

"TAKEN FOR A RIDE" *by* SPEED-FIEND FORMBY *Special Article and Pictures on Page 10*

Film Pictorial

2!
1955
Every Thursday



*Joan Blondell
& Dick Powell*



Gary Cooper in the company of his most stirring adventure in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." She is the beautiful Sigrid Gurie.

Coming Shortly

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

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

****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.

****ALF'S BUTTON AFLOAT.**—A first-rate entertainment by The Crazy Gang—Flanagan, Allen, Narvo, 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!

****BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE.**—Very gay and sparkling in something like the old naughty and, at times, daring, Lubitch 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.

****BOY FROM BARNARDO'S.**—Despite sentimentality, this is a good story of the Russell Cotes Naval Training School, one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and of our Mercantile Marine. Freddie Bartholomew is excellent. So are Mickey Rooney, Herbert Mundin and Charles Coburn. Watch, too, for young Terry Kilburn. This won't be the last time you'll see him.

****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 tuneless 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.

****FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER.**—Of course you want to see the new star, Richard Greene, in his first film—and an excellent film it is. Story is of a cashiered British officer in the Indian Army, whose four sons search the world for proofs of his innocence. Greene, as one of the sons, is good-looking and has a most attractive speaking voice. George Sanders, David Niven and Loretta Young are well up to standard.

****JANE STEPS OUT.**—Diana Churchill, Jean Muir, Peter Murray Hill. Cinderella up-to-date, with Diana as the girl who runs the house and has no time for love, Jean as the "ugly" sister, and delicious Athene Seyler as the not-so-fairy godmother. Amusingly done, and Diana is fine as usual. Peter Murray Hill is a distinct discovery.

****JEZEBEL.**—Bette Davis gives a wonderfully effective performance in the role of a self-willed and spoiled siren-type of girl who, living some 90 years ago, was as modern as the girl of 1938. But though the onlooker can have not the slightest sympathy for her, she will compel admiration for the sheer

strength of her performance. It is an amazingly competent production, a production that any would-be director ought to sit and watch a dozen times and learn something every time. Henry Fonda is excellent, Margaret Lindsay a striking contrast to the hard, calculating Bette Davis, and Donald Crisp is outstanding, too.

JOY OF LIVING.—Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. Crazy comedy containing one very funny scene, in which the dignified Irene and romantic Douglas get up to the most incredible tricks on a skating rink. Otherwise, there isn't much to enthuse over. Story is thin—of an actress whose relatives live on her money, and who eventually breaks free and is taught "the joy of living"—and director and stars try to make bricks without straw. Such fine players as Eric Blore, Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee are sadly wasted.

***KIDNAPPED.**—This hasn't much to do with Stevenson's novel, but it's good entertainment just the same. Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter are escaping from the King's soldiers and go through many stirring adventures together. Arleen Whelan, the beauty-parlour discovery, is delightful to look at, but needs more experience.

THE NEWEST FILMS

BATTLE OF BROADWAY.—Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy as bosom rivals, united by a bond dating back to battlefield days when they fought side by side and still found time to fight one another, take a most active part in an American Legion Convention in New York and provide you with plenty of good fun.

***LITTLE TOUGH GUY.**—Contribution to the inevitable cycle of child gangster films which *Dead End* has provoked. The *Dead End* Kids again dominate the film, and the general trend is to point that it is circumstances and not instinct that forces youngsters into crime. Billy Halop, who, as the youngster Boylan, feels that there is no justice in the world, creates a sympathetic character study. Grimly realistic picture of the more drab side of life, forcefully put over.

SING, YOU SINNERS.—The singers apparently are Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and young Donald O'Connor, three screen brothers whose screen mother, Elizabeth Patterson, has had them taught music and means to see they make something of it. Fred's all right: he's the real big brother and good son. But Bing's the bad boy of that crazy family and causes all the bother because of his wild schemes—and is the excuse for this picture to run on and on for so long as it does. Not much singing, even by Bing, who does a fine spot of acting. Good performance all round.

****THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO.**—Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone. Does not merit such praise as "brilliant," "unforgettable" or "outstanding," but an excellent entertainment nevertheless. Marco's adventures are more amusing than thrilling. Lavish spectacle, a very lovely leading lady and plenty of laughs.

****THREE BLIND MICE.**—Loretta Young, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore as three sisters who inherit a bit of money and as "wealthy girl," "secretary," and "lady's maid" go to a smart resort where the "wealthy girl" hopes to find a rich husband for herself and then for the other two. Joel McCrea, Stuart Erwin, Binnie Barnes, and David Niven help to make it a bright and lively comedy.

****MANNEQUIN.**—After several poor pictures, Joan Crawford is right back on top again in this grand story of a poor girl's struggles to make something of her life. She gives a very good performance, but has stiff competition from Allan Curtis (a newcomer, and excellent) as the man who almost drags her down again, and Spencer Tracy as the man with whom she finally finds happiness.

NO PARKING.—Gordon Harker as a down-and-out taken up by a lot of crooks who think he is a famous gangster. The comedy of mistaken identity is amusingly sustained until the surprise ending, which—at least to this critic's mind—spoils everything that has gone before.

***PROFESSOR, BEWARE!**—Harold Lloyd packs all his antics into his role of an Egyptologist who believes a fair damsel and himself are reincarnations of a pair of Ancient Egyptian lovers. The professor knows enough of the lovers' story to give him the jitters from the start, and to expect a violent death in the end, and his hair-raising adventures provide plenty of fun and thrills.

****SAILING ALONG.**—Jessie Matthews, Barry Mackay, Jack Whiting, Noel Madison. You may have heard as much as you care about the Mississippi, but wonder of wonders, someone has actually written a song about the Thames for this picture. And some other genius has also hit upon the bright idea of giving Jessie a dancing partner, so that for once the little lady does not have to carry the singing, the dancing and in fact everything. Though not overloaded with comedy, the film is pleasing all the time, with melodious numbers, some glorious shots of the Thames and a down-to-earth story. Ideal for a cheery evening. Jessie in great form and Jack Whiting a distinct success.

***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 gipsy 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.

****SHOPWORN ANGEL.**—Margaret Sullivan and Walter Pidgeon as cynical lovers who are brought to the realization of the finer side of life by a young soldier from Texas. Unusual story, set against a background of hectic War years, with fine acting from Margaret Sullivan, Pidgeon and James Stewart as the young soldier. A fine and sincere film.

****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.

***SWING YOUR LADY.**—Merry musical containing such reliable comedians as Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Nat Pendleton and Louise Fazenda. It's about all-in wrestling—not treated at all seriously—and the only black spot is the waste of Humphrey Bogart's acting powers. Penny Singleton, a comparative newcomer, seems to have what it takes.

***SWISS MISS.**—Mixture of Laurel, Hardy and light opera which seems more consistently successful than usual. The boys are selling mouse-traps in Switzerland—because they make cheese there, so there must be more mice!—and get involved in many odd situations. Della Lind and Walter Woolf King provide the song.

***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 Chapple. 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 Sullivan makes it easy to understand why all the men were so fond of her.

****VESSEL OF WRATH.**—Charles Laughton's first film for his own company is not perhaps quite as good as advance publicity has made us expect, but it is still very good and promises well for Laughton's venture. The story, of a woman missionary (Elsa Lanchester) who reforms a drunken beachcomber and finally marries him, is highly amusing fare for the sophisticated, but it just misses the biting irony of the original Maugham story. Laughton is superb, particularly in the first half, but one or two of the other actors seem tempted to caricature their roles.

****WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.**—Don't be put off by the title; this film is a serious (if at times slow-moving) study of the "aftermath" of a divorce. The first wife is determined to make things as difficult as possible for the second wife, and there is also the problem of a child. Good acting from Mary Astor, Virginia Bruce, and Herbert Marshall.

****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.

(For Next Week's general releases reviewed by JOHN MILFORD turn to page 14.)

In the most unexpected places



Illustrated above—Norton, a hamlet near Shrewsbury. "Player's" can be purchased at this picturesque cottage which is reputed to be 300 years old. Nearby are the ruins of the old Roman City Uriconium.

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

MEDIUM OR MILD—CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN. Ask for which you prefer and please yourself whatever your taste.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

NEWCOMER STEALS "MARIE"

can stand up to the tremendous vitality of Norma Shearer's acting.

Van Dyke's Best

AND I must not forget my friend, director "Woody" Van Dyke, who has turned in his finest job for a very long time, handled the spectacular scenes magnificently, and brought out the best in script and players.

The film itself, by the way, was almost the least spectacular feature of that terrific premiere. Invitations were sent by special delivery, and MGM issued to their guests gold police passes to be stuck on car windscreens.

Cinema Turned Into Palace

A FORTNIGHT'S intensive work had transformed the approaches and forecourt of the cinema into a replica of part of the famous Gardens of Versailles, with pavilions, fountains, ornate flower-beds, decorative pools. Grandstands were built to hold 20,000 sightseers. Three hundred policemen aided the studio cops in keeping traffic moving and preventing stars from being mobbed by the crowds.

The theatre was floodlit, and searchlights spearing the sky turned our thoughts to air-raids and similar unpleasant matters. A corps of publicity men stood waiting to grab celebrities, push in their hands a written speech, and place them before the microphones so that waiting millions would be thrilled by the coast-to-coast broadcast.

"A Major Catastrophe"

WITH my companion, "Dusty" Vail, tall, good-looking, intelligent, a wonderful horsewoman, I was mistaken for Harpo Marx in disguise, and was hustled as far as the mike with a "Come on, Mr. Marx. Quit kidding. Cut out that phoney English accent!" A major catastrophe—or unexpected pleasure for radio listeners, whichever way you like to look at it—was avoided when another publicity man recognized me and I was allowed to return to Dusty's side.

And, ladies and gentlemen, it is perhaps the biggest tribute I can pay the film to say that it was not dwarfed by all this ballyhoo. *Marie Antoinette*, when it comes to your local cinemas, will still be a very good picture indeed.

No More Orgies!

PRESS agents, publicity departments and the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce have been complaining that much of the glamour has gone out of Hollywood life. There are no orgies to-day, no colossal gatherings at which champagne flows like water, and your eyes are dazzled by rare jewels and priceless gems.

I'm inclined to agree that about the most exciting episode of recent date in this glamour realm was when Marlene Dietrich danced the Big Apple at the home of Dolores Del Rio.

Parties really are most peaceful affairs, more like village socials, or tea parties in the parish hall. As an instance, a pleasant garden party that Alan Mowbray gave round his swimming pool one warm Sunday, before he began work in the Hal Roach epic, *There Goes My Heart*, starring Fredric March and Virginia Bruce.

I brought Mr. and Mrs. Carveth Wells, the well-known exploring couple. There were Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Lawford, Lady Lawford, and their young son, Peter, who worked with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney in *Boy From Barnardo's*; Sir Fred O'Connor, former Governor of Nepal, a famous Tibetan traveller; Capt. N. E. Franklin, late of the Indian Army, a big game hunter; Wendy Barrie, the Mowbrays' neighbour, and the Earl of Warwick; the John Warburtons; Roland Young; Count and Countess Solito de Sottis. He's the famous pianist.

We swam and dived for pennies in the blue-tiled pool, had a buffet lunch under the palm trees, and talked for hours of remote places east of Suez. And not a word about pictures.

There was a moment of excitement when Wendy Barrie made an entrance in her new, very tight-fitting swim suit, a deep blue item of shimmering silk. As she poised on the spring-board, before diving gracefully, Tibet and India and Timbuctoo were forgotten in the gasp of admiration.

Accents Are So Funny

STAGE SEVEN, Warner Brothers—the interior of a quaint restaurant in Paris. Production—*Three Girls on Broadway*. Quiet, courteous Director John Farrow (his wife is Maureen O'Sullivan) is rehearsing a scene with Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan, and Marie Wilson, three Broadway show girls stranded in Paris. They're having their last binge. All are a little woozy, and Margaret Lindsay raises her glass of wine to the occasion. Blonde Marie toasts, "May we never have shiny noses!"

They drink, and, in the style of the Romanoffs, hurl their glasses into the fireplace.

