naturally he suspects Kay. So will you, until the climax, even though you know the heroine is very seldom the culprit as well. A somewhat mixed affair of drama and love-making, a sprinkling of comedy, with the action moving rapidly backwards and forwards from one location to another.

### THE WESTLAND CASE

PRESTON FOSTER.....Detective Crane  
CAROL HUGHES.....Emily Lou  
BARBARA PEPPER.....Miss Hogan  
FRANK JENKS.....Williams  
ASTRID ALLWYN.....Brentino  
GEORGE MEEKER.....Bolton  
THEODORE VON ELTZ.....Westland  
CLARENCE WILSON.....Frazee  
RUSSELL HICKS.....Woodbury  
ROLLO LLOYD.....Sprague  
SELMER JACKSON.....Warden  
THOMAS JACKSON.....Strom  
BEN LEWIS.....Havemeyer  
Universal (American). Director: Christy Cabanne.  
"A." Running time: 62 minutes.

FIRST of a series of "Crime Club" films. Let's hope that the others to follow will be more rational. Detective Crane is called in to save a man who in a few days is to go to the electric chair. He proves that the condemned man is

innocent, and places the guilt on the right head—but his method of working things out is most complicated. One doesn't expect all the "i's" dotted and "t's" crossed in a mystery, but it is only fair to the audience that a detective should work out his deductions in a fairly plausible manner.

**THREE OF A KIND**

CHICK CHANDLER.....Jerry Bassett  
 EVALYN KNAPP.....Barbara Penfield  
 BERTON CHURCHILL.....Colonel Cornelius  
 PATRICIA FARR.....Prudence Cornelius  
 RICHARD CARLE.....F. Thorndyke Penfield  
 BRADLEY PAGE.....Rodney Randall  
 LEW KELLY.....Sergeant Cogarty  
 PAT WEST.....Beef Smith  
*Invincible (American). Director: Phil Rosen. "U."*  
 Running time: 75 minutes.

At the annual award day of the Peerless Laundry, the President hands over a cash prize to the best worker of the year, a truck-driver who immediately becomes an ex-truck-driver and tells the President what he can do with his laundry.

With money enough to buy himself fine clothes and a car, that purposeful young man sets out on the road of prosperity, relying on his wits to get him there. At the Royal Valley Hotel he meets others of his kind—a couple of slick tricksters who take him for a sucker, and whom he takes to be "in the money." Very lively and entertaining.

**LIVING ON LOVE**

JAMES DUNN.....Gary  
 WHITNEY BOURNE.....Mary  
 JOAN WOODBURY.....Edith  
 SOLLY WARD.....Eli  
 TOM KENNEDY.....Pete  
 FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Oglethorpe  
 KENNETH TERRELL }.....Ghonoff Bros.  
 JAMES FAWCETT }  
 CHESTER CLUTE.....Jessup  
*Radio (American). Director: Lew Landers. "A."*  
 Running time: 61 minutes.

The complications that ensue when two people unknown to each other share the same room, and with James Dunn and Whitney Bourne both rising to the occasion, this provides a comedy romance which will put you in a happy frame of mind.

**DARTS ARE TRUMPS**

ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Joseph Stone  
 NANCY O'NEIL.....Mary Drake  
 MURIEL GEORGE.....Mrs. Drake  
 H. F. MALTBY.....Stephea Sims  
 IAN COLIN.....Harry  
 JOHN SINGER.....Jimmy  
 PAUL BLAKE.....Hon. Bernard Jaye  
*George Smith (British). Director: Maclean Rogers. "U."*  
 Running time: 13 minutes.

Eliot Makeham portrays a timid clerk, constantly browbeaten by his boss, whose skill as local darts champion enables him to capture a burglar in the office by pinning him to the wall—a feat that looks simple enough though almost certainly impossible. But in such an unpretentious production as this you should not be too critical. It makes quite good entertainment.

**SHE HAD TO EAT**

JACK HALEY.....Danny Decker  
 ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Ann Garrison  
 ARTHUR TREACHER.....Carter  
 EUGENE PALLETTE.....Raymond Quincy Nash  
 DOUGLAS FOWLEY.....Duke Stacy  
 JOHN QUALEN.....Sleepy  
 MAURICE CASS.....Finger Print Expert  
 WALLIS CLARK.....G. Man Inspector  
 LELAH TYLER.....Mrs. Cue  
 TOM KENNEDY.....Pete  
*20th Century-Fox (American). Director: Malcolm St. Clair. "U."*  
 Running time: 75 minutes.

