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



*George Formby's*  
**LIFE STORY**  
 *Begins This Week*

# Coming Shortly

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

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

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

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

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

\*\*\***DAWN PATROL.**—Exciting, intelligent and brilliantly acted story of flying during the Great War. The commanding officer is forced to keep sending men to certain death, and the other officers disapprove, but each in turn sees that it is necessary when he succeeds to the command.

**Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone and David Niven**—the latter stealing all acting honours.

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

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

**OLD IRON.**—Tom Walls goes all **George Arliss** in this study of a bickering old ship-owner. **Ben Travers** has written some amusing dialogue, but take away Walls and all you've got is a rather tedious story of a not very interesting family quarrel.

\***RACKET BUSTERS.**—**Humphrey Bogart** gives another fine piece of work in a film that has nothing particularly new in the way of plot, but is well worked out and very thrilling. **George Brent** is a truck driver who comes into conflict with the racketeers.

\*\***ROOM SERVICE.**—The **Marx Brothers** in an adaptation of a play which is still running on Broadway. It is at times

brilliantly funny, and it proves indisputably what loyal Marxists have known since *Coconuts*—that **Groucho** is a remarkably fine actor. But the effect of putting the crazy Marxes into a strait-jacket, as it were, isn't so good. Before, they have been mad in a mad world of their own creation. Now, they are mad in a world which contains people who seem lamentably sane. Still, better than anyone's comedies except **Chaplin, Fields and Disney**. But let 'em loose next time, please.

\*\***ROYAL DIVORCE.**—History brought to life in the story of **Napoleon** and his **Empress Josephine**, this is a film which will appeal especially to women. French star **Pierre Blanchar** is tremendously powerful as **Napoleon** and **Ruth Chatterton** has evidently given a lot of thought to her work as **Josephine**.

\*\*\***THE CITADEL.**—A sincere and satisfactory film has been made of **A. J. Cronin's** famous novel. **Robert Donat** is the young **Dr. Manson**, who begins his career as assistant to a crippled practitioner in a South Wales mining town, and whose career you follow until he "finds himself." **Rosalind Russell** plays his wife. A "must not be missed" film.

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

## John Milford Reviews The Newest Films

### \*CRACKERJACK

**AS** Crackerjack, Tom Walls here makes it his mission in life to take from the rich to give to the poor, and as a modern "Robin Hood" has many strange and highly entertaining adventures.

A gang of crooks are suspected of holding up a cross-Channel 'plane and robbing a millionaire. But actually it is Crackerjack who has held it up, while pretending to be on the side of the law.

The gang, led by an unpleasant fellow called **Sculpie**, naturally resent this. Crackerjack again crosses their track when the **Humboldt pearls** are stolen at a socialite ball. **Sculpie** and his gang hold up the guests for their jewels, and one of the party is accidentally killed. **Sculpie** and his men escape, and the next morning Crackerjack finds that he is suspected of the murder.

Then **Sculpie** finds that Crackerjack has again beaten him by cleverly substituting a fake necklace for the real one. So **Sculpie** plans to capture him, and after a series of startling complications, naturally gets the worst end of the stick!

Tom Walls reverses his role in "Strange Boarders" with happy results.

### \*THE GLADIATOR

**THIS** is just about the funniest thing that **Joe E. Brown** has ever done. And if you were going to say that **Joe E. Brown** does not amuse you, go and see "The Gladiator," and reserve your opinions until afterwards.

**Hugo Kipp** is one of those pathetic creatures who is fired from a children's hospital to make way for a benefactor's son. By accident he wins a lottery and decides to go back to school and get his degree.

He is ragged by the students and in a dejected state returns to his lodgings where, during the night, his landlord, a professor, injects a serum into his arm which gives him superhuman strength.

The results are amazing and the funniest you've ever seen. He performs phenomenal feats on the football field and is soon afraid to do anything because of his enormous strength.

**June Travis** is the girl in the story, and **Lucien Littlefield's** portrayal of the professor will amuse you no end. In fact, everything about this film is amusing.

### \*\*THE OUTSIDER

**THIS** film has been made twice before; once, if my memory serves me rightly, at the beginning of the 1920's, and again, about eight

years ago with **Joan Barry** in the lead. But I think this new version is by far the best.

Like "The Citadel," "The Outsider" is not particularly kind to the medical profession, which comes in for a good deal of criticism.

**Anton Ragatzy** is a brilliant specialist with no medical degrees. In spite of his many miraculous cures, he is regarded by the medical profession as a "quack."

His severest critic is a **Dr. Studee**, a **Harley Street** specialist, whose daughter has been permanently crippled in her childhood through the blundering operation of an unqualified practitioner. So **Ragatzy**, determined to prove his brilliance, persuades the girl, **Lalage**, to undertake treatment on an electrical rack which he has invented.

After a year he claims to have cured her and members of the medical profession are asked to his house to see her walk. But at first she is unable to do so, and **Ragatzy** is accused of blundering.

Then, inspired by his personality she DOES walk and his genius is acclaimed.

**Mary Maguire** gives a fine performance as the crippled girl; so too, does **George Sanders**, as the bombastic "quack." And another who comes in for my praise is **Peter Murray Hill**, as the crippled girl's fiance, who did really well in the role.

Right: What's this? . . . **Man Mountain Dean** can't take a simple handshake from **Joe E. Brown**? Yes, it's true. In "The Gladiator," **Joe E. Brown** is injected with a serum which gives him superhuman strength, and this handshake is only one of the many startling results of the experiment. Below: **George Sanders** and **Mary Maguire** in a scene from "The Outsider."

### \*ZAZA

**THE** story is simply this: Boy meets girl; girl loses boy. Nothing more.

When "Zaza," as a play, was first presented to the gay Parisians in the 1890's, it caused quite a stir, although I can't for the life of me understand why, even bearing in mind the conventions of the day. Unless, of course, **Mr. Will Hays** has been busy with his scissors.

The scene of the story is France in the early years of the present century, with flouncing skirts, gentlemen with high-buttoned suits, cabs rattling along the boulevards, and that most bewitching of naughty dances . . . the **Can-can!**

Poor **Zaza** is a glamorous music-hall star who develops a mad infatuation for **Dufresne**, an educated man of high birth. She neglects her work, goes away with him and falls more deeply in love than ever.

Then **Dufresne** makes one of his mysterious visits to Paris, and **Zaza** becomes suspicious. She follows him and learns that he is married and has a small daughter.

So **Zaza**, very heartbroken, returns to the stage and becomes the toast of Paris.

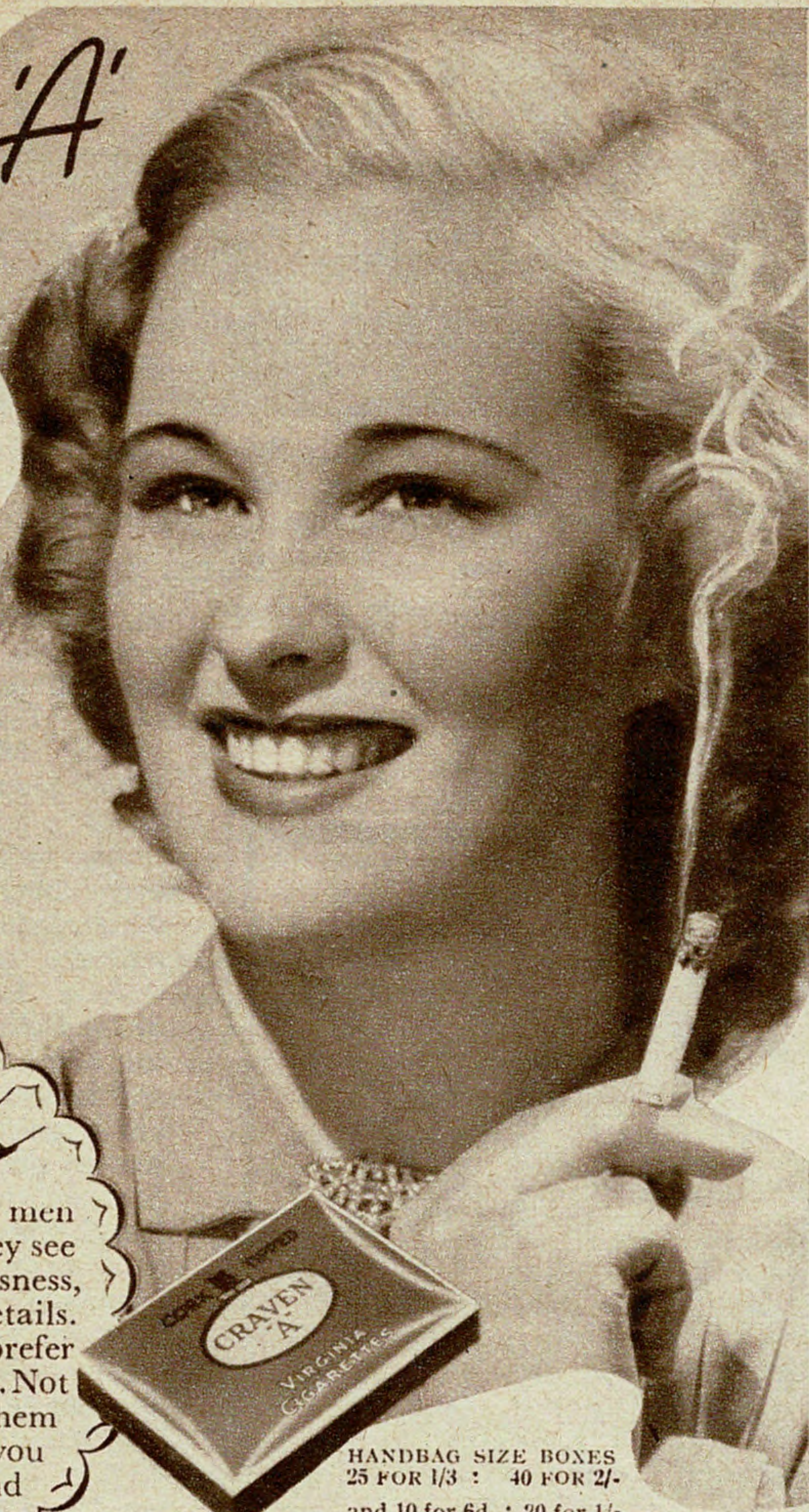
**Claudette Colbert** gives a fine portrayal of the vivacious **Zaza**, and to the more pathetic scenes brings an almost masterly pathos.

The film itself is extremely well made.

**Herbert Marshall** plays **Dufresne**; but my favourite performance came from **Bert Lahr** as **Claudette's** manager and former partner on the halls.



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# FILM PICTORIAL

EDITOR : CLARENCE WINCHESTER

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

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More than once MGM have tried to separate Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald as a screen team, pairing them off with different partners. Nelson has just finished a film opposite Virginia Bruce and Jeanette has been working opposite Lew Ayres. But now the fans want Nelson and Jeanette together again and as a result MGM are teaming them again in "Katinka."

Eddy, by the way, begins his married life as a father, for Ann Franklin has a son by her former marriage.

## Local Boy Makes Good

TALKING of Jeanette and Eddy, James Stewart likes to recall how their famous picture *Rose Marie* was billed in his home town thus: Indiana's Own JIM STEWART in

### ROSE MARIE

with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

As you'll recall, Jimmy had the tiny role of Jeanette's brother, which shows what local pride will do.

As I chatted to him on the set of *Ice Follies* the other day, Jimmy told me how it feels to return, rich and famous, to the home town you knew as a boy. His own idea was to go back as the plain Jim Stewart they had always known. But that won't do. He is an official local hero, his oldest and closest friends are the most popular people in town and all the girls in the local college are debating the chances of meeting him. Rumours get around that he is bringing Henry Fonda, or perhaps even Robert Taylor, home with him, and that adds to the excitement.

## They Ask About Ginger

AND, when he does get home, Jimmy finds that if he goes out for a morning's shopping with his mother, everybody flocks around, too, on the assumption (which is usually correct) that he will be waiting outside the shop, sitting in the family car.

And, unkindest cut of all—the fellows who used to stop him in the street to ask what he thought of yesterday's football match, now stop him—to inquire, "What is Ginger Rogers really like?"

## Gable's Divorce

CLARK GABLE and his wife have finally agreed about the property settlement that was hindering their divorce negotiations. Mrs. Gable has left Hollywood and settled in Nevada, where she will be eligible for divorce in about four weeks' time. Then Hollywood expects that Clark will marry Carole Lombard as soon as he is free.

## Star Spangled Party

THIS is the time of the year when Hollywood stars do a lot of entertaining and maybe you'd be interested to hear how a Hollywood party (1939 fashion) goes off. At one I went to recently the guests included Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Carole Lombard and Gable, Annabella and Tyrone Power, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, Sally Eilers, Dorothy Lamour, Jane Wyman, the Robert Youngs, Wayne Morris and his bride, the Marx Brothers, the Don Ameches, Norman Krasna, Mitchell Leisen and Mervyn Leroy.

You'd think with such a star-spangled gathering, the party would have been ultra-exciting, wouldn't you. But I noticed that as soon as they arrived, the women left their escorts and joined a group of girl friends to talk about clothes, their children, their jewellery, their Christmas presents—and some gossip about mutual acquaintances. Meanwhile the

men clustered round the bar, swapping stories—the largest group centring around Groucho Marx. A

## NELSON AND JEANETTE TEAMED AGAIN —BY FANS' DEMAND

ONCE again, film fans have shown their power. Recently, they have brought Ramon Novarro back to Hollywood, and prevented Norma Shearer from accepting the role of Scarlett O'Hara.

Now they are again making themselves heard, this time by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. In response to fan requests, the popular singing couple are to be teamed again, this time in *Katinka*, film version of a famous stage musical, in which they will sing more of the enchanting melodies of Rudolph Friml, the composer of *Maytime*.

### The Fans Won't Have It

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER have tried more than once to separate Jeanette and Eddy, and pair each of them with a different partner. Nelson, you'll remember, was teamed with Eleanor Powell in *Rosalie*, and Jeanette with Allan Jones in *The Firefly*. But fans protested against the separation, and they were re-united for *Sweethearts*. Now Nelson has just finished work on *The Dusty Road* with Virginia Bruce (new title of *Let Freedom Ring*), and Jeanette has been

making *Broadway Serenade* with Lew Ayres as her leading man. But again the fans have clamoured for their two favourites to be re-united, and *Katinka* will be the result.

Meanwhile, Ilona Massey, lovely singing star of *Rosalie*, who has been scheduled for two years to play the leading role in *Balalaika*, opposite Nelson, finds herself still idle, just because fans won't accept any other actress but Jeanette as Eddy's partner.

Metro announce, however, that *Balalaika* will still be made at some future date—as soon as fans will allow, presumably.

One reason for Metro's readiness to part the two stars, if only fans would allow it, may be found in the constant rumours of temperamental tiffs on any MacDonald-Eddy film. That kind of atmosphere isn't the easiest in which to make good pictures.

### The New Mrs. Eddy

MEANWHILE, Nelson and his bride, Ann Franklin, former wife of director Sydney Franklin, are off on a combined honeymoon and personal-appearance tour for Nelson, in the course of which he will sing in 33 American cities. He is 37, she is 40. Eddy has bought two Hollywood homes for his bride, one in the Bel Air district, the other in San Fernando Valley. When they arrive back from the tour, they will settle in whichever she likes best, the other being let. How'd you like to rent it, and have Nelson Eddy for a landlord?

Hollywood Gossip: by the Nomad

few couples went into the ballroom to dance, and went on dancing all evening. Then about 1 o'clock the party broke up.

### When the Stars Go Gay

**B**UT that was a big party. At the smaller ones there is usually a more intimate atmosphere, and sometimes stars can be coaxed to trot out an array of party tricks that would guarantee the success of any gathering. Martha Raye will do imitations of Garbo and Dietrich. W. C. Fields will juggle—with anything. John Carradine will recite Shakespeare by the mile. Maureen O'Sullivan (who expects the stork in April) and her husband John Farrow have perfected a mind-reading act which continues to mystify everybody wherever they go. Jimmy Cagney produces charades—and you can imagine what Hollywood's charades are like, with Jack Oakie as Hamlet and Carole Lombard as Little Nell. The stars really love a chance to "ham" their way through these miniature plays.

### Shearer as a Juggler

**N**ORMA SHEARER is a wizard at parlour tricks. She never leaves a party at which a new one has been performed without discovering the why and wherefore of it and adding it to her already extensive repertoire. Her favourite one is to balance a glass of water on her head, sink quickly to the floor and then rise again without spilling a drop. And when you consider some of the stunning coiffures and gowns Norma wears to parties you'll understand why this trick takes courage.

Joan Crawford is always surrounded by a group who want to learn the latest steps in ballroom dances. Joan knows all of them—she has never lost her keen interest in dancing, and is always ready to hold informal classes.