Of course, they're not drinking wine. It's harmless, healthy grapejuice that the girls swig. Otherwise, they would be a little pickled.

I like the way John Farrow listens to suggestions from his principals, especially Margaret Lindsay: a very intelligent girl. The scene ended, the three charmers give me a most enthusiastic greeting, take me by the arms, plump me into a chair, and ask: "Well, big boy, whaddya hear from the mob? Nuttin'? Okay!"

GOSSIP: By The NOMAD



Norma Shearer at her loveliest and best in the title role of "Marie Antoinette." The Nomad tells you about it this week.

THE international premiere of *Marie Antoinette* at Hollywood's famous Carthay Circle Theatre surpassed the pomp and ceremonial of the lavish affairs of recent years. The whole of Hollywood turned out to pay tribute to their uncrowned Queen, lovely Norma Shearer—and found that the picture had been almost stolen from her by an unknown young Englishman making his first film, 30-years-old Robert Morley.

Role Laughton Might Have Played

MORLEY plays the role of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette's ill-fated husband. Some time ago, when the three-years-old production plans for *Marie Antoinette* were coming to a head, it was announced that Charles Laughton would play the part. But he was busy with his English company and couldn't be persuaded to visit Hollywood again. Peter Lorre, Oscar Homolka, George Sanders, were all spoken of as possibilities. Then Hunt Stromberg, the producer, went to England, saw Morley in his first West End stage success, and whisked him off to Hollywood. The result, in a part of which Miss Shearer herself said, "How I would like to play it if I were a man!" has caused a sensation over here.

Fled Back Home

MORLEY wasn't at the premiere. Refusing all offers of contracts, he had fled to England as soon as the film was finished. The reason? He and another young actor named Peter Bull run a summer theatre at Perranporth, in Cornwall, where, if you are holidaying in that direction, you will be able to see Hollywood's most sought-after young man, and the only one, except for Bill Powell and Clark Gable, who has been able to stand out in a film with Norma Shearer.

Norma Triumphs, Too

MARIE ANTOINETTE isn't a triumph only for Morley, though. Queen Norma, in her first film since Irving Thalberg's death, is at her brilliant best. Joseph Schildkraut, John Barrymore, and most of the other players are excellent. Only Tyrone Power did not seem quite convincing, in the role of the queen's lover—probably for that very reason that so few young players

ANTOINETTE" FROM SHEARER!

I must tell you this is just a little private joke, because they rag me about my English accent.

Watch For Janet

"NOT very easy getting drunk at nine o'clock in the morning," says Margaret. "Especially when you've had a lovely night's sleep, for I get to bed at nine-thirty while I'm working." And Marie Wilson chips in with a sigh, "Some day, I hope they'll forget that I'm supposed to be funny, and let me go dramatic." Ann Sheridan quietly says, "And I just want to work, and keep on working."

There's a tiny youngster called Janet Chapman in the picture. Look out for her. She's very appealing.

Claudette Colbert's New Film

FEELING fit and rested after her European journey, Claudette Colbert is hard at work in *Zaza*. You remember I told you that Italian Isa Miranda, Paramount's latest exotic, was withdrawn from this picture. Her accent apparently was an insurmountable obstacle, so they say now. Be that as it may, it seems to have been another big mistake of studio officials, not only in disappointing the sincere hopes of a foreign actress, but also in unnecessary production expense.

There appear to be a lot of fingers in this production pie. Nazimova is George Cukor's production assistant. Andre Charlot, famous revue impresario, wanders all over the place, looking for an idea. Writer Zoe Akins bustles around with re-writings. Producer Albert Lewin is in daily conference on the set. And Claudette Colbert herself has ideas which she doesn't hesitate to voice.

Paris—1900

QUITE unobserved in this concentrated turmoil, I roamed through a Parisian music hall of 1900; back-stage, with the props and stage equipment of the period; into the cluttered dressing-rooms where *Zaza* and her colleagues prepared for the performance.

Nazimova played *Zaza* in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1901. There were no censorship problems in those days, no Hayes offices, no Leagues of Decency. So now the makers have the jolly little difficulty of presenting certain problems without being naughty. And that's probably the reason why the production staff have been having so many headaches.

I was impressed by Nazimova's costume; a white coolie hat, drab-blue blouse, similar trousers, funny white leather shoes, and dark glasses half hiding her face. She constantly smokes, and always carries a large red handbag tucked under her arm. She looks a bit as if she had stepped out of *The Good Earth*. Her voice is husky and whispering. Everything she says seems to be a breathless secret. I watched Claudette Colbert debate a sequence with Nazimova. What a contrast! Claudette, a floral-hatted, short-skirted show-girl of the period, clear and brusque in her opinions, voice resonant and meaningful—and Nazimova's bird-like movements and almost indistinguishable whispering.

Director George Cukor enacts every scene for his principals, evidently knows what he wants, and gets it, without his stars quite knowing how he does it. I'll report further on *Zaza* when Herbert Marshall comes into the picture.

A Raft In Cold Water

BRIGHT and early, but none too happy about it, George Raft reported for work the other morning on the big Paramount tank stage. They're shooting the Alaskan salmon saga, *Spawn of the North*, here. George was unhappy because he'd be working in the water all day, and the water was cold.

"You'll get used to it, once you're wet," Director Henry Hathaway told him—and playfully shoved him in.

George came up spluttering, climbed out, broke



Robert Morley, 30-years-old Englishman making his film debut, almost steals "Marie Antoinette" from the great Norma Shearer

into a grin. He reached into his pocket. "You left this in my dressing-room, Henry," he said. "I was just bringing it out to you."

It was Mr. Hathaway's superb watch—a little damper than usual. And George certainly had the laugh!

Nice "Meanies"

IT always amuses me that the spoiled brats of the screen are for the most part singularly docile and amiable children. Whatever the explanation, it probably applies also to movie villains. Without exception, men who portray "heavies" are kind, quiet people.

Latest addition to the "brat school" fostered by such youngsters as Jane Withers and Bonita

FILM PICTORIAL

EDITOR :

CLARENCE WINCHESTER

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

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Queen Victoria—as played (above) by Pamela Stanley in the screen version of "Marigold," and (left) by Anna Neagle, who is accompanied by the Prince Consort (Anton Walbrook) and the Royal children in a scene taken in the grounds at Balmoral





Feel like a little fresh air? Well, let's look what this bunch of stars is doing. Marjorie Weaver (above) prefers horse-back riding; Richard Greene, the new British heart-throb, now at work on "Splinter Fleet," his third Hollywood film, likes a cool dip and a rub-down with a rough towel; and Michael Whalen, extreme right, takes his bull-terrier for a walk.



The same is true of Jane Withers, movie problem child, Virginia Weidler, the appealing tomboyish lass, and a host of others. Everyone expects Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew to be good youngsters. No one gets excited by the statement that off-screen they are the soul of kindness and good nature. That's always the lot of the good kiddies!

Deanna Grows Up

THERE'S the power of youth with the present Universal company, and the particular expression of youth that I like is Deanna Durbin, whom I was visiting this morning, on the set of *That Certain Age*. This is the mid-'teen picture for Deanna wherein, as Alice of the story, she fancies herself in love with an older man, has a of kind hero-worshipping "pash" on Melvyn Douglas, while her boy friend, Ken, portrayed by Jackie Cooper, has to stand by until Alice realizes that mature men are not for moon-struck maidens.

Accompanied by veteran publicity expert Ray Hoadley, who's known Deanna from the moment she came into pictures, I went on to the set. It was the interior of a magnificent room in a country mansion. Through the mullioned windows you could see a terrace, lawns, and formal gardens. Seated at the piano was Irene Rich—you remember her, of course—making a welcome return to movies after five years in the broadcasting world.

A New "Mother and Father"

MISS RICH is Deanna's mother, the wife of John Halliday this time. She accompanied Deanna, singing beside the piano. Deanna was not really singing, only pretending, for she had already recorded her song, and this was a silent shot for the cameras, synchronized with the play-back. Beside Cameraman Joe Valentine were Melvyn Douglas and John Halliday, smiling approval of Deanna's work.

When the take was completed, Deanna came over to us, giving her usual friendly greeting. She is not a demonstrative girl, quite shy and reserved with most people. We understand one another, for I generally know when not to ask superfluous questions.

A Late Breakfast

"I DIDN'T have much breakfast this morning. I overslept a bit, and I'm going to have some tomato juice and biscuits now. Will you have some with me?" Deanna invited. I accepted, and we sat in comfortable chairs while sipping the tomato juice. We spoke of a visit to England some day.

"Some Day" In England

"I'M afraid it will have to be 'some day,' because I've got a full programme for the next 12 months, and when I do go, I'd like to take my time about it," she quietly explained. "I have uncles

Granville is a little blonde named Bonnie Jean Churchill, a nine-years-old from Chicago. With radio experience and an initial appearance at the Chicago World's Fair, little Bonnie is making her film debut in *Give Me a Sailor*, with Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Jack Whiting and Betty Grable.

On demand, Bonnie can affect a high-pitched voice, and can burst into uproarious sobs, ideal for the spoiled-child role in the film. She annoys Martha and the others no end, getting in their way, aggravating them and telling tales—just a nice kid!

Saying It For the Cameras

TRUE to the Hollywood tradition, Bonnie is a sweet, smiling child who does her lessons faithfully, minds her adoring mother, and is a general favourite on the set. She saves her brat stuff for the cameras.

Fifteen-years-old Bonita Granville is now growing out of the child stage, but she will probably always be remembered for her nasty roles in such pictures as *Maid of Salem* and *These Three*. A talented little actress, Bonita effaces her own naturally sunny nature on the screen with such mean characterizations that it is hard to believe she could be anything but a basically hardened girl. I know her well—she's a charming, highly intelligent youngster.



Arleen Whalen pauses for a moment between sets to say "Hallo" and hope that you're liking her first screen performance in "Kidnapped." And—what's this? We're not quite sure which Ritz it is on the right, but we think it's Al. And you might try to smile with more than half your face at a time, Al, even if you are going to fall off at any moment!



BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Jessie Matthews' Great New Feature

THE DIARY OF A GIRL ABOUT FILMS

● ● We have persuaded Jessie to keep an account of all the interesting things she does, the places she goes to and the people she meets—and persuaded her to hand over her diary each week so that "Film Pictorial" readers can see what she's written. Jessie is working now on her new film "Climbing High" and is daily coming into contact with people you'll want to hear about. So be sure you read the first extract from Jessie's intimate jottings in next Thursday's number.

and aunts in Lancashire, and I'll see them, and it will take months for me to see all that I'd like to of London."

Deanna spends leisurely Sundays. She rises later than usual, "just fools around the house and the garden," to use her own words, and has a couple of friends to swim.

"I've been doing horseback riding at the Los Angeles Academy. I haven't time for anything else except swimming," she told me.

There's a happy mood on this set, and the presiding genius is Deanna. Everyone adores her. Her stand-in has to wear special "lifts" on her shoes, because Deanna has grown two or three inches this past year.

Stars Under The Stars

SUMMERTIME in Hollywood has an added pleasure in the Symphonies Under the Stars, at the Bowl, 15 minutes' walk from my house. Under the great vault of the heavens, star-gleaming, we listen to symphonies, we enjoy operas, we are thrilled by the world's great singers, and delighted by ballet and dance in all its forms.

The Bowl can easily seat 22,000 people. Most of the film colony are regular patrons, and the intermission period gives autograph hunters their relished opportunity of besieging the boxes for the signatures of their favourites. Regulars are the Jean Hersholts; the Edward G. Robinsons; the Frank Morgans; Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard (and we still don't know whether they are Mr. and Mrs.); Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson; Anita Louise; Wendy Barrie; the Basil Rathbones; Madame Jeritza; the Frank Capras; Spring Byington; Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; Claudette Colbert; Lew Ayres; the Edward Arnolds; Boris Karloff; Deanna Durbin; Luise Rainer; and many of the song writers, the composers, and the music lovers among the younger set.

Music and Food

BOWL concerts are often followed by informal supper parties.