A CASE of very much mistaken identity—Danny Decker being mistaken for a notorious crook although he has such a nice face. Gangsters are out to "get" the crook, and the film is mainly taken up with Danny's efforts to evade them, and with the antics of a drunken millionaire.

The story is incoherent and unworthy of three such accomplished comedians as Haley, Pallette and Arthur Treacher.

**Write to "Peta"**

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

PETA

"Film Pictorial"  
 (2 Queries)  
 JULY 9, 1938



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Tubes 3d., 6d., 1/-  
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**MARY ASTOR**

appearing in the Columbia pictures *There's always a Woman* and *No Time to Marry* says: "I use Calox as one of the 'finishing touches' before facing the camera. It brings out the highlights on teeth most effectively, and makes them beautifully white and sparkling."

Your teeth too can "shine like the stars" if you use Calox. This high-polish tooth powder not only safely cleanses the surfaces but it floods all the hidden crevices with purifying oxygen bubbles. Calox is sold in tins at 1/- and 2/- by all high-class chemists.

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 TOOTH POWDER

**MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS!**



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REMOVER**

**6<sup>p</sup> Shampoo.**  
A BOTTLE.  
SUFFICIENT FOR TWO GOOD SHAMPOOS

## The Girl Who Is Irresistible

AND HER DELICATE, BREATHLESS SISTER

Every young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible; life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and timid to attract, often being ill for a day and having to be in bed, and always looking limp and unhappy.

She should be full of vitality, hungry for her meals, glad to help at home, fond of an evening's recreation, and walking with a spring in her heels, sunshine in her eyes, and the joy of living in her soul.

A girl who is thin, breathless and weak, with no colour in her cheeks, anaemic and dull-looking, will improve wonderfully under the influence of the new rich blood that Dr. Williams pink pills can give her. She will gain vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her lassitude and languor.

It is worth while to join the throng of healthy young womanhood when all you need is Dr. Williams brand pink pills. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). Start taking them to-day and see how soon you feel the benefit.

FREE.—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl should read. Write to M.K. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

# JOIN THE "CINESTAMPS" HUNT

These Prizes to be

Won by July 30th



## for Collecting Cinestamps

ARE you collecting "Cinestamps"? It really is worth while, because some of film-land's biggest favourites are being featured—and it may easily mean a grand cash prize for YOU!

WHAT TO DO: Each week in FILM PICTORIAL we are printing "Cinestamps" on this page—stamps of Shirley Temple, Gary Cooper, and so on. There are six kinds altogether for the first contest, and you simply cut them out and collect them.

There are nine more "Cinestamps" below in the usual way, and this week, for FILM PICTORIAL readers only, we give FOUR FREE BONUS STAMPS OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE! And please note that if you also read the other best film weekly, "Picture Show," you will find more "Cinestamps" to swell your collection.

At the end of July we shall ask you how many of one or more kinds of "Cinestamps" you have collected. Maybe, it will be how many Shirleys, or how many Cary Grants; maybe, how many of two kinds together. Which—will be a close secret until then! Anyway, the biggest collections of the stamps we call for will win those prizes you see above. Think of it—a Pound a Week Extra for a Whole Year, or £10 "down," or £5. There are going to be similar prizes in August and September as well.

So cut out these "Cinestamps" now, and collect as many others as you can. Hunt them anywhere and everywhere—ask your friends about them—get together in the office and at the club, and watch your collections grow together!

And you've till the end of July to do it in. So no stamps to be sent in yet; we'll tell you how and where when the times comes. The full rules have appeared already and will be repeated later.

## More Stamps in Next Week's "Film Pictorial"



... And 4 Bonus Stamps of Shirley, Too!



The Screen Parliament Welcomes Your Letters

# GARBO'S HAD ENOUGH SLOPPY LOVE STORIES

**M**AY I suggest that Greta Garbo gives the male section of the filmgoing public a well-earned break?

For years all her pictures have been built up solely on love interest. For this purpose the action of these pictures has been considerably slowed down. For a typical example, take *Marie Walewska*. This film promised much, only to disappoint. Every time things seemed about to move there was a gap in the action of the story, and just another love scene resulted.

Though Garbo is superb in this type of role, I think it would be in her own interests if her employers varied them a little, and gave her perhaps one or two light comedies to play in. This at any rate would be bound to gain her a few more male fans, for if I can judge by those I meet, she has precious few now. Anyhow, Luise Rainer has not done badly by varying the type of picture she acts in—two Academy Awards in two years!—*B. H. Clark, Blanford Road, Bedford Park, W.4.*

(This letter wins our first prize of £1 1s.)