### Hedy La-Marrvellous

**S**TILL Hollywood's top glamour gal is Hedy Lamarr, and the stories that fly round about her are innumerable. It's said that at the *Kentucky* premiere, when the Governor of Kentucky was present, he turned to his wife and wise-cracked, as he took his seat between her and Hedy, "Well, good-bye, dear, it's nice to have known you."

Then there's a story that Victor McLaglen passed a pretty brunette at the gates of the MGM Studios. It was beginning to rain and he offered to drop her at the sound-stage entrance as his car was going inside the studios. "And what's your name?" he asked.

"Hedy Lamarr," he was told.

"That doesn't sound like a real name," he said.

"What's your real name?"

"Hedy Kiesler," the girl told him.

"Ah, yes, that sounds more natural. Well,

here we are, my dear—good-bye, and all the best."

Vic must be the only man in town not to have heard of Metro's newest glamour girl.

### "Just Friends"

**I**NCIDENTALLY, Hedy has been seen around a lot lately with Bob Ritchie, MGM talent scout and for many years engaged to Jeanette MacDonald. It was Bob who first got Hollywood producers interested in her, after she had made *Ecstasy*. Until recently, of course, she has been going around a lot with Reginald Gardiner. This probably accounts for her excellent English accent, for Reggie has one of the best speaking voices in Hollywood. Hedy persists in saying, "We are just good friends—he is so amusing."

### A New Discovery

**W**HAT is Hollywood talking about apart from Hedy? Well, right on Hedy's own set, where they are making *I Take This Woman*, they are talking about newcomer Lorraine Johnson. Spencer Tracy first noticed her and was so impressed with the way she played a scene for the film that he introduced her to Josef von Sternberg, who made Marlene Dietrich a star. (Joe, you'll remember, was the director of *I Take This Woman*, but surrendered the job to Frank Borzage.)

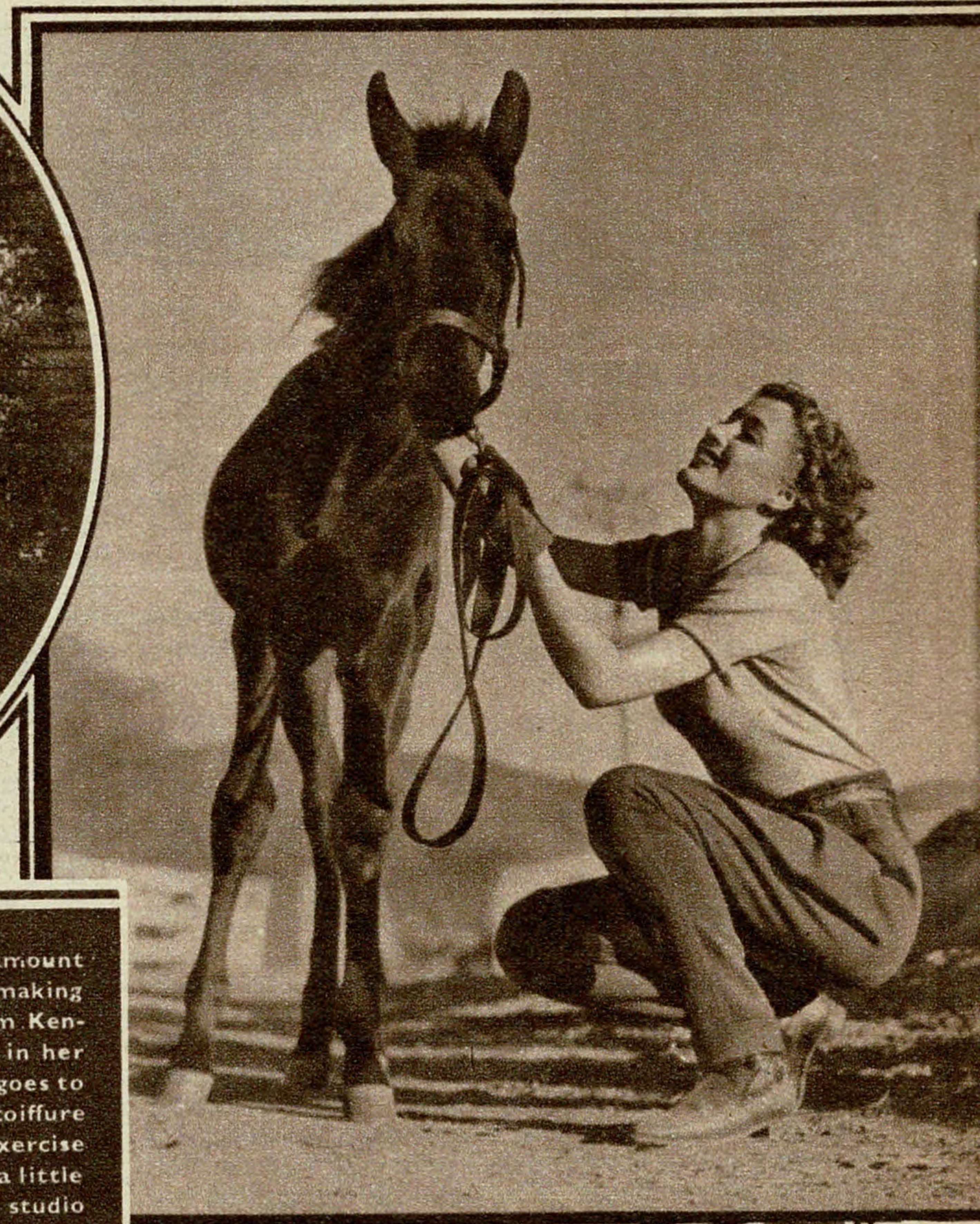
To cut a long story short, Lorraine is now the leading lady in Wallace Beery's new film, *Sergeant Madden*.

### Stars' Favourite Actors

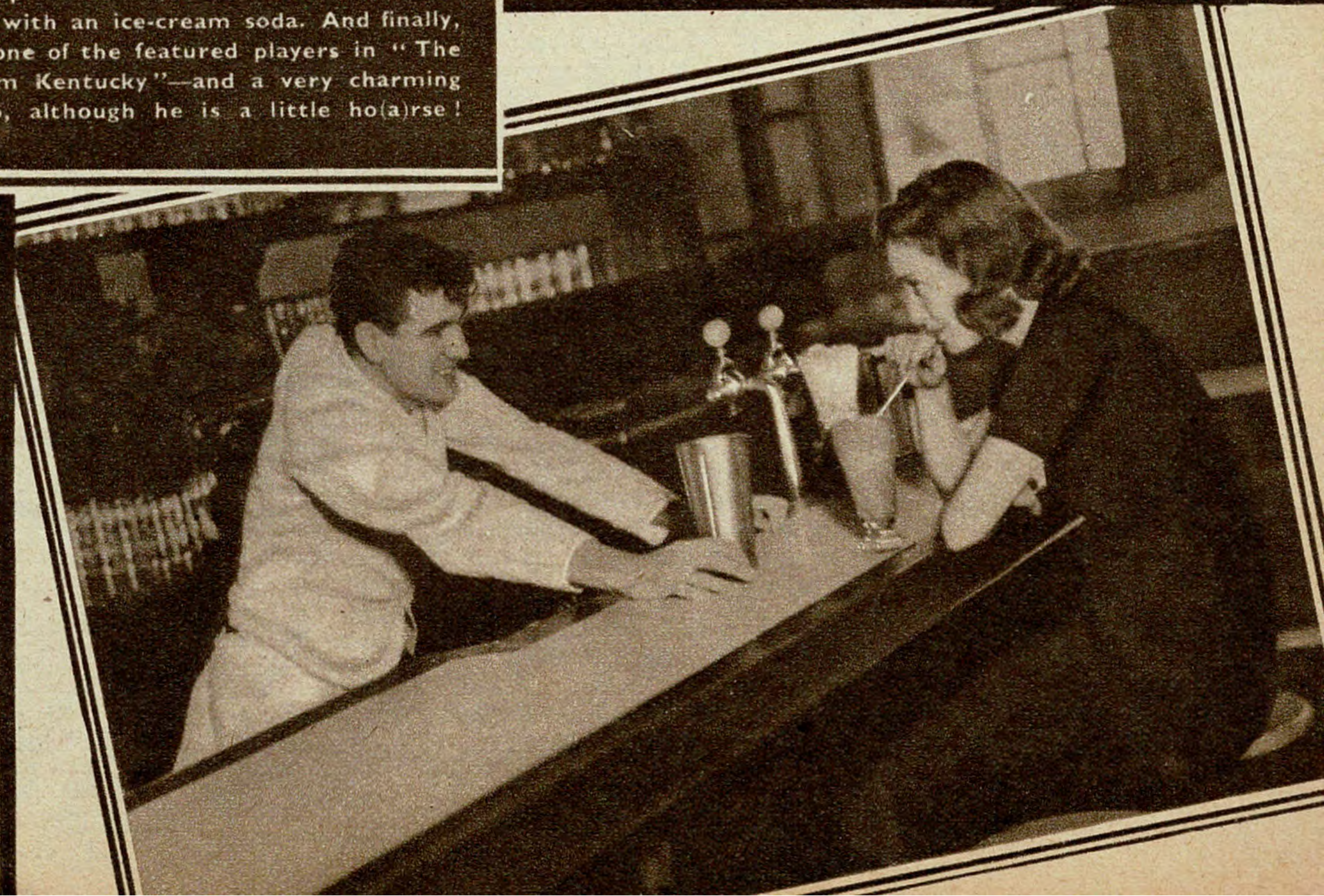
**H**OLLYWOOD stars recently got together and voted for what they considered to be the best pieces of acting on the part of one another. They voted Bette Davis the best actress—and also the second best! Her performance in *The Sisters* was runner-up to her work in *Jezebel*. Spencer Tracy in *Boys' Town* was chosen the best actor and Donat was runner-up for his work in *The Citadel*.

It's interesting to note what the individual stars considered as the best performances of the year. Bette Davis voted for Margaret Sullavan in *Three Comrades*, and for Tracy as the best male star. Spencer reciprocated by voting for Bette for the actress's award, and chose Donat as the best male star. Incidentally, he mentioned that he sees an average of two pictures a week. Martha Raye voted for Luise Rainer in *Frou Frou* as the best acting performance, and Joan Blondell and Dick Powell kept their votes in the family, Joan voting for Dick in *Hard to Get* and Dick for Joan in *There's Always a Woman*.

The answers turned in by the stars revealed Merle Oberon as the keenest film fan in Hollywood; she says she sees about 350 pictures a year. And Errol Flynn is the least interested—he admitted that in the past year he'd seen two films, both of them his own. Naturally he didn't vote.



Ellen Drew is a star discovery of whom Paramount are particularly proud, and she is now making her third important film, "The Lady's From Kentucky," with George Raft. Here is a day in her life. Arriving at the Studio at 7 a.m., she goes to the hairdressing department to get her coiffure for the day (below). After work, there's exercise—so Ellen goes to the gym (above, left) for a little limbering up. Then to cool off at the studio restaurant with an ice-cream soda. And finally, a visit to one of the featured players in "The Lady's From Kentucky"—and a very charming player, too, although he is a little ho(a)rse!



## THE BRITISH NOMAD tells you about ANOTHER COMEDY STAR FROM THE NORTH



Douglas Wakefield, Gracie Fields' brother-in-law, is to star in a series of comedies for Paramount.

**A**NOTHER comedy star has arrived from the North. Perhaps I'm wrong to say "arrived," for although he has made only two starring films, he already ranks in popularity with Merle Oberon, Leslie Howard, Flanagan and Allen, Anton Walbrook, Nova Pilbeam and other important British players.

His name is Douglas Wakefield. He is Gracie Fields' brother-in-law, and he has appeared with her in *This Week of Grace* and *Look Up and Laugh*. He has made two other films—*Penny Pool*, and *Calling All Crooks*, for the Mancunian Film Company. (A comedian called Formby also made his grown-up screen debut with this company. Heard of him?)

### Lancashire in the War

**P**ARAMOUNT—British have been cute enough to sign Douglas for a series of pictures, first of which is now in preparation. It is tentatively titled *Live and Let Live*, and it tells the story of a country youth whose simplicity makes him the butt of the entire village. The period is during the war and Sam falls into the hands of the enemy. He has a series of exciting adventures and by the time he returns to his village, having faced death from a firing squad on three occasions, he is a person of considerable importance.

Fields, Formby, Powell, Fyffe, Wakefield—is there to be no end to this northern invasion?

### Our Readers Welcome Gracie Home

**A**PARENTLY not, for Gracie Fields has returned from her fresh conquest of Hollywood to get down to work in *Sally of the Shipyards*, with Will Fyffe.

I went along to the party given to welcome Gracie home from America, and to give her a round-robin of welcome home that a number of FILM PICTORIAL readers had sent her. Gracie was looking very fit and well, in a trim navy blue outfit which she told me she had bought in America. "I enjoyed this trip much more than my previous visit," she told me, "because for one thing my sister has a house in Hollywood now, and I stayed with her.

"No matter how comfortable an hotel or apartment is, it's not the same as having your own place, I always feel."

After *Sally of the Shipyards* Gracie will make one more film for Twentieth Century-Fox. "It's almost sure to be made in England," she told me.

After that she may renew her contract with Fox or go to another company. It has been suggested that she should star in a comedy with W. C. Fields.

She told me that she has met Maud M. Miller the popular FILM PICTORIAL writer, who is now in Hollywood. "She came to a party at my sister's. I don't usually ask 'outsiders' to family parties, because we're such a clan-nish lot that I feel it might be dull for them, but I told Maud, 'Cum on over, luv, if you want to. It's Liberty Hall, you know,' and she did, and we all had a good time."

Gracie told me that her sister's son has suddenly become one of the most popular boys in his school, now that Auntie Gracie has burst upon the consciousness of the American public. "He went along to the Hollywood showing of *Keep Smiling*—and you know what kids are. He had to take his chum along, and I think he was terrified I wasn't going to come up to scratch. But he told me, 'when you sang the song with the dog under your cloak, Auntie Gracie, I knew it was going to be all right.'"

### An Actor to Watch

**I**N the 40-minute film, *Consider Your Verdict*, a young, dark-haired actor, Manning Whiley, makes a five-minute appearance. When the producer-directors, Roy and John Boulting, saw the "rushes" at the end of one day's shooting, they

were so impressed with him that they told the operator to run through the sequence a second time—just to have another look at Whiley!

"I like that fellow," Roy told his twin brother John. "He stands out a mile."

"I think," said John, "we'll star him in our next film." So they did. Manning Whiley has the lead in *Trunk Crime*, which the brothers are at present making at Elstree.

### A Student Strikes Back

**T**HE story of *Trunk Crime* is interesting. From his pocket John drew out a crumpled synopsis which he invited me to read. Whiley plays the role of a brilliant chemical student at an English university. He is a quiet, nervous boy, who, from an early age, has been persecuted by his more boisterous school-mates, particularly by one fellow called Grierson. One evening, a party of drunken students break into his room and wreck the place, breaking his most valued possessions. Half demented, he manages to drug Grierson and put him into a trunk.

Whiley himself is a shy young man, and publicity terrifies him. But I managed to get him talking and he told me no end of interesting stories.

### Trained in Germany

**O**DDLY enough, although English, he was trained in the German theatre before the Nazis came to power. "Germany," he told me, "was the finest training ground on earth for an actor. I have never favoured the idea of going to a dramatic school. Too many people prefer enjoying themselves in dramatic schools to working. So instead I packed off to Germany."

After lunch we all went back to the lot. Roy Boulting had told me that they were going to shoot a scene which I simply couldn't miss. "If you've ever felt particularly childish," he said, "and wanted to break things up, then you're going to have an hour of sheer ecstasy."

Into the room burst five or six drunken students, shouting and laughing boisterously. Whiley tried to rise, but one of them grabbed him and held him down in his chair, clapping a hand to his mouth.

Then the hearties broke up the room. They

Tod Slaughter's at his old tricks again in "The Face at the Window." The heroine is Marjorie Taylor, and she seems terrified of the villainous Tod, doesn't she? But off-set they are the best of friends, of course.



## NEXT WEEK

A special four-page souvenir of that thrilling film, "Gunga Din," will be included in next week's FILM PICTORIAL. Its exciting story, of three British soldiers on the North West Frontier of India, will be told in word and picture; and there will be brilliant character studies of the stars, Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen, who have never done better work than in this film. There will be many more splendid articles and pictures, too.



Cary Grant

Victor McLaglen



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threw bad fruit at the walls, broke all the looking glasses, turned over the chairs, pulled down a huge case of books and sent the volumes piling up on the floor; breaking the grand piano by taking off one leg and throwing all the glassware on the floor.

