

*Fred* **MACMURRAY** & *Claudette* **COLBERT** in **MAID OF SALEM** 2 PAGE SOUVENIR & STORY INSIDE

# PICTURE SHOW

*2d*  
Every Tuesday





INTRODUCING

# *Stainless Stephanie*

Here she is, got up to kill. That lovely colouring, we assume, is not entirely the product of Nature — but who to-day would have it otherwise?

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*The Modern Girl smokes*

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# Luise Rainer and William Powell to Co-Star—Ramon Novarro returns to the Screen



Dear Readers of PICTURE SHOW,

*I am afraid I cannot manage to write this letter to you all by myself, for, though I have learnt to talk English a little, I still find writing so very difficult! So it is being translated for you, and I hope I make myself understood.*

*London has been a wonderful experience for me—a girl straight from the desert. When Mr. Futter, who is producing "Jericho" for Capitol Films, saw me in my native village and asked my father if I could come to England to act in the film, I never thought that I should be allowed to come. You see, my father was at first furious. "No, my child," he said, "you are a high-born Soudanese girl, and never shall you disgrace yourself so." But I cried and cried and would not eat, so in the end poor father had to consent!*

*While I have been here I have tried all the European customs, and have even worn short dresses and shown my legs. At first I felt very undressed, but now I have grown used to it, and enjoy being able to walk easily. I shall have, of course, to put on my robes again as soon as I get home.*

*I have been very much touched and pleased by the interest so many of you are showing already in my first screen appearance. I have had some lovely letters (the studio tell me to call them "fan-mail") and feel that I have real friends in England.*

*Before I came over, I had only seen one film ("King Kong") but now I visit the cinema whenever I am free. I have seen "Love from a Stranger"—that was a marvellous film, though the villain terrified me very much—"Pagliacci" with Tauber's wonderful voice, "For Valour," which made me laugh and laugh, and many others.*

*Then, too, I have been looking at all the London shops. I find it very exciting being in crowded streets and watching the faces of the people as they hurry by. Everyone here seems to be so very busy and to look so important, while in our village the people lie in the sun most of the day and dance in the evening. I am afraid you English would think them very lazy!*

*Now I must say good-bye to you, for I am called to shoot a scene for the film.*

*With best wishes to you all,*

*William Powell*  
*Luise Rainer*

This is "Greetings, Kouka" in Arabic.

**S**PENCER TRACY and **LUISE RAINER** will be co-starred in "The Big City," which tells the story of a New York taxi-driver and a little Russian immigrant girl. Miss Rainer's rôle runs all the way from poverty in the beginning to wealth and glamour. Spencer Tracy plays a sympathetic rôle as the man who guards her from the pitfalls of city life.

**R**AMON NOVARRO, I hear, will return to the films in Republic's "She Didn't Want a Sheik," with Lola Lane in the feminine lead.

**A**n illustration of the dangers to bone and body that may be encountered in the making of a film may be seen in Samuel Goldwyn's "Woman Chases Man," starring **MIRIAM HOPKINS** and **JOEL MCCREA**.

As a matter of record, "Woman Chases Man" developed the most comprehensive box-score of minor—but painful—injuries of any picture in the annals of Hollywood production.

The first entry was recorded when Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, engaged in a lively wrestle for a telephone. Some time during the fracas, McCrea's fist shot out and landed in Miriam's blue left eye.

There is a big scene in a tree, with all of the principals scrambling through its branches like so many monkeys.

In a general battle in the branches of the tree, Miriam Hopkins, Ella Logan and Erik Rhodes all fall out and into a heap at the bottom of the tree. Casualties: Ella Logan, one cracked rib; Erik Rhodes, one lacerated leg; Miriam Hopkins, three abraded ribs and one wrenched back.

**Y**ou will remember **BETTY BRONSON**, who blazed to screen glory in her unforgettable portrayal of "Peter Pan," from the late Sir James Barrie's classic. You will see her again. She returns to the screen in a new Gene Autry musical Western "The Yodelin' Kid From Pine Ridge."

**TYRONE POWER** and Sonja Henie, who, rumour says, are in love, anyway, had a pleasant task to perform in "Thin Ice."

The script said: "He seizes her in his arms and kisses her. They remain like that as long as the censor will let them."

Sometimes the censor arbitrarily cuts kissing scenes to a few seconds, depending on the emotional pitch of the action. Sometimes it allows a kiss, if reasonably decorous and not too ardent, to last much longer.

But there has to be a limit somewhere, and that limit is twenty-eight seconds. Miss Henie and Tyrone Power's has been for a full half-minute.

But it will be cut.

**A** CORRESPONDENT in Germany writes that German censors have relented and are allowing exhibition of the first Dionne quintuplet picture, "The Country Doctor," which originally was banned without explanation.

The film has been retitled, and is billed, succinctly, "S O S-5."

**DICK FORAN** is finding out that the leading man in a Western doesn't do much kissing.

If he gets too sentimental with the heroine, the kiddies hiss and yell when they see the love scenes.

**S**TUART HOLMES, now a Warner Bros. player, was one of the silent screen's most famous moustache-twirling villains, a menace to the fair ladies of former flickers, but a softie at heart.

So he had to dye his natural blonde hair and moustache a dark red in order to photograph as the black-hearted villains he played.

**M**ARLENE DIETRICH'S reducing diet has leaked out.

She confided it to Anita Wilson, her stand-in on the Ernst Lubitsch picture, "Angel," who is trying to lose weight.

Here it is: Confine your daily diet to two hard-boiled eggs and tomato juice for three days. Then drop the diet and eat anything you want. Repeat during the following week, and during as many subsequent weeks as may be required.

**P**AUL MUNI wants to come out from behind his whiskers.

The character actor has definitely put his foot down against any characterisation for his next and final picture on his present Warner Bros. contract, which will require him to wear a beard or make-up.

His announcement was made on the conclusion of "The Life of Emile Zola," one of his most arduous rôles from a standpoint of make-up. From three to five hours a day has been required by Muni during the making of the picture to transform his natural features into those of the famous French novelist.

**"A** SICKENING sensation never to be forgotten was when I saw myself on the screen in the daily 'rushes' of my first big picture," says **FRED ASTAIRE**. "I asked Pandro Berman, R.K.O. Radio executive and producer of all my films, to let me go back to New York. And, what's more, I'm still very ill every time I have to look at myself on the screen."

"And an ordeal I dread—making speeches. Not that I don't appreciate them being wanted. They're just not in my line. A good point about picture work—one doesn't have to make curtain talk."

**G**EORGE MURPHY has taken off his dancing shoes.

The dancing star will portray a straight dramatic rôle for the first time on stage or screen in "The Umbrella Man."

George Murphy recently completed his rôle as Eleanor Powell's dancing partner in "Broadway Melody of 1938," and studio heads offered him an opportunity of displaying his latent acting ability. As the lead in "The Umbrella Man," he will play a quick-thinking reporter on a London paper who aids Scotland Yard in solving a series of baffling murders and disappearances.

**W**HEN future screen historians start compiling their "Outline of Hollywood," they will run into several conflicting statements as to who can take credit for "discovering" **ROBERT TAYLOR**.

E. E. Clive wants to put in his bid right now. It wasn't any studio executive, it wasn't any casting director, it wasn't any talent scout who first found Robert Taylor, says Mr. Clive. It was, in fact, Mr. Clive himself.

"I was producing a play called 'M'Lord the Duke' at the Hollywood Playhouse," explained the veteran character actor, "and I needed a good-looking young chap to take the part of a motion-picture star who heads a company which comes to the duke's ancestral home to shoot a picture. The play was all cast except for that one part."

"A few days before the show was to open, a young fellow came up to me in the lobby and asked if I could offer him a job. He frankly admitted that he had no experience, apart from Pomona College plays and some semi-professional shows at a little theatre. He was a good-looking boy. I could see that he was above the average in intelligence. I decided to give him a try-out. He fitted the part to perfection, he gave a nice reading of the line, and the show opened with him."

"The following day he came to me and said that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had offered him a contract. Ben Piazza, then casting director for that studio, had seen him in 'M'Lord the Duke,' the night before, and wanted to sign him up."

**C**LARK GABLE has come forth with a list of qualities a woman should possess to be the perfect wife. He has had his list typewritten to pass copies round to his friends. Here they are: She must be a pal and enjoy the things the husband enjoys.

She must have a good sense of humour and must laugh at the right time.

She must not complain too often about cigarette ashes on the floor and clothes that are not hung up. She must know precisely the menus he likes best and give him his favourite dishes at least once a week.

She must never complain about unexpected guests the husband brings home.

She must "take it on the chin" with him and not sulk when he has financial setbacks.

She must dress well, as he wants other men to see her and admire her.

**W**HEN you see in "A Star Is Born" that block of cement with the signature "Norman Maine" on it in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, you may wonder how it got there.

The truth is, it was actually done by **FREDRIC MARCH**, Norman Maine of the picture, and it was really set into the forecourt. Afterwards it was removed. But in its place remained the true signature of Fredric March, which is permanently recorded, as is that of May Robson, Grandma Lettie in the film.

**R**ALPH BELLAMY, the popular young actor, who, with Ida Lupino and Walter Connolly, heads the cast of "Let's Get Married," believes in investing his money where it will bring him a good return. He is part owner of the Palm Springs Racquet and Tennis Club, one of the most popular rendezvous at the fashionable desert resort.

**D**ICK MERRILL, the transatlantic flier, has been signed for the lead in the Pathé film, "Atlantic Flight." Dick Merrill has been flying since 1920, when he left college after two years at the University of Mississippi to join the U.S. Navy Air Corps. Two years in the Navy, some time as an air-circus aviator, test flying, and nine years as a commercial air pilot, contribute to a record of almost twelve thousand hours in the air.