**Be Yourself, Sister!**

SIR,—It took Katharine Hepburn two years to realize she was wasting her individuality in costume parts. This most modern of screen actresses lived, filmically, in a past decade in which her twentieth-century personality had no part.

It is almost fantastic, but quite typical of a general trend in feminine perversity. It would seem that many actresses deliberately avoid playing the type of roles that suit their particular styles.

Marlene Dietrich, in the low-life cabaret atmosphere of *Blue Angel* and her early Hollywood films, was vital and attractive. As an honest-to-goodness siren, singing naughty songs in male attire, she was in her element. To-day she has learned restraint, sophistication and formality. She plays Russian countesses and English society women—and plays them rather boringly.

Joan Crawford does not impress thousands of filmgoers as an actress. Her dancing, however, leaves nothing to be desired. Yet since *Dancing Lady* this brilliant gift has been completely ignored. She prefers to exploit "dramatic abilities" which do not seem strong enough to prevent her slowly losing her popularity.

Irene Dunne, that most gracious and sincere of all actresses, will sacrifice all her qualities for an imbecility that rivals Carole Lombard's. Madeleine Carroll's English characteristics, her refinement and restraint have all gone to make way for a personality that might have been born and bred in Hollywood. Even Garbo's spirituality can find no finer outlet than in characterizations of the *demi-mondaine*.

It is strange that all these actresses, and many more, do not seem capable of "being themselves," and concentrating on the type of parts which nature and their art intended them for.—*Stanley M. Rallison, Mount Pleasant, Wembley.*

**How Disney Laughs at the Stars**

SIR,—A reader fears that *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* may mean the end of double-feature programmes. But Walt Disney has been slowly undermining the very foundations of the cinema for years.

Every phase of the films can either be surpassed in a Disney cartoon, or burlesqued out of existence.

Once we laughed at Charlie Chaplin swallowing a whistle. Now such slapstick seems feeble when Donald's Ostrich can swallow a wireless set. No human comedian can ever hope to get into wilder scrapes than the cartoon characters. Disney has set a new standard of comedy beyond the reach of flesh-and-blood comedians.

The funny little bunnies, and other whimsical animals, are more appealing than



(Above) Garbo and Charles Boyer in a scene from "Marie Walewska." A reader complains that these love-scenes hold up the action unwarrantably. (Left) Was Marlene Dietrich so much more attractive in "Blue Angel" than she is to-day? (Below) Lloyd Nolan—still waiting for that big chance.



child stars. No "Dead and never called me mother" sob scene ever held half the pathos of Snow White's death.

Horror films of the Karloff-King Kong era are bed-time stories compared with the macabre scenes of witches and green-eyed spiders Disney sometimes introduces. Cagney and the gangster toughs look like Sunday School children when Donald's "Wanna fight!" shakes the screen. And I wonder how the operatic stars dare to continue to expose their tonsils after hearing Clara Cluck!

To twist an old saying: "Show me something someone has done well in the cinema, and I will show you it done better in Disney."—*John Weston, Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff.*

**Recognition for Lloyd Nolan**

SIR,—With all the talk of fair play for this actor and a break for this actress, how long will it be before Lloyd Nolan receives recognition? His portrayal of the corrupt police inspector in *Every Day's a Holiday* was a characteristic gem as contrasted with the fine role of the hero in one of his early films.

But even now he is still plodding away in roles entirely inferior to his acting ability.

If only producers would develop talent they already have instead of finding Continental wonders, then the "walking out" of dissatisfied stars would cease.—*J. Revitt, Findon Crescent, Wisewood, Sheffield.*

**Trailers**

It's true that the star takes all the blame for a bad picture. But when we see a good film, do we not say, "Oh, so-and-so was simply marvellous." Maybe she was, but do we think of and praise the director and others who put so much hard work into making the film?—*J. Cross, London, S.E.17.*

As Luise Rainer's admirer, I'll say again and again, she's the greatest and will keep on being the greatest actress in the world. I'm sure *Ivanhoe* will mean another screen success and another statuette for Luise.—*M. Barry, Brentwood Road, Tottenham, N.17.*

What a relief to see, in *The Challenge*, the dawning of a heroic conception upon the lingerie-ridden minds of our producers!

Perhaps Leslie Howard's new Nelson film may help on the good work—so long as too much is not made of Lady Hamilton's scanties.—*Bertha Barwis, London, S.E.25.*

**THE SCREEN PARLIAMENT**

We pay £1 1s. for the best letter each week, and 5s. for every other letter published. Send your letters to: The Editor, Screen Parliament, "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. (Note.—Every letter must be original and exclusive to us; should we discover that this is not so, the prize, even if announced, will be withheld.)