"Well," announced Roy, "I'd hate to be whoever's going to clear all this up." The ragging students did a good job of work, for the scene didn't need any re-takes.

Like *Consider Your Verdict*, *Trunk Crime* will be roughly 40 minutes long.

The Boulting Brothers have been in the film business since they left school, and know the box of tricks from A to the last letter after Z.

They began as independent producers with a short film. It made a profit and they began making longer films to fill programmes where the feature films were too long to show full-length supporting pictures.

### Mary Maguire's Triumph

BEFORE I left Elstree, I looked in on the new *At the Villa Rose* production. This, you'll remember, was first made in the early 1920's by Maurice Elvey, and it did much to establish his fame as a producer-director.

This is the second re-make that producer Walter Mycroft has done within the past few months. His *Outsider*, which I saw privately the other day, is certainly the best version of the famous story I have seen, and pretty Mary Maguire gives to the role a certain "something" which her predecessors never did.

### Keneth Kent as Inspector Hanaud

AT the *Villa Rose* is taken from the story by A. E. W. Mason, and features that famous French fictional detective, Inspector Hanaud, who will be portrayed by Keneth Kent.

The story tells how Hanaud, holidaying in a Casino town, investigates the murder of a wealthy widow who is strangled at a spiritualistic séance. Judy Kelly plays the part of the widow's companion, who is suspected of the killing. Peter Murray Hill also has a leading role.

The scene was one of the biggest in the film, and several hundred extras were down for the day for the casino sequences.

I met that grand veteran actor, Joss Ambler, when I was walking off the stage. The film people certainly seem to keep him busy these days. Only a few weeks ago I met him on the set of *Too Dangerous to Live*, at Teddington.

### Types and Types and Types

JOSS is very amused with life at present. Every producing company in the business appears to have a different idea of his "type." At Denham, they persist in making him a doctor and absolutely refuse to type him as anything else; but other companies have him on their casting books as old peppery majors and plaintive suburban gentlemen.

### Terrible Slaughter

THAT swashbuckling master villain of melodrama, Tod Slaughter, invited me to Beaconsfield to watch him at work on *The Face At The Window*.

I arrived during the late afternoon to learn that he'd finished work for the day, but would see me, minus his make-up, on the set. He kept me waiting long

enough to see John Warwick discover a body, "done in," as Tod told me afterwards, "by the Face at the Window."

In the scene Warwick, looking every inch a man in a nineteenth-century suit of clothes, strode along a corridor. Then, at his feet, he found the crumpled body of a man, from whose back protruded a blood-stained dagger. *But after the take, the "body" got up and nonchalantly walked away with the knife still sticking out between his shoulder blades!*

### A Heroic Longing

WHEN I met John Warwick a few weeks ago in *The Mind of Mr. Reeder*, he confided that he was longing to play hero again. "They will make me a villain," he told me, "and if they can't make me that, they make me a cad."

John seems to have had his wish granted, for in *Face at the Window*, he is actually a hero whose virtue is sharply contrasted with Tod Slaughter's villainy.

One of the prop men came along and laid a young dead pig in front of a huge kitchen stove on the set. When Tod arrived, shaven and wearing plus fours, he shook my hand and then immediately left me to view the dead animal.

"I used to confine my villainy to the screen," Tod told me, wickedly narrowing his eyes, "but

wickedness seems to be taking quite a hold on me. I'm developing into a monster off the screen. Whoever thought of an actor eating a prop, for instance."

"Did you say, 'Eat a prop?'" I asked.

"Yes," murmured Tod. "I'm going to eat that pig. After all, it's a marvellous little animal, and I don't see for the life of me why it should be wasted on a mere film. One of the prop men was going to pour some glue over it for effect, but I told him I was going to eat it, so he isn't. To-morrow night I'm giving a party at my flat, and we're putting the poor creature on the table whole. Oh, sir, what a meal it's going to be."

### "Master of Mellerdrummer"

ALL Tod's films are good, meaty melodramas. "I suppose I've killed more people on the stage and screen than anyone," he was telling me. "And no actor meets such horrible, harrowing deaths as I do. I'm one of those villains without a scrap of decency, the kind who'd trip old ladies in the street for the sheer joy of getting them run over. No half-measures with me."

Although Tod does all the killing in this new film, the face at the window is that of a young, 22-years-old champion swimmer, Harry Terry, who, a handsome lad in real life, is made up to look the most terrifying ogre you have ever seen.

### Fate Worse Than Death

TOD'S leading lady is Marjorie Taylor, a brilliant young actress who has appeared in nearly all his pictures. "I've been dodging death and fates worse than death for years," she told me. "Tod's always on my track trying to marry me and kill my leading men at the same time. And my leading men always manage to get him in the end. Poor Tod. He does try so hard!"

### A Cockney from South Shields

WHERE there's a Max there's a Hal Walters. At least, that's the impression I've got. Do you remember Nobby in *Educated Evans*, the film which made Max Miller a star? Well Nobby, lest you've forgotten, was Hal Walters, and at the time he teamed up so well with the cheeky chappie that Bill Beaudine, the director, said that he should always play Nobby to the inimitable Evans.

Hal's latest appearance with Max is in *The Good Old Days*, which has just been completed at Teddington.

On the screen Hal makes a typical Cockney, yet he was telling me the other day that he is a northerner from South Shields. "Although I can speak as though I have never been away from the north," he said, "only once during my career on the stage and screen have I ever had to talk with a northern accent."

### Chance to See the Stars

BY the way, if you want to see some screen celebrities, you'd better bear in mind March 20. On that day, the grand centenary ball of the News-vendors' Benevolent Institution is being held at the Albert Hall. All the people worth knowing in the film business will be there.

Billy Cotton's Band and Jan Ralfini's Broadcast Dance Orchestra will be playing, and there's to be a star cabaret. Tickets, which are one guinea, include a running buffet.



Pretty Sally Gray and handsome Geoffrey Toone have starring roles in "Sword of Honour," now in production at Walton. This is the film which "puts Sandhurst on the screen," with Geoffrey as a Sandhurst cadet. Military authorities are co-operating with Maurice Elvey, the director, and over 100 cadets will enact the famous "passing-out" ceremony at the school. When the film unit went down to Sandhurst recently the cadets were told to be particularly careful to whom they saluted, as a number of officers weren't officers at all, "only actors!"



# Beginning THE LIFE STORY

**G**EORGE FORMBY, or "Ukelele George" as one admirer affectionately called him, is Britain's No. 1 Film Comedian.

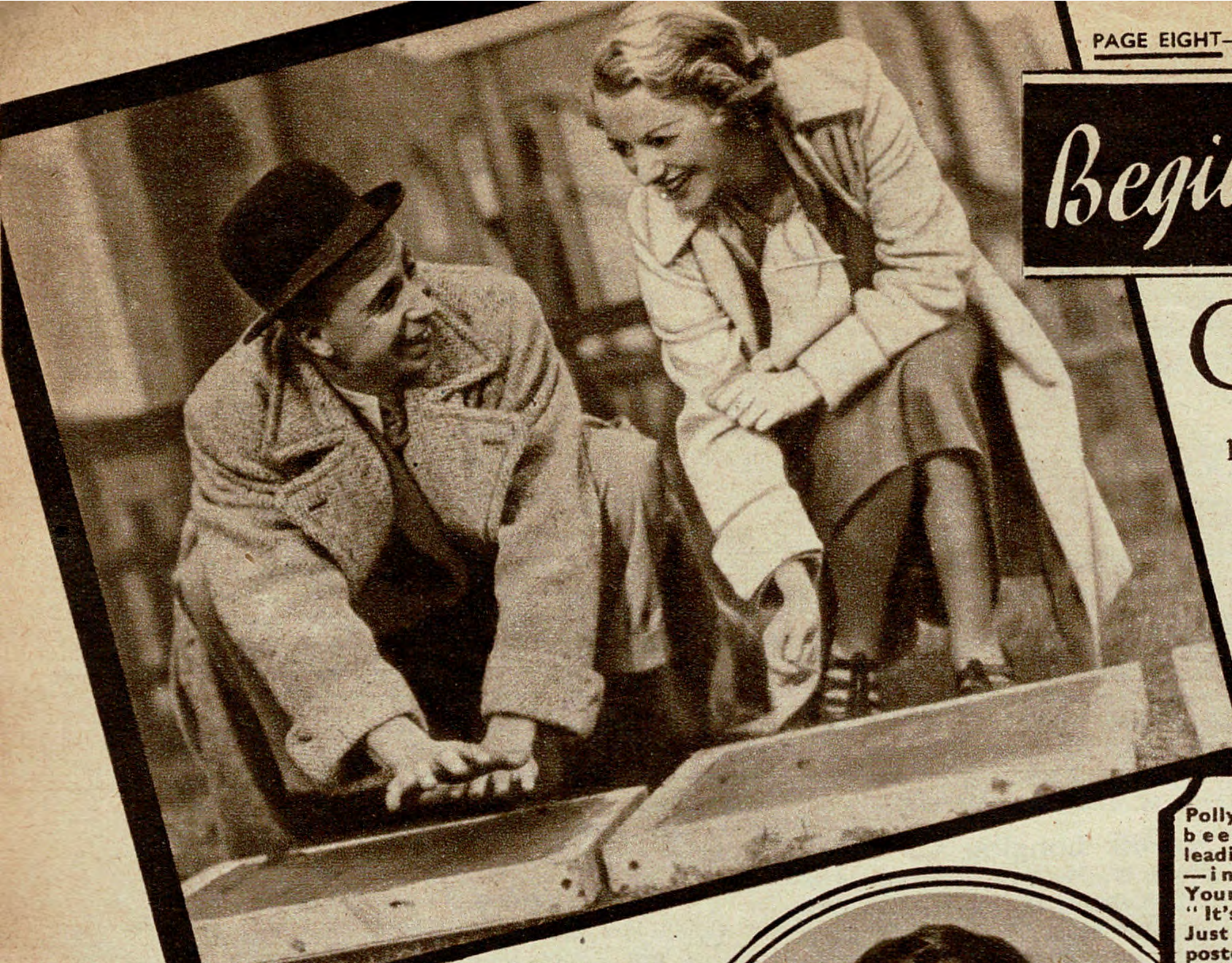
In a recent cinema box-office poll he displaced the popular Gracie Fields as the star who can draw the biggest audiences.

The comment of this Lancashire lad was typical: "Ee, I'm sorry about that, I've always admired Gracie."

Many were surprised by George's sudden rise to popularity. When Gracie Fields turned to the cinema, she had long been a national figure, as famous in Plymouth as in London or Manchester. But George Formby's fame was more limited. When he made his first big film he was a "top of the bill" music-hall star—but there were many filmgoers who knew little of the variety stage and were quite unaware that he even existed.

That first film was never seen in London's West End—the small area which is supposed to be the centre of the English speaking-world, but which,

Polly Ward has been George's leading lady twice—in "Feather Your Nest" and "It's In The Air." Just to prove it to posterity, they left their hand-prints in wet cement at a Hayes, Middlesex, housing estate. Not as stylish as Grauman's Chinese Theatre, perhaps, but more typical of George.



Progress of a star. On the left is a small boy named George Formby, aged 2, who was the son of a famous music-hall comedian. Later, at the age of 10, this Formby boy was to become a jockey (above); and later still, a great comedian. The picture on the right shows George in his R.A.F. uniform from "It's In The Air," released next week. He has the role of a simple Lancashire lad who gets into the R.A.F. by mistake, and wins fame as a stunt pilot—also by mistake.



Below: George, despite his success, indulges himself in few luxuries. But he is keen on CARS, and here you see him with Beryl Formby beside the latest magnificent purchase.



# of BRITAIN'S N<sup>o</sup>1 STAR

oddly enough, is often lamentably behind the times. But later his films were shown in the West End, but only as secondary features.

When his latest, *It's In The Air*, came to a Regent Street cinema it was not only "top of the bill" but had a gala première attended by the Air Minister and many of his chief officers.

In those three stages you see the swift development of George's film career.

I have listened to many discussions in the film world on the reasons for George Formby's success. To me, the explanation is obvious. He is simply a comedian who has grasped the essentials of successful comedy.

Many would-be comedians have learned that there is little scope for originality in comedy. Crazy comedy has just enjoyed a short run of success. But in 50 years' time, as to-day and 50 years ago, the most popular form of comedy is the hackneyed situation where a simple kind of chap gets the better of anyone who tries to take a rise out of him. It is a pleasing situation which cannot fail to amuse.

## George Is Never Sad

TAKE a look at the most successful comics of the past few years—Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, Laurel and Hardy, to name a few. All of them have exploited this technique; and even Walt Disney makes use of it in many of his Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony cartoons.

But George seems to have found a new twist, at the same time keeping to the original formula. Most of the other comics arouse your sympathy as pathetic mortals who are constantly buffeted by fate, so that although you laugh at their adventures you always have a lurking suspicion that really they are figures of tragedy. But with George it's different—you never feel sorry for him. He may be buffeted, and he may be made to look a fool, but he faces all these troubles with an indomitable smile which shows that it won't be long before the tables are turned.

That, I believe, is the secret of George's amazing success. He is a refreshing fellow to watch when one feels depressed and at odds with the rest of the world. He is a typical representative of that elusive person whom we call "the man in the street."

It goes without saying that George is not quite the simple chap which he appears in his films. He comes from Lancashire, and has inherited the shrewd and down-to-earth qualities that are so characteristic of the Lancastrian. And he remains the ordinary homely person that he was before he became successful.

Fame is the test of any man's character. When one is an unknown member of Britain's 44,000,000, with an ordinary income and ordinary friends, it is comparatively easy to retain a sense of proportion. But if a man can become a famous actor, yet be unaffected by any of the sham glitter of the profession and the temptation to develop temperament and conceit, then he is truly a man of character.

## He Still Loves Blackpool

FORMBY has come through that test with flying colours, and has not been changed a bit by his success. He still asks for Lancashire hotpot in restaurants, even on the rare occasions when he dines in London's more fashionable hotels. He still thinks that Blackpool is the best place to spend a holiday; and his hobbies are the same as they have always been—buying pullovers and taking motor-cars to pieces!

Having told you something of George Formby as I see him, now let us look back over the story of his life, with George himself as our guide. When first I approached him with the request that I should tell this story, he made one condition before giving his consent.

"I don't want any of this fancy stuff," he said. "Don't make me out to be a man with 'glamour'—that's the word the film people use, isn't it? I'm an ordinary kind of chap, and only ordinary kind of things have happened to me. And it would be daft to suggest that I am anything but what I really am."

That point having been agreed upon, we settled in our chairs and began the first of a series of

talks about the 34 years of his life. But, as I think you will agree, the story proves to be anything but ordinary.

George was born in Wigan, the Lancashire town where his father had been born. It is for this reason that he resents any jokes about his birth-place.

"My dad always stuck up for Wigan," he told me. "As a rule the mention of Wigan on the halls is enough to bring the house down. It was the same yesterday as it is to-day, and it annoyed dad intensely. I remember that he wrote to me once: 'I've no doubt that it's a great joke, but I can't see it and my eyesight is good. The whole thing is getting on my nerves.'"

"That's how I feel about it, too. I was married to Beryl in Wigan on a rainy day, and no one can be married in a better place."

George's father was, of course, a famous music-hall comedian. He was a "top-of-the-bill" artiste for about 20 years. Anyone of the older generation who ever went to the music halls will remember hearing George senior sing "Standing at the Corner of the Street." And the greatest compliment you can pay to his son is to tell him that he's a "chip off the old block."

"Dad had some great stories of his music-hall career," says George. "I remember one about a war-time experience at the old Middlesex Music Hall in Drury Lane, which is now known as the Winter Garden. It was on August 4, 1918, the fourth anniversary of the outbreak of war, and he was in the middle of his turn.

## A Great Moment

WHILE he was on the stage, a Government official arrived with a message from Mr. Lloyd George, the then Prime Minister, and instructions that it was to be read from the stage promptly at nine o'clock.

"It was a few minutes to nine, and the manager, Joe Myers, signalled to dad from the wings. Dad was in the middle of his song 'Standing On The Corner of the Street,' but he took one tripping glide from the centre of the stage to the wings. 'What's wrong?' he asked anxiously.

"The manager told him not to worry, and dad waved a hand to the audience to show that he was all right. Then the curtain came down, and Joe Myers went out before the curtain and read the message. It was that famous proclamation where Mr. Lloyd George appealed to the nation to 'hold fast,' and when it was finished the audience went mad. There were cheers, and hats and programmes were flung into the air.

"When the cheers died down, the curtain was raised and there was dad standing on the stage, ready to go on with his act. With one final burst of applause, the

While George was playing in the pantomime *Mother Goose*, this duck decided to adopt him. Turned out nice again, hasn't it—for the duck! George plays in pantomime every year, spends the summer with his own show at Blackpool, and still finds time to make films.