Besides the recent Coronation flight to London and back within five days, Dick Merrill's more spectacular air accomplishments include a six-thousand-mile flight from Kansas City to the southernmost tip of South America to deliver a rescue ship to the Lincoln Ellsworth South American Expedition. He also flew to London and back with Harry Richman. He is the only man to cross the Atlantic by air four times. Dick Grace, the famous stunt flyer, has written the story specially for Captain Merrill.

**F**ILM players don't get "stage fright" as stage players do, but their zero hour comes along just the same. It is the night of the first public showing of their new film that most players dread. Some refuse to go near the theatre on such nights. **KAY FRANCIS**, for instance, has never been dragged to attend a preview of one of her own pictures. **BETTE DAVIS**, who is not usually nervous, does go to her previews, but she sits in her seat until the last news-reel is unwound before she ventures forth into the foyer.

"I have chills and fever," she says, "and I don't want people to talk to me if I can help it. The first time I saw myself in an unpleasant rôle, I didn't leave the theatre until the janitor turned the lights out." She sat through the preview of her latest film, "Marked Woman," but nobody saw her leave. Harmon O. Nelson, her husband, was in the theatre lobby after the picture was shown, but Bette sat slumped down in her seat until the usual preview crowd, autograph hunters and all, had dispersed.

Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni, brave men both of them, according to the rôles they play, are always nervous on the nights their pictures are being previewed. Ruby Keeler and Olivia de Havilland are equally shy, but Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, from long experience on the stage and screen, will, when necessary, brave the crowd, sign autograph books, and still be able to smile as they drive away. Newer players get an obvious "kick" out of the crowd after a picture in which they have appeared is shown. The burden has not been on them, and they have less to gain or lose from a good or bad reception. Even so, some of them show signs of nervous reaction on such nights.

**G**EORGE SANDERS, the handsome six-foot-three British actor, is thanking his admirers these days for saving him from a villainous end in films. He was taken from England to play "heavy" rôles, and descended to unpleasant villainies in "Lloyd's of London" and "Love Is News." By the scores, his new admirers wrote to the studio to protest against such a romantic type doing such dastardly deeds. He was too good-looking, most of them said, to waste his time as a bad man. As a result, he was tested for romantic parts, and has been cast in his first leading-man rôle in "Lancer Spy," opposite Dolores Del Rio.

The British films in which you may have seen him are "Strange Cargo," "Find the Lady," and "Dis-honour Bright."

**J**OHAN LONGDEN, who was so popular in silent British pictures, has returned to the screen to appear opposite the little girl who owes him her first opportunity of breaking into films. He is appearing with Rene Ray in "Jennifer Hale," the story of a young South African girl who is determined to make a success for herself on the London stage, but becomes involved in a murder case.

**B**ARRY K. BARNES, the new British star who is taking the rôle of Sir Percy Blakeney in "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," is spending almost as much time in the hands of Guy Pearce, the make-up expert at London film studios, as he is before the cameras. He has three main disguises—a tumbler driver with long matted hair and protuberant teeth (you may recall that Leslie Howard appeared in similar disguise in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"), as a window cleaner with a bulbous nose, and, finally, as a rather deaf old colonel with bushy eyebrows and a hawk-like nose. He is, of course, also seen as himself, the handsome English dandy. Three hours are spent each morning in assuming these disguises, and constantly during the day's work "repairs" are necessary, as the Pimpernel rôle is active and exciting. Anthony Bushell, by the way, has been signed for the rôle of Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, the part he played in the original London Film production, and Sophie Stewart has the rôle of Lady Blakeney, formerly played by Merle Oberon.



**GINGER ROGERS.** Born on July 16th, 1911, in Independence, Missouri.

**T**HOSE whose birthdays fall from July 10th to July 16th (both dates inclusive) should make gay while the sun shines! This should turn out to be one of the most successful and certainly the most happy periods they have experienced for a very long time.

You will probably get something that you have always wanted, and it will most likely turn out even better than expected. Plans should suddenly materialise and those who have

## Our Birthday CORNER

A horoscope for those whose birthdays fall from July 10th to 16th.



**BARBARA STANWYCK.** Born on July 16th, 1907, in Brooklyn, New York.

some definite aim will find their dreams gradually coming true.

Being a subject of the ever-changing Moon and the zodiacal sign Cancer you are apt to be curiously sensitive and reserved. This is the time to cultivate self-confidence and cheerfulness. There is a great deal of fun to be got out of life during the next twelve months if you make up your mind to have a good time. The unmarried will find romance and an exceptionally good time is promised to the very young.

In business those connected with household management, catering, sport and the entertainment world will do best.

Health tendencies are good, although food should be carefully chosen. There is the possibility of trouble in connection with the digestive organs. Eat slowly.

This should be a very happy month for you. Something may occur almost immediately to alter the whole course of your life's journey. Look out for opportunities.



**JEAN HERSHOLT.** Born on July 12th, 1886, in Copenhagen, Denmark.

### Other Birthdays in Screenland

**Sidney Blackmer**, July 13th, 1894, in Salisbury, North Carolina; **Sally Blane**, July 11th, 1910, in Salida, Colorado; **Peggy Blythe**, July 13th, 1914, in Lancashire, England; **Lili Damita**, July 10th, 1905, in Paris; **Anne Darling**, July 16th, 1915, in Lansingburgh, New York; **Edward Earle**, July 14th, in Toronto, Canada; **Hubert Harben**, July 12th, 1878, in London; **Evelyn Laye**, July 10th, 1900, in London; **Olga Lindo**, July 13th, 1898, in London; **George Marion**, July 16th, 1860, in San Francisco; **Joan Marsh**, July 10th, 1914, on a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley; **Ruby Miller**, July 14th, 1889, in London; **Hay Petrie**, July 16th, 1895, in Dundee, Scotland; **Toby Wing**, July 14th, 1915, near Richmond, Virginia.



**IRENE DUNNE.** Born on July 14th, 1904, in Louisville, Kentucky.



# "MAID of SALEM"

## A Momentous Meeting

THE village of Salem was populated by Puritans and ruled by the elders of the Church.

And harsh rulers they were for the most part, for though they were very devout, according to their creed, they had little of Christian charity in them, being elected chiefly because they were stern and unbending.

This was in the year 1692.

Barbara Clarke, an orphan girl, lived with an aunt, Ellen Clarke.

Aunt Ellen had one child of her own, a boy named Timothy.

The family lived by candle-making, which did not bring in a lot of money, but living was cheap in those days, and the family lacked for nothing in the way of food and clothes.

Barbara set out one afternoon, carrying candles to customers. Her first call was at the house of Elder Goode, and she went in by way of the kitchen, for she had no wish to meet the Elder, who generally had a lecture for her.

Not that he had anything against Barbara, but she was easily the prettiest girl in Salem, and Elder Goode, like so many of his kind, believed that good looks in a girl were a temptation to good men.

Barbara was met by Tituba, a slave negress who was the cook. Elder Goode's two girl children, Ann and Nabby, were also in the kitchen.

As usual, Tituba was indulging in her favourite occupation of telling stories of the supernatural.

"You tell the most outlandish stories, Tituba," protested Barbara, after listening to her for a few moments.

"Let her tell your fortune," said one of the children.

"Give me your hand," said Tituba.

Barbara smiled and shook her head, but she held out her hand timidly.

"I see a man, tall, well favoured, with dark hair," began Tituba, then she stopped abruptly.

There came a stern voice from the adjacent room. "It's father," said Ann.

The children ran away, and Barbara now had to face the elder.

"The candles you ordered," stammered Barbara quickly. Goode inspected them carefully.

"They're not the same weight as before," he grumbled. "Nor are they so strong of bayberry. Your aunt had best be careful if she expects a full measure of my flax in return."

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, picking up her basket and getting out of the room as quickly as possible.

Her next call was at the cabin of Jeremiah Adams, a lobster fisherman.

The old man was very fond of Barbara and always made her welcome, but on this occasion he plainly showed he wanted to get rid of her.

"I've caught no lobsters to pay for the candles," he said.

"Nonsense," said Barbara. "You can have the candles just the same. Come along. Let me in."

"But my cabin is in disorder," said Jeremiah. "I've had no time to clean it."

"I'll clean it," said Barbara. "Get some water."

She went to a cupboard where the fisherman kept his broom and brushes, and as she opened the door she saw a young fellow in hiding.

He was bandaged, and, from his appearance, had travelled a long way and over hard roads.

"It is my nephew, Roger Coverman, from Virginia," explained Jeremiah, who was very distressed at her discovery. "I must ask you not to say a word about seeing him here."

"Faith, she must know," said the young man with a laugh. "These tatters, this blood and bandages. Let me give you the worst of it, Mistress

"Mistress Barbara Clarke," said Jeremiah.

"I'm a rebel, a traitor to the Crown," went on Roger. "You see, it was a matter of taxes, and we Virginians resented them. The governor resented our objections, and we fought."

"I warrant it was a gallant fight," said Barbara. "Gallant!" cried Jeremiah. "Three hundred of them against two thousand soldiers."

"Now, now, uncle," said Roger. "No matter how magnificent we were in defeat, we were defeated."

"And how came you here?" asked Barbara.

"A friendly skipper brought me as far as Boston. The rest of the way here I made through the forests, travelling by night and hiding by day."

"With a price of a thousand pounds on his head," interrupted the worried Jeremiah. "There's scarce a man in this colony who wouldn't give him up for that sum."

"I cannot speak for others," said Barbara. "For myself, I have not seen you. Good-day, sir."

And with a bow she went out and shut the door behind her.

"She's forgotten her basket," said Jeremiah.

Roger took it and ran after her, not at all sorry to speak again with the girl who had immediately taken his fancy.

"Thank you," said Barbara. "But I meant to leave the basket. Please take these candles and the piece of cake for Jeremiah."

"When will you be here again?" asked Roger.

"I bring the candles every week," said Barbara demurely.

"Only once? But I am a great reader. I read far into the night. We shall have no candles by sunrise to-morrow."