Most charming are the Sunday morning guest breakfasts at Edward G. Robinson's Tudor home in Beverly. His wife, Gladys, is an enthusiastic worker on behalf of the arts, and her parties will always be attended by world-famed conductors, artists, sculptors, composers, musicians of note. Then there are the formal dinners at the Rathbones', where Ouida, leader of fashion and style, expertly demonstrates to movie matrons how to entertain with charm and distinction.

The Sport of Bings

BING CROSBY'S latest fun-feast, *Paris Honey-moon*, was finishing when I arrived on the set. Bing's in a new locale, somewhere in one of those mythical kingdoms, Ruritania. This sequence was the Rose Festival, with hundreds of peasants in gay costumes having fun in the square around the village pump, while Franciska Gaal is chosen Queen of the Roses.

Bing looks thinner. He said it was due to the excitement of horse-racing, leading in so many losers. Someone cracked: "Well, it's still the sport of Bings." Ouch!

Undisturbed by this gaiety and levity, comedian Ben Blue was posing for publicity photographs on a rose-entwined cart. The publicity gentleman thought it would be a good idea to have him embracing various types of local beauty. Gallant Ben Blue posed patiently with blondes, brunettes, red-heads. After the seventh shot, he said: "Come on, boys, I can take it. Haven't you a nice Hawaiian wench somewhere?"

Probably his thoughts were with *Cocoanut Grove*, wherein Eve Arden and he do a very funny adagio dance.

Orchids for "Roz" Russell

IF you see Rosalind Russell while she's sojourning with you in London, congratulate her for me on a grand comedy performance in *Four's a Crowd*, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles, Walter Connolly, and Melville Cooper. It's another of the mad comedy species, and there's a wire-haired terrier called G. B., who does his bit nobly. It tickled me to see Flynn and Knowles, bosom friends off screen, as competing young Americans. They weren't quite convincing. Still, *Four's a Crowd* is good fun, and the Russell lady shows her versatility.

"Capra" Equals "Entertainment"

THE completion of a Frank Capra production holds us in suspense. Instinctively, we know that a Capra picture means entertainment. As Capra always brings to his work a new approach, we look for "the something different" in his films.

Undoubtedly *You Can't Take It With You* will be world-wide entertainment. All of us are interested in family life, whether it be in Tyne-mouth, Timbuctoo or Toledo.

Mr. Capra is a monomaniac—his particular phobia is entertainment. He knows the elements that go into the making of a good picture. He has made good pictures, and based on my own knowledge of him, he will continue to make good pictures.

There is no secret to his formula. It's something like this:—

"An unusual situation, with a mixture of half a dozen real people. Add some lively imagination, a dash of plot, sprightly lines, and natural action."

Simplicity the Keynote

YOU'LL say that it really isn't as simple as it sounds. Agreed, and Mr. Capra knows this quite well. He analyzes a story in this way:

A.: Has it interesting possibilities?

"If it leaves me with a glow of satisfaction, and a burning urge to make it into a picture, then it has the right quality," says the director.

B.: Are the characters interesting because they do the things humans do, or would like to do?

"In a way, that is answered under A., because I've found that without these human characters, stories rarely have charm."

C.: Does its underlying motif win you over?

"This can be explained by the American expression of 'putting over an idea.'" Mr. Capra's attitude towards this idea urges simplicity, such as "happiness is a bird in the hand."

D.: Would I like to make a picture of this story?

£50,000 For a Play

COLUMBIA PICTURES paid a large amount for *You Can't Take It With You*, about £50,000. Add cost of writers, cast, director, and general production expenses, and you're in the £200,000 class very quickly. There's a satisfying sound about million-dollar productions. Still, many of these expensive epics have been dissatisfying at the box-office.

Dynamic, visionary Frank Capra knows this quite well. With a business-like acumen, he recognizes that you, the public, look for familiar names and faces on the screen. Therefore, he never uses unknowns for important roles.

Players Must Be Themselves

THE plot of a story is not vitally important. The characterizations are. The public want to feel close to the people they watch in this medium of entertainment," he insists.

"I find it absolutely essential to let the players be themselves. The less an actor has to change his own personality, the better will be his performance."

For a lesson in patience, control and directorial craftsmanship, watch Capra at work. You leave inspired. There's an art to injecting pace and quality to a scene. Capra is master of that art, and it's why he's esteemed and highly regarded by cast, crew and company.

The Sun Isn't Kind

IT seems a long time since I went on location with Roy Kellino, Pamela Ostrer, James Mason and their *Deadwater* unit, writes The British Nomad, but they are still valiantly filming away in the open air, waiting upon the good graces of the fickle sun, and cursing the rain as heartily as all outdoor film-makers. They are still to be found on that lovely farm near Marlow where I visited them, and apparently they've been having a pretty exciting time recently. The action of *Deadwater* called for a spectacular barn fire, and after careful calculation the scene was set, a huge barn cleared, and the place set on fire.

James Mason's Rescue

ALMOST immediately there was a terrific kicking and scuffling in the barn, James Mason dashed through the smoke and flame to see what was happening—and drove out before him a very scared cow and her calf! Mason suffered from minor burns, and his eyebrows and



When Sylvia Sidney's at work she works, even between whites on the set. Here she is adding a bit more to the rug she made. But when she's on holiday—well, she's on holiday. Sylvia came to England recently—not to work.

hair were nicely singed, but the episode had its better side. Roy Kellino had his camera turning all the time—and Mason's heroic rescue will now form a part of the film!

Aubrey Smith—And a Discovery

CAUBREY SMITH has been added to the cast of *The Four Feathers*. Having finished his role in *Sixty Glorious Years*, he was due to sail for America, and his luggage was already on the boat, when Korda persuaded him to change his mind. Other casting news from that film is that Donald Gray, a comparative unknown whom you can see in *Murder in the Family*, generally released this week, is to have one of the four leading male roles. Mr. Korda's famous talent-spotting ability seems to be at work again with a vengeance.

Two Films to Ask For

IT isn't often that I talk about finished films—and finished American films at that. But there is one, called *The River*, which I do most heartily recommend you to see. It hasn't any stars. It didn't cost thousands of pounds to make. There's very little glamour about it. But it gives a vivid and exciting

account of the Mississippi, that great American river beside which our own Thames resembles an artificial suburban lake.

The River, unfortunately, is the kind of film which is rarely seen in the provinces. But if you pester your local cinema manager enough, and get your friends to do the same, you can make him show it for you. Ask him, too, for a British short called *North Sea*. Except for *The River*, it's the best film from any country, of any kind, that I've seen for many months.

Cavalryman Claude

AT Warner Brothers' Teddington Studios, I found a state of war going on. It seemed so, at any rate, for the favourite "star" on the floor that day was a tank—a real, wicked-looking, armoured tank!—which is the hero, or villain, of *Many Tanks, Mr. Atkins*.

This film with an amusing title (the pun's so bad that you just have to laugh, don't you think?), stars Claude Hulbert and Reginald Purdell, and the latter, with his usual versatility, has also written the story. It seems to me a most amusing idea. Hulbert is so keen on horses that he joins the cavalry—only to find that his regiment is immediately mechanized, and he has a tank to deal with instead of a horse.

Purdell's Pet

PURDELL, on the other hand, is the only cavalryman in the corps who says thanks for the tank. He loves the new "pet" as much as Claude loves horses, and in fact, invents all kinds of complicated mechanical things. Reggie told me that the climax of the story—and, he hopes, the best comedy and thrills—come when an attempt is made to steal the plans of his latest invention.

Barbara Greene's Bad Luck

IRAN into charming Barbara Greene on the set, and asked her where she had been since I saw her last, working with Marie Tempest and Paderewski in *Moonlight Sonata*. Barbara had such a tale of woe to unfold! First, she said, she caught influenza, got better—and fell ill again with food-poisoning. Just as she recovered from that, she had to be operated on for appendicitis.

Now, I'm pleased to tell you, she's looking very pretty and fit, and hopes to be making many more films in the near future.

Dorothy Seacombe Returns

ANOTHER familiar face on the *Many Tanks, Mr. Atkins* set was that of Dorothy Seacombe, star of many important pictures, who has consented

to return to the screen for her role in this film. Then there are Aino Bergo (no more puns; besides, I've made them all about her name), Davy Burnaby, Arthur Hambling, Jack Melford, Robb ("Mr. Muddlecombe") Wilton, and Frederick Burtwell.

From Small Role to Stardom

THE other day I saw the private screening of a new Associated British picture, *Queer Cargo*. The star was John Lodge. But the man who caught my eye was a tall, fair young fellow in naval uniform, who had no more than half a dozen lines to say—and with them did a neat bit of picture-stealing.

Apparently I wasn't alone in my opinion, for Walter Mycroft, of Associated British, was so impressed with this young fellow that he has given him a contract. Then Mycroft went further. He was looking for a leading man for a new picture, *Luck of the Navy*. He thought of Geoffrey Toone, which is the name of his new contract player—and Geoffrey becomes a star in his second picture.

Famous School of Acting

THAT'S scarcely surprising, for Toone is a product of the Liverpool Repertory Company, one of the finest schools of acting in the country, which has given Bob Donat, Diana Wynyard, and many more to the screen. Toone was born in Dublin 27 years ago. While he was acting at the Oxford Playhouse, he produced a play which gave her second stage role to a small, unknown blonde actress—Diana Churchill.

More "Froggy Business"

I WAS telling you only the other day that Herbert Wilcox intended to make a sequel to *The Frog*. Well, now it's well and truly on the floor at Beaconsfield, with Maurice Elvey directing, and the well-known mournful features of Inspector Elk (sorry, Gordon Harker) may be seen by all and sundry visitors to those studios.

I found Elk exactly as Elk should be. The most ardent Edgar Wallace fan couldn't have grumbled at the dustiness of his bowler hat, the wrinkles and bagginess of his umbrella, and his firm conviction that 1066 marked either the signing of Magna Carta or the beginning of the First Crusade—as to which, he couldn't be quite sure.

An Imposing Cast

EQUALLY interesting was the news that Una O'Connor, who has played so many comedy parts in Hollywood and has now returned to England, had been signed for an important role as proprietress of a dockside sailors' club.

Rene Ray was there, too, and Hartley Power, Charles Carson, Cyril Smith, Meinhart Maur (watch out for his forceful study of a German officer in *Who Goes Next?*), and George Hayes.




(Top left) Mrs. Young knows there's nothing like snooker to keep Robert at home. It's the Youngs' favourite pastime. (Below left) What are the "Dead End Kids" doing with nice little Jackie Searl? Jackie certainly looks apprehensive in this scene from the Universal Picture, "Little Tough Guy."



What's your verdict, girls? Is he handsome—or is he? He is the new British star, Geoffrey Toone. The *Normad* tells you something interesting about him this week.





MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the lovely Irish star of "Port of Seven Seas," generally released next week. So successful was her appearance opposite Robert Taylor in "A Yank At Oxford" that she is again his leading lady in "The Crowd Roars," her newest film.

Here's George Formby and his passenger all set for their race round the track. In the circle is George, looking a bit windswept, obliging a youthful autograph hunter.



SPEED-FIEND FORMBY GOES ALL OUT—

and MAUD M. MILLER raced with him round the Brooklands track at ninety miles an hour—and lived to tell the tale of how he tried to beat St. John Horsfall, record-breaking racing motorist.

"TURNED out nice again," roared a Lancashire voice somewhere near my right ear, as George Formby grasped the wheel a little more firmly and "revved her up" to 60 miles an hour round the track at Brooklands.

The second time round we got up to 90 and his comment floated away on the wind when something noisier than us roared past higher up on the banking.

Lapping At 95 m.p.h.

GEORGE dropped to a mere 65 again. "Moving some, that fellow," he announced, and then set off again to see what he could do about it. I'm afraid our cheery Lancashire lad was a bit crestfallen as we slowed down at the barrier. Our car was all out at 95 and the "other fellow" had been lapping at well past the hundred mark. Which meant an awful lot in the life of speed-fiend George Formby, although personally I was quite happy to emerge, shoehorn fashion, all in one piece after such a bout of speed.

The "other fellow" came in

just after us, and we were introduced. It was St. John Horsfall, in the car in which he broke the record at Leinster on July 16, at an average speed of 73.25 miles per hour. All of which sounded very impressive and gave me a feeling of deep respect for the tall, dark youth who took it all as a matter of course.