George Formby has been acclaimed as the most popular star in British films. His cheerful, ugly face, his ukulele, his homely Lancashire accent, have introduced an entirely new humour to the screen. R. EWART WILLIAMS has written his *Life Story* with the close co-operation of George and Beryl, his wife. It conveys clearly and completely the friendly personality—which is one reason why you'll enjoy it.

audience settled down and the show went on. Dad said that it was a scene he would never forget.

"As a youngster I never once saw him on the stage. And even if I ever did as much as to poke my nose in the stage door where he was appearing, he would tell me to clear out of the theatre—and quick, too. 'One fool in the family is enough,' he would say.

"I have often wondered why he was so anxious that I should not follow in his footsteps. He had his reasons, of course. Perhaps he had bitter memories of early struggles, and did not want me to have the same disappointments. But I think the probable reason was that he had suffered a lot of ill-health, and he thought that I should be a fitter man if I had a healthy open-air life. That, maybe, was why he was so keen for me to be a jockey.

## Might Have Rivalled Larry Adler

BUT even in those early days I must have had a hankering after the stage, because I could never pass a stage-door without having a peep in and getting a smell of the greasepaint. At that time I rather fancied myself at playing the mouth-organ and had ideas of playing it on the stage. But somehow I don't think I should have been a serious rival to Larry Adler.

"Still, I did make a few pence at Christmas time. My pals used to sing carols, and passers-by gave them halfpennies. I used to sing some of dad's most popular songs, and they gave me pennies. It was then that I began to realize the advantage of being the son of George Formby."

When he was only seven years of age, George was sent away from home. His father's plans for making him a jockey began to materialize. "Let's get plenty of fresh air into t'lad's lungs," he said.

Horse-riding was in the family's blood, which was another reason for the choice of occupation. He had

(Please turn to page 19)



# ELEANOR DOES A HULA-HULA

Eleanor Powell has just finished a new film, "Honolulu." You see her, on the left, in the famous hula-hula—and here FREDERICK RUSSELL tells you how Eleanor's dancing skill was discovered by accident.

Eleanor has always been enthusiastic about sport. Her first favourite was horseback riding, which is hardly ideal for a dancer. Her mother finally pointed out the dangers, and Eleanor substituted swimming and became equally at home in the water.

You'd never recognize Eleanor at home, so different is she off the screen. Her preference runs to tailored suits, sports clothes and slacks. She dislikes anything fluffy. She admits an interest in making hook rugs and working in her garden. And, after rehearsing definite routines all day, she finishes by dancing her own favourite steps for half an hour's personal amusement.

It was during a recent holiday, when she danced at President Roosevelt's birthday ball in Washington, that she had her first opportunity to meet and make friends outside her profession.

"Because I had been working steadily for a year without a break," she told me, "mother and I decided to travel by boat through the Panama canal. It gave me an entirely different 'slant' on life. I met a doctor and his wife; a lawyer and his wife; people outside the theatre that I've never had a chance to meet while I'm working."

In Havana she learned authentic rumba steps by dancing with native boys. On the ship she danced with everybody who asked her. Towards the end of the holiday she could not escape a few exhibition dances, but enjoyed her ordinary ball-room dancing much more.

In Hollywood, Eleanor not only dances on the screen, but also devises all her own numbers. This means months of hard preparation before a new film is even scheduled to begin.

"There are usually about five numbers in a film," she pointed out, "and each must be new, original and different. I figure out settings for my dances as well as the numbers themselves. I try to keep them as varied as possible. Some may like one type of number, someone else another. It's a strain trying to please everybody, of course, but that, after all, is one of the worries of a star."

Music is one of the most important factors in all her numbers, and apart from creating her dances, Eleanor also composes some of the scores.

She fits the dance to the music, which is possibly one of the many reasons, that and her keen interest in every phase of her work, that makes her Hollywood's first-ranking dancing star!

until after the performance that he had died that same night, just before the show was due to begin. His wife, knowing that her husband's greatest ambition was to have his favourite pupil make a success on Broadway, took his place.

Her teacher's hope was more than realized, for she was a principal as well as a featured dancer. And in each succeeding show she has played a principal role as well as executing her unique dancing routines.

It was at the end of a 17-weeks engagement at the Casino de Paree that Eleanor was "discovered" by a talent scout for the films and sent to Hollywood to appear in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. Studio executives saw the test and immediately gave her the leading role opposite Robert Taylor. She felt at home on the set surrounded by old friends of her Broadway dancing days. Jack Benny, Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford, Nick Long, Jun., June Knight and Sid Silvers were also in the cast.

## Star On Stage And Screen

A BLAST of fanfare awaited Eleanor's return to Broadway. Her first film, *Broadway Melody*, opened at the Capitol the same night that she first appeared in person across the street at the Winter Garden Theatre in a revue, *At Home Abroad*, which starred Beatrice Lillie. Thus Eleanor Powell simultaneously became a sensation overnight both on the stage and on the screen.

A nervous breakdown ended her engagement in *At Home Abroad*, but after weeks of convalescence in a hospital she was on her dancing feet again. Fully recovered, she gained new laurels in *Born to Dance*, and became Robert Taylor's leading lady for the second time in *Broadway Melody of 1938*.

**A**FTER a year's absence from the studios, Eleanor Powell has just finished a spectacular new musical, *Honolulu*, in which "the world's greatest feminine tap-dancer" is supported by Bob Young, Burns and Allen, and a big cast.

The proud title which I have quoted above was given Eleanor by the dancing masters of America—and few filmgoers, I think, would care to dispute her right to it. Yet Eleanor's dancing career came about quite by chance.

When she was six years old, Eleanor was shy, sensitive, afraid of contact with other people. Mrs. Powell thought that her daughter would acquire poise if she were sent to a dancing class, so every week young Eleanor was packed off to her class, where she thoroughly enjoyed herself, became less shy, and proved to be a wonderful dancer.

Her professional career began almost as accidentally when she was 13. Accompanied by her mother, she went to Atlantic City on a summer holiday. Gus Edwards, a well-known producer of children's revues, noticed her doing an acrobatic dance on the beach. He was so impressed that he asked if she could appear nightly in his show at the Ritz Grill. Mother consented, with the proviso that she appeared only once each night and spent her days on the beach.

Eleanor's home was in Springfield, Massachusetts, where her father was in business. At the end of the summer, Eleanor and her mother returned. She continued her schooling and her dancing lessons, but the following year they again visited Atlantic City, where Eleanor again played on the beach by day and danced at night. This continued for several seasons.

## Five Years To Learn Tap-Dancing

**B**Y the time she was 16, Eleanor had become such an expert dancer that her instructor suggested that she should go to New York to try to break into musical comedy.

Again her mother accompanied her, as she does to this day. But the rounds of the Broadway musical producers were discouraging. They were impressed by her acrobatic work and ballet, but they would not give her a job because she did not know any tap steps.

Determined to succeed, Eleanor took tap-dancing lessons from Jack Donahue. After her course, she worked alone until she had perfected the art.

It took her five more years to become the "world's greatest feminine tap-dancer."

Eleanor's first job was in "Follow Thru." She was so excited that she wired her old dancing teacher in Springfield to attend her Broadway debut. She bought him a seat in the first row, but did not know

## LUNCH WITH DIANA CHURCHILL!

**H**AS it always been your dream to meet a film star, to visit a film studio and see a picture in production? Our great new competition gives you a chance to fulfil that wish...to have lunch with Diana Churchill, star of "Housemaster," "Jane Steps Out" and "Yes, Madam," and to visit Elstree Studios in her company.

What you have to do is simple. In her film career, Diana has proved her versatility by appearing in every kind of film, from melodrama to musical comedy. She has had an amazing variety of leading men, a few of whom you can see with her on the opposite page.

Walter Mycroft, production chief of Associated British Pictures, has Diana under contract and is convinced that she can be built into an international star. He wants you to help him by writing on a postcard the name of a leading man working in British pictures who, you think, would team exceptionally well with Diana. Then state briefly what kind of film you would most like to see her in. You can, if you like, suggest a book or play.

The competition will be judged by Mr. Mycroft and the Editor of "FILM PICTORIAL," and the sender of what they consider the best suggestion will be invited to Elstree Studios to have lunch with Diana, and to see a film in production. Runners up will be awarded autographed pictures of the star.

Entries must be addressed to: "Diana Churchill," FILM PICTORIAL, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

All entries must be received by first post on Monday, March 13.

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

We reserve the right to publish the whole or any part of entries submitted to us.



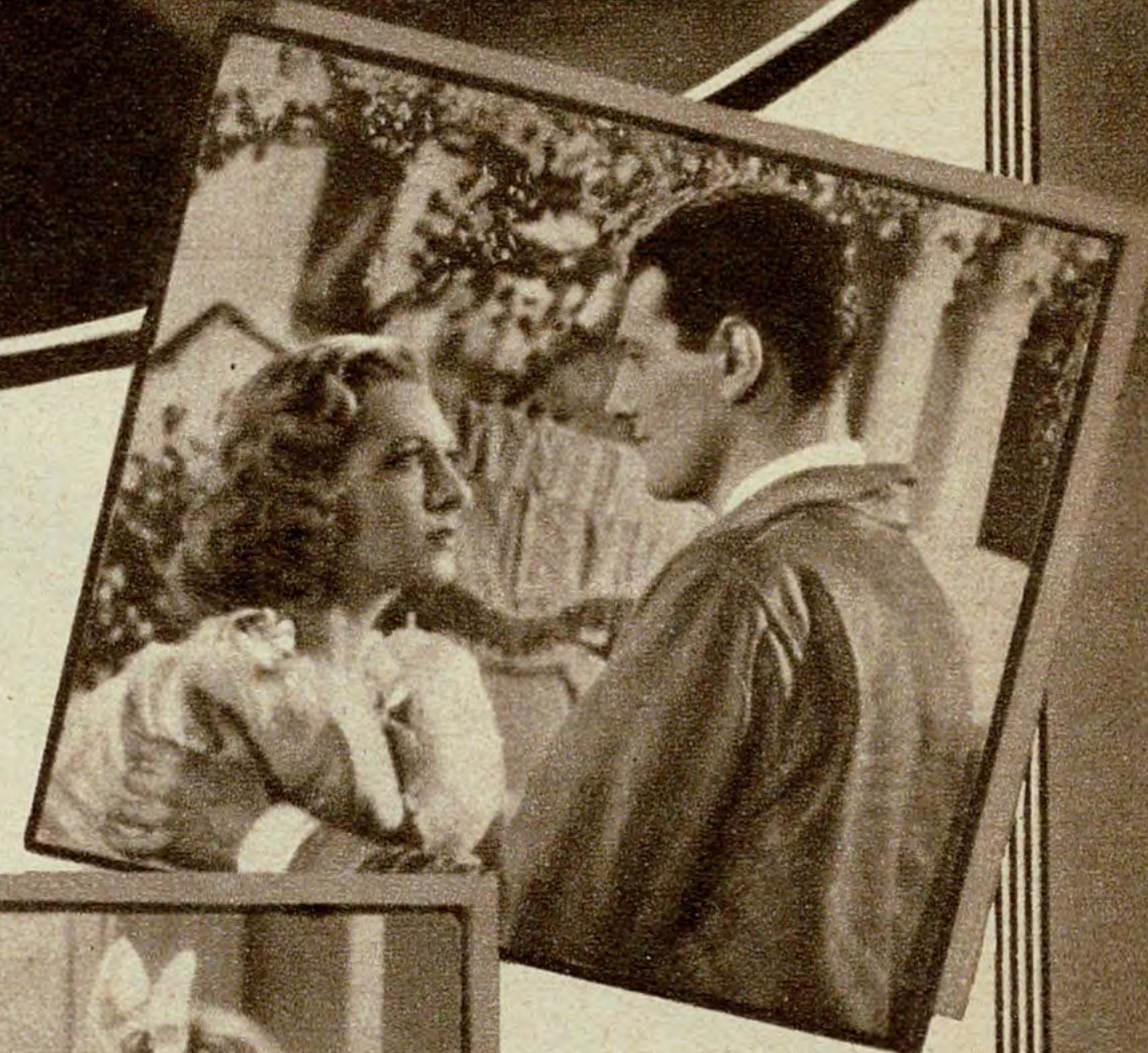
Above: With Phillips Holmes in "Housemaster."  
Right: With Ralph Lynn in "Foreign Affaires."



Right: With Henry Kendall and Romney Brent in "School for Husbands."

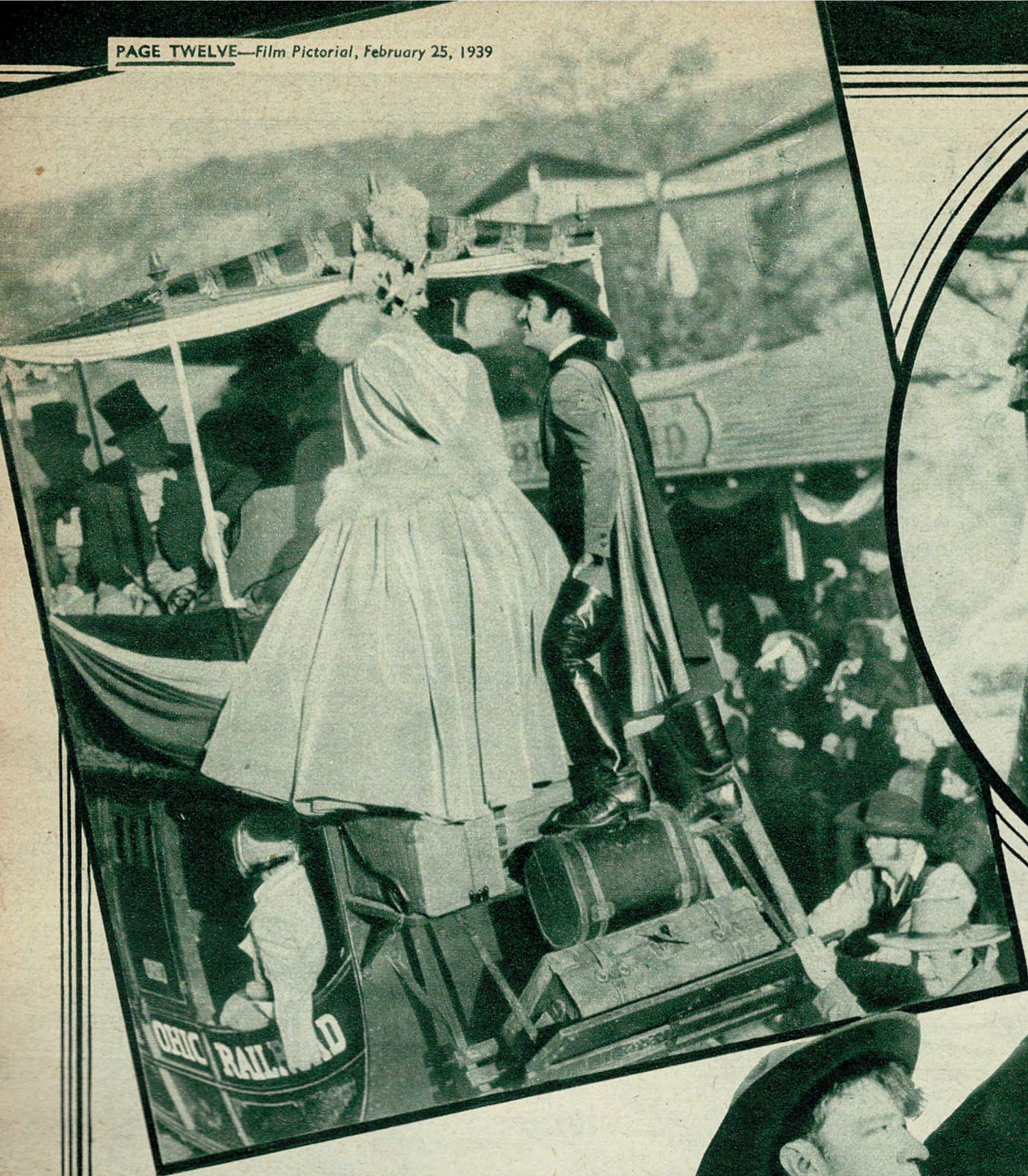


*DIANA CHURCHILL with a few of her screen leading men. See the opposite page for details of a great competition in which lunch with Diana is first prize.*



Above: Peter Murray Hill and Diana in "Jane Steps Out." Left: Her debut in musical comedy was with Bobby Howes in "Yes, Madam."





Above: Florence Rice and Robert Taylor as Susan Griffith and Blake Cantrell in "Stand Up and Fight." Taylor refused to wear a wig for the film, so grew his hair long for three months.