"But I must gather bayberries before I can make more," said Barbara.

"Then let me help you," said Roger.

"You might be seen," said Barbara. "I could not risk so valuable a head. Good-day again," and with a final smile and nod she went on her way.

Roger went back to the cabin, and Barbara continued to think of the handsome stranger.

Of course, it was just a coincidence that Tituba should have told her she was going to meet a man. Still, Roger was tall, well favoured, and he had dark hair.

At the Meeting House service the next Sunday Barbara wore a new bonnet.

It had been bought for her at Boston by Dr. John Harding, but her aunt had paid for it.

There was nothing daring about the bonnet, but compared with the drab bonnets of the other women, it certainly looked gay.

The minister, the Rev. Mr. Parris, noticed it, and made the bonnet a part of his sermon against the power of Satan.

"I bid ye beware of the frivolity and the foolishness of women who bedeck themselves with ribbons, curls, and lace bonnets, causing the minds of men to wander," he said, fixing Barbara with his eyes.

Barbara blushed, then consoled herself with the thought that as the minister had noticed it, it must be more attractive than those worn by the other women in the church.

Aunt Ellen had asked Barbara to bring Miles Corbin home with her.

Corbin was a young man, highly thought of by the elders, who had recently appointed him cowherd to the village, a job that brought in forty pounds a year.

Aunt Ellen approved of Miles Corbin, and wanted Barbara to marry him.

Barbara had never been in love with Miles in the slightest degree, and now she had met Roger Coverman, he meant even less to her, so she was in no mood for Corbin's lecture, which he started as soon as they left the meeting-house.

"It was you the Reverend Parris meant when he rebuked your sex," said Corbin.

"I fancy it was," said Barbara calmly.

"You're a bold piece with your frippery," went on Corbin. "After our marriage I'll not brook such frivolity. The elders have been speaking of me and you as a proper couple."

"You sweep me off my feet!" said Barbara sarcastically.

"So you make sport of the elders' suggestion!" cried Miles. "And sport of me. Well, I'll not be laughed at through supper."

Barbara did not want to offend Aunt Ellen, so she tried to persuade Corbin to come to the house with her, adding as an inducement:

"We have chicken to-night."

"Ye cannot induce me," said Corbin hotly. "Susy Abbot's a right-thinking girl. And the Abbots always have chicken."

With that he left Barbara alone in the road.

Aunt Ellen was really annoyed when Barbara arrived without Corbin.

"I just made a jest, and he flew up," said Barbara. "You cannot keep on refusing every young man in the village," said Aunt Ellen. "It's your duty to marry and have children."

"Would you have me marry a man who is always boasting of his horses and pigs? He treats me like one of his livestock. I can't abide him," said Barbara.

But Aunt Ellen was thinking of the wasted meal. "It is such a fine chicken," she said. "Enough for six."

Her aunt's remarks made Barbara think of Roger. Chicken would be a change for him and Jeremiah, for the old man practically lived on lobsters and fish. So the next day, while her aunt was helping Timothy with his lessons, Barbara slipped out and took a good helping of chicken to the cabin.

"Food for the gods!" cried Roger. "I wouldn't be discourteous to the lobsters of Massachusetts, but when you have them for breakfast, dinner, and supper, the very eye of a lobster brings to my mind our red-faced Governor of Virginia."

Roger told Barbara about an incident that had happened to him that day.

He had come across a villager in the woods, and, fearing that the man might describe him to the authorities, he had flung his cloak over his head and bellowed like a demon.

The man was Thomas Bilge, the village drunkard, and Barbara had heard that he had come to Elder Goode and told him he had met Satan in the woods. As he was always more or less drunk the elder had not taken any notice of his story.

After the meal, Roger persuaded Barbara to walk with him in the forest.

"It's dangerous," said Barbara.

Roger laughed.

"We've a saying in Virginia that when danger lurks round the corner you must dance the safe moments away. That's not a Puritan custom, I'll warrant."

"Oh, no!" said Barbara.

"Have you never danced the cotillion or the gavotte?" asked Roger.

"No. The very names sound frivolous," said Barbara.

"I'll teach you the gavotte," said Roger. "This is the manner of it."

Barbara must have had a natural gift for dancing, for she soon learned the measure and made a fine partner for Roger, who was an accomplished dancer.

That night, when Aunt Ellen was putting Timothy to bed, Barbara practised the gavotte again. When she was in the middle of it, Timothy came into the room.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Dancing," replied Barbara.

"Dancing? But what are you bowing for?" asked the puzzled Timothy.

"That's a curtsy to my partner—a very handsome young man," smiled Barbara.

"I don't see any man," said Timothy.

"You're not supposed to," replied Barbara.

Aunt Ellen came in at that moment.

"Barbara, you do say such foolish things," she said. "Dancing! And you supposed to be a God-fearing girl."

Timothy wanted to know how Barbara could be dancing with a handsome young man when there was no man there.

"You get back to bed," said his mother sharply, "and stay there this time."

### Love in a Forest

THE next day was the house-raising for the minister.

The whole village had subscribed to the building of it, and everybody was there to see it raised.

It was a wooden frame house, and it was raised on to wooden piles by a combined and mighty lift.

Barbara took advantage of the excitement to slip into the forest to meet Roger.

He was hidden in a tree, but he jumped down as soon as he saw the girl. Then he lifted her up to a branch, kissing her as he did so.

Having seen the coast was clear, Roger held out his arms and told Barbara to jump from the branch.

She did so, and he caught her, but such was the impact that they both rolled down the incline.

"Well, I'm fast learning to be a fugitive," said Barbara. "Hiding in trees, tumbling downhill. Methinks the whole pattern of my life has changed since I met you."

"Aye, and I can't say I'm proud of it!" said Roger. "It's a sneaking feeling I get hiding like a badger in his hole."

"Must it always be like that for you?" asked Barbara.

"I could send a petition to their Majesties," replied Roger.

"To King William and Queen Mary!" cried Barbara. "What would you say?"

"I fancy I'd try to appeal to the human side of the king. Tell him to put himself in my place. Tell him how he'd miss his Mary if he had to keep dodging about like me," said Roger.

"And then?" asked Barbara.

"Then I'd tell the king that there's a young lady in the case. The most fascinating, twinkling, dark-eyed maid that ever took an honest man's breath away. What would you say to that?"

"I'd say I had to gather the herbs and then get to the house-raising," said Barbara.

"That's not what I'm asking," said Roger, as he picked her up in his arms and kissed her.

Again Barbara struggled to get away, but as soon as she was free she flung her arms round Roger and kissed him. Then she ran away.

As Elder Goode was leaving the house-raising, Minister Parris reminded him that he had promised to lend him Cotton Mather's book on witchcraft.

"I can't lay my hands on it," said the elder. "It's disappeared."

It was his daughter Ann who had taken the book, and at that very moment she was reading it to her playmates, who included her sister Nabby and Mercy Cheeves.

Ann was a little liar and a hypocrite; probably her character had been deformed by the tyranny of her father, for Elder Goode was as severe on his own children as he was on everybody, except the minister, to whom he was a sycophant.

As Goode entered the house he heard Tituba and Ann in argument.

"This is the book master was looking for," said the negress.

"Give it back to me!" screamed Ann.

Goode entered the room and saw the missing book on witchcraft.

"She took it," said Ann, pointing to Tituba.

"No, master," protested the negress. "It dropped from her bonnet."

"Go to bed," said Goode to Ann. "I'll deal with you later."

He picked up the book and went to his own room.

Ann's theft and reading of the witchcraft book was the beginning of a reign of terror in Salem, a terror which claimed many innocent victims, people being hanged for being witches.

Ann was punished for having taken the book, and her warped nature sought a way to be revenged on Tituba.

She had read in the witchcraft book all about the symptoms people, especially children, showed when they were bewitched.

Perhaps her deception would have been discovered had it not been for a coincidence. That night a travelling preacher named Morse came to Elder Goode's house with a tale that witchcraft was rife in Cape Ann, and that the Elders were trying women who had confessed to being witches.

Goode summoned a meeting of the villagers, and Morse, a fanatic, warned them to watch their neighbours.

"Watch one another, even those of your own household!" he cried. "For those we least suspect may be the devil's servants!"

While Morse was urging the villagers to root out witches, Ann Goode was practising to look like a girl who had been bewitched, and when her father came home she was in a state of frenzied convulsions.

The elder, as ignorant as he was bigoted, was convinced his child was bewitched.

He sent for Morse and Parris, the minister, and another man went for Dr. Harding.

Ann's acting was so convincing that the elders believed she was bewitched.

"They're choking me!" screamed Ann.

"Where does it hurt you, Ann?" said the doctor.

"Here! Here! Everywhere!" cried Ann. "And they're after Nabby, too. I can see them."

"I can see nothing wrong with her physically," said Dr. Harding.

"Because she's beyond your skill, doctor," said Morse. "I know the signs of bewitchment."

He began questioning Ann, and at last got from her the dread accusation that Tituba had bewitched her.

The marshal of the village, accompanied by the elders, arrested Tituba and took her to the meeting house, where she was charged with being a witch.

Tituba denied the charge strenuously, but when Goode stepped forward and said his wife Abigail had

confessed to drinking magical potions given to her by Tituba, the negress was found guilty.

Tituba confessed to giving Mrs. Goode a potion, but said she had forced her to do so, and that the potion was only the juice of flowers which would make a person sleep.

Under promise that they would spare her life if she confessed and named others practising witchcraft, the wretched negress confessed and gave a list of people as innocent as herself.

Then followed a reign of terror that would have disgraced a community of savages.

The people Tituba had named were arrested, and after a farce of a trial taken to a tree on Gallows Hill and hanged.

The whole of the villagers with the exception of Barbara, Aunt Ellen, Dr. Harding and a woman named Rebecca Nurse, were in a state bordering on madness. There was no justice, only fear and hate.