George Finds A Fellow Spirit

AFTER the introduction George, as his wife Beryl expressed it, "wasn't with us any more that day!"

When I had suggested a serious talk with George at Ealing the week before, he said with a cheerful grin, "Wait till we finish filming and I'll take you to Brooklands—have a bit o' speed. You'll like that . . . so shall I."

I'm constrained by truth to say that the idea *didn't* thrill me at the outset. A nice safe "forty" suits me. But once in a racing car with nothing in sight but the track, and completely deafened by the wind, the exhilaration of speed seized me and I forgot to look at the speedometer.

I even enjoyed "lapping" at 105 when, later, young Horsfall took me for a run in his machine, round the

Outer Circuit. We touched 110 at one point.

This made George envious. Speed-fiend though he is, without a nerve to his name, George wouldn't go round with Horsfall. To be a passenger in any kind of car gives him the "heebie-jeebies," he told me. For this reason he won't have a chauffeur and always drives himself.

New Car Every Six Months

NEITHER would he accept Horsfall's sporting offer to take the wheel of his machine for long, understanding fully the almost maternal fondness of a man for his own racing car.

Cars, it may be well to mention, are George Formby's pride and joy. He was an expert driver long before he was old enough to possess a licence, and he rarely keeps a car longer than six months, preferring to have all the latest gadgets and super-chargings, or whatever you call them, as soon as such things appear on the market, if not before!

When he made that film in the Isle of Man, *No Limit*, he did all that motor cycle-riding himself, and he is a keen dirt-track enthusiast when he has time for this pastime.

I don't quite know how he will be enjoying his cruising holiday at the moment, since you can't expect a ship to get "revved up" to 90 miles an hour, can you?

It always seems funny, to my mind, to consider George as a speed maniac. He looks so slow, in his "gormless" Lancashire fashion, with that childlike innocence and the rather vacuous grin—but believe me, there is a big brain behind it all.

A Back View

AS I remarked before, after Horsfall joined us on the track, George wasn't "with us" any more. He played motor cars with his new friend for the remainder of the afternoon, while Beryl and I adjourned for that old Lancashire custom, a cup of tea.

The two men disappeared inside the bonnet of a car having something done to its cylinders, and the most we saw of George was his back view.

All the excitement of stardom hasn't affected his everyday life in any way, except to make him work harder than before, and he *does* find himself able to change his cars with greater frequency than before he started making films, certainly. But these are material things, the natural sequence of events in the life of anyone becoming a successful film player.

I well remember my first meeting with George and Beryl. It was at a party and there were two "life-and-souls" of that party—George and Douglas Wakefield. Both being Lancashire lads, and most of the company too, it was a real Lancashire "do," and very different from the caviare and champagne parties usually associated with film folk.

This was about three years ago, when *No Limit* had just been completed, but not shown to the public. George then, I remember, wasn't so anxious



George happy at the wheel, Maud Miller rather relieved to be getting out, and St. John Horsfall stepping over to talk to George on the subject of speed so dear to them both.

"SIX WEEKS" THAT LASTED FOR SIX YEARS

"I 'VE been coming home for six years—now at last I'm here," Una O'Connor said in her brisk decisive voice. "And I'm glad to be back—after all, England's home." She drank some tea, and seemed to be enjoying it. We talked about tea, and she told me that, short of making it herself, she found it quite impossible to get tea in Hollywood. And what a privation that is for an English lady of the old school, who'd rather drink tea than high-balls.

"One day, on the set, I sent down to the studio restaurant for some tea," Una told me. "They sent up a tea-pot, a jug of warm water and a little bag containing a small amount of tea. I sent down a message that I wanted TEA. They said they'd sent it. I said tea had to be made with boiling water. They said the water had boiled—and it was only three blocks from the restaurant to the set. . . .

"I went down to the restaurant myself and showed them how to make tea!"

No Grouses

APART from that, Una had no grouses about Hollywood—she thoroughly enjoyed her six years there. Hollywood, in fact, converted her to films. Before she went over to appear in *Cavalcade*, she had played comparatively unimportant roles in four British films, including Alfred Hitchcock's *Murder*. Like so many stage folk, she was, as she herself described it, "a little bit high-hat" about films. Then came the chance to go to Hollywood to appear in the film version of *Cavalcade*.

Surely if British films were a trial to a British stage actress, Hollywood would be much worse, Miss O'Connor thought. "What on earth induced you to accept Fox's offer to go to Hollywood?" I asked.

"Money," she replied emphatically. "Money—and the fact that it was *Cavalcade*. For any other role, I believe I would have refused, but I did want to be in the film version of *Cavalcade*."

So Una O'Connor went to Hollywood, expecting to be there for six weeks—and stayed for six years.

Those six years in Hollywood converted her to films. The care taken over important productions, the artistic, cultured approach of directors to their subjects, the eagerness of everybody concerned to turn out a good piece of work—these things made her believe that films could be intelligent as well as entertaining.

Still Very English

BUT though six years in Hollywood have changed her ideas about films, they haven't changed Una herself a scrap.

So many English actresses come back with an American accent, a new "toughness" of manner. Una is very English still, just as you'd expect her to be if you've seen her on the screen. (Actually, she's Irish, as her name implies.) She has no trace of American accent, and her alert expression and bright eyes are the same as she has on the screen.

She talks well and quickly, in a brisk voice—though she complained of hoarseness. For, believe it or not, so ardent a "filmite" has she become that she lectured to many women's clubs in America on various aspects of film-making—a strain even for an actress's voice.

"If people are interested enough in films to want us to tell them about them," she said, "I think we owe it to them to do so. After all, actors are public servants, as much as policemen are. And I believe that the more people know about films, the higher standard they have for film entertainment, the better it is for us in the long run. It keeps us on our toes, you know—which is all to the good."

We talked of the clash between Art and Box-Office. Una gave her opinion that "the two are not absolutely opposed—though some films will always appeal only to a small section of the public. *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, for instance"—(it was her last film before leaving Hollywood)—"isn't exactly highbrow, but it's a pretty

After six years in Hollywood that grand actress, Una O'Connor, has returned to England—and stepped straight into a role in "The Return of the Frog." Let MARGARET BURROWS tell you Una's views on Hollywood, and give you news of her last picture, "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

good film and will entertain almost everybody, I think."

To illustrate the average American producer's disregard for cost when he wants to get some special effect, Una told me about the filming of some of the Sherwood Forest scenes for *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

It seems that the old silent *Robin Hood*, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sen., was filmed at a place near Hollywood which has since been known as Sherwood. But that wasn't good enough for the producers of the present film. To get exactly what they wanted, they transported the whole company 300 miles from Hollywood to a place called Bidwell Park, which Una described as having "scenery with an English accent." They put everybody up at hotels in the neighbourhood for the whole time they were working there.

Imitation Rocks

UNA went on to tell me that one scene consisted of a pile of rocks, and exactly the right bit of forest was found, with a real rocky background. The rocks were not steep, and, intent on exploring, she began to clamber over them between scenes. Imagine her surprise when she came to what appeared to be a sheer drop—only to find that the whole thing was supported from behind by wooden scaffolding! It seemed that, after travelling 300 miles, the scenery was still not quite right, and studio carpenters had had to erect plaster rocks—which they did well enough to deceive at least one close observer.

I asked Miss O'Connor what she thought of Hollywood itself. She liked it, she said. I mentioned another British actress I had met the week before, who hated the film city.

"To condemn Hollywood is to condemn your own folk," Una said at once. "There are so many English people there that surely anybody ought to be able to make some friends. I can best describe it by saying it's like a pleasure resort, the same gaiety and holiday atmosphere. And, just as you do when you're on holiday, you get tired of it, and long for a bit of humdrumness."

And that's why Una O'Connor is glad to be home again.



Una O'Connor as she appears in "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

Going "all out" on the track at Brooklands.

about the film as he was about speed records on his motor-bike!

Beryl confessed that her heart was in her mouth when she watched him careering about in a thunderstorm of noise, but she's got used to him after many years of married life, and knows she might as well keep her worries to herself . . . a lesson most women have to learn sometime or other, and according to Beryl, the sooner you learn it, the happier will be your life!

Bit of a philosopher, is Beryl; and so is George. They're both tuned to the same pitch of living, trained thereto by years on the variety stage, prepared for any emergency, seizing their happy moments as they come and with a keen appreciation of their own home near Blackpool.

"Garden should be looking lovely," George remarked during a lucid interval at Brooklands. "We usually get home at the week-ends, no matter where we are. We can always fly, if it's too far to go by road. But just lately there's been so many things to do on a Sunday we've not even had time for that." He sounded regretful.

"A Little Chap"

THE "many things" were mainly gramophone recordings for broadcasts of the commercial type, as well as his own songs for your gramophone and mine.

When he was a little chap, George wasn't very strong, and chiefly with this fact in mind his father apprenticed him to a racing stable in Ireland. He ran away once or twice, too, I believe, but was always sent back. Finally the "speed urge" got him, and he didn't try any more running away!

He outgrew his usefulness as a jockey, literally, for he got too big. And goodness knows what he would have done for a livelihood if he hadn't called in at the Victoria Palace in London soon after his famous father's death, and found someone trying out a bad imitation of Formby senior.

This incident made up junior's mind, and he, too, went on the halls. Under another name, however, as he felt it would not be fair to the "old man" to trade on his fame. Young George had more than his share of rotten tomatoes in the hard school of the provincial music-hall, and I suppose everyone knows his wife's first criticism was on the same lines as that of his audience. She said she'd be quite ready to throw tomatoes at such a dud act!

Anyway, three years later he married her. She has been his manager and partner ever since.

"Come-Back" As Jockey

HE still wasn't very strong when he was trying to make headway and not shame the name of Formby. But with Beryl by his side, taking the business end on her stronger shoulders, nursing him on his "off days," cheering him, criticizing, making the best of the bad times—well, these two are just as happy a couple as you could wish.

The one thing she can't get out of his system is this craze for speed.

A little while ago they went to the pony-racing at Northolt and it was all they could do to keep George off a horse! Don't be surprised, however, if you see his name as jockey during the steeple-chasing season as a "gentleman rider."

His last film, *In the Air*, shows him as a fellow in the Air Force. He's been on the ice, kept fit in all the unorthodox manners known to film-makers, been speed-cyclist and a few more . . . I wonder they don't make him a jockey in a film.

He'd find it a bit slow, though, I'm afraid.

One of the many fine outdoor scenes from "South Riding." The impoverished Squire Carne (Ralph Richardson) and Midge, his daughter (Glynis Johns), on white horses, wait for the hunt to move off from outside their home.



THREE PEOPLE TRIUMPH *in*

(Left) When Carne first meets Sarah Burton (Edna Best), new headmistress at the grammar school, they are bitter enemies. Later, they fall in love. (Right) Carne with Mrs. Beddows (Marie Lohr), who is his faithful friend and adviser.





(Left) Edna Best and director Victor Saville go over a scene with Joan Ellum, a Yorkshire lass without previous acting experience, who gives a fine performance. (Right) Carne's mad wife (Ann Todd) beats him when he keeps her waiting at the hunt meet.



"South RIDING"



IN the introduction to her novel, "South Riding," the late Winifred Holtby declared that it had been her intention to show how interesting, almost thrilling, were the everyday affairs of a county council and of the aldermen and councillors, going about their jobs of clearing away slums, building new housing estates, levying rates, fighting local elections. The book was dedicated to her mother, a county councillor and the original of the novel's "Mrs. Beddows."

When Victor Saville undertook to turn more than 500 pages of closely printed type into a film running for only an hour and a half, those who had read the novel muttered "Murder!" under their breaths, and hoped he wouldn't make too much of a mess of it.