(Left): The first encounter between Captain Boss Starkey and Blake. Neither is used to opposition, and they have to use their fists before they can respect one another. Their two fights are among the most spectacular seen on the screen. Above: Blake warns Blake that he is asking for trouble—and the ensuing scene in the snow is funny as well as exciting.



Left: Taylor has a chance to show his skill with a gun in "Stand Up and Fight," his bag including several villains who are stealing slaves under the pretence of freeing them. Charles Bickford and Barton MacLane excel in these roles. Right: Starkey and Cantrell, rescued from death in the snow, are made firm friends by Cantrell's refusal to give evidence about Starkey's misdeeds in helping the slave-stealers.



# Battling BEERY SOCKS TAYLOR

*The Terror*

What will Bob Taylor suffer next for his art? In "Stand Up and Fight," his new film soon to be shown in London, he has the role of an unpleasant young man who has to have sense knocked into him by tough Wally Beery before he becomes a real Southern gentleman.

Set in the middle of last century, when there was fierce competition between the new railways and the old stage coaches, the story tells of Blake Cantrell, a Southern dandy, whose overwhelming pride isn't broken because he is bankrupt. He moves west in search of the kind of work a gentleman may undertake, gets into a gambling brawl, and is finally taken on as "convict labour" by Captain Boss Starkey, of the stage-coach line. A bitter feud springs up between Cantrell and Starkey, and is only wiped out by two blood-lettings. Starkey wins the first terrific scrap, Cantrell the second, and the men become firm friends when they save one another's lives in a terrible snowstorm.



Above: Helen Broderick, Florence Rice and Taylor in a scene from the film. Below: The first scrap between Starkey and Cantrell, with Cantrell willing, but unable, to "Stand Up and Fight."



John Milford Reviews the Week's Releases.

# EDDIE ROBINSON SMASHES THE GANGS

## \*\*I AM THE LAW

EDWARD G. ROBINSON.....John Lindsay  
 BARBARA O'NEIL.....Jerry Lindsay  
 JOHN BEAL.....Paul Ferguson  
 WENDY BARRIE.....Frankie Ballou  
 OTTO KRUGER.....Eugene Ferguson  
 ARTHUR LOFT.....Tom Ross  
 MARC LAWRENCE.....Eddie Girard  
 DOUGLAS WOOD.....Berry  
 ROBERT MIDDLEMAS.....Moss Kitchell  
 IVAN MILLER.....Inspector Gleason  
 CHARLES HALTON.....Leander  
 LOUIS JEAN HEYDT.....J. W. Butler  
 FAY HELM.....Mrs. Butler  
 Columbia (American). Director: Alexander Hall.  
 "A." Running time: 82 minutes.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON rids a city of the kind of roughneck he played so well in his *Little Caesar* days.

Here we see him as a middle-aged law professor who volunteers to clean the city in one year. But at every turn his efforts are blocked by vested interests, and even the small citizens refuse to co-operate in his campaign, for fear of the gangsters.

Although the story isn't very plausible, the makers have made a good job of it. The production has punch, and some of the scenes are unforgettable, such as the one when the professor challenges the gangsters to a stand-up fight.

Robinson himself gives a grand performance, and is ably supported by Otto Kruger and Wendy Barrie.

## \*\*IT'S IN THE AIR

GEORGE FORMBY.....George  
 POLLY WARD.....Peggy  
 GARRY MARSH.....Commanding Officer  
 JULIEN MITCHELL.....Sergeant-Major  
 JACK HOBBS.....Craig  
 C. DENIER WARREN.....Sir Philip  
 MICHAEL SHEPLEY.....Adjutant  
 HAL GORDON.....Nobby  
 ILENA SYLA.....Anne  
 FRANK LEIGHTON.....Bob Bullock  
 JOE CUNNINGHAM.....Sergeant of Guard  
 and SCRUFFY THE DOG  
 Basil Dean (British). Director: Anthony Kimmins.  
 "U." Running time: 86 minutes.

JOINING the R.A.F. by accident, George Formby involves himself in another series of

amazing adventures, and gives us his best film to date.

This time he thinks that his brother-in-law-to-be has forgotten to deliver an important dispatch and, fearing that he may be court-martialled, George gets into his uniform, borrows his motor-cycle, and delivers the message.

He gives it to Sir Philip, a pompous local magistrate. But at the house he meets the commanding officer of the local R.A.F. station, who asks him to drive him back to headquarters. And then George's adventures really begin, leading up to a terrific climax with George in a 'plane which he cannot control.

Great fun for everyone.

## \*STABLEMATES

WALLACE BEERY.....Tom Terry  
 MICKEY ROONEY.....Mickey  
 ARTHUR HOHL.....Mr. Gale  
 MARGARET HAMILTON.....Beulah Flanders  
 MINOR WATSON.....Barney Donovan  
 MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Shepherd  
 OSCAR O'SHEA.....Pete Whalen  
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (American). Director: Sam Woods.  
 "U." Running time: 88 minutes.

IF you've ever longed for the return of the famous tear-spinners of the Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper team of a few years ago, then make up your mind to enjoy yourself with *Stablemates*. Although we haven't got Jackie Cooper, we have Mickey Rooney, and the result is every bit as satisfying, providing, that is, you like to cry on your evening out.

Beery is Tom Terry, a drink-soaked lout of an ex-vet. who "fixes" horses for unscrupulous owners.

Mickey, a stable boy, is given an unwanted horse which has a growth in its foot. So he persuades Tom to operate.

But Tom is wanted by the police for an old offence, and shortly before the big race in which they have entered the horse, Mickey purposely picks a quarrel so as to keep Tom away from the

detectives at the race track. At the last moment they are reconciled and the horse wins the race. Tom is caught by the police and Mickey promises to wait for his release.

The trouble about this film is that it is much too similar in formula to the old Beery-Cooper pictures, so that I began to feel that Mickey, instead of being himself, was merely a good substitute for Jackie Cooper.

## \*THERE GOES MY HEART

FREDRIC MARCH.....Bill Spencer  
 VIRGINIA BRUCE.....Joan Butterfield  
 PATSY KELLY.....Peggy O'Brien  
 ALAN MOWBRAY.....Pennypepper E. Pennypepper  
 NANCY CARROLL.....Dorothy Moore  
 EUGENE PALLETTE.....Mr. Stevens (Editor)  
 CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Cyrus Butterfield  
 ARTHUR LAKE.....Flash Fisher  
 ETIENNE GIRARDOT.....Hinckley (Secretary)  
 ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Detective O'Brien  
 IRVING BACON.....Mr. Dobbs  
 IRVING PICHEL.....Mr. Gorman  
 SID SAYLOR.....Robinson  
 MARY FIELD.....Mrs. Crud  
 J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Officer  
 HARRY LANGDON.....Parson  
 Hal Roach (American). Director: Norman Z. McLeod.  
 "U." Running time: 85 minutes.

SOME uproarious scene-stealing by Patsy Kelly, Fredric March's always distinguished performance, and Virginia Bruce's beauty and obvious enjoyment of a role which takes her away from her usual rather dignified heroines, make this a jolly evening's entertainment.

Joan Butterfield is the richest girl in the world—and heartily sick of it. She commandeers her grandfather's yacht, sails it to America, and gets a job as sales-girl in the old man's store.

Reporter Bill Spencer has been sent by his editor to get a story about Joan. He tracks her down, but falls in love with her, and tears up the very cruel story he has written. His editor, not to be beaten, pieces it together and publishes it. So, for the moment, boy loses girl. Which, on this occasion, is fortunate, for it allows Harry Langdon to return to the screen in a very funny small role as the parson who finally reunites Joan and Bill.

The plot is the least important part of the film. Such funny sequences as the skating musical chairs contest, won by Virginia Bruce; Patsy Kelly's attempt to sell a reducing machine, or her glorious scene in a cafeteria, will make you laugh loud and long. If there are slow bits in between, you can't always have everything.

## \*BREAKING THE ICE

BOBBY BREEN.....Willy Martin  
 CHARLES RUGGLES.....Samuel Terwilliger  
 DOLORES COSTELLO.....Martha Martin  
 IRENE DARE.....Irene Dare  
 ROBERT BARRAT.....William Decker  
 DOROTHY PETERSON.....Anne Decker  
 JOHN KING.....Henry Johnson  
 BILLY GILBERT.....Mr. Small  
 CHARLIE MURRAY.....Janitor  
 MARGARET HAMILTON.....Mrs. Small  
 JONATHAN HALE.....Kane  
 SPENCER CHARTERS.....Farmer Smith  
 MAURICE CASS.....Mr. Jones  
 RKO Radio (American). Director: Edward F. Cline.  
 "U." Running time: 81 minutes.

THEY'VE given Sonja Henie a rival—five-years-old Irene Dare, the youngest figure-skater in the world!

Irene doesn't have much to do in *Breaking the Ice*; all the real work has been left to Bobby Breen and Charlie Ruggles. But Irene certainly does well with her screen debut, and I'm thinking that this isn't the last we'll be seeing of her.

Now for the film. Did you know that living only a few miles from the city of Philadelphia in America are descendants of early Dutch settlers who to this day observe the doctrines and habits of 18th-century Holland and dress in the manner of their pioneer ancestors?

The picturesque setting of one of these villages and the quaint customs are only some of the reasons why I think you will like this film, for the story is crisp and entertaining, and Bobby Breen's voice is particularly pleasant to listen to, especially when he has to sing such melodies as he does here.

Bobby appears as little Willy Martin, a Dutch boy who is wrongly accused of stealing his uncle's money. He persuades Samuel Terwilliger, an antique dealer, to convey him to Philadelphia so that he can earn sufficient money to take his mother to Indiana to marry a young widower. In Philadelphia he gets a job singing at a big skating rink, appearing with Irene Dare. He makes good, saves up enough



High in popularity among child stars is Bobby Breen, of the lovely voice. He stars in "Breaking the Ice," an enjoyable film released next week.

**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.

- \*\*I AM THE LAW
- \*\*IT'S IN THE AIR
- \*BREAKING THE ICE
- \*LASSIE FROM LANCASHIRE
- \*STABLEMATES
- \*THERE GOES MY HEART
- ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY
- GUILTY TRAIL
- MR. CHUMP
- PRISON BREAK
- THEY'RE OFF

money for his mother, and then, finally, exonerates himself by finding the supposedly stolen money. I think you'll like this.

**\*LASSIE FROM LANCASHIRE**

MARJORIE BROWNE.....*Jenny Tom*  
 HAL THOMPSON.....*Tom*  
 MARJORIE SANDFORD.....*Margie*  
 MARK DALY.....*Dad*  
 VERA LENNOX.....*Daisy*  
 ELSIE WAGSTAFFE.....*Aunt Hetty*  
 JOHNNIE SCHOLFIELD.....*Cyril*  
 JOE MOTT.....*Manager*  
 CARYLL and MUNDY.....*Guest Artists*  
*British National (British). Director: John Paddy Carstairs. "U." Running time: 82 minutes.*

**B**RIGHT human story with plenty of Lancastrian appeal. It's about Jenny Partridge, a Lancashire girl, who loses her job at the same time as her father. So they go to the Isle of Man and "dig" with a strict aunt, who stipulates that they must be in bed every night at nine o'clock.

But Jenny escapes through the window and meets a struggling young music composer, with whom she falls in love.

And, as in all stories of Lancashire lassies, it ends with Jenny "getting her man" and finally realizing her ambitions on the stage.

Marjorie Browne is an attractive newcomer and the director is our popular contributor to FILM PICTORIAL, John Paddy Carstairs.

**ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY**

AKIM TAMIROFF.....*Mike Balan*  
 LEIF ERIKSON.....*Johnny Simpkins*  
 FRANCES FARMER.....*Trina*  
 LYNNE OVERMAN.....*Oklahoma*  
 JOHN MILJAN.....*Lt.-Col. Stuart*  
 J. M. KERRIGAN.....*Sergeant Flynn*  
 VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF.....*Glinka*  
 GENIA NIKOLO.....*Marie Simpkins*  
 WADE CROSBY.....*George Rotz*  
 ROBERT GLECKLER.....*Warden*  
 NESTOR PAIVA.....*Leroyd*  
 ARCHIE TWITCHELL.....*Byrd*  
*Paramount (American). Director: Alfred E. Green. "A." Running time: 77 minutes.*

**A**VIGOROUS, well-made film about a son's devotion to his father.

Mike Balan is a Cossack and becomes the wealthy leader of a gang of cattle thieves. He is sent to prison, and his son, hoping to help his father escape, joins an army quartered near the jail.

But the army "gets into his son's blood," and the youth refuses to help in the escapade. His father does escape, however, and the son sets out in pursuit. The sensitive problem of whether or not the son should assist his father or pledge himself to the army principles, is neatly solved when the father falls to his death over a cliff.

Akim Tamiroff and Leif Erikson give particularly convincing performances.

**PRISON BREAK**

BARTON MACLANE.....*Joaquin Shannon*  
 GLENDA FARRELL.....*Jean Fenderson*  
 PAUL HURST.....*Soapy*  
 CONSTANCE MOORE.....*Maria*  
 WARD BOND.....*Red Kincaid*  
 EDWARD PAWLEY.....*Joe Fenderson*  
 EDMUND MACDONALD.....*Chris*  
 JOHN RUSSELL.....*Jackie*  
 FRANK DARIAN.....*Cappie*  
 VICTOR KILLIAN.....*Fenderson*  
*Universal (American). Director: Arthur Lubin. "A." Running time: 73 minutes.*

**Y**OU'VE seen this kind of thing done before . . . only better! Joaquin Shannon is a tough sea-captain who takes the rap for a crime he never did. He goes to prison, but, when let out on parole, fails to get work.

So he breaks his parole and takes a boat to South America. On board he meets the man who committed the crime for which he was wrongly accused, and, after a sturdy fight, is vindicated.

The director has maintained a sombre atmosphere throughout the film and shows up prison life with grim realism.

Barton MacLane turns in a really fine performance as the luckless sea captain, and is ably supported by Ward Bond.

**MR. CHUMP**

JOHNNIE DAVIS.....*Bill Small*  
 LOLA LANE.....*Jane Mason*  
 PENNY SINGLETON.....*Betty Martin*  
 DONALD BRIGGS.....*Jim Belden*  
 CHESTER CLUTE.....*Ed. Mason*  
 FRANK ORTH.....*Sheriff*  
 GRANVILLE BATES.....*Mr. Sprague*  
*Warner (American). Director: William Clemens "U." Running time: 69 minutes.*

**Q**UITE unbelievable, although you'll probably be amused with this story of a young idling trumpet player who refuses to work and builds up mental millions on sheets and sheets of paper with a new stock exchange system he has evolved.

**THEY'RE OFF**

RITZ BROTHERS.....*Themselves*  
 RICHARD ARLEN.....*Denny*  
 ETHEL MERMAN.....*Linda*  
 PHYLLIS BROOKS.....*Barbara Drake*  
 GEORGE BARBIER.....*Drake*  
 SIDNEY BLACKMER.....*Braddock*  
 WILL STANTON.....*Truck Driver*  
 RAFAEL STORM }  
 IVAN LEBEDEFF } .....*Russians*  
 GREGORY GAYE }  
 STANLEY FIELDS.....*Slippery Sol*  
 TINY ROEBUCK.....*Terrible Turk*  
 BEN WELDON.....*Promoter*  
 ED GARGAN.....*Detective*  
 PAT MCKEE.....*Referee*  
*Twentieth Century-Fox (American). Director: David Butler. "U." Running time: 69 minutes.*

**H**ERE is a "slight case of murder" of a Damon Runyon story. Occasionally—it's all according to how well you know your Runyon—you'll recognize a Runyonistic twist to the plot: but if you think you're going to laugh at typical Runyon



The Ritz Brothers are on the warpath in "They're Off." And anyone who doesn't want a good laugh had better stay away from this one.

humour, then your best plan is to stay at home and read some of his short stories.

A society debutante is more in love with her racehorse, Playboy, than with her fiance. So the fiance, fed up with her preference for his four-footed rival, makes a proposition . . . if Playboy fails to qualify for the "big race," then she marries him immediately and allows him to give the animal to whom he pleases. But the horse does not qualify, and the fiance merrily goes ahead with the bargain and presents Playboy to three crazy cowboys, the Ritz Brothers. They train it for steeplechasing, instead of for straight horse-racing, and unwittingly find the animal its proper niche on the turf, for it romps home the winner of an important race.

**GUILTY TRAIL**

BOB BAKER.....*Bob*  
 MARJORIE REYNOLDS.....*Jackie*  
 HAL TALIAFERRO.....*Sundown*  
 GEORGIA O'DELL.....*Martha*  
 JACK ROCKWELL.....*Brad*  
 CARLETON YOUNG.....*Steve*  
 FORREST TAYLOR.....*Dan*  
*Universal (American). Director: George Waggener. "U." Running time: 57 minutes.*

**A**BETTER-THAN-USUAL "western" with some unusually good musical interludes.

Story is of sheriff who resigns his office when he is wrongfully suspected of killing his best friend. The real killer is a banker who is trying to gain possession of a girl's ranch-owning interests, so the ex-sheriff dedicates himself to the task of bringing the murderer to justice.