One day when Dr. Harding was riding past Aunt Ellen's house, Barbara ran out to speak to him.

"We cannot let this go on," she said.

John Harding shook his head.

"There's nothing we can do," he said sadly.

"There must be," said Barbara. "If you won't, I will."

Aunt Ellen's voice came shrill and insistent.

"Come into the house, Barbara!"

As Barbara obeyed her aunt she could see she was trembling with fear.

"You must not speak to or defend anyone accused," said Aunt Ellen.

"But why?" asked Barbara.

"Believe me, dear, it's dangerous," said Aunt Ellen.

"Ellen is right," said Harding.

"Why do you both look at me so strangely?" asked Barbara.

"Because we fear for you," said the doctor. "Tell her, Ellen."

Aunt Ellen hesitated for a few moments, and then spoke.

"You've never known about your mother, Barbara. How she died?"

"Why, yes. She died in England of grief when my father was lost at sea."

Aunt Ellen shook her head.

"Not of grief, dear. A woman who hated her accused her of causing your father's death by witchcraft. She was convicted and burned."

"If this were known suspicion might point to you," went on John Harding.

"Do others know?" asked Barbara, in a hushed voice, terror in her eyes.

"Only my wife, Martha," replied Harding. "You know we came from the same town in England, but I have her promise not to tell."

"God have pity! God have pity!" sobbed Ellen.

Barbara persuaded her aunt to go upstairs to rest just as Mrs. Harding came running up.

"They want you at the meeting house," she said to John, giving Barbara a hard look.

Barbara did not see it, or she would have had cause to worry.

Unknown to her, Mrs. Harding had been jealous of her for some time. Dr. Harding had always taken a brotherly interest in Barbara, and his wife, though she had never complained, had resented it.

Martha Harding was of a very suspicious nature.

Barbara put the bar across the door and went upstairs.

Timothy was in bed, but not asleep.

"What are all those people doing outside?" asked the boy.

"Never mind. You go to sleep," said Barbara.

"I know. It's because of Satan," said Timothy.

"Mrs. Cheeves said so."

"That's just her way of making you be a good boy," said Barbara.

"Can I go out to-morrow and play?" asked Timothy.

"No. The elders say all children are to stay in for a few days. Now go to sleep."

Barbara went to her room, but she did not undress.

Presently there came the tinkle of a small pebble at her window.

Noiselessly Barbara went downstairs and let herself out of the house.

Roger was outside.

"You're trembling," he said, as he took her in his arms. "I know what's happening here. But I have a plan to take you away."

"But I couldn't leave Aunt Ellen," said Barbara.

"You love me, and you must trust me," said Roger.

(Continued on page 26.)

## PICTURE SHOW STAMP

Who's Who



Diana Beaumont



Lucy Beaumont



Louise Beavers



Thomas Book



Scotty Beckett



Janet Beecher



Noah Beery



Noah Beery, Jun.

# Previews of Big Pictures for 1937

## SLAVE SHIP. (Directed by Tay Garnett.) 20th Century-Fox.

**T**HIS film sheds a lurid light on the days when slavery had been legally abolished, but was still being carried on.

It gives us a glimpse of the horrors of slavery, and makes us wonder how nations like America and England could have allowed this monstrous traffic in the sale of black men to be done under the law. But it is not one of those sombre pictures unrelieved by a gleam of humour. It is melodrama of the old type, and at times very crude, but there is action all the time, and in this respect it is to be commended, for so many picture producers these days forget that the movies must move.

The story is too complicated to merit description, simply because there has been an attempt to cover up, under the banner of repentance, the seared soul of a slave trader. The stars are Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Allan, and Mickey Rooney. Joseph Schildkraut, that fine actor, is given just a little part, but because he is a real actor he makes the most of it.

A film that should be seen.

## HIS AFFAIR. (Directed by William Seiter.) 20th Century-Fox.

**H**ERE we have melodrama at its best, and in its class it is certainly one of the best pictures ever produced in Hollywood. The story takes us back some forty years, when President McKinley was head of the United States, but though it deals with fictionalised American history it is told in a way that makes it international in outlook.

The stars are Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and these clever players have never given better performances. They are backed up by a cast which includes such famous actors as Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy, Frank Conroy, Robert McWade, John Carradine, Alan Dinehart, Douglas Fowley, and Willard Robertson.

President McKinley gives to a young naval officer (Robert Taylor) the job of rounding up a dangerous gang of bank robbers. Under the name of Joe Barker the officer joins the gang, gaining the confidence of the crooks by committing crimes. In the gang is a girl named Lil (Barbara Stanwyck), and she and Joe fall in love. Joe finds out that there is a plot to murder the President. He writes to McKinley warning him of his doom, but the letter does not get there. Joe and Jock (Victor McLaglen) are arrested on a murder charge and sentenced to death. Joe's one chance of life is the letter he wrote to President McKinley, who has been assassinated. The letter has been lost, but Lil finds it in time to save her lover's life.

Very melodramatic stuff, but interwoven is a brilliant picture of life in America as it was lived over forty years ago.

## SUNSET IN VIENNA. (Directed by Norman Walker.) G.F.D. British.

**A** VERY fine film which does credit to the British film industry, although the stars, Tullio Carminati and Lilli Palmer, are foreigners.

It is a powerful story of the war that the picture tells. Toni, an Italian cavalry officer, marries Gelda, an Austrian girl. War comes, and Toni, carrying out his duty, is responsible for the death of Gelda's brother. This results in a bitter estrangement between husband and wife, but they are finally re-united.

The high spots of the picture are scenes in pre-war Vienna, when it was the gayest capital in all the world, a magnificently staged wedding, some very striking "shots" of aerial warfare, and Tullio Carminati's singing of "Sunset in Vienna."

It is this song that leads to the re-union of Toni and Gelda.

Despite the fact that the story is based on grim tragedy there are many scenes where comedy prevails, and the relief is brought in without being forced. Tullio Carminati gives a fine performance, and with his splendid voice he is ideally cast for such a rôle. Very good, too, is Lilli Palmer, and John Garrick scores as Gelda's brother.

## LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT. (Directed by Graham Cutts.) B.I.P.

**B**UDDY ROGERS and the decorative June Clyde, the two young American players who appeared together some time ago in the British film, "Dance Band," made such a hit that the studio decided to co-star them again. This film is the result of that decision, and a very entertaining result it is.

What story there is revolves round the romantic pursuit of a wealthy business man's daughter by a persistent waiter. Then the business man and his wife both acquire a night club, unknown to each other, and their rivalry in outdoing each other with their respective clubs provides some most hilarious moments and plenty of opportunities for spectacular cabaret shows and amusing turns. The latter include half a dozen excellent dance bands, good popular songs, dancing, and some ingenious impersonations from Afrique.

The acting is as gay and light-hearted as the story, with June Clyde and Buddy Rogers giving delightful performances in their romantic comedy rôles, excellently supported by Fred Emney and Iris Hoey as June Clyde's father and mother, and a splendid all-round cast.

Wallace Beery,  
Warner Baxter,  
and Joseph  
Schildkraut in  
"Slave Ship."



Tullio Carminati,  
Lilli Palmer, and John  
Garrick in "Sunset  
in Vienna."



Robert Taylor and  
Barbara Stanwyck  
in "His Affair."





Max Miller with a secretary in "Transatlantic Trouble."

John Wood, Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff in "Over She Goes."

Glen Alyn, Chili Bouchier and Lesley Brook in "From A Dark Stairway."



# My Friends in British Studios

by  
Edith Nepean

**MAX MILLER** does not wear his famous plus fours in his latest film for Warners' First National Pictures, "Transatlantic Trouble." Through an adventure with a lady on a luxury liner, Max—without a penny in the world and wearing a "dicky" beneath his smart grey coat, "his luggage having gone astray"—receives a gift from the lady in question—her fiancé's luxurious wardrobe! Needless to say, the lady—very attractive and charming—believes Max to be rolling in wealth. But there is more than a spot of bother when she discovers the true position of his finances!

Max Miller as a loquacious boxing manager is very much at home in his new film. And this is the first time that his numerous admirers will see him as a very smart man-about-town on the screen. In fact, in some shots they'll see the very attractive Max as he really is!

Max Miller told me that he had definitely "slimmed" for this picture: "Cycling at night, so nobody would recognise me," he declared was one of his aids to this end.

"I still eat beef-steaks," Max confided, "but I drink three glasses of hot water a day!" So if anybody wants to take this famous star's tip, here it is!

Also, Max lives at Brighton in a house facing the sea, and with the windows always open, there is plenty of fresh air!

When Max is working in variety, he travels down to Brighton every night by train, but when he is filming he motors backwards and forwards to the studios daily.

Max Miller showed me his new car—a very luxurious affair, with a wireless! "I'd rather have a big car and drive myself," Max laughed, showing those very white teeth of his, "than a small car with a chauffeur!"

Buddy Baer makes his first screen appearance in "Transatlantic Trouble." He takes the part of a world's heavy-weight champion, who is knocked out by a fluke blow from Timber Wood, played by Clem Laurence.

**I AM** always meeting new and interesting people in the Teddington Studios, and the other day I met Ross Landon, a twenty-five-year-old Canadian. He started his film career at Teddington, without the usual screen test, and with a part specially written for him.

"I came to London last September," Ross Landon told me, "determined to be an actor. I had played two seasons in Canadian repertory." Then Ross Landon went off to a dramatic school in London, and soon he started to look for work. Later, a friend gave Ross Landon an introduction to Irving Asher at Teddington Studios. Fortunately for him, Irving Asher, ever on the look-out for new talent, liked the

look of Ross and decided to save the time taken by the ordinary screen test by having a special part written into the script of "The Compulsory Wife." The scene chosen was modern and interesting, a group of young men sitting round in a golf club, telling the usual tale of skill and daring on the links. The camera shows a close-up of each man in turn. Ross' part was inserted into the script, and he appeared before the camera for the first time.