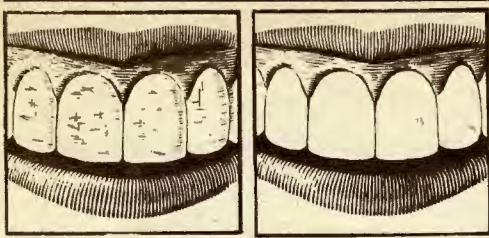
Well, he hasn't. He has turned one of the greatest novels written since the war into about the best film from a British studio you are likely to see this year, or for some time to come. And he has done what Winifred Holtby did in her book—he makes you realize how exciting are the affairs of "local politics," so that even if you haven't previously been interested at all in the affairs of your local council, you will find yourself wondering in future whether Councillor So-and-So is a crook, like Councillor Huggins in the film, whether Squire This-and-That really has as much money as he makes out, whether the headmistress at the grammar school is as "quiet and mouse-like as she appears. For "South Riding" does what British films rarely do—it brings real Yorkshire people to life and places them in situations which many of us have faced or will have to face.

The triumph is not only Saville's. The acting throughout is brilliant, particularly that of Ralph Richardson and Edna Best. Miss Best will probably surprise you, for she gives her best performance in years—certainly since "Michael and Mary."

You must see "South Riding." Only by doing so will you persuade producers to give you more fine films like it.

(Left) Richardson in a typical pose as Squire Carne. (Above) Midge has a bad time at the grammar school because she thinks herself superior to the other girls. Sarah Burton wipes away the blood and dirt, and teaches her not to be a snob. (Below) Carne and Astell (John Clements) confront the two crooked councillors, Huggins (Edmund Gwenn, and Snaith (Milton Rosmer) with proofs of their swindling.





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Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane in a scene from "Hollywood Hotel" with the late Ted Healy, who, you will remember, died just after this film was completed.

DICK POWELL AS VOICE DOUBLE IN A GAY SKIT ON HOLLYWOOD

**HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL.....Ronnie Bowers
ROSEMARY LANE.....Virginia
LOLA LANE.....Mona Marshall
HUGH HERBERT.....Chester Marshall
TED HEALY.....Fuzzy
GLENDA FARRELL.....Jonesy
JOHNNIE DAVIS.....Georgia
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Alexander Dupre
MABEL TODD.....Dot Marshall
FRANCES LANGFORD.....Alice
ALLYN JOSLYN.....Bernie Walton
GRANT MITCHELL.....B. L. Faulkin
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Callaghan
FRITZ FELD.....The Russian
CURT BOIS.....Dress Designer
EDDIE ACUFF.....Cameraman
CLINTON ROSAMOND.....Coloured Man
SARAH EDWARDS.....Mrs. Marshall
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.....Director Kelton
WALLY MAHER.....Assistant Director Drew
GEORGIA COOPER.....Seamstress
LIBBY TAYLOR.....Cleo
JOE ROMANTINI.....Waiter
PAUL IRVING.....Bramwell
LOUELLA PARSONS, JERRY COOPER, KEN
NILES, DUANE THOMPSON, PERC WEST-
MORE, RAYMOND PAIGE and his ORCHES-
TRA, BENNY GOODMAN and his SWING
BAND.

Warner (American). Director: Busby Berkeley.
"U." Running time: 111 minutes.

ONE of the "catches" of films that I have never been able to overlook is the disgusting "doubling" that goes on. On the stage, for instance, if you see an actor or an actress singing (good, bad, or indifferent, they are at least doing their best) you do know that it is the actual person. But on the screen you are never certain. And one of the funniest scenes in this lively and tuneful film exposes this to an alarming degree.

Alexander Dupre is a peacock type of actor; posing and strutting around, to be fawned upon, as is the way with so many Hollywood actors. And, in one of his films, his role calls for him to sing. But Alexander Dupre is about as good a singer as Donald Duck, so the director calls in a young man whom he had heard warbling at a roadside cafe, Ronnie Bowers. While you see Dupre mouthing the words, it is the voice of Ronnie Bowers that is heard.

But, to Mr. Dupre's complete amazement, his voice captivates everybody. At once he is overwhelmed with congratulations. ("Why ever didn't you tell us before that you had such a wonderful voice?" he is asked, to which comes the typical Dupre reply, "Oh, I didn't want to reveal all my talents at once!") The upshot is that Louella Parsons, famous Hollywood film writer, who also runs an "hour" at a Hollywood hotel on Friday nights, invites Dupre to sing there. Panic-stricken, Dupre pretends he has a sore throat, but Ronnie Bowers' girl friend sees to it that he doesn't even appear—knowing full well that

Ronnie himself will then get the chance for which he has been seeking.

This is quite a cheery, something-happening-all-the-time show, though like most of these present-day Hollywood "epics," it is too long by about 15 or 20 minutes.

***SOUTH RIDING

EDNA BEST.....Sarah Burton
RALPH RICHARDSON.....Robert Carne
ANN TODD.....Madge Carne
EDMUND GWENN.....Councillor Huggins
JOHN CLEMENTS.....Councillor Astell
MARIE LOHR.....Mrs. Beddous
MILTON ROSMER.....Councillor Snaith
GUS MCNAUGHTON.....Tadman
EDWARD LEXY.....Mr. Holly
JOSEPHINE WILSON.....Mrs. Holly
JOAN ELLUM.....Lydia Holly
GLYNIS JOHNS.....Midge Carne
London Films (British). Director: Victor Saville.
"A." Running time: 90 minutes.

"BUT what beats me," said my companion as we came away from this film, "is why can't British studios turn out more productions like this? Surely there wouldn't be such a thing as a crisis then?"

And that about sums it up. For there wouldn't, there couldn't be a crisis if British studios made films of this quality regularly. Ah! that's the whole crux of the situation. How often do such films as *South Riding* come our way? It is full of natural situations; with people talking a language we understand; with scenery we know. There is something to a film of this kind, as my Yorkshire friends would say. It tells a story. And even though it does have a happy-ever-after ending when you feel that the fates in real life would not have meted out kindness in such generous quantity, it isn't really any the worse for that.

Robert Carne, the squire, has a wife in a mental home; paying for her attention there is draining his resources. One morning he is hoping to sell his favourite hunter to be able to send his daughter, Midge, to school. The noise of the workmen on a new by-pass road excites the mare; she bolts, breaks a leg and has to be destroyed. So Carne sends his daughter to the local High School, where Sarah Burton has just been appointed headmistress. Also at this school is Lydia Holly, one of seven children, who lives in "The Shacks," a ramshackle village of tumbledown huts that is an eyesore and a disgrace to the neighbourhood. But though she comes from such a poverty-stricken home, Lydia wants to do something with her life; she is anxious to learn and quotes Shakespeare by the yard.

The local council are anxious to get rid of "The Shacks." Astell, a genuine social reformer, wants the abolition of these slum homes for the betterment of the people, but Snaith, a hard-headed building

AT A GLANCE . . .

JOHN MILFORD, our Review Editor, criticizes the 11 films which are generally released next week.

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

- ***SOUTH RIDING
- **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
- *INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT
- *PORT OF SEVEN SEAS
- HAWAII CALLS
- LADIES' MAN
- LUCK OF ROARING CAMP
- MR. SATAN
- SWING IT, SAILOR
- UNDER SUSPICION
- YOUTH ON PAROLE

contractor, is anxious to get on with a new housing scheme for the betterment of his own bank balance.

So there are assembled people and situations that are at once familiar to most people in this country. Carne is saved from taking his life by Sarah Burton; there is smug Councillor Huggins, religious enthusiast, the tool of Snaith, who has to have £500 as the price of silence for a woman who has borne his child; there is a typical British fairground and a council meeting that is the "real thing."

The whole story is excellently told and the players have been superbly cast. I think you will be surprised to find your long-absent Edna Best taking the chief honours. She has the perfect sympathetic touch as the schoolmistress and her work in this was a revelation to me. Ralph Richardson fills the bill well as the financially embarrassed squire, and Edmund Gwenn gives another of his rich, fruity characterizations that add distinction to any film in which he appears. Just a word of praise, too, for Ann Todd. I have rarely been over-enthusiastic about her work; it has always seemed to lack fire. But here, in her small role, she really gives the impression of madness—a striking study that is expertly done.

But with it all, chief thanks to Victor Saville. That man certainly does tackle these down-to-earth-subjects with exactly the right spirit, giving them that "something" that lifts them right out of the rut and making them memorable instead of "just another British picture."

***INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT**

- DOLORES DEL RIO.....Lenore Dixon
- GEORGE SANDERS.....Del Forbes
- JUNE LANG.....Joyce Parker
- DICK BALDWIN.....Wally Burton
- JOHN CARRADINE.....Murdock
- KEYE LUKE.....Dr. Wong
- HAROLD HUBER.....Joseph Lang
- LEON AMES.....Monte Silver
- PEDRO DE CORDOBA.....Maurice Zabelle

And RUTH TERRY
20th Century-Fox (American). Director: Eugene Forde. "A." Running time: 84 minutes.

IT is interesting to compare this American film with the British-made *Incident in Shanghai*. Both are attempts at topicality on the subject of the Sino-Japanese war. Neither has succeeded in capturing anything of its subject's real spirit. Yet whereas *Incident in Shanghai* consisted of talk and no action, the Hollywood production, although nothing more than an old formula in a new setting, moves at a good speed and succeeds in being quite entertaining.

Del Forbes is one of those gentleman-adventurer Englishmen with complete sangfroid and no cash. On a liner bound for Shanghai, he is asked by the dying Zabelle to undertake delivery of a large consignment of arms, and to collect the £200,000 payment. He does so, despite the attempts of Silver to seize the money. When he returns to the ship, Zabelle is dead. Being a gentleman, he seeks to return the money to Lang and Murdock, who have bought the arms, but cannot get in touch with them. Silver kills Lang, severely wounds Murdock, and traps Del in Lang's house. Del thinks that Lenore, a cabaret singer who has taken him there, has tricked him, and as he has known her for quite 12 hours and is desperately in love with her, he is deeply hurt. After he has handed over the money, Japanese planes raid Shanghai and he is trapped in the wreckage of the house. Lenore finds a Chinese doctor who is attending wounded in the street, and agrees to a blood transfusion which will save Del's life. The doctor is killed fetching help, and when Lenore herself returns with an ambulance,

(Please turn to page 16)

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Wallace Beery and Frank Morgan having an argument in "Port of Seven Seas." (Right) Ned Sparks doesn't look very impressed by Bobby Breen's singing in this scene from "Hawaii Calls"—but then, you know Ned's famous "dead pan."

the house is in flames and Del is nowhere to be seen. But it takes more than an air-raid and a fire to kill these tough Englishmen, and Del turns up on the ship bound for America, where all his misunderstandings with Lenore are cleared away.

George Sanders does not quite equal his acting in *Lancer Spy*. In fact (I suppose it is the director's fault) his performance reminded me of a caricature of Bulldog Drummond. It is just a little too strong and silent. The honours go to Dick Baldwin, better than I've ever seen him as a tough, chirpy newsreel cameraman, and June Lang, who not only looks beautiful but also manages to be funny with not the strongest material.

*PORT OF SEVEN SEAS

WALLACE BEERY.....Cesar
FRANK MORGAN.....Panisse
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.....Madelon
JOHN BEAL.....Marius
JESSIE RALPH.....Honorine
CORA WITHERSPOON.....Claudine
ETIENNE GIRADOT.....Bruneau
E. ALLYN WARREN.....Captain Escartefigue
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (American). Director: James Whale. "A." Running time: 81 minutes.

THE title may lead you to expect a grim story of the Marseilles waterfront; the film is something quite different. Women, especially, will enjoy the moving and tender story of a young girl, deserted by her lover, who turns to an older man for help when she finds herself an expectant mother. Madelon finds happiness with this man, Panisse, whom she marries—and then Marius, her young lover, returns.

Madelon is in a dilemma. Love beckons her to Marius, gratitude tells her to stay with Panisse. How she solves the problem I leave you to find out.

Maureen O'Sullivan gives one of the best performances she has ever done—and Maureen can act, given good material. Wallace Beery and John Beal are more than adequate—the latter in an unsympathetic role. But the real acting honours go to Frank Morgan as Panisse. Even he, grand actor as he is, has hardly done anything better than his work here. And that's pretty high praise, you'll agree.