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NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets and if you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/3 a box.



## "I WOULDN'T HAVE THE CHEEK TO PLAY A PRIEST,"

SPENCER Tracy's life settled again into routine, more opulent now and less hurried, less nervous. Spencer worked hard, unsatisfied with his progress but soothed by the steadily increasing salary cheques. He played polo on Sundays, gave an occasional quiet dinner party, and read a lot.

And then Spencer Tracy—he of the steadfast Celtic attitude, he of the common viewpoint—went stark, raving crazy.

I confess the difficulty of recounting the year that followed in his life with any sort of clarity or understanding. When you have heard the story from his own lips then the task of setting it down in prosaic type on prosaic paper seems an uncongenial one.

I don't think Tracy has ever re-lived that period in words so genuine, so unashamed, so heart-breaking, to another listener. And I know he won't again, because it's a part of the past which he has ruthlessly discarded from his conscious memory.

But I came away with his permission to write this part of his life so long as I deleted a name or two.

There's no accounting for the accident to brain and personality that occurs sometimes to a man.

He was in love, or thought he was, with one of the most beautiful actresses in Hollywood.

He didn't know what to do about it, at first. Naturally the emotion was one to be fought, he told himself; he must be nuts to look at another woman when he still had his wife and kids. The deep, intimate affection—the genuine love—he had always felt for his wife was still there, of course.

But this new thing was on a different plane, coming from a portion of his psychology that he had never known existed. Probably the reason was that it was forbidden, and therefore incredibly glamorous.

Nothing would have happened, though; the whole thing would have been a secret impulse in his own mind, soon forgotten, if he hadn't discovered that the beautiful young actress was in love with him, too.

"And that clinched it," Spencer told me. "The idea that such a gorgeous person—so sophisticated, so capable of having any man in the world she wanted—should prefer me. It was just too much."

### Spencer Joins The "Smart Set"

SO he left the lazy valley ranch and rented a suite at an expensive, smart hotel, bought a long sleek car and hired a chauffeur to drive him ("I'd always been able to drive myself before," Spencer told me ruefully); he bought dinner jackets and studs and top hats and tails and white ties.

He had a small bar installed in his living room and stocked it to the limit. People, friends of the actress, invited him to parties and he invited them to the hotel—increasingly often—in return.

The head waiters of every night club in town let out a glad cry and opened preparatory cash registers at his coming.

"You see, I'd never known anything of this sort," he explained. "My life had been so completely

Said Spencer Tracy, thinking of parts of his own life of which he was bitterly ashamed. But he did play a priest in *San Francisco*, as witness the picture of him with Clark Gable, taken during the making of that film. HOWARD SHARPE concludes his life story of Tracy this week.

different, so distant from this kind of thing. And to be suddenly the centre of a group that was brilliant and rich and worldly was fascinating to me. The women were gay and beautiful always—they wore furs and jewels and 'creations' in the evening. We dressed for dinner. I'd never done that. We had cocktails in the afternoon, and champagne with food, and liqueurs afterward, and highballs in the evenings.

### A Superficial World

AND—they laughed so much, these people. Everything was funny. There was a superficial sort of gaiety, like a haze, over everything they did. I forgot all the precepts upon which I had built my life, accepted all the attitudes and philosophies that I'd despised for so many years."

If you read the preceding stories in this life history of Spencer Tracy, you will be able to retrace in your mind the months and years during which he had followed the solid respectable programme of the average American citizen.

If you had asked Spencer at any time during those years if he thought there would be any change in the succeeding pages of his biography, he would have said, "no."

He had no resistance against this lovesickness which caught him finally, you see. Perhaps it would have been better if, during his Broadway experience, he had infected himself with a little of the glamorous pleasure it offered—and considered the experiment as a sort of vaccination. If he had drowned himself in a few magnums of champagne, instead of limiting himself to an occasional glass of beer with Pat O'Brien or some other crony, champagne would have meant less to him when at last he did discover it.

Things might have turned out differently, too, if he had not met, at the very beginning of his search for a wife, a girl who was lovely and honest and loyal and intelligent.

"If" and "perhaps" notwithstanding, for a whole year Spencer showed Hollywood how to have a good time, how to live. The publicity was horrible but he was past caring.

Don't deceive yourself that he was happy after the first month or two. He was too honest with himself, too inherently introspective not to realize how generally false were the things for which he had traded his home and his family. Eventually the only thing that could make him reconcile the exchange in his own mind, was a full bottle of whisky.

Then, of course, his work began to suffer irreparably. Often, when he felt too miserable, he just didn't go to the studio at all. And once, during a period of retakes, a picture was held up for 10 days while frantic officials searched everywhere for him.

He met Louise, his wife, one afternoon a few months after he had left her. Unhappily, they faced one another.

She put out her hand, hesitantly. "Why don't you come home?" she asked him with a tenderness that wrenched at his heart.

"I can't, Louise."

Her eyes, disappointed, were still soft. "But you will—sometime. You'll always be welcome, Spencer." She paused—"In the meantime, why don't you come out once a week and have dinner with the children? They miss you."

"I'd like to do that," he told her gratefully.

She was clever, Louise; she knew her husband too well to accept his madness as anything but momentary. She loved him too much to give him up without a bitter struggle. And she knew that in the midst of this tragic darkness one thing represented a flicker of comprehensible light to Spencer; his children.

He telephoned early one morning and told the housekeeper that he wouldn't be able to come that evening for his usual dinner with the kids—but his morning was free, and if she'd set another plate he'd drive out for breakfast.

### The Greatness of Mrs. Tracy

AT breakfast (the table was laid on a terrace beneath umbrellas) he let the children do most of the talking. Little John said finally: "Louise and mother are going on a picnic to-morrow."

"That's fine," Spencer said absently. "You going with them?"

"No. I told mother maybe you'd take me somewhere with you. Maybe we could go out on a boat and fish, I told her."

Spencer shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't do that. I'll be busy all day to-morrow."

There was a short, hurt silence. "Well," Johnny said, "I wish we could sometime. Mother takes us out a lot, of course—but it isn't the same—" The small brow wrinkled. "Louise is all right. A little girl should be with her mother. But I think—a boy should be with his father, don't you?"

Back in his hotel Spencer sat on the edge of the bed and held his head in his hands. Turbulent with the conflict of thought and emotion, he faced himself completely, honestly, then, for the first time in that mad year.

That evening, his face worn, his mouth decisive, he came into the living-room of the valley house and stood silently before Louise. She searched the tired eyes for an endless instant; then smiled with relief and pity.

"I'll order some coffee," she said, reaching for the bell. Then she laughed, a small, amused chuckle. "I won't have to do anything to your room. It's been ready for a week."

"She has never," Spencer told me wondering, "mentioned the affair from that day to this. Not even by so much as a suggestion or gesture. When I walked into the house that night a door closed over the year that had just passed. Neither of us will ever open it again."

Eventually MGM decided to make *San Francisco* and began hunting for a man to play Father Tim, the virile priest. Shrewd Director W. S. Van Dyke, knowing Spencer's story, decided he was the only actor on the lot who could create the role.

"Listen!" Tracy shouted when Van Dyke came to him, "I'm a Roman Catholic and you know the thing that happened not long ago. I wouldn't have the cheek to play a priest."

"I'll make you eat those words," said Van Dyke caustically.

And you who saw that magnificent picture know the result. In itself *San Francisco* made of Spencer one of the biggest stars in the industry.

"You know I've got a boat that I'm learning to sail," Spencer told me. "Well, yesterday afternoon the water was pretty rough in the channel. I thought for a while with all those currents and the cross-winds that I wasn't going to get the ketch in, after all. It was a terrific struggle but I did it finally. It made me a couple of hours late, and when I got home I told Louise about it."

"She looked at me, smiling, for a minute, and then she said, 'You made it, didn't you?'"

"I thought she meant the boat. 'Sure!' I said. 'It wasn't as bad as all that—' And then I knew what she meant."

"Yeah," I told her, "we both made it."

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# NORMA SHEARER

## Sets a fashion

—and it's one that is practical as well as pretty, says PETA

ACCESSORIES count—and how pleased we should all be that fashion is so kind to our pockets! For last year's dress—provided it is plain—becomes this year's "model" when bright, gay accessories are worn with it.

Norma Shearer began it by being seen around Hollywood in a plain black crêpe gown without a vestige of trimming about it, but with the loveliest, "chunkiest" necklace and bracelet you ever saw!

This looked so smart, and was such a change from elaborate evening and dinner dresses, that all Hollywood began copying Norma—and when, for a scene in "Idiot's Delight," Adrian, the famous stylist (now married to Janet Gaynor, by the way) designed a simple dinner gown around a heavy gold link necklace for her, the mode for accessories was a certainty.


Hedy Lamarr took it up, with a plain purple velvet gown that owed all its importance to the gold and rhinestone studded belt worn with it.

Then Hedy had a white crêpe dress made specially to wear with a pair of twelve-button, slip-on gloves of a glorious prune-coloured velvet.

And another gown, one Jeanette MacDonald wears in "Sweethearts," is of plain ice-blue crêpe—made specially for a lovely pair of jewelled evening slippers. To show off these slippers the gown is kept as simple and severe as possible.

Lavish accessories are, by the way, not for evening wear alone. A plain black office frock looks trim and "right" when a red patent leather belt and bow are worn—and is transformed into an elegant gown for a dinner "date" by means of exchanging the patent leather belt for one of rhinestones, a matching clip brightening the neckline. Again, the same black dress, if it has short sleeves, becomes a third outfit if brilliantly hued gloves, elbow length, are worn, with a matching turban.

Accessories are, too, less expensive than a new dress!



A beautiful portrait of Norma Shearer in a plain black dress of crêpe brought up to the last word in smartness by means of an ornate necklace and bracelet. "Chunky" emerald green stones and heavy silver chains make this up-to-the-minute jewellery.

## YOU'LL BE SMARTER if you follow these simple rules

THERE are five "don'ts"—emphatic ones—for the girl who wants to be really well-dressed on a modest income.


1. Do not invite a girl friend along on a shopping tour. Instead, depend on your own judgment to choose the right thing. This is one of the most ordinary feminine errors—to invite a friend along and allow your judgment to waver when she makes suggestions, till you're "not sure," and usually end by buying the wrong thing for your own particular personality!

2. Never try to out-dress either your best friend or your worst enemy. Such competition is fatal to true smartness. A friend has a fox fur. You feel you must have a double fox . . . and the pitfall of over-dressing is very easily fallen into!

3. If your clothes budget is a limited one, ignore fashion fads. For they are out-dated in three months, and if there is insufficient money to buy something fresh, the unhappy fate of wearing something that dates horribly is yours. Plain, sensible clothes and clever accessories are the wise choice for the limited income.

4. Don't dash out and buy a dress for one special occasion. Work out, first of all, what other events it will be appropriate for—and thus avoid a "once worn" outfit in your wardrobe.

5. Do not adopt a style just because it is fashionable at the moment. If the fashion suits you, well and good; if it does not, then it is better to wear last year's dress which does!



"I will not take my girl friend with me when I go shopping for clothes" is a rule to follow (Posed by Florence George and Betty Grable).

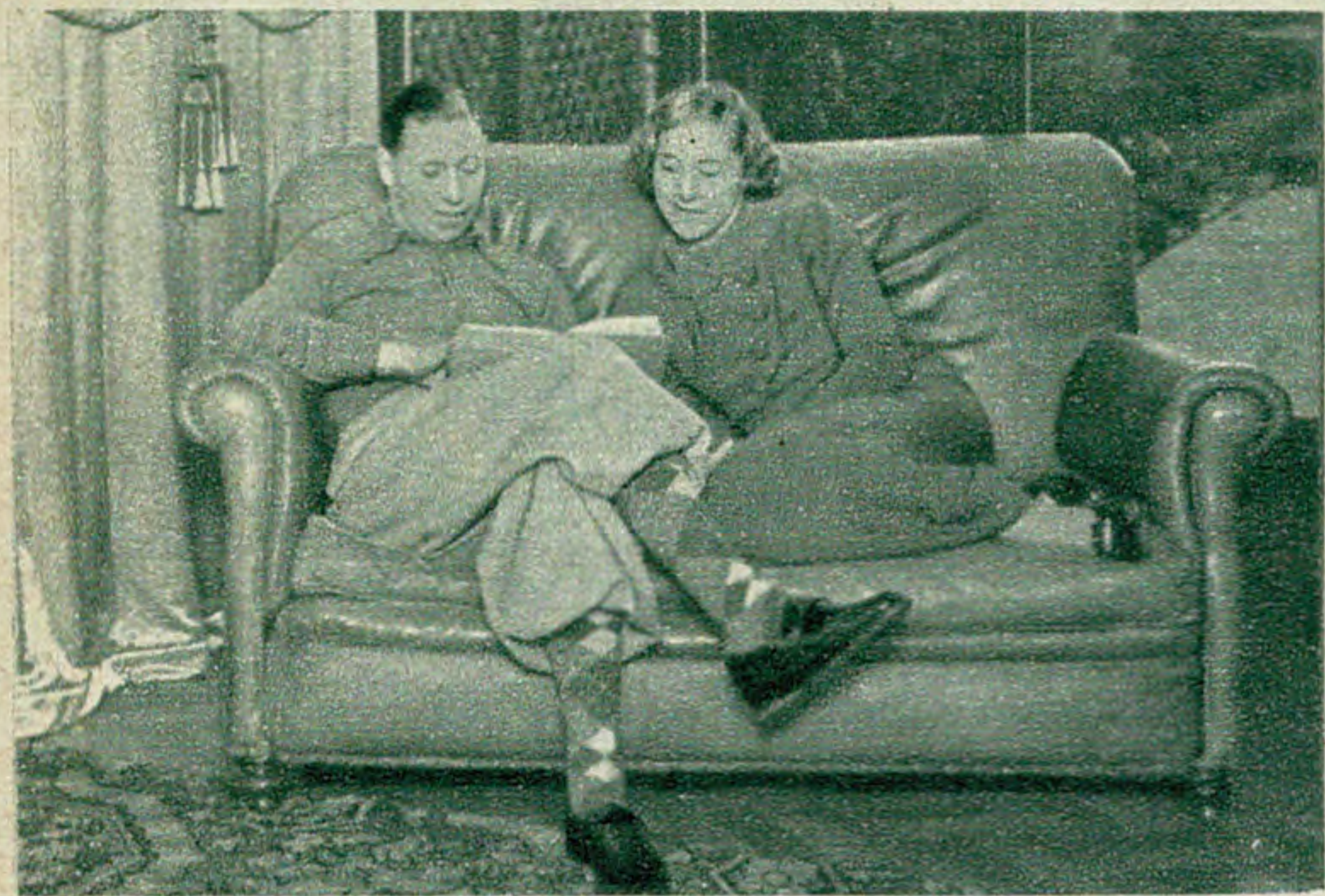
# GEORGE FORMBY'S LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 9)

a string of uncles, great-uncles and cousins who had been either jockeys or horsemen, and one uncle had been head postilion to King Humbert of Italy.

So little George, feeling very unhappy and nervous, was sent off to a stable near Devizes to learn how to be a jockey. He stayed only 10 weeks, however, and then went to a trainer at Middleham for a year.

It was a healthy but hard life for a child of seven. Early every morning he was out in the stables, learning how to tend the horses. After a hasty breakfast, he had his first riding lessons. Mounted



George and Beryl at their Lancashire home.

on some massive thoroughbred, he was taught how to sit astride a horse, how to canter, how to jump hurdles, and the hundred other tricks which the experienced jockey learns.

## His First Close Race

When he was nine years old he was apprenticed to an Epsom trainer, and within three months rode his first race on the English turf. But let George tell the story:—

"My father had bought a filly named Eliza, and was anxious that I should ride her at the earliest possible moment. He came down to Epsom to see me one Sunday, and I was down with mumps and could not leave my bed.

"I still had not fully recovered when the day of the race came, but that was only a minor point. I went to Lingfield Park with my face swollen like a balloon, and feeling so rotten that I had no time to feel nervous.

"It was also Eliza's first race, and she felt as nervous as I did. She disliked the look of the starting-gate, rearing up when two other horses began to scrap, and getting another fright when the tapes went up.

"The others had gone about 10 lengths before we started, but then Eliza got the idea of what we expected of her. She began to gallop, and for a moment I thought she was going to bolt with me."