Irving Asher saw the rushes and signed him up. Then the part, which had nothing to do with the continuity of the film, was cut out.

Now Ross Landon appears in his first real part in "From a Dark Stairway," starring Hugh Williams and Chili Bouchier.

Ross plays the part of a suspect in the murder of Dr. Mortimer, who, by the by, is Garry Marsh!

**WHEN I** ran up against Chili Bouchier as a nurse on one of the warmest days to date, Chili said: "Don't you think I look a little 'hour glassy' in this rig-out?" But I couldn't agree. Chili was the most perfect figure. But that lovely wild hair of hers had been "tamed" to rest demurely beneath a snowy nurse's cap!

Her latest film is all about a murder in a hospital. Hugh Williams is not the villain in this film—at any rate, he did not look like one when I was in the studio. And why, you may ask, is there a murder in a hospital! Well, it's all about a new anaesthetic, which can be administered to those who possess the weakest of weak hearts! But alas! in the fray this secret preparation is lost to the world. Glen Alyn and Lesley Brook are also in this production—"From a Dark Stairway."

**STANLEY LUPINO** has a prize packet of beauties in his latest film for Associated British Pictures, "Over She Goes." Sally Gray takes the original rôle she played in the stage version.

Then there is glamorous Claire Luce, who has the rôle of Stanley Lupino's fiancée, following her latest screen appearance in "Let's Make a Night of It."

Claire Luce lives in an adorable luxury flat in Carlton House Terrace—the only really quiet spot she has ever found in dear old London.

Gina Malo is Stanley Lupino's best girl in the film—but as a matter of fact, Stanley's real best girl

lives in Hollywood, and her name is Ida! Watch Stanley's eyes light up when he says, "She's a great kid! Have you seen her latest picture? I hear it's a little different in style to her others."

And now to return to Claire Luce. She is very keen on flying, but her real passion is maps. She collects them whenever she gets a chance, and now she is just dying to get away to the Bodleian Library at Oxford to see some of its priceless treasures.

Now I come to red-haired, brown-eyed Judy Kelly. It is Judy, by the way, fresh from the triumphs of an Australian theatrical tour, who starts the trouble in the picture.

**DURING** luncheon at Elstree, I had a chat with Richard Bird. He produced "George and Martha" for the Repertory Players. It was immediately snapped up for West End production, and it has been making "a packet" of money ever since. He is also responsible for another West End play, "The Constant Wife," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle. "I have always wanted to direct films," Richard Bird told me, "but I have never had time, and now I am going to take the chance Mr. Mycroft has offered me. I am to direct 'The Terror.'"

In his early days, Richard Bird had not the slightest intention of becoming an actor—in fact, before the war, he confided, "I was a shipping clerk." One of Richard Bird's most successful parts was in "The Dominant Sex." He made his screen début in 1931.

**RALPH RICHARDSON** has always fascinated me on the stage; I imagine that he will have an enormous appeal in films. His personality just "gets one" in a most uncanny manner. He has a great chance in Victor Saville's new production, "South Riding," with Edna Best playing opposite to him. Victor Saville, who is directing this picture, has a great "flair" for human stories. "Storm in a Teacup" is already acclaimed as one of the films of the year, and his latest picture, "South Riding," will show us rural England and the drama of life. Ralph Richardson is Carne, and Edna Best, Sarah Burton. Then there is Edmund Gwenn in the cast—as Councillor Huggins.

# RE-TYPING THE TYPES

**T**HE greatest handicap a film star can suffer is to be typed—that is, to be the same sort of person in every picture, no matter how different the story.

It gives the star no chance at all to show what he or she can do in the way of acting.

They are just the same person dressed up in another suit.

This had system is still in existence, but it is gradually being broken down, and the really up-to-date producers and directors are giving stars a chance to show they can do something different.

The most recent, and, in my opinion, the most outstanding example of this is Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall," that strangely fascinating play by Emlyn Williams which had such a great success on the stage in London and New York.

He gives an amazing performance as a murderer who lives a double life. As a page-boy in a small country hotel, and later as a servant in the house of a rich and tyrannical old lady, he is just a pleasant, smiling young fellow who would be liked by anybody. The only faults one can see in him in this phase of his life are that he is cheeky and vain. He approaches his mistress with a cigarette dangling from his lips, to be removed immediately with an apology for taking such a liberty. But all the time he is smoothing the old woman with flattery he is planning to murder her with the same callousness

that he murdered another woman a few days previously. He does murder the old woman, and he is about to commit a third murder when he is arrested.

I have given this very short synopsis of the film to indicate what sort of character Montgomery plays in this film for the benefit of those who have not seen the picture. The amazing part is that—judging from his previous performances—Robert Montgomery would be the last actor chosen for such a part. I admit freely that he would not have been my choice, but the fact remains that he plays the part to perfection. As I read the story of the play, the page-boy was no Jekyll and Hyde, not a man with a dual personality, cursed from birth by having two brains in one body. He was just vain, and vanity dominated his life. He committed the first murder because he imagined he was too clever to be found out. And so he went on to another crime, still smiling, and apparently stifling his conscience with his vanity.

A difficult rôle to play, and one that would seem quite outside the powers of a star who hitherto had been typed as a handsome, gay, and totally irresponsible college-boy lover, a type that has been put over so often by Hollywood.

It was Robert Montgomery's startling performance that gave me the idea for this article. I began to wonder how many film stars who have been tied down by typed rôles could do something different and better.

The first name that came into my head was Myrna Loy. No star suffered more from the type system than this clever actress. To-day, we know her as a brilliant comedienne, but for years she was compelled to play the rôle of a vamp with an Oriental slant of mind. It is a startling fact to enthusiastic cinemagoers that we should never have seen the best of Myrna Loy had not some producer or director had the sense to break away from the type system.

I have admitted that I would not have chosen Robert Montgomery for the part in "Night Must Fall," but I give myself a pat on the back for always having thought that Myrna Loy was being wasted in her sly vamp rôles. She certainly had the eyes that fitted those rôles, but equally certain it is that she had the nose that was made for delicious comedy.

Marlene Dietrich is another star who has suffered and is suffering from the type system.

She, too, is a comedienne, a sort of reckless, happy-go-lucky adventuress as she was in "The Blue Angel," which is still her best film. They gave her a bit of a chance to be this character in "Desire," but that chance was not big enough to do her justice. I have the greatest admiration for Marlene Dietrich as an actress, but I thought she was very poor in "The Garden of Allah." In that picture she had not a chance to show her talent. If somebody wrote a witty comedy for her in which she appeared as a fascinating but dangerous woman, who loved lightly but held on firmly to the money, we should see her at her best. They have typed her to be a languorous beauty with a soul searching for something she is unable to find on this earth.



Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall."

Some day some producer will realize that Marlene Dietrich is an actress who can play almost any part. If they are wise they will begin with casting her for a rôle something like she acted in "The Blue Angel."

Then they may find that she can be something more than a woman with a heavy-lidded smile and a pair of shapely legs.

Look at what has been done by producers taking a chance.

Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn worked on the stage and in pictures as the same, everlasting pair. Tom, cynical, good-hearted villain, Ralph, an ass, but not such a fool as they thought. Then they gave that truly magnificent performance in "For Valour." I hope you have seen it. The best part is where they get old.

If you have seen the film you will remember that Tom and Ralph play the dual parts of sons and their fathers.

But for exquisite comedy give me the scenes when they are both old. Tom, ex-convict, is still as cunning as ever he was in the days of his youth, but Ralph, once an officer in the Boer War, is now a doddering old invalid, blackmailed by Tom, who reminds him: "Don't forget I saved your life!"—an incident of the Boer War.

I never got tired of Tom and Ralph on stage or screen, especially when they had in their custody the unfortunate Robertson Hare—and how they maltreated him—but I did have a new joy in life when I saw Tom and Ralph as old men.

I am supposed to be a bit case-hardened to stage shows and cinemas, but I laughed as heartily at "For Valour" as a kid from school would do on seeing his first pantomime.

The big truth in this article is that the day of the pretty actress and the handsome matinee idol is passing.

The young lover, with nothing but looks to recommend him, and the simpering heroine are in the wastepaper basket so far as real screen success is concerned. But given a part which calls for character they will be a bigger success than ever. After all, why should character parts be confined to old players? Why should the young and handsome be just lovers while character actors such as



Myrna Loy.  
(Below) George Raft.



Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn  
in "For Valour."

(On right)  
Carole Lombard.



# Happy Families

The diary of George Tallow, a provincial picturegoer who makes frequent visits to the films with his wife, Phæbe, his daughter, Jane, and his son, Edward James.

"Anthony Smith, Edna May Oliver, Dame Whitty, Louis Lumsden, and a score of others, "steal the show."

But that we want to do without the middle-aged and old character actors and actresses. But the young stars should be given a chance to show they can do something in the character-acting line. And so many have it in them. They only need a producer who has the courage to back them to bring the acting ability out. Victor McLaglen is no youngster, but he provides a very strong argument for the point of this article.

Until he made that sensational success in "The Informer," the picture public had thought he was just the blustering, good-tempered, big, strong fellow that producers had typed him for so many years. But he showed in this film that he had something more. He gave us a portrayal of a queer character that wanted a real actor to put it over.

George Raft, as we all know, revolted against the really unpleasant rôles in which he was cast when he became a success on the screen. His later films have shown him in suave, sophisticated rôles. In "Souls at Sea" he will be seen as Gary Cooper's devoted seaman, a swashbuckling rascal who cares for nothing but his friend.

Carole Lombard is a young actress who has been typed, but who escaped from the net. This clever actress is at home in any sort of rôle. She certainly has been given parts in which she has done much more than just look pretty, but I would like to see her in a real, strong, tragic rôle, such as Tess, in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

I would risk any money if I were a producer on putting Carole Lombard in this picture. It is only fair to say on behalf of picture producers that they have tried to please the big public. There is a section of the cinema public who will not tolerate one of their favourite young actors playing a sinister rôle, but I think the success of Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall" will change that attitude of mind. E. W.