HAWAII CALLS

BOBBY BREEN.....Billy Coulter
NED SPARKS.....Strings
IRVIN S. COBB.....Captain O'Hare
WARREN HULL.....Commander Milburn
GLORIA HOLDEN.....Mrs. Milburn
JUANITA QUIGLEY.....Doris Milburn
MAMO CLARK.....Hina
PUA LANI.....Pua
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Harlow
DORA CLEMENT.....Mrs. Harlow
PHILIP AHN.....Julius
DONALD KIRKE.....Regon
WILLIAM ABBEY.....Lonzo
WARD BOND.....Muller
BIRDIE DE BOLT.....Aunty Pinau
LARENCE DURAN.....Banana
WILLIAM HARRIGAN.....Blake
RUBEN MALDONADO.....Solly
AGGIE AULD.....Hula Dancer
UILANI SILVA.....Hula Dancer
JERRY MANDY.....Taxi Driver

RAYMOND PAIGE

Principal (American). Director: Edward F. Cline.
"U." Running time: 70 minutes.

IT was unwise, to say the least, for the makers of this film to put their child singing star, Bobby Breen, in such close contact with so many South Sea Island native children. Young Master Breen has a certain amount of natural talent, but he must beware of affectations which are creeping in to spoil his work; the native boys, on the other hand, as you must have noticed in many films, are always marked out by a perfectly natural and unaffected manner, serious and yet charming. Here, the native boys only emphasize all the more the affectations of young Bobby.

The story is a rather dull one of two boys who

stowaway to get to Hawaii, become fugitives from the police there, and finally help to capture some international spies and so become public heroes. Ned Sparks is entertaining, and the smaller parts are played adequately.

LADIES' MAN

WILLIAM POWELL.....James Darricott
KAY FRANCIS.....Norma Page
CAROLE LOMBARD.....Rachel Fendley
GILBERT EMERY.....Horace Fendley
OLIVE TELL.....Mrs. Fendley
MARTIN BURTON.....Anthony Fendley
JOHN HOLLAND.....Peyton Weldon
MAUDE TURNER GORDON.....Therese Blanton
Paramount (American). Director: Lothar Mendes. "A." Running time: 60 minutes.

RE-ISSUED film about a New York playboy who exists on the money and jewellery he receives from romantic members of high society, until he really falls in love, only to die on the eve of his wedding. A sentimental story in which William Powell plays the name part in his best style, and is ably backed up by Kay Francis and Carole Lombard, making an excellent trio.

LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

OWEN DAVIS, JUN.....Davy
JOAN WOODBURY.....Elsie
CHARLES BROKAW.....Oakhurst
FERRIS TAYLOR.....Judge Brandt
BOB KORTMAN.....Yuba Bill
CHARLES KING, JUN.....Sandy
BYRON FOULGER.....Kentuck
ROBERT MCKENZIE.....Tuttle
Monogram (American). Directed by I. V. Willat. "A." Running time: 60 minutes.

VERY unconvincing story of a nameless baby which is adopted by the masculine community of Roaring Camp. Soon after adoption a prospector—through accidentally breaking his leg, which causes him to begin digging his own grave—strikes gold. The babe's foster parents, in their new-found riches, are inclined to forget about their adopted baby, and drink and gamble his share of the gold dust away. The babe's natural father, wanted for murder, arrives at Roaring Camp. Discovering the identity of the baby, because of a cloak which its mother once wore, he holds up the stage which is taking Roaring Camp gold dust to San Francisco, and dumps the swag in his babe's cabin. In his attempted getaway he is shot, but the gentle would-be lawyer who has been deputed all along to act as wet nurse to the babe, packs his grip, takes baby and, of course, the inevitable girl of the saloon, and fades out.

SWING IT, SAILOR

WALLACE FORD.....Pete Kelly
ISABEL JEWELL.....Myrtle Montrose
CULLY RICHARDS.....Shamus O'Shays
TOM KENNEDY.....Policeman
ALEXANDER LEFTWICH.....Captain
JAMES ROBBINS.....Second Officer
RAY MAYER.....Husky Stone
MARY TREEN.....Gertie Burns
MAX HOFFMAN, JUN.....Boss'n Hardy
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Proprietor
KENNETH HARLAN.....First Officer
REX LEASE.....Interne
KERNAN CRIPPS.....Doctor
Grand National (American). Director: Raymond Cannon. "U." Running time: 63 minutes.

LIVELY comedy, which sometimes verges on the knockabout, of two sailors and their affairs in (almost) every port. Pete Kelly comes

ashore with the intention of winning Myrtle, a sweetheart of the navy, from his best pal, Husky. He succeeds only too well, for he finds himself engaged to the girl and also knocked out by Husky, who refuses to have any more to do with him. There is an exciting climax when Pete rescues Husky from death. Wallace Ford is really excellent, and he is well aided by Ray Mayer, Isabel Jewell and Mary Treen.

YOUTH ON PAROLE

- MARIAN MARSH.....Bonnie Blair
 - GORDON OLIVER.....Phillip Henderson
 - MARGARET DUMONT.....Landlady
 - PEGGY SHANNON.....Peggy
 - MILES MANDER.....Sparkler
 - SARAH PADDEN.....Mrs. Blair
 - WADE BOTELER.....Mr. Blair
 - MARY KORNMAN.....Mae Blair
 - JOE CAITS.....Fingie
 - MILBURN STONE.....Ratty
 - HARRY TYLER.....Danny
 - RANNY WEEKS.....Michael
 - THEODOR VON ELTZ.....Lawyer
 - ULA LOVE.....Maizie
 - PAUL STANTON.....Inspector
- Republic (American). Director: Phil Rosen. "A."
Running time: 69 minutes.

A TTEMPT to show the difficulties confronting young prisoners when they return to the outside world. Unfortunately, the agony is piled on so thickly that the picture does not impress as it should. The acting, too, is only so-so.

MR. SATAN

- JAMES STEPHENSON.....Tim Garnet
 - CHILL BOUCHIER.....Jacqueline Manet
 - SKEETS GALLAGHER.....Connelly
 - FRANKLIN DYALL.....Zubova
 - BETTY LYNNE.....Conchita
 - MARY COLE.....Billy
 - ROBERT RENDEL.....Seymore
 - ERIC CLAVERING.....Wilson
 - DINO GALVANI.....Scipio
 - COT D'ORDAN.....Georges
 - BRIAN POWLEY.....General Laska
 - VICTOR FAIRLEY.....Von Krako
- Warner Bros. First National (British). Director: Arthur Woods. "A." Running time: 79 minutes.

THIS semi-topical story, telling how an arms manufacturer, known as Mr. Satan, takes advantage of a civil war in some country unspecified (I wonder which one the producers could have



James Stephenson and Chill Bouchier in a dramatic scene from "Mr. Satan."

had in mind?) which we will call A, to begin a war between two other powers, B and C, both of whom have conflicting interests in A.

Mr. Satan, by the way, is supposed to have died before the story begins. Tim, a newspaper reporter, stumbles on evidence that he is still very much alive, and after some exciting incidents, succeeds in tracking him to his hideout.

James Stephenson, as Tim, gives a convincing performance which makes it easy to see just why he is now doing so well in Hollywood.

UNDER SUSPICION

- JACK HOLT.....Robert Bailey
 - KATHERINE DEMILLE.....Mary Brookhart
 - LUIS ALBERNI.....Luigi
 - ROSALIND KEITH.....Doris
 - ESTHER MUIR.....Frances
 - PURNELL PRATT.....Ralph
 - MAURICE MURPHY.....Ralph
 - MORGAN WALLACE.....MacGregor
 - GRANVILLE BATES.....K. V. Mitchell
 - CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Nelson Dudley
 - ROBERT EMMETT KEANE.....Mr. Walters
 - MARGARET IRVING.....Mrs. Walters
 - CLYDE DILSON.....Eddie
 - GEORGE ANDERSON.....Bill
- Columbia (American). Director: Lewis D. Collins. "A." Running time: 62 minutes.

JACK HOLT pictures run pretty well to formula nowadays. The wonder is that he gives such a competent performance, year in, year out, whatever the film is like. In this he is a motor magnate who decides to retire, leaving his factory to the workers who have helped him make his fortune. Attempts are made on his life, and he daringly invites the suspects to his country home, where there are plenty of thrills before the would-be murderer is discovered.

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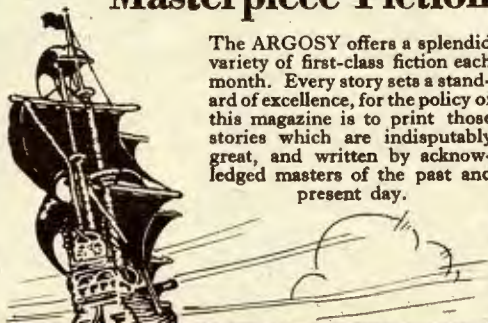


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AS Smart AS KATHARINE

News of the Autumn and Winter fashions is now abroad, and it is the wise (and the smart) girl who "looks ahead" with her clothes.

FORGIVE me for mentioning it right in the middle of August, but—don't you think there are ideas for your Autumn and Winter wardrobe on these pages? Ideas you could copy or have copied? (a good notion, even if you are lazing on the beach and reading this, to plan well in advance what you will wear when the weather turns colder!). So, because every smart woman follows the films for new fashion trends, I was really delighted when this set of photographs and sketches was sent me straight from Hollywood.

Maybe you've seen Katharine Hepburn this week in *Bringing Up Baby*? Well, here you see Katharine in some of the lovely styles she wears in her newest picture of all, *Unconventional Linda*, which will be over here this Autumn.

Katharine has a vivid personality. She is strikingly good-looking, though you would never call her "pretty." She has a boyish figure, and her clothes need to combine that boyishness with a touch of femininity. For she personifies "The Modern Girl." So famous designer Robert Kalloch has created some very "new" clothes for her—for YOU, too, if you care to copy the notions disclosed for you here.

That trim coat-frock seen in the photograph at the top of this page, for instance, and, left, in Robert Kalloch's original sketch, has ideas to give you in neat simplicity. The epaulette shoulder treatment, the diagonal

New Ideas For:

- A COAT-FROCK
- A DINNER GOWN
- A "TWO-PIECE"
- A WRAP
- LACE ON YOUR HAIR O'NIGHTS



HEPBURN!

—by PETA

side closing, and the self-material belt with a huge golden buckle, all spell serviceable smartness.

This style spells something new in "colour scheming," too! For, made from beige twill, the coat-frock has a bright blue-spotted-with-beige mousseline scarf, and there's a bright blue hat to wear with it—and blue suede gloves, brown shoes and handbag.

Very attractive—and not a little "different."

In Black and White Chiffon

DESIGNED for black and white chiffon is the very lovely Robert Kalloch dinner dress sketched in the centre of the opposite page. Figure-fitting, the skirt flares at the hem to show a white chiffon accordion-pleated ruffle as the skirt billows out when Katharine moves. A scarf of white chiffon softens the high neckline and twists down the front of the bodice.

Of brown and white shepherd's plaid is the outfit sketched in the bottom left-hand corner. A light beige camel-hair coat swings atop it, and dark brown belt at the waist of the dress, dark brown shoes, handbag and hat are worn with beige gloves—which gives you a colour scheme all in tones of brown. Very appropriate for Autumn!

Do note the broad panel down the front of the dress, which is copied on to the coat to give the effect of revers. It's a new and bright idea!

Chic Keeps Cosy

KATHARINE herself shows you a warm and luxurious wrap for the winter months to come. The style is very simple indeed—in order to show off the loveliness of the material, buttercup yellow chenille, to best advantage. Just a high, draped collar, loose raglan sleeves, a sweeping circular skirt—and such a wrap is adaptable to informal dinner at home, or as a dressing-gown. So lovely a wrap gives you a luxuriously "feminine" feeling, which is worth while!

Noticed the colours that have been chosen for red-headed Katharine? Beige and vivid blue; beige, fawn and brown; black and white; buttercup yellow! All colours becoming to red-headed folk.

Finally, take note of the way you'll be seeing Katharine "dressing" her hair by night (photograph at the bottom of this page). Darkest bottle green makes her evening outfit—and a "hood" of coarse meshed bottle green net drapes her lovely vivid hair.