## DO YOU APPRECIATE . . . .

Double-feature programmes,  
Mighty organs,  
Scented atmosphere,  
Smartly uniformed attendants—and all the other things that go to make your cinemas Palaces of Luxury?

Perhaps you do.  
And perhaps you are so accustomed to these amenities that you don't notice them.

But you certainly would if you went to any of the following places, all of which are in India.

**TREE INSIDE AUDITORIUM**  
The Opera, Quetta, Baluchistan, was erected hastily after the earthquake of 1935. It was erected so hastily that a young shrub was left inside the wall. It has now grown into a small tree, and it is still there. It stands at the back of the theatre, actually inside the auditorium, in the aisle.

**ONLY ONE MACHINE**  
The Globe, Belgaum, Kolharpur, has only one projecting machine. Patrons have to wait from five to 10 minutes at the end of every reel, while the old one is taken off and the new one put on. There are sometimes mistakes in the sequence. The next nearest European cinema is in Poona, 213 miles away!

**NO ROOF, NO NAME**  
At Bannu, in Waziristan, there is a cinema without a name. Neither has it any roof. There is just the operating box, the screen, and some seats placed in between them. During the fine weather it shows once a week, during the monsoon it doesn't show at all. Not all of the cinemas in India are as bad as that though. Those in the big cities like Bombay and Calcutta, though they have single-feature programmes (this is general in India), are air-conditioned, well appointed with all modern luxuries, and, what is more, get the pictures sometimes six months before they are generally released here. "Snow White" was in Calcutta in March this year!—*J. E. Smith, Fairfax Road, Teddington, Middlesex.*

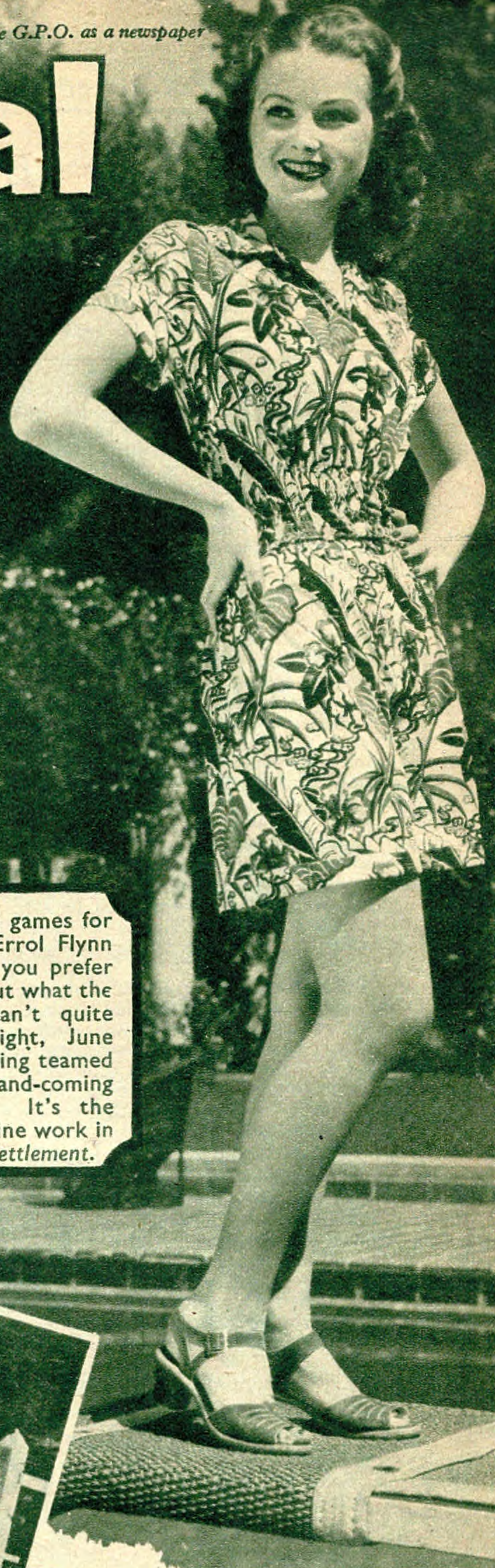
# Film Pictorial



Seems a mighty big fish Claire Trevor's got on the end of her line. Want any help to land it, Claire?



Above, Fun and games for Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn (Lili Damita, if you prefer it that way)—but what the game is, we can't quite make out. Right, June Lang, who is being teamed now with up-and-coming Dick Baldwin. It's the result of their fine work in *International Settlement*.