## READERS' LETTERS

ADVANCE publicity did not underrate the appeal of "Anthony Adverse." Undoubtedly it is the film of the year.

After months of preparation and work this adaptation of Hervey Allen's book emerged as a long, vivid and deeply moving photoplay. Superbly directed by Mervyn le Roy, the photography, settings, and acting are outstanding, but the most remarkable feature of the film is the magnificent acting of Fredric March in the title rôle. Always a capable, virile actor, nevertheless he has hitherto given little indication that he possesses the extraordinary ability he displays here; he astonishes by the rare depth and sincerity of his acting. His rôle is an exacting one, but he is entirely convincing—in the beginning of the film as a lighthearted youth, and, later, as an embittered man he surprises by the sensitiveness of his portrayal.

Special mention should be made of Olivia de Havilland, who also reaches the heights, and Anita Louise, poignantly lovely as the ill-fated Marie.

—ALICE BASHER, New Zealand.

JOIN the "Hamiltonians," the official Neil Hamilton Fan Club. Our membership fee is 2s. a year. This pays for an autographed photograph of Neil, membership card, and pen pal lists. Write to Betty Breakwell, 165, Horseley Field, Wolverhampton, for further details.

ANOTHER plea for Ramon. Yes, I quite agree with Mr. Barlow. Ramon, and Ramon only, is suitable for the rôle of Scaramouche. Why give another actor the chance that Ramon rightfully should have? He made it as a silent picture, and he is the one who should re-make it as a talkie. Also, why not let him re-make "Ben-Hur"—it would be a wonderful film. —L. F. MORRIS, Bromley.

I WAS very pleased to see in PICTURE SHOW that someone has at last written in praise of Dennis King. May I add my praise to that of Miss Nora Vincent, and hope that if this letter gets published it will encourage others to do the same.

There is no one I would rather see on the screen than Dennis King, and perhaps, if we cause enough fuss about it, the producers will come to their senses. —D. B., Ulverston.

I AM a regular reader of the PICTURE SHOW, which I greatly enjoy, and through the medium of your paper I feel I would like to offer my sincere thanks to Mr. Weissmuller for the many hours of true pleasure I have had seeing his films. I have just seen "Tarzan Escapes," which I thoroughly enjoyed, but it must be over two years ago since I saw the previous Tarzan film. It seems a great pity more of these films are not made as they always appear to be popular.

I was very glad to hear Mr. Weissmuller is signed up for more films, but am certain I am not alone in hoping we shall have the pleasure of seeing him in rôles as athlete or swimmer.

It is many years now since the first Tarzan film. Couldn't we have a re-issue or, better still, re-make it in colour, as I think the jungle vegetation would make a beautiful background for a coloured film? —R. R., Selly Oak, Birmingham.

OUR house, usually so sweet and tidy, has become a shambles. We're packing—yes, packing for the holidays, but if a stranger were to walk in suddenly he would be justified in thinking we were moving to a lunatic asylum. Lighthearted just wouldn't describe us, lightheaded is more to the point.

The dogs have obviously made up their minds we are crazy, for Sandy, the Sealyham, twice jumped into trunks before their lids were crushed down in the pious hope that somehow he may be mistaken for a stowaway. And Katharine, the Dalmatian, convinced that she is to be left behind, drags garments out of my suitcase almost as quick as I pile them in. She is coming, of course, and so is Sandy; and what a time they'll have together on the beach near Eastbourne—but dogs hate upset and must register a protest. Like Prunella Morgan, my pretty-daughter-in-law-to-be, they just cannot believe the holidays have started.

Prunella arrived this afternoon, and the first thing she did was to take Phæbe and Jane to the Grand Cinema to see "TARZAN ESCAPES." She said it was just the film to see on the eve of a holiday, and I can well believe it, for, since they returned, they've been making whinnying noises and bouncing about in hunched positions apparently trying to imitate the antics of baboons in the jungle. Even when I congratulated them on the life-like resemblance, it seemed to make no difference, for at tea-time they asked for raw fish and nuts instead of scrambled eggs, and then started to gnaw bananas off the sideboard and throw the skins about the dining-room. Phæbe soon put an end to this and sent them upstairs to get on with their packing, but when she followed to see how they were getting on, a game called "Wrestling under water with crocodiles" was in progress. Jane was the crocodile—and looked it! Dressed in her new swim-suit she had Prunella helpless on the bed and was trying to bite her leg.

Well, girls will be girls, I suppose, and holidays come but once a year. However, between dogs, baboons, and crocodiles, I felt that home was no place for a man, so I slipped out and went to Manchester. I wanted to see "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS" in case it might elude me in the future as so many films do unless one makes an effort to see them—and as Binnie Barnes was in it I felt that would be a pity. She's a secret passion of mine, is Binnie, and now that I'm going off for my holidays I don't care who knows it.



Henry Wilcoxon and Heather Angel; and (in circle) Binnie Barnes and Randolph Scott in "The Last of the Mohicans."

The story of "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS" was a boys' thriller in my young days, and it certainly has not lost its appeal on the films. It is simply packed with excitement from the very first moment, and the principal parts are acted with such gusto by Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Hugh Buckler, and Binnie Barnes, that the audience was carried along on a breathless wave. Red-coated soldiers in the days of the Canadian pioneers were no match for the wily Indians, especially when they stupidly permitted Redskin servants to overhear their plans of campaign. Mague (Bruce Cabot) turns out to be a spy although he was in the confidence of the soldiers, so when Henry Wilcoxon arrives from England with despatches from the king, it is easy for him to slip off and make trouble with the Indians. He plays this part very realistically, for Cabot was born in New Mexico, and is of French, Irish, and Redskin descent and his make-up, therefore, suits him.

I must confess I like films illustrating the British character, even if it is often unfavourable. In "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," both Henry Wilcoxon and Hugh Buckler are perfect examples of that dogged stupidity, narrow-mindedness, and lack of imagination that have been responsible for so much disaster in war. But they are also typical of the indomitable courage, unselfishness, and devotion to duty which has placed the Empire where it stands. Perhaps the vices rather than the qualities were emphasised in the film as a contrast to Randolph Scott's adventurous and imaginative personality. He is neither an Indian nor a Britisher, but "Hawkeye," a colonial scout, employed by the British when it suits them. He knows all about Bruce Cabot's plots, but it is doubtful if he would have stuck to the Redcoats' side but for Binnie Barnes.

After their first meeting Randolph just can't get Binnie out of his mind, and I didn't blame him for a second because she was looking very sweet. So against his better judgment "Hawkeye" throws his lot in with the British little knowing what he is to suffer by reason of their stupidity. He comes into his own at last, of course, and so does Binnie Barnes. She wanted "Hawkeye" as her man all along, and she got him. Somehow I guessed that in real life Binnie always gets what she wants, her beautiful mouth is so determined.

I mentioned this at supper.

"One seems to get to know some stars almost personally," I said, "and yet the films in which we see them are such impermanent things."

"That's why they're called 'ficks,'" volunteered Prunella.

"The pictures are much more permanent than you imagine," said Edward James. "When dear little Jean Harlow died half the world felt it had lost a friend."

And then the conversation centred affectionately round Jean Harlow for a while, and we went all over her pictures from "Hell's Angels" to "Libelled Lady," and felt sad in our hearts that we would not see many more of her films. The clock struck midnight, and Phæbe jumped to her feet.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I must finish my packing."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" I inquired.

Phæbe was thoughtful for a moment.

"How many picture-houses are there at Eastbourne?" she inquired.

"About a dozen," I said, "at a guess."

"Well, just search through the newspapers and see what they're showing," said Phæbe.

Edward James helped me and we made a list. We discarded some and we added others. And when the final list was approved by Phæbe and the girls we knew that, so far as our own family was concerned, wet or fine, an enjoyable time would be had by all.

TALLOW



ROMANCE  
IN  
FILMLAND

*This happy snapshot of Mischa Auer and his wife, Norma, was taken when they were supping at a Hollywood night club recently. Auer will soon be seen in the new Deanna Durbin film for Universal, "One Hundred Men and One Girl."*

*(Right) Mischa is seen in the lounge of his lovely Hollywood home with his three-year-old son, Tony, and one of the Great Danes which he raises as a hobby.*





*Derrick de Marney*



## The Birth of a New Star

*Derrick de Marney is the ideal film hero. Tall, dark and handsome.*

**D**ERRICK DE MARNEY—this name makes news! He will soon be seen in the cinemas playing opposite Nova Pilbeam in "A Shilling for Candles." This is the first time he will be really co-starred in a film production although he has done some extraordinarily good work in a number of pictures, and he has been well known on the stage for several years.

I met him a few days before he actually signed for this important part, and it was a strict secret.

"I've been doing quite a lot of costume pictures just lately," he told me, "but I hope to break out in a good straight part in my next picture in modern clothes. I can't tell you about it as it's not quite settled, but if it comes off I dare say you'll hear about it."

I certainly did hear about it. This should be the birth of a new Derrick de Marney—the birth of a new star. For, to my mind, this actor has all the makings of a real top-liner.

*With Ann Todd in "Things to Come."*



*(In circle) With June Clyde in "Land Without Music," the Oscar Straus film operetta. (Above, right) With Marjorie Corbett in "Windfall."*

Unless I'm very much mistaken De Marney will soon be in the money; his name will be in electric lights; you will all talk about him in the same way as you've talked about Clark Gable and Robert Taylor.

### A Reminder of the Past

**I** MET him on the Herbert Wilcox set at Pinewood during the filming of the final scenes of "Victoria Regina," in which he takes the part of Disraeli. He certainly looked the part. Curiously enough it was his portrayal of this same character that first gave him his big chance in pictures. Actually, he has been on the screen since the silent days, but it was while appearing on the stage in "The Young Mr. Disraeli," in which he gained a big London success, that he was seen by Alexander Korda, who immediately signed him up on a two-year contract.