IMAGINE ME
HAVING
BAD BREATH!

A NURSE SHOULD KNOW BETTER!
YET A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE?
FALLEN OUT WITH THAT GOOD-
LOOKING PATIENT OF YOURS?



WELL JIM DID LIKE ME RUTH,
REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T
EVEN WANT ME NEAR HIM!

THERE MUST BE A REASON SUE.
SEE A DENTIST
ABOUT
YOUR
BREATH



TESTS INDICATE THAT 76 % OF
ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF
17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND
THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES
FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH.
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AND SOON AFTER I CHANGED TO COLGATE

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Jessie Matthews Deals This Week with the Problem of

THE GIRL WHO SHRINKS FROM BEING KISSED

be falling in love with me. Why should I hate the idea of it so much? My girl-friend says I am 'unnatural' and that I should like being kissed. But I still don't. Is there any way I can let him see how the idea repels me, without losing his friendship? I don't want to fall in love again, and yet I don't want to lose the interest that his coming into my life has brought."

Your "trouble," MEADOWSWEET, as I see it, can be cured only by a process that may open up the old wound in your heart. Something about that first love affair was so unpleasant to you—you the individual—that you now think every other man thinks along the same lines.

You must get this idea right out of your head, or the whole of your life is going to be made so unhappy. It may be that you are of the very practical type, with something in your make-up that prefers its love-making to be couched in everyday terms and not in an atmosphere of "love-under-the-moon."

This is quite understandable, and you are not the only girl who has written to me about the same thing. The point is, that when you meet the man who really appeals to you, you will not shrink from his kisses. Personal contacts do annoy many people. Some girls tell me that even to have another person rub against them in a bus, on a hot day, gives them a kind of physical pain.

Talk It Over

YOU are quite right to bring your particular problem into the light of day and give it an "airing." Fresh air is the finest cure for all sorts of ills.

Be friendly with this new boy-friend, as friendly as ever you like. He seems to be of the same type as yourself, and since he dislikes flirts and has honoured you by inviting you to his own home he obviously considers you worthy of the privilege of meeting his own people.

Go ahead. Such an invitation does not necessarily indicate that the boy is violently in love with you. It may be that he has a "mother complex," as many men have, hidden away in their hearts, and would like to know what his mother thinks of you before declaring himself any further.

If his mother is of the sympathetic type, and you feel you could confide in her, then talk to her. From the tone of your letter I gather that you have no mother of your own—or that she is not interested in your happiness. Am I right?

And talk to the young man, too. If you are genuinely friendly with him, you will find no difficulty in making yourself clearly understood. His love and sympathy will give you a confidence you never dreamed of before, where your own instincts and personal feelings are concerned.

I remember discussing friendship with a very famous person—someone whose name was in the headlines several times a week. "It's feeling

comfortable with someone," he told me. "Being able to talk to them, freely, on any subject under the sun. . . otherwise, I wouldn't call it friendship."

So don't feel "awkward," MEADOWSWEET, if you think you could really love this man. If you do shrink from rather intimate discussions, then make up your mind either to break off the friendship, or to keep it at the point where it remains merely friendship and see that it does not go any farther.

It's Personality That Counts

ANOTHER holiday problem comes from H. F., of BASINGSTOKE, who writes: "I am going away in September and want to enjoy myself, but my girl-friend says I will never get a boy to take any interest in me, if I don't use make-up and look attractive. I am 18, rather short, and inclined to be fat, and so far I have had only one boy-friend. I want some fun, like other girls, but I always seem to be the odd girl out. Does having fun mean that boys will always want to be taking me out in the dark? If so, I'd just as soon stay at home, or go to the pictures.

"The only boy I know and really like doesn't bother about kissing, and I don't much care to have other boys hanging around me, either.

"Now, my problem is that my girl-friend will say I'm not a sport if I don't fall in with her ideas when we're away together. She is always gadding about with new boys, and I stick to the one."

My dear little H.F., don't worry about what other people think! In the long run you will "get your man" and the other girl may be left at the post.

Enjoy yourself all you can on your holiday. Get about, make new friends, and don't worry. If your boy is as staunch as you say, he will be quite happy in the knowledge that you care for him, and although he would like to be with you, the knowledge that you are enjoying yourself will help him to grin and bear his lonely hours without you.

More In Life Than "Boys"

THERE is so much more in everyday life than just "boys." So many things to see and learn, so many new experiences to have.

Take all you can, with both hands, and remember that some day you will be an old lady. . . and memories of the good times now will help to pass the time away later on.

Make the most of yourself, too. You may be fat, but you may also have a good sense of humour. You may have a dozen good points that need bringing out.

It's personality that counts, when anything important is at stake. Be your real self and you'll find you have plenty to be glad about. The other things should be forgotten.

HOLIDAYS come but once a year—and when they come they *should* bring good cheer. But oh, dearie me, it seems to be the other way round more often than not! Or is it that I hear only of the holiday problems and disappointments and seldom the sunnier side of things?

This letter from MEADOWSWEET, for instance. She writes, from ABERYSTWITH: "I am not a flapper, or a mere school girl, but a woman of 23 and, I had thought, past love for always. I had an unhappy love affair four years ago, and the outcome was that I have avoided men ever since. The boy I was engaged to was a very passionate type, and was always wanting to kiss and hug me. I didn't like it, and I told him so. It seemed indecent somehow, to my way of thinking, to be always petting.

"I broke off the engagement as he wouldn't see my point of view, and I decided not to have anything more to do with boys in the future. At least, I meant never to fall in love any more.

"Now this summer, on my holidays, which I spent in the company of another girl, we met some very jolly people and had lots of fun. I met another man who is just the opposite of everything I had supposed men were.

Friend Says She's "Unnatural"

HE picked me out from all the others, because, so he said, I was 'sensible.' We had several long walks together, and he never once tried to kiss me. It seems that he, too, was disappointed in love once, according to the stories his friends tell, and cannot bear any girl who flirts.

"Well, that suits me. I wouldn't flirt with any man. For one thing, I think it is a waste of time. He is a bit older than I am, and in a good way of business, and he has written to me every week since our holidays, which were early in July. He wants me to go and spend a week-end at his home, which is a good way away from mine, and meet his family.

"The thing that is worrying me is that he may

We've been promising you a rather special surprise for some little time. Now we can tell you what it is. "Our Jessie" is branching out as an authoress. She's working now on her new film, "Climbing High," and for your especial benefit we've persuaded her to write each week—beginning in our next issue, an account of her doings—not only the strange and amusing little incidents "behind the scenes" in the studio, but also of her life outside, the preparations for her forthcoming return to the stage, the people she meets, the places she goes to. Sounds exciting? We think so. But she doesn't

want to lose touch with you. If you have any problems you need puzzling out by some "outside" friend, you can still write to her c/o "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4 (not at the studio). Don't forget to enclose the coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, that's all. And when you've read Jessie's "Diary of a Girl About Films" next week, write and let her know what you think of that, too. She'll be proud if you tell her she's good!

Jessie Matthews'
Personal Reply Coupon
"Film Pictorial," August 20, 1938.

The Film Bureau

He Sold a Fortune for £5

"Maizie" (Darlington).—Lynne Overman, who was born in Maryville, Missouri, first tried acting when at 18 he found himself becoming too heavy to continue as a jockey. Looking around for something else, he thought acting easy, landed a job with a minstrel show and stayed with them for two years. He then joined various stock companies, but did not find either wealth or great success. Then came the war and Overman joined the U.S.A. navy. After the Armistice he returned to the stage, this time more successfully, and he amassed a fortune of about £70,000. In a Stock Exchange crash this fortune became practically worthless, and so he sold the share certificates to a member of the prop. department of his studio for £5. At the end of 1933 he made a screen test for Paramount, then left for New York, but was recalled and given his first role, in *Girl In Pawn*. He has worked for Paramount ever since and is slowly but surely building up again his vanished wealth. He has also found time to write two novels.

J. W. France (Wealdstone).—You should write to George Formby c/o Associated Talking Pictures, Ealing Green, London, W.5.

Elsie Saunders (Holloway).—Sabu is scheduled to appear in *Burmese Silver*, for which the director, Michael Powell, is now taking location shots in Burma. Conrad Veidt will also appear in it.

Sophie Carson (Ilford).—You should write to Bob Burns c/o Paramount Productions Inc., 5,154 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal., U.S.A., and Robert Taylor c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., U.S.A. For a photograph you should enclose with each request an International Reply Coupon for 25 cents (which you can buy from any of the larger post offices).

Maurice Stockton (Grimsby).—The reason you have not seen Aline MacMahon recently on the screen is that she has decided to forsake it for the time being and return to stage work. The last film she made was *For You Alone*.

"Constant Reader" (Greatstone).—The casting director for Columbia Pictures Corporation is Robert Mayo; that of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fred Datig; Paramount, Fred Schuessler and Warner Bros., Lee Stewart.

D. Goff (Palmer's Green).—Back numbers of *FILM PICTORIAL* are kept in stock for three months after date of publication. Copies can be obtained by writing to our Back Number Dept., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing 3d. for each copy.

R. A. Brunn (New Barnet).—Jane Withers was born in Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., on April 10, 1926, of non-professional parents. At the age of four she appeared on the local vaudeville stage as a mimic of stage and screen stars. The family moved to Los Angeles and there she began radio work. The first film in which she had a role of any importance was *Bright Eyes*, a Shirley Temple picture. She is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox film studios, Beverly Hills, Cal., U.S.A., and you should write to her there.

Lucy Downing (St. Ives).—Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., was born on November 9, 1907. He has fair hair and blue eyes, and is 6 ft. in height. Besides acting, he has shown considerable promise as an artist and also as a poet. He made his film debut in 1923 in *Stephen Steps Out* and has appeared on the screen continuously since then. He married Joan Crawford in 1929; they visited England together in 1932, and they were divorced in 1934. His latest film is *Gunga Din*, in which he has one of three co-starring roles. You should write to him c/o RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

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)

AUGUST 20, 1938



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NO BLEACHED LOOK

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The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Rd., West Twyford, London, N.W.10.

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH



Comedian Lynne Overman, who lost a fortune—and is rapidly making another one by his fine work in films.

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

A Warning To All Parents

WATCH YOUR DAUGHTER'S HEALTH

In their childhood days girls are usually more healthy than boys, but when they reach their teens girls too often cause their parents much anxiety. Perhaps their strength is sapped by too rapid growth and study, and their system is unable to meet the demands made upon it at this trying age. They get peevish and irritable, become pale and sickly, and are always ailing.

A wise mother recognises these signs of anaemia and takes prompt steps to combat it by giving her daughter Dr. Williams pink pills. From her own experience she knows that under the influence of these pills pale anaemic girls regain their colour and charm. Their eyes sparkle with health; they are no longer thin and breathless, but full of life and go.

The reason Dr. Williams pink pills are so successful in anaemia is because they actually create new rich blood, which is absolutely essential to the anaemic girl.

So give your daughter a course of Dr. Williams brand pink pills now, and notice the wonderful difference they will soon make. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—Every girl, and every girl's mother, should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.M. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

MORE CASH FOR "CINESTAMPS"!

New Prizes for the

August Competition

Join the "Cinestamps" August Contest!

THE Prizes in the August "Cinestamps" competition are: £1 a Week for a Year, £10 Cash, and £5—all to be paid for collecting the "Cinestamps" we are giving every week.

If you are not already saving these stamps—and they include many of your favourite stars—you should join in at once. All the stamps given so far (except those of Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper, which were called in for the July contest) should be saved, and there are still six kinds to be collected, as new stamps of Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor have been added.

There are the usual nine stamps this week, and in addition we give FILM PICTORIAL readers FOUR FREE BONUS STAMPS OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT. Cut them all out and add them to your collection right away.

And here's a good tip—"Cinestamps" are also appearing regularly in the other

More Stamps to Save!

popular screen paper, PICTURE SHOW, there are nine more stamps in the August 20 issue (now on sale) which can be used to swell your collection.

Keep all your "Cinestamps" safely and try hard to collect as many others as you can.