George halted in his story, and his eyes twinkled. "I know what you are expecting. But this is true and not a film story. We did not win the race. When we got up to the others, Eliza began her old tricks and we swerved about the course. Still, we finished fairly near to the leaders."

## Beating Steve Donoghue

GEORGE Formby senior was very proud of his son's progress and was determined that nothing should happen to impede his development. So he bought five more horses, and sent them to a trainer named Johnny Burns. As it was war-time and racing had been stopped in England, Burns had moved his stables across to Ireland. And there went the five horses and the young jockey, with express instructions from his father that he was to "hurry up and win a race, lad."

Dutifully his son did his best to settle down. He was nicknamed "Cloggy", because he came from the same county as the clogs, and he made friends with several lads who were later to become famous English jockeys. He also had the satisfaction of riding in a race in which the well-known Steve Donoghue was riding the favourite and of scrambling into second place about a head in front of Britain's premier jockey!

∴ Next week, you must read how George ran away from the stables, was sent back, ran away again, and was saved from a terrible sea disaster.

# SHE'S A SINGING SECRETARY

HOW would you like to sing your way from a £3-a-week secretarial job to a Broadway engagement at £750 weekly, and from there to a still higher salary in Hollywood? Did you say it can't be done? Ah—but it can. Ethel Merman, whom you can see next week with the Ritz Brothers in *They're Off*, is living proof.

It may have been the environment in which she was born that had something to do with it, for she was born in Astoria, Long Island, New York, one of the early centres of motion picture production. During her early school days, Ethel used to watch the movie stars at work through the fence.

Her liking for singing in public was manifested at a very early age, for during the war, when she was quite a youngster, she used to sing for the soldiers at the Army camps. After she finished school, however, she went directly into a secretarial job for Caleb Bragg. He was a New York millionaire sportsman. She took the job because she considered it a stepping-stone—a means of making contacts with people in the show world. In fact, she got Bragg to give her a letter of introduction to the famous George White, typing the letter herself. White, however, offered her a job as a show girl, and Ethel wanted a chance to sing.

## Sang After Office Hours

"My first opportunity came when the owner of the Little Russia Restaurant allowed me to sing for his patrons in the evenings after my office hours," she told me. "For quite a while I kept filling the two jobs."

Her singing soon caught on, and Ethel was able to leave her typewriter and devote her entire time to the stage. She then went on a tour of vaudeville houses.

The next step in Ethel's career led right home, for, behind the fences through which she used to peek as a child, she made a series of short subjects in the Astoria film studios for Paramount.

Then came appearances in various theatres, and overnight fame came to her when she intro-

KAY LAWRENCE tells you about dynamic Ethel Merman, who was a typist before her voice brought her fame.



duced "I Got Rhythm" and "Eadie Was A Lady." No one could put those songs over as could Ethel. The big Broadway theatres were then open to her and so much was she in demand that she once held down five simultaneous jobs: in the "Scandals," doubling in a night club after the show; making movie shorts; afternoon personal appearances; and broadcasting!

"I love being busy all the time," said Ethel, who is always lively and vivacious.

Ethel has no hobbies, being too busy to give time to anything but walking and sun-bathing.

Although her film contract is a long term one with yearly options, she lives with her mother in a Hollywood hotel and maintains her regular home in New York, where she and her mother and dad live when she is not making pictures. As for falling in love—Ethel says: "I probably will some day, but honestly, nowadays, I've been so busy I just haven't had time!"

Even though her secretarial past is far behind her, she still answers all her own correspondence on the typewriter.

Just to show that it comes in handy for a girl to have this experience—recently, on the Twentieth-Century-Fox set, the big boss, Darryl Zanuck, gave Ethel some instructions, things to be remembered about her role. Later he asked if she remembered them.

"Of course I do," said Ethel, smiling. "Why shouldn't I? I took your instructions down, word for word, in shorthand!"



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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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# CLOCK IS NOW READY

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Your clock is waiting. This week's token F.P.6 appears and readers (also their friends) who started collecting tokens from No. 1 will be able to complete their Gift Vouchers which, together with cash remittance, should be sent in immediately. You and your friend must each collect six consecutive tokens in all. Do not delay. All Clocks will be sent out in strict rotation, and if you want yours quickly you must apply AT ONCE

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Broadway, London, E.C.4.

**IMPORTANT** Do not forget that your friend's Gift Voucher and remittance must be enclosed with your Gift Voucher.

## AMERICA IS TOUGH ON BRITISH FILMS

Several months ago we published in Screen Parliament a letter from Willis Werner, an American reader from San Diego, California, who said how very much he liked British films. Hundreds of "Film Pictorial" readers wrote to him, so now he tells in this frank article just HOW America treats our productions . . . and a few other things as well.



AMERICA is a long way off—but it's not too far away for the imaginations of FILM PICTORIAL readers!

I'm writing this in San Diego, California, which is about as far from England as one can get in America. Nevertheless, my desk is piled high with letters from FILM PICTORIAL readers who want to know all about films in America—British films in particular.

Frankly I don't know just what we are going to do about British films. They simply haven't got a foothold over here since talkies came along. It isn't for lack of films with merit—the question is: What happens to the films after they arrive here?

A first-class British film does not advance the prestige of British films a bit, for the simple reason that British pictures with box-office appeal are usually picked up by some American distributing company and released under their trade mark.

England will get no help from the finest film to come from overseas this year, *The Citadel*, because it bears the familiar MGM trade mark and the only clue to its origin is a small mention in the lower corner of the credit titles. The fans here have been told so often that Hollywood can duplicate any part of the world that few will stop to realize that this film was actually made in Britain.

*Victoria The Great* was released as an RKO-Radio picture and even the famous *Tell Me To-night*, with Jan Kiepura, which is still popular after all these years, begins "Carl Laemmle has the honour to present a Universal Picture. . . ." I've seen this film 12 times and not once have I seen any clue whatever to its British origin.

### Hiding the British Trade Mark

UNITED ARTISTS release London Film Productions, but I know personally of instances where the cinema managers have cut out the London Films credit-title just so that their audiences would not know they were seeing a British film—for fear they would walk out!

It's the second-rate British film which comes along undisguised that gives America the idea that British films are bad.

Readers of FILM PICTORIAL can help their films through correspondence with film fans in America. If their interest and curiosity is aroused through contact with filmgoers in Britain, they will begin to look for British films so that they may see what Englishmen look and sound like.

But please don't all write to me! I tried making this suggestion once before (that's where the stack of letters I mentioned came from) and half the British Isles responded. I meant write to a lot of Americans, not just one!

Here, for instance, is something we want to know about British films: Why do most of them deal with every country on earth except Britain?

We've never been any closer to England than Yuma, Arizona, but we have heard of the wondrous voices of Wales. Surely they would provide inspiration for a musical. England should try that instead of attempting to copy Hollywood musicals. Some of the worst films I have ever seen are London copies of our musicals, which are poor enough anyway.

And something should be done about British



Jack Hulbert has never been forgotten for his fine work in "Sunshine Susie," the early British talkie, says the writer of this article. Here is Jack with the late Renate Muller in a scene from the film.

films which are half American, made with an eye to the U.S. market. They aren't the answer to the problem.

Surely there must be film possibilities in British railways. *The Last Journey*, with Godfrey Tearle, was splendid, but that was a long time ago. We'd like to see a story of Bristol in the days of the Cabots, and why not a drama of the great shipyards?

And now for your comedians.

One of the first British comedians to make an impression over here was Jack Hulbert, and we have never forgotten the first time we saw him in that delightful film, *The Office Girl*. No, you don't remember that because in England it was called *Sunshine Susie*.

### Will Hay In A Slum

HOW we laughed at Will Hay, bless 'im! Only one of his films has ever been shown in this city and that was *Where There's a Will*. A riot if there ever was one—but few Americans knew it. It had two bookings, one in a house patronized by Negroes, another in the slum district! And it wasn't booked because of Will Hay but because it was available at a low rental.

Another time we discovered an hilarious fun-maker called Stanley Lupino. He appeared in *You Made Me Love You*. That was four years ago.

We're never sure if we have the name right, but Cicely Courtneidge has amused us ever since we first saw her in a film sometimes billed as *Along Came Sally*, others as *Aunt Sally*.

There was a campaign on at the time to introduce her to America with the slogan "Just call me Cicely," but it never really got under way. We saw her again only the other day in *Everybody Dance*.

### Americans Love Gracie

IF you really want to hear Americans laugh, you should drop in at any cinema where they're showing *We're Going to be Rich*. America is going to adopt your Gracie Fields and we fervently hope she won't let them Americanize her. We want more "Ee, by gooms" first. Too many swell performers have been imported only to go American and lose their charm, for us at least.

Felix Aylmer's priceless performance in *The Squeaker* (over here called *Murder on Diamond Row*) kept us chuckling for weeks afterwards.

Once we saw Max Miller, the high-speed Cockney comic, and how we'd like to see him again. Incidentally, we have a famous author here named Max Miller (he wrote *I Cover the Waterfront*) and sometimes clipping bureaus get mixed up and send him notices about Max Miller the comedian!

Then there's Will Fyffe . . . and so many others. Yes, Americans think the British have no sense of humour, but they certainly know how to make us laugh!



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FREE.—All readers are invited to write to M.M. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy of instructive booklet entitled "Nature's Warnings."

**FRIENDSHIP with the STARS**

**It's a Newsy Week for the Friendship Clubs!**

**T**HIS is a newsy week for the Friendship Clubs.

The All-British Film Club has been entirely reorganized, and Fred Horton of 72 Asylum Road, Peckham, London, S.E.15, has now succeeded Fred Morrey as secretary.



Gordon Harker went along to the afternoon party organized by the Federated British Film and Stage Club in honour of Rene Ray.

I hear that honorary members of the All Star Club of England and America include such popular stars as Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., Wallace Beery, Fredric March, Loretta Young, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper.

When the late Jean Harlow was invited to join this club she displayed a kindly interest for her film friends and accepted the invitation by trans-Atlantic telephone.

Physical culture classes for senior members of this club are held every Friday, and for the young members, who join this organization in honour of Jane Withers, Binkie Stuart and Shirley Temple, dancing classes are arranged every Saturday. President Jeanette Morrod of 111 Highgate Road, London, N.W.5, will be pleased to hear from any of you who may be interested in the club's activities.

The John Boles Musical Dramatic Club will soon be celebrating its sixth birthday. During the winter this club organizes theatre and cinema parties and in the summer, river trips, picnics and supper parties. You should address all inquiries to Miss Margaret Fairs, 22 Temple Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

For the younger members of the Federated British Film and Stage Club, the secretary, Miss Kathleen Costello, recently arranged a very pleasant gathering in honour of Rene Ray, who thoroughly enjoyed herself with club members for several hours between the matinee and evening performances of her new play, *They Walk Alone*.

Another celebrity who dropped in to pass the time of day was Gordon Harker who looked in on his way to the Aldwych Theatre where he is appearing in *Number Six*.

During Roy Fox's long convalescence abroad, The Roy Fox Club, under the leadership of Mr. Wemyss Craige of 51 Commercial Street, Leith, Edinburgh, 6, continues to make steady progress. In the latest issue of the club magazine a novel contest is announced which, it is hoped, will greatly benefit the club's charity, The Royal Infant Orphanage at Wanstead. Al and Bob Harvey are awarding cash prizes of £3 10s., £1 10s., and 10s. for the best "holiday" article written by the members of the club and to any readers of this column. The entrance fee is 6d. If you want more news of this contest write to Miss Audrey M. Godden, 6 Kirklees Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Eileen Scarborough of "Kirkmaiden," 32 East Walk, East Barnet, tells me that she has just received permission from Valerie Hobson to organize the Valerie Hobson Friendship Club.

Dorothy Bamford of 1 Eastwood Road, Hunter's Bar, Sheffield, 11, has just formed the Jessie Matthews Friendship Club, and on the suggestion of the star, all surplus funds of the club will be devoted to the "Doll Show Fund" to provide poor children with dolls and toys. Jessie is personally interested in this.

By the way, all readers interested in popularizing Western films had better note that Mr. Rupert Baron of "Brown Eaves," Victoria Road, Weybridge, Surrey, has succeeded Ernest Hignett as secretary of the Westerners Club.

MOLLIE MONCRIEFF HART.

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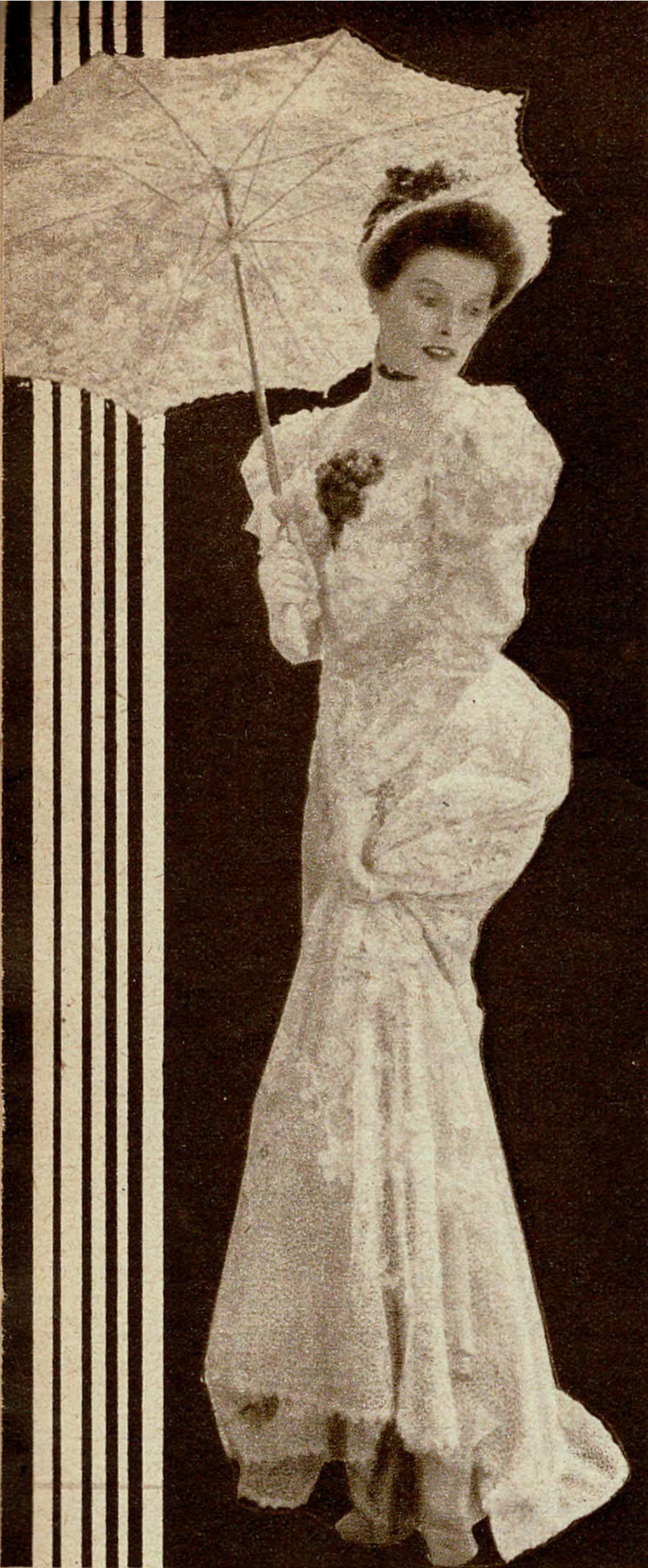
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# THE SCREEN PARLIAMENT - - - WRITE TO POOR ROLES HAVE TAUGHT



Costume roles, says a reader, taught Katharine Hepburn poise and cured her of that stridency so noticeable in her early pictures. Such roles as that she had in "A Woman Rebels" helped to mould the great actress of to-day.

## Tyrone Not Miscast

SIR,—I do not agree with Mrs. Gibbs, who wrote in your issue of January 20. She says that Tyrone Power is miscast in historical roles. But did she see *Marie Antoinette*? I, too, am not a Tyrone Power fan, but I think he was the only man to play the part of Fersen. No one else would have been able to play it so beautifully.

It is not only that he looks so much like the real Fersen (you've only to compare the pictures of Fersen with those of Power in *Marie Antoinette*), but also his performance of the earnest, deeply-loving Fersen was unforgettable.

I do not say that he was the right man in all his historical films (think of *Suez*, for instance) and that he won't give a good performance in a modern film, but I think his performance as Fersen was his best one so far, and we ought to admit that at least.—Else Heintz, Verhulststraat, Den Haag, Holland.

## ....THIS WEEK'S GUINEA LETTER.....

Sir,—Many filmgoers have deplored the fact that Katharine Hepburn wasted her modern individuality by playing in so many period and Barriresque pictures.

But I believe that without the experience she gained in these types of film she would never have become the really great actress of "Free to Live."