"My contract with London Films came to an end last Christmas," he explained, "and I'm only just back from a few months in Paris, where I appeared in a picture, 'Pearls of the Crown,' a most interesting story of the five pearls in the English State crown. Originally, you know, Korda was going to make a film version of 'The Young Mr. Disraeli,' but you know how these things fall through.

"But I'm glad I worked with Korda," he said, adding with obvious sincerity: "I have a very great admiration for him."

### An Early Ambition

**D**ERRICK DE MARNEY is dark, young, with an interesting face full of character, and an unusual amount of sound acting experience.

"I went on the stage when I was sixteen," he told me, "and I've never been out of a job for long. Of course, as you probably know, my mother was quite a popular actress, and her mother was also an actress, so going on the stage wasn't such an event for me as it might have been for anybody who had no connections at all with the business. Besides, I have always wanted to act. As long as I can remem-

ber I never had an ambition to be anything else but an actor.

"How did I start? Well, I just learned my job for five years—or rather, I tried to! I toured for five years all over the country and in all sorts of plays with Mrs. 'Pat' Campbell and Dennis Neilson-Terry and people like that. I had the usual adventures that every struggling actor has on tour. I never made much money, but I was kept pretty busy and I got a tremendous amount of experience."

I think you'd call this actor a young trouper. He has all the quiet common sense of an old-timer together with the energy and enthusiasm of youth.

"Whatever happens with my screen work I hope to do one play a year," he said. "So far I've been jolly lucky. After all, an actor relies entirely on getting a good part; I don't care how clever you are, you can't do much good if you happen to get a string of plays that turn out to be failures.

"Anyhow, as I say, I've been lucky. I've been fortunate enough to have a couple of plays written for me, and both were good plays. There was 'The Tudor Wench,' and then came 'The Young Mr. Disraeli,' which was written for me by Elswyth Thame."

This actor made his screen debut in a silent picture, "Adventurous Youth." Among his more recent pictures are "Shadows," "The Laughter of Fools," "Music Hall," "Once in a New Moon," and "Things to Come."

As well as being well known on the London stage, he is a popular radio artiste.

He has gained most of his successes in costume parts, but now we are going to see him on the screen as he really is, and, providing the part turns out to be as good as I understand it to be, I fancy we are going to like him very much.

### Still a Bachelor

**H**E is a charming fellow in real life. There is absolutely nothing artificial about him. "I'm a bachelor," he said, when I tackled him on the subject of marriage, adding quite unexpectedly: "But I'm very fond of women.

"The truth is, old boy," he went on in a somewhat confiding tone, "they're all so very nice I wouldn't know how to pick 'em. I'm completely free; nothing to worry about except my job. And I tell you I'm enjoying life—really enjoying it. Yes, I'm a very good bachelor—"

It was getting late and, being a married man, I decided it was time I set off for home. It was refreshing to meet Mr. de Marney.

O. BRISTOL

# Mama



## (M.G.M.) STEPS OUT

*This film introduces a new and highly successful comedy team in Guy Kibbee and Alice Brady. Len Cuppy (Guy Kibbee), a typical American business man, takes his wife, Ada (Alice Brady), and their daughter, Leila, for a vacation to Europe.*



*Ada acquires a taste for culture, and cultivates a trio of would-be geniuses, Nadine, a poetess (Heather Thatcher), Dmitri, a musician (Gregory Gaye), and Coco, an artist (Ivan Lebedeff), who fasten themselves to the Cuppy family with parasitic determination.*

*Their antics, quarrels and jealousies are complicated when Leila (Betty Furness), whom Ada hopes will marry a cultured foreigner, elopes with an American crooner (Stanley Morner). He turns out to be quite a good sort, and eventually, rid of the fake artistic trio, the family return to America with Mama completely cured of her yearning for culture.*

# "Maid of S"

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray co-star in a gripping drama of witchcraft hysteria.



Fred MacMurray as Roger



1. Delivering candles at Elder Goode's house, Barbara Clarke, a Puritan orphan, finds Tituba, the black slave (Madame Sul-te-Wan) telling fortunes. She tells Barbara that she will meet a tall, handsome man.



2. Barbara discovers that Jeremiah Adams, a lobster fisherman (Halliwell Hobbes) is hiding his nephew, Roger Coverman (who has a price on his head because he has rebelled against unjust taxation). They fall in love and meet secretly.



3. Ann Goode (Bonita Granville) reads her father's book on witchcraft. She pretends to be "afflicted" and says that Tituba has bewitched her. Tituba confesses and names several accomplices, who are hanged.



4. Barbara begs her friend, Dr. Harding (Harvey Stephens) to do something. He begs her to be silent for her own safety, when Aunt Ellen (Louise Dresser) reveals that Barbara's mother was burned as a witch. Meanwhile, Roger has sailed to clear his name.

(Paramount)

# Salem"



Claudette Colbert as Barbara



5. Witchcraft hysteria sweeps Salem. When Rebecca Nurse (Lucy Beaumont) is arrested and tried as a witch, Barbara rises in her defence.

6. The jealous Martha Harding (Gale Sondergaard) reveals that Barbara's mother was burned as a witch.

7. When Barbara confesses that she is in love with a man with whom she has been seen to meet secretly, she is promptly condemned to have been in league with the devil. She is about to be hanged when Roger turns up and admits that he is the man she has been meeting. He makes the people realise how foolish they have been, and Barbara and Roger are joyously reunited.



Humphrey Bogart

This rising young actor stars in the Warner Bros. film, "Black Legion."

# Feather Your NEST

(A.T.P.)



George (George Formby) occupies the proud position of eighth recordist in the Triumph Gramophone Co. But he has smashed a valuable crooning record, and in consequence does not receive the rise that he needs to make his marriage with Mary (Polly Walker) possible.



He has, however, purchased a piece of land, and he and Mary often set off to watch the beginnings of the house-building.

The smashing of the record leads George into incredible difficulties to find the crooner who made the record. He is in despair, when at Mary's suggestion he visits the factory at night and attempts to produce something approaching the crooner's masterpiece.

When the subterfuge is discovered, George gets the sack. Later the record turns out to be a winner, but the manager will not listen when George tries to tell him that he alone was responsible for it.



When he eventually manages to prove his bonafides he is saved from signing a disadvantageous contract by Mary.

George gives a party to his suspicious mother-in-law-to-be, a party rather spoiled when the men call to remove the furniture.

In the end, however, George triumphs over disaster, and he and Mary set off together for their brand-new house.



As she appeared  
in  
"Paddy O' Day."



In a scene from  
"So This Is  
Life."



(In circle) With  
Jackie Searl in  
"Ginger."



## THE LIFE STORY OF Jane Withers



With  
Sara Haden and  
Claude Gilling-  
water in "Can  
This Be Dixie?"



With Jane  
Darwell and  
Sara Haden  
in "Little Miss  
Nobody."



(In circle) With Slim  
Summerville in "Pepper."

**L**ITTLE Jane Withers owes her success to her mother's dreams and ambitions. When she was a girl, Mrs. Withers longed for an acting career more than anything else in life. Her family was a very respectable German one of Louisville, and they did not believe in such a thing as their daughters becoming actresses. Their idea was that a woman's place was in the home.

Jane's mother was so intensely disappointed at their decision that when she married she decided that if ever she should have a daughter, that little girl should be what she had always longed to be.

In the months before her baby arrived, she would walk down the street in Atlanta, Georgia, where the theatres were situated, and, gazing at the electric lights, she would not see the names that were displayed there, but the name of "Jane Withers," for she had already decided on her little girl's name. She thought "Jane" would look well in lights.

She went constantly to see various shows, and always the girl who sang or danced was her own little girl.

Her friends fearing that she might have a great disappointment tried to warn her that perhaps her baby might be a boy.

"How do you know it will be a girl?" they asked her, when she talked constantly of "Jane."

"She will be. She has to be," was Mrs. Withers' reply.

### The Amateur Night Expert

**A**PRIL 12th was the great day when Jane arrived in this world, and the words "a born actress" certainly apply to her.

Her mother sent her to a private professional school before she was three, and at the same time she commenced to attend amateur nights at various picture theatres. Always she would win the prize. She travelled around to the different theatres, and sometimes she would win two or three prizes in one week.

In the end fond mothers would ring up Mrs. Withers and ask her if Jane was going to the theatre that night. If Mrs. Withers' reply was "Yes" the other mother would sigh and say:

"I think I'll wait until next time to take my little girl."

Jane was still under four when one day after she had seen Fifi D'Orsay in a film she returned home and mimicked Miss D'Orsay singing one of the songs out of the film. Her mother was delighted at the excellent way she did it, and a week later little Jane had an engagement to do an impersonation of Fifi D'Orsay on the wireless.

She was such a success that for the next two years Jane went to a film every week, and then impersonated the star on the air. She became known as "Atlanta's Sweetheart."

### Off to Hollywood

**E**VERYBODY advised Mrs. Withers that she ought to take her little daughter to Hollywood. There was a family conference, and Mr. Withers, who was the branch manager of a rubber company, said that he would spare Jane and her mother to go to Hollywood, and suggested that they should take a six-months chance there.

They arrived in the film city full of high hopes. In their luggage were letters from theatre managers and broadcasting directors, also several books of Press notices. Mrs. Withers found, however, that these did not impress film-casting directors.

The months started slipping away, and they had not been successful at a single studio. Mrs. Withers began to feel a little discouraged and sometimes she almost decided to pack up and return home, forgetting all about her ambitions and dreams for Jane. She really would have given up if it had not been for her little daughter. Whenever Mrs. Withers was becoming discouraged Jane would say: "Aw, come on, mom, cheer up. Something's going to happen."

Eventually the six months were up and the time really had come to leave Hollywood, but Mr. Withers wrote to his wife, suggesting that she try a little longer, for he knew how disappointed she would be that her hopes had not materialised.