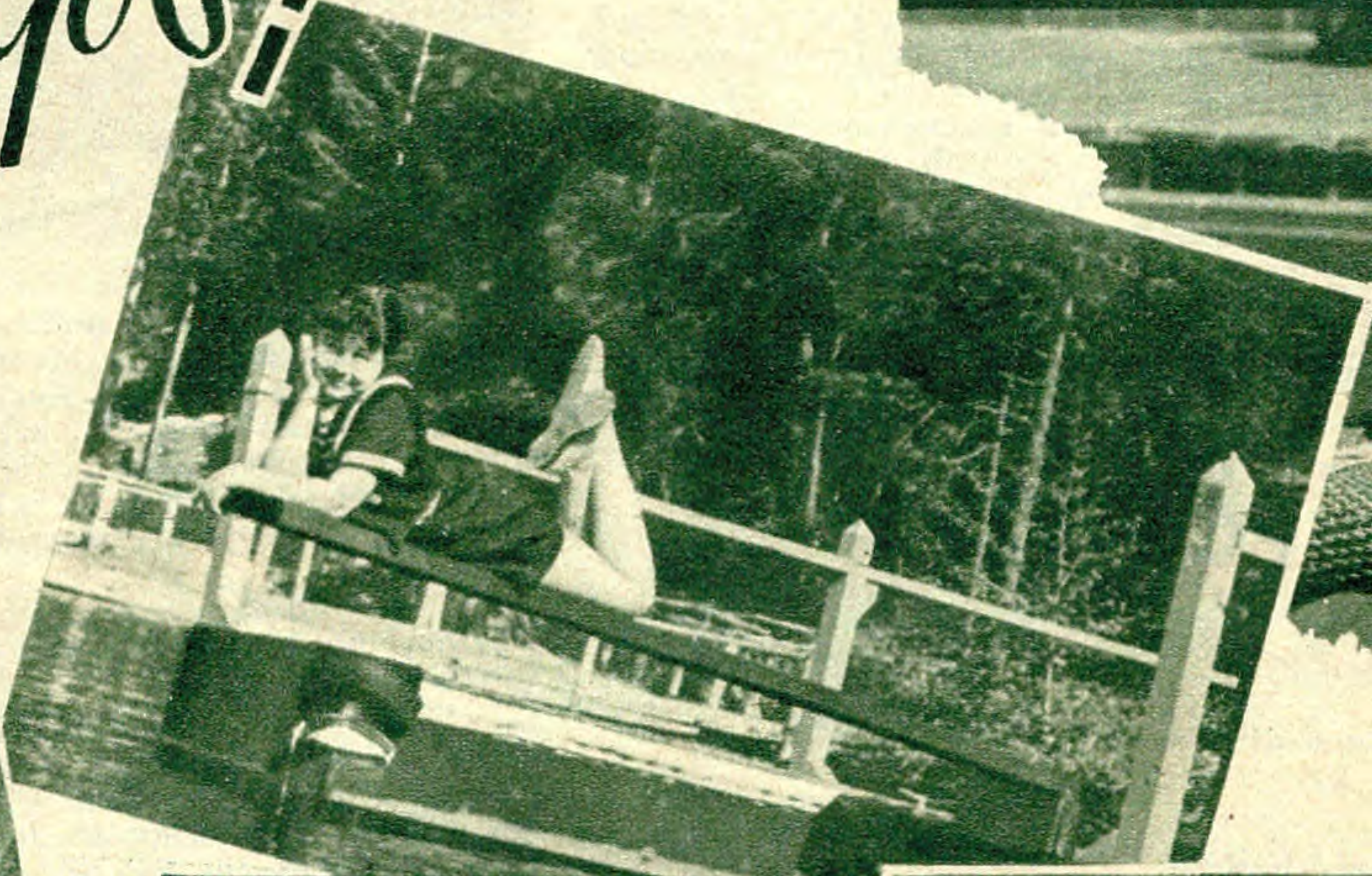


## Snappy Snaps!

OUR CAMERAMAN  
GETS EXCLUSIVE  
PICTURES FOR YOUR DELIGHT



Above, a snap of George Brent on the set of his new film, *Secrets of an Actress*, in which he co-stars with Kay Francis.



Tomboy Janie Withers (above) enjoys a lazy holiday at Lake Arrowhead. By the sweet, innocent expression on her face, we guess she's just put a frog in someone's bed!



Left, Warner Baxter relaxes in his home swimming pool.



A Hollywood wedding is a great event, and the stars turned out in force to see the marriage of Basil Rathbone's son, Rodion. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer at the reception, and (left) Basil kisses the bride while his son looks on.