The August contest will end next week, and we shall again ask you how many of one or more kinds of "Cinestamps" you have collected. It may be how many of Clark Gable, or how many of Deanna Durbin, or how many of two kinds together; which will be a close secret until then! Anyway, the biggest collections of the stamps called for will win the prizes. And remember, there are to be similar prizes in September as well. The rules governing the offer have already appeared and will be repeated next week, too.

 Cinestamp No. 8 Robert Taylor	 Cinestamp No. 4 Clark Gable	 Cinestamp No. 6 Cary Grant
 Cinestamp No. 3 Claudette Colbert	 Cinestamp No. 7 Norma Shearer	 Cinestamp No. 2 Deanna Durbin
 Cinestamp No. 8 Robert Taylor	 Cinestamp No. 4 Clark Gable	 Cinestamp No. 4 Clark Gable

FOUR BONUS STAMPS OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT

 Cinestamp No. 3 Claudette Colbert	 Cinestamp No. 3 Claudette Colbert	 Cinestamp No. 3 Claudette Colbert	 Cinestamp No. 3 Claudette Colbert
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The Screen Parliament

HISSES FOR

SIR,—I read with great interest in a recent number of FILM PICTORIAL an item stating that Jack Oakie had reduced his weight by three stone. I have always contended that male stars should be made to conform to measurements as well as female stars.

We are told that over 75 per cent of cinema audiences are women, and I'm sure I'm not alone in stating that we cannot take the same interest in our "heroes" who have allowed themselves to run to fat. Offenders in this respect are numerous. Admittedly some of them are not in their first youth, but the female of the species of like age would not be allowed to indulge in "middle-age spread" and the same rule should apply to the men.

Their acting may not have deteriorated but admittedly their romantic appeal has, and whatever may be said to the contrary this does count with my sex. So please, you men who are running to fat, watch your step.—(Miss) M. Piper, Golders Green, N.W.11.

A Pat on the Back



George Murphy comes in for praise this week from a reader who likes his good looks, his friendly grin and his dancing.

SIR,—I feel it is about time someone began praising American George Murphy.

He is good-looking with a friendly grin and can he dance! I first saw him in the murder film *London After Dark*, and his bright, easy acting completely captivated me. Next came *The Broadway Melody of 1938* with George dancing divinely with Eleanor Powell. The dance in the park was quite as good as the Astaire-Rogers dances. In *You're a Sweetheart* again he showed his good humour and good dancing.

What about George Murphy and Jessie Matthews?—Margaret Thompson, Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale, Manchester.

20,000,000 Fans Want to Know

SIR,—It was very gratifying to read Edna Harpin's comments on Franchot Tone. Surely it is time MGM pulled up their socks and took notice of genius when they have it under their nose. Franchot's wonderful acting ability has been proved time and again. He steals every picture in which he appears. His charm and personality are unequalled by any of Hollywood's handsome heroes who have reached stardom mainly on looks.

Strangely enough he has as much appeal for men as he has for women, which is saying a lot. Yet he is not given the chance of major stardom that he so rightly deserves, and 20,000,000 British filmgoers want to know why.—Esme M. Kempton, Sevenoaks.

A Bouquet for Claude Rains

SIR,—I have just seen the re-issue of a film which confirms my opinion as to who is the screen's finest actor. The film is *The Invisible Man*, and the actor Claude Rains. In this picture we do not see his face until the last scene, so Rains has to rely entirely on his voice for self-expression.

His voice—surely the finest and most cultured on the screen—brought him fame in the strange role of the Invisible Man. Soon afterwards, he gave a wonderful performance in *Crime Without Passion*, and all the critics praised him, and foretold a golden future for him on the screen.

Since then, his films have often been mediocre, although Rains has always given a sterling performance. One is constantly reading in the reviews of his films that

We would like to make it clear that the views expressed on these pages are not necessarily the views of "Film Pictorial." "The Screen Parliament" is exclusively for our readers, and our policy is to publish any letter that is of general interest, regardless of whether we agree with the views expressed.

We give one prize of £1 ls. for the best letter, and 5s. for every other letter except "Trailers," which are not paid for.

Here's the address to which letters should be sent: The Editor, Screen Parliament, "Film Pictorial," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. (Note.—Letters sent to "Film Pictorial" should not be addressed elsewhere. 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.)

Post Us Your Opinions. We Pay For Those Published

THE PRESENT-DAY FILM HEROINES

"Mr. Rains gave the rest of the cast a lesson in acting" or similar sentences.

If only some astute director would give him a role worthy of his great talent, I know he would justify the faith placed in him, and probably be in the running for the Academy Award.—C. O'Brien, Cardiff.

•• I have recently seen Claude Rains in two films—"Gold Is Where You Find It" and "White Banners." In the first he is, of course, magnificent. But in the second I thought he surpassed even his previous best. In a film notable for excellent acting, Rains gives such a warm, kindly portrayal of an eccentric schoolmaster that he should, as our correspondent says, be well in the running for an Academy Award. Watch for "White Banners."—THE EDITOR.

More Please!

SIR,—Miss Kilbey's letter about Betty Lynne's performance in *Dangerous Fingers* prompts me to write, as I saw this film only the other day, and my impressions of Miss Lynne's performance were much the same as hers.

I saw Betty Lynne first in *Saturday Night Review* some weeks ago, and her all-too-brief appearance left a strong impression on my mind. So I looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to seeing her again in *Dangerous Fingers*—and I was not disappointed. There is something sincere, something human about her that is still all too rare a phenomenon in British films.

I must add a word of praise for this film as a whole. In an unassuming way it was more convincing than many more boosted British films. For this, one must give due credit to the photography, which was good, without resorting to over-dramatic camera angles. But one must largely thank Betty Lynne and James Stephenson (in the principal role) for the generally convincing impression. There is something solid and down-to-earth about James Stephenson that we could do with in British films, and, while having none of the excessive handsomeness of some British film heroes, he is, in the true sense of the word, a gentleman. So let us see more of Betty Lynne and James Stephenson in future.—Leonard J. Bachers, Coventry.

•• Stephenson is in Hollywood and doing so nicely for himself that he has already reached featured rank. Betty Lynne has done nothing since "The Viper" and "Glamour Girl," both generally released recently.—THE EDITOR.

Favouring Victor

SIR,—May I, through your columns, voice a heartfelt grievance regarding the casting in the "Bulldog Drummond" film cycle.

The most notable film Drummonds—Ronald Colman and John Howard—excellent actors though they may be, are obviously miscast in this role.

Drummond is depicted by "Sapper" as "a vast individual with a face like a good-natured bulldog" (hence his cognomen). Surely the part shrieks aloud for that sterling actor, Victor McLaglen, who has every requisite—physique, appearance and fighting ability. To please the ladies the romantic role could be played by one of "Drummond's" friends, then everyone would be satisfied.—Bryn Morris, Swansea, S. Wales.

Oh!

SIR,—There is one star I dislike and I don't care how many people acclaim him the great lover of the screen. His name is Robert Taylor.

I don't care how many of his fans it will offend, but I'm going to speak my mind.

After having seen him in *Camille* with Garbo, I said to my friend, "That will be the last time I go to see him. You can't pick up a film book without seeing Robert Taylor this, Robert Taylor that. He is nothing but a pain in the neck to me."

I'd rather see the two dead pans of the screen, Ned



Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. in a scene from "The Joy of Living." Irene is one of the present-day film heroines who receive a man's outspoken criticism this week.

PRESENT-DAY film heroines are beginning to get in my hair, and I'll soon be crying for the days of the gingham-gowned beauty of long ago.

Miss 1938, as played by Carole Lombard, slaps, kicks or scratches her man; Irene Dunne's version wears *outré* clothes and behaves like a spoiled hoyden, while Claudette Colbert steals food and vamps her employer.

I'm not asking for a plaster saint on a pedestal as leading lady in every picture, but I would like to see again a girl that one could admire a little. Men are essentially sentimentalists at heart, and this cycle of crazy women is going to run pictures into a stone wall unless I'm mistaken.

Let's have more comedy and charm but ideals too—yes, let's have more Eleanor Powell.—John Duncan, Oban, Argyll.

Sparks and Zasu Pitts. They would make the cutest pair of lovers on the screen, and I'd rather see Ned kiss Zasu than Taylor and Garbo emote for a full half hour.—James Logue, Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

How Good Things Are Missed

SIR,—I think many pictures receive unjust criticism owing to the adverse conditions under which they are seen.

For instance, I saw *Rosalie* and thought it a very good film, and on my recommendation my mother went the next afternoon. Her mind was full of household worries, the cinema was like a barn, and occupied mainly by apathetic women with shopping and babies. She told me she was bored, but I persuaded her to see *Rosalie* again with me, at night, later in the week—and what a difference! The place was packed with an appreciative audience, we had good seats, and were warm and comfortable. My mother thoroughly enjoyed the picture, and cannot understand her previous lack of interest.

Another point: so many fine things are crammed into films nowadays—music, singing, dancing—that it is often impossible to do full justice to them at the first viewing, and it is surprising, if you see a good

picture again, how many details you have missed.—(Miss) Olga D. Pitt, Birmingham.

Rebuke For "Ostriches"

SIR,—Foreigners must form a very curious idea of the geography of our country as seen in British films. From them they learn that London consists of some repulsive slums, some still more repulsive night-clubs, and a place called Piccadilly Circus; that there is nothing to be seen on our coasts but a few picturesque fishing villages and Blackpool Tower; and that our countryside is thickly strewn with moated granges, excessively rustic inns, and tumbledown cottages.

The British Isles in British films have no big industrial towns like Leeds or great seaports like Bristol; no small towns, no modern houses, no people living above poverty and below luxury—in short, no conditions of life as it is known to the British picturegoer. The outlook is as antiquated as the scenery is stereotyped.

If the producer must cling to his pretty-pretty scenery, he might at least show us some we have not seen before. He might discover the Thames waterfront, the stormy Hebrides, Bath, famed for its elegance, the Isle of Wight and all the glorious Channel seascape, Melrose and its Abbey, the blossomy Worcestershire orchards and the Norfolk Broads.

But what is the good of preaching to ostriches who can live in London without even knowing what sunset looks like from the Albert Bridge?—Barbara Fletcher.

Trailers

May I write a word of praise of a young man who has just about everything to make him popular—good looks, a pleasing personality, acting ability and, above all, a magnificent tenor voice. His name? Allan Jones, of course.—(Miss) Smith, Tottenham, N.17.

Is there any possible explanation why the film starring Annabella, Paul Lukas and David Niven was called *Dinner at the Ritz*, and what the first half of it was all about? After seeing it twice I failed to see what the title had to do with it or what it all meant.—(Miss) D. Cartwright, Sheffield.

Children should appear only in support of adult stars, if I had my way, in stories which absolutely require a child character, and should never be allowed to play leading parts, except in fairy tales or "all children" pictures made primarily for children.—J. Silver, Redhill, Bournemouth.

If the number of films produced each year was reduced by a hundred and the resulting cash devoted to making the passable ones into better offerings, the industry would be better served. Bad products lower the tone of even the greatest industries.—Inman Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Film Pictorial



Left: The King of Bazooka plays himself. Bob Burns "swings it" at a little morning practice—and afterwards he presented copies of his "baby bazooka" to his co-stars on the Paramount lot, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland. Right: Contrast in costume styles presented by Jack Benny, starring in *Artists and Models Abroad*, when he visited Ronald Colman on the set of the latter's *If I Were King*.



Snappy Snaps!

CONTRASTS IN WEATHER
AND COSTUME CAUGHT
BY OUR CAMERAMEN

And here's another contrast, which shows what the American climate can do. On the left is Norma Shearer, shedding the cares of acting in *Marie Antoinette* with a holiday at Sun Valley, a famous winter sports resort. On the right is Warner starlet Kay Winters, canoeing in Los Angeles, which isn't so very far away, as distances go in America, from the snow of Sun Valley.



Right: Just a man, his dog, a hamburger and a glass of—well, we leave that to your imagination. Lloyd Nolan, one of Hollywood's best actors, snatches a bite between scenes while Bernard, his collie, seems to want to snatch a bite between bites. Come on, Mr. Nolan, won't you give the poor dog a bone?