### Excitement—Then Disappointment

**A**r last Jane was given a small part in *Handle With Care*. Mrs. Withers, delighted, wrote home to her friends in Atlanta and told them to be sure to see the film. They did, but they did not see Jane, her small "bit" had been left on the cutting-room floor.

Even Jane was a little dismayed then; but this bright child refused to give up hope. She had work in a few films after that, and then once more the studio gates seemed closed to her.

She had a few vaudeville and wireless engagements, but at the end of a year she was no nearer a film career than she had been in her home town of Atlanta.

Then one day the telephone rang; it was a call from the Warner studio. They were requiring somebody to do the voice of a crying baby in a cartoon film. Could Jane do it?

"Can she cry like a baby?" repeated Mrs. Withers. Jane heard her and came dashing into the room.

"Tell 'em I can do it, mom," she cried.

All that afternoon Jane practised crying like a baby, and the next day she went to the studio. Following her first work in a cartoon, Jane's voice was heard in about a dozen of these animated cartoons in which she was never seen.

This was not what Mrs. Withers had wanted for her daughter, and towards the end of 1934 she began to debate with herself as to whether it was fair to

her husband to remain away from him any longer. Was her child's probable success greater than her duty to him?

She had been told that casting was going on for Shirley Temple's film, *Bright Eyes*, and that there was a "brat" rôle in it. It was Irvin S. Cobb who told her about this, and he added that he thought the rôle would suit Jane.

"Jane isn't a brat," he said, "but she can act."

### Success as a "Brat"

**M**RS. WITHERS decided that she would have a try for this rôle for Jane, and if she failed she would go back home.

The next morning Mrs. Withers managed to get an interview with the casting director. He was impressed by Jane, but he looked dubious; the rôle was an important one, and the child he was interviewing was practically unknown.

"Do you think she could be mean enough for this rôle?" he asked her mother.

It was Jane, however, who replied.

"Can I be mean?" she said, as she thrust out her lower lip. "Can I be mean? Sah-ay, just give me a chance!"

"But how will we ever get a nice little girl to go like a machine-gun?" the director asked, thinking of a special scene in the film, and still feeling a little dubious.

Jane tugged at his sleeve.

"Do you mean like this?" she asked, and went running round the set, giving a marvellous imitation.

"Sign her right away," said the director, convinced at last, and when *Bright Eyes* was shown to the public little Jane Withers was hailed as a new child sensation.

### Jane's Films

**S**INCE then she has appeared in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*, *Ginger*, *This Is the Life*, *Paddy O' Day*, *Little Miss Nobody*, *Pepper*, and she is now to be seen in *Can This Be Dixie?*

The day that Jane was engaged for *Bright Eyes* was indeed a lucky one for her and her mother, for on that day Mr. Withers arrived in Hollywood. His company had transferred him to California so that he could be with them.

An important member of the Withers household is Danky, Jane's fox terrier. His little mistress will tell you that he is a very remarkable dog as she proudly makes him go through his tricks according to the instructions which she whispers to him.

"He understands every word I say," she will explain. "Of course, sometimes he gets jealous when I pay too much attention to my dolls—you see, I've got nearly two hundred of them, and they do take up a lot of my time, what with making clothes for them and seeing that they get their proper sleep."

# NEXT WEEK'S RELEASES



ANN DVORAK and SMITH BALLEW in

**RACING LADY** (Radio).  
Director: Wallace Fox.  
American. Certificate "U."

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Ruth Martin .. . . .   | Ann Dvorak       |
| Steven Wendel .. . . . | Smith Ballew     |
| Tom Martin .. . . .    | Harry Carey      |
| Judge .. . . .         | Berton Churchill |
| Bradford .. . . .      | Frank M. Thomas  |
| Warbler .. . . .       | Ray Mayer        |
| Brass .. . . .         | Willie Best      |
| Abby .. . . .          | Hattie McDaniels |
| Lewis .. . . .         | Harry Jans       |
| Joe .. . . .           | Lew Payton       |
| Gilbert .. . . .       | Harlan Tucker    |

Thoroughly entertaining racing drama, with a more original story than is usual, with some amusing humour, good racing thrills, and a dash of pleasant romance. It is the story of a girl trainer who learns from a young motor-car manufacturer to put success before sportsmanship, learns her mistake when her own pet horse is to be scratched from a big race because she is not a certain winner, and converts the motor-car man to her way of thinking also. Fast moving, it is well acted and directed.



BUCK JONES and NOEL FRANCIS in

**LEFT-HANDED LAW** (G.F.D.).  
Director: Lesley Selander.  
American. Certificate "U."

- |                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Alamo Bowie .. . . .    | Buck Jones     |
| Betty Golden .. . . .   | Noel Francis   |
| One-Shot Brady .. . . . | Matty Fain     |
| Sam Logan .. . . .      | George Regan   |
| Tom Willis .. . . .     | Robert Frazier |
| Sheriff Grant .. . . .  | Lee Phelps     |

Nena Quartaro, Frank LaRue, Lee Shumway, Frank Lackteen, William Lawrence, Charles Lemoyne, Harold Hodge, and Silver Junior.

Full-blooded, fast-moving Western. Buck Jones is his usual vigorous self as a secret agent sent to a little town in New Mexico to round up a gang of outlaws.

**LUCKY JADE** (Paramount).  
Director: Walter Summers.  
British. Certificate "A."

- |                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Betsy Bunn .. . . .    | Betty Ann Davies   |
| John Marsden .. . . .  | John Warwick       |
| Bob Grant .. . . .     | Derek Gorst        |
| Mrs. Sparsely .. . . . | Claire Arnold      |
| Ricketts .. . . .      | Syd Crossley       |
| Ricy Rickhart .. . . . | Gordon Court       |
| Dingbat Eisan .. . . . | Richard Littledale |
| Mr. Marsden .. . . .   | Leonard Shepherd   |
| Whitebait .. . . .     | Tony Wylde         |
| Dancers .. . . .       | Bowyer and Ravel   |

This British production deals with a parlourmaid who takes advantage of her employer's absence to give a party by means of which she hopes to go on the stage, but finds her plan mis-carrying when a gang of crooks gate-crash. Betty Ann Davies does her best with poor material.

"Maid of Salem" is the outstanding film next week. Not only does it star two first-class players, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, but it is a really fine piece of work, far removed from the rather frothy comedy in which we have been accustomed to seeing these two. It deals with the old Puritan days in America, and the tragedy that follows an outbreak of hysteria against witchcraft. The period is vividly re-created, and the film is sensitively, vigorously directed. Don't miss it.



MARK STONE, DOROTHY BOYD and JOHN STUART in

**PEARLS BRING TEARS** (Columbia).  
Director: Manning Haynes.  
British. Certificate "U."

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Harry .. . . .         | John Stuart      |
| Madge .. . . .         | Dorothy Boyd     |
| Pamela .. . . .        | Eve Gray         |
| George .. . . .        | Mark Stone       |
| Doreen .. . . .        | Googie Withers   |
| Mr. Vane .. . . .      | Aubrey Mallalieu |
| Mrs. Vane .. . . .     | Annie Esmond     |
| Mr. Duffield .. . . .  | H. F. Maltby     |
| Mrs. Duffield .. . . . | Elizabeth James  |
| Herbert .. . . .       | Hal Walters      |
| Bankes .. . . .        | Syd Crossley     |
| Mary .. . . .          | Isobel Scaife    |

Amusing, unpretentious little British comedy which deals with the misadventures of several people involved in the disappearance of a necklace deposited as security for a business deal. Swift action, neat direction, bright acting make this a really commendable British production.

**BLACK LEGION** (Warner).  
Director: Archie Mayo.  
American. Certificate "A."

- |                               |                    |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Frank Taylor .. . . .         | Humphrey Bogart    |
| Ed Jackson .. . . .           | Dick Foran         |
| Ruth Taylor .. . . .          | Erin O'Brien Moore |
| Betty Grogan .. . . .         | Ann Sheridan       |
| Brown .. . . .                | Robert Barrat      |
| Pearl Danvers .. . . .        | Helen Flint        |
| Cliff Moore .. . . .          | Joseph Sawyer      |
| Prosecuting Attorney .. . . . | Addison Richards   |
| Metcalf .. . . .              | Eddie Acuff        |
| Mike Grogan .. . . .          | Clifford Soubier   |
| Billings .. . . .             | Paul Harvey        |
| Judge .. . . .                | Samuel Hinds       |
| Tommy Smith .. . . .          | John Litel         |
| Osgood .. . . .               | Charles Halton     |
| Charlie .. . . .              | Francis Sayles     |
| Alf Hargrave .. . . .         | Harry Hayden       |
| Buddy Taylor .. . . .         | Dickie Jones       |
| Mrs. Grogan .. . . .          | Dorothy Vaughan    |
| Joe Dombrowski .. . . .       | Henry Brandon      |
| Nick Strumpas .. . . .        | Pat C. Flint       |
| Barham .. . . .               | Paul Stanton       |
| Old Man Dombrowski .. . . .   | Egon Brecher       |

This melodrama deals with a mechanic who, failing to win a coveted job as foreman of the workshop, develops a permanent grudge against Society which he works off by joining the notorious "Black Legion," an association ostensibly to protect the interests of Americans against foreigners, but which really is a gang who perpetrate appalling cruelties and even murder in their persecutions. Finely acted and sincerely directed, beautifully photographed and convincingly set.



JANE WITHERS in

**CAN THIS BE DIXIE?** (20th Century-Fox).  
Director: George Marshall.  
American. Certificate "U."

- |  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Peg Gurgle .. . . .                      | Jane Withers        |
| Robert E. Lee Gurgle .. . . .            | Slim Summerville    |
| Virginia Peachtree .. . . .              | Helen Wood          |
| Ulysses S. Sherman .. . . .