During that period of poor roles, she learned to look attractive instead of just unusual. Raucousness did not blend with fantasy, and her voice lost its metallic quality, and became pleasant to listen to. Angularity of movement, dispelled by crinolines and fans, became the perfection of mime. Stridency changed to subtlety. And, above all, she became feminine and human.

There is a gentleness and depth about her now—a calm radiance which she never could have acquired had she concentrated solely on the modernity which first skyrocketed her to fame.—Hepburn Fan, London.

## What Makes You Laugh?

SIR,—I do not expect any film critic to answer the question "What Constitutes Humour?" because of the variety of opinions which such a query must evoke. But I want to emphasize the fact that film audiences change with the passing years in their appreciation of comedy and what is the young filmgoer's choice is often anathema to older patrons.

What I enjoy most of all is the quiet satirical kind of humour akin to that in *The Sport of Kings*.

I consider that the producers of "Tom Sawyer" have let slip the finest opportunity ever made for a genuine portrayal of humour by not presenting the fence episode to the full, wherein a precocious youngster so plays upon human nature that he is able to keep several of his pals busy on a job he has to do, and during fair-time at that and also to persuade them to pay in kind for the privilege.

I still believe that although slapstick comedy has its appeal to youth, the vast majority of older film patrons prefer chuckles to laughs, and thoroughly enjoy any picture, or part of a picture, which makes a smile break over the face like the "breaking of a summer's dawn over a sleeping world."—William Newall, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

## Dual Roles That Worry Filmgoers

SIR,—Although I think that Elisabeth Bergner's portrayal of the twin sisters in her new film *Stolen Life* is a really fine piece of work, so far as the acting goes,

We would like to make it clear that the views expressed in 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 or not 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.)

I do not think that this kind of performance is really satisfactory from the audience's point of view, no matter how satisfying it may have been to Miss Bergner herself.

Throughout the showing of *Stolen Life* I was on tenterhooks trying to see how the camera work was managed, and I have felt the same way about other films where players have essayed dual roles.

Was a double used in this scene where the star does not face the camera? Or was another scene filmed twice with the star playing each role in turn? And if so, how did they get everything to "match up" so perfectly?

So that no matter how cleverly the performer plays each role, the film never quite convinces me, in the sense of causing me to forget that it is a film, because all the time I am watching for camera tricks.—Mary Gerrard, Hendon.

## Out Of Their Depth

SIR,—There is much continual miscasting going on nowadays in films, and here are my own impressions:—

1. Myrna Loy in *Test Pilot*. Surely we were not meant to believe that she was a sweet, innocent young country girl? The Loy glamour and slanted eyes just didn't suit the part.

2. Tyrone Power in *Suez*. Now, Power is a carefree, youthful, romantic type. What, then, was he doing playing the role of a serious-minded, great man of historical fame?

3. Rosalind Russell in *The Citadel*. This was quite tragic. Even if I closed my eyes, Miss Russell just couldn't make me believe that she was an ordinary middle-class young school teacher! Rene Ray would have been ideal for this role.

4. My greatest peeve—Irene Dunne in any of her crazy comedy roles! Why such a fine, genuine woman should be turned loose in empty-headed, utterly unbelievable parts, is beyond me! Please give me the beautiful Dunne of *Cimarron* and leave the senseless parts to the senseless stars!

5. Melvyn Douglas in *There's Always a Woman*. What a film to put that great fellow in! He just cannot make crazy comedy seem real, he is much too sane and steady.

I am certain he was not at ease in that film, and I hope he is given more worthwhile roles in the future.—"Mis-castings, N. Ireland."

••• 1. As regards the casting of Loy in "Test Pilot," our only comment is that Loy and Gable are the most popular team in films. So what would you? 2. But, after all, de Lesseps in "Suez" was represented as a carefree, youthful, romantic type—so one can only suppose that was why Power was cast in the film at all. 3. We are inclined to agree about Rosalind Russell in "The Citadel," but wonder whether any actress could have done much better with the role as it stood. 4. And we quite agree about Irene Dunne. 5. But have you seen Melvyn Douglas in "Fast Company"?—it's the answer to your remarks about him, an almost perfect crazy comedy.—The Editor.

## Give the Jones Boy A Chance

SIR,—It is surprising how popular the films of the adventures of the Jones family have become. Each player in the series is very talented, but I sometimes wonder why they never appear in any other films. Occasionally, one sees Jed Prouty, Spring Byington or Shirley Deane playing a small part in another film, but never "Grandma Jones" or any of the Jones children, although they are excellent players too.

Particularly would I recommend the eldest son—Kenneth Howell. He has many of the necessary characteristics of a star—he is handsome, a good actor, and has a pleasing, buoyant personality. The public knows and likes him—surely this is the foundation of success.

I hope he will soon get his big chance, and that we shall see him in bigger and better roles.—C. O'Brien, Gabalfa, Cardiff.

## Bouquet For Brave Producers

SIR,—So at last Hollywood is really disregarding the censorship of the Totalitarian States. No longer are producers worried by the continual "cautions" from the dictators. Walter Wanger was the first producer to throw aside the convention of "non-political, non-propaganda," films, when he made

## Yet Another Wallace

MY candidate for the role of the late Edgar Wallace is Francis L. Sullivan. He seems to be the obvious choice, as not only is he a good actor with a fine voice, but also he is not unlike Wallace in appearance. Laughton, though a fine actor, resembles Wallace so very little, and in this instance I think that would be important as Wallace was so well known to the public.—Isobel Love, Lovat Street, Largs, Ayrshire.

••• British Lion, who are planning to film the life of the late Edgar Wallace, are having an original script prepared for the film and are not basing it on Margaret Lane's biography, as was originally announced.—Editor.

## Award For Long-Term Merit

SIR,—Academy Awards are always given for outstanding single performances. Why not also give an award for continual good work?

Many stars make periodical hits, but few have the ability to maintain a very high standard for long without lapsing now and then.

The unchallenged male winner of an award of this kind would undoubtedly be Spencer Tracy, who since joining MGM a few years ago has not given one performance that was but a few degrees less than great.

There are quite a few contenders for a female award, including Greta Garbo, Margaret Sullavan, and Bette Davis. My own choice is the latter star, whose great number of successful portrayals plus her contempt for sympathetic roles make her, I think, the outstanding screen actress of the day.

No acknowledgment of continual good work would be complete without a special juvenile award for Deanna Durbin who with four full-length films to her credit has been accorded every word of praise in the movie critics' vocabulary.—H. R. McKenna, Ormonde Road, Folkestone.

## Ban Valentino Revivals

SIR,—So that was the great Rudolph Valentino. These words were scornfully uttered in a cinema that was showing the revived *Son of the Sheik*. The memory of the great lover is just dirt in the minds of the filmgoers of to-day, and all because some money-making business men dug up a 13-years-old film.

Loud laughter greeted love scenes, and what was once a hit has to-day been turned into a cheap farce.

In the memory of one that was idolized by millions, I ask (and hope to be supported by other readers), for the withdrawal of *The Son of the Sheik* from British screens.—N. Williamson, Ekdale Road, Hillsboro, Sheffield.



Ken Howell, who has appeared in so many Jones family films, deserves a really big break, says Howell-Admirer O'Brien.

# US AND WIN A PRIZE HEPBURN TO ACT

5/- FOR EVERY  
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**Blockade.** This first attempt, however, was not so very bold, for throughout the film there prevails a distinct wariness, perhaps even timidity.

I have no strong political opinions, but I am glad that the time has come when people of England will be able to see such films as Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here*, and *Confessions Of A Nazi Spy*. It is my only hope that these two films will not be banned by the Censor's office over here, or by the Hay's office in America.—James R. Butler, Stowe, Buckingham.

## Britain's Chance

SIR,—After having seen *Pygmalion* and *The Lady Vanishes*, I believe there is a future for British films at last. I regard these as two of the best films I have ever seen; apparently we have brains, talent and initiative after all. *Pygmalion* was a courageous venture, starring a girl whom few had seen on the stage, and whose screen experience was nil. It is to be hoped that Leslie Howard, Anthony Asquith and maybe even G. B. S. will form a combination to rival Capra and Riskin, Hecht and MacArthur.

*The Lady Vanishes* was a treat, and as brilliant and polished as any American job. The gradual and entertaining unfolding of the story; the witty and sparkling dialogue, the superb casting, were all a delight.

Well, we have made *South Riding*, *Who Goes Next?*, *Owd Bob*, the above two, *Vessel of Wrath*, *St. Martin's Lane*, *The Challenge*, and *The Mikado*. That is certainly something to be proud of, and as the crowning achievement, *The Citadel*.

Two years ago, I pleaded for Dr. Cronin's previous novel *The Stars Look Down*, to be filmed. The story was bought, Karl Grune was to direct—but nothing more has been heard. It has tremendous possibilities for a broad picture of our country to-day and the lives of the ordinary people. Filmgoers demand intelligent realistic films, not the inane tripe which Hollywood has been turning out for years, and of which the public are now heartily sick.

Here is the chance for our studios, who have at last, it seems, found their forte. Let them go ahead with courage and confidence, secure in the knowledge that the public of this country, and America, await their efforts with respect.—E. C. Farrell, Bell Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

•• Although "Pygmalion" is such a success, Leslie Howard has returned to America to appear in "Gone With The Wind." He admits he would rather film in Britain, but says frankly nobody will offer him a part. Anthony Asquith is to direct the farcical comedy "French Without Tears" for Paramount-British. So what do filmgoers want? And what do producers think they want?—The Editor.

## Not So Bonnie Scotland

SIR,—When are the heads of the film world going to realize that films dealing with Scotland are seen by the Scots?

I recently saw *Kidnapped*. It didn't do justice to the Scots or for that matter even to R. L. Stevenson, as the story was changed considerably.

Warner Baxter was all right in his part until he began to speak. Arleen Whelan gave one the impression of having just graduated from the *Goldwyn Follies* and Freddie Bartholomew of having stepped out of a Mayfair drawing-room.

It is often said that players appearing in these films dealing with various countries and districts should be taken from that certain country or district. I disagree, as I know it would be difficult financially and otherwise. But I would just ask the producers to consider E. E. Clive, he was in the film no more than five minutes, but to me his was the best performance. As the Scottish minister, his speech and manner was everything that was required. His previous parts in films, as you know, have usually been the English butler type. If one actor can do that, why not others?

I should also ask producers to study the setting of the story. At that particular period which *Kidnapped* portrays, I don't think three-masted sailing ships came up as far as Edinburgh Castle.

Yes, producers, remember the natives see the films also.—William Tweedie, Gordon Street, Leith, Edinburgh.

## Wealth of Material

SIR,—I am glad to see that film companies are using more historical occurrences for bases of stories than they did. It must be realized that the scope they have is terrific. Every man and woman has some time been thrilled by some account of a battle, by

some period, or by the boldness of a certain historical character. They would love to see these incidents on the screen.

Those which have been well done, such as *Clive of India*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Lloyd's of London*, and *Rhodes of Africa*, were universally popular. These are only a few, but there are thousands more stories that have not been filmed.—P. K. Hart, Felsted, Essex.

## Pe-queue-liar!

SIR,—Should the afternoon performances be abolished, asks a reader. NO, most decidedly not. Of course, the majority of filmgoers cannot possibly manage to go to a show in an afternoon, but, in my estimation, a matinee is much more to be desired than an evening performance, and I can give very definite reasons.

There is no dreary queuing up outside or in, and no standing at the back until you have seen practically half the programme. When a seat does become available at an evening show, oftener than not, it is right at the front, where you suffer from neckache and eyestrain for the rest of the evening.

In the afternoon you can pick your seat to suit yourself and relax and be comfortable. Then again, the air is much clearer and you're not looking through a haze of smoke most of the time. I have always found afternoon audiences much quieter and more in sympathy with the film being shown. So I say "long live the matinee."

Your contributor in "Screen Parliament" seems a trifle ruffled at the long wait she had on Boxing Night, and says too many stay to see the film round again. But all cinemas are the same, especially at holiday time. And, personally, I don't think any picture is good enough to queue up for!—(Mrs.) W. Colman, Tom Lane, Sheffield, 10.

## Trailers

Film music, at its worst, can be one of the greatest trials of the filmgoer. Either it is disturbingly loud and half drowns the dialogue as well as giving headaches to long-suffering audiences, or else it is so inappropriate that it jars most discordantly.—Shelley Hughes, Dorset.

## The Film Bureau

# ELLEN TERRY GAVE THIS ACTOR HIS CHANCE

Rex O'Malley.

**L. Deegan (Canterbury).**—Rex O'Malley owes his stage and screen career to one of the world's greatest actresses, Ellen Terry.

His mother was a friend of hers, and when she died, Ellen Terry took the boy and trained him, in spite of opposition from his father, a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

He appeared on the stage with the great actress and later acted with Gertrude Lawrence in *Charlot's Revue*.

Rex was christened Sean Rex O'Malley. He went to America in 1927 when he appeared on the Broadway stage in *The Bachelor Father*.

After numerous successes he went to Hollywood, making his screen debut in *Camille* with Greta Garbo and later appeared in *Zaza*. After the completion of *Zaza*, he returned to the New York stage, but Paramount executives so liked his work that they asked him to abandon a stage role to appear in *Midnight*, which he did. This film is now in production.

**"Jay Walker" (Leyton).**—The principal players in *Golden Dawn* were Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal and Noah Beery; and in *Song of the Flame*, Bernice Clair, Alexander Gray and Noah Beery. *Anna Karenina* was made as a silent film in 1915.

**M. Scott (Galashiels).**—Back numbers of FILM PICTORIAL can be obtained from our Back Number Dept., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., price 3d. per copy. Copies are kept in stock for only three months after publication.

**W. Moore (Lowestoft).**—Margaret Lockwood was born in Karachi, India, on Sept. 15, 1916. She has dark brown hair and green eyes, and is about 5 ft. 2 in. in height. She is married to Rupert Leon. She has appeared in 18 films. These are the titles of the last six: *Dr. Syn*, *Who's Your Lady Friend?*, *Owd Bob*, *Bank Holiday*, *The Lady Vanishes* and *A Girl Must Live*.

**"Regular Reader" (Bexhill).**—You should write to



When a star plays a dual role, as Bergner does in "Stolen Life," filmgoers spend much of their time wondering "how it's done." You can probably guess from this photograph—but can you all the time?

"*Marie Antoinette*" is ruined for many film patrons who would otherwise go into ecstasies about a grand picture by the fact that, once again, Hollywood has forgotten attention to detail and overlooked the fact that no French lady of the period would speak through her nose or indulge in Americanese.—D. Grant, Westminster.

How many cinema managers see the films they book? They must book blindly, as no intelligent man would book two films from the same company with the same players featured prominently and show them in the same programme. If block booking is the trouble, why cannot cinemas in the same circuit exchange films so that the duplication may not irritate the patron?—A. Carol, Sheffield.

Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour and Reginald Denny c/o Paramount Productions Inc., 5154, Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. U.S.A.; Robert Donat, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Productions, Denham Studios, Denham, Uxbridge, Middx.; and Anton Walbrook, c/o The Haymarket Theatre, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

**Donald Briggs (Chingford).**—Leo Gorcey, born in 1917, is the eldest of the *Dead End Kids* and Bernard Punsley is the youngest. The other members of the team are Gabriel Dell, Billy Halop, Huntz Hall and Bobby Jordan.

**J. Saunders (Surrey).**—Michael Redgrave was born in Bristol in 1908 and was a master at Cranleigh School from 1931 to 1934. We have no record of his height.

**Marjorie Lewis (Dunstable).**—Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Judy Garland and Lana Turner are all under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Ltd., Culver City, Cal., U.S.A. To obtain photographs it will be necessary to enclose with your request International Reply Coupons to the value of 25 cents, which you can buy from any of the larger post offices.

**J. Allison (Gt. Missenden).**—The cast of *The Pilgrim* was: Charlie Chaplin, The Pilgrim; Edna Purviance, The Girl; Kitty Bradbury, Her mother; Mack Swain, The Deacon; Dash Loyal, The Elder; Dinky Dear, The Boy; Mae Wells, The Mother; Sydney Chaplin, Her Husband; Chuck Reisner, The Crook. It was released in 1923.

**Mavis Turner (Fulham).**—Rex Harrison is married and has one child.

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

# Film Pictorial



Our Preview Page  
 "UNION PACIFIC"

Hollywood's present passion for pioneers has led Cecil B. De Mille to choose "Union Pacific," the story of the building of America's greatest railway, as his new film, and very exciting it looks. Above are Stanley Ridges, Barbara Stanwyck, and Joel McCrea in a scene from the film; right, above, Robert Preston, a very promising newcomer; far right, Akim Tamiroff and Barbara Stanwyck; below, the first train goes through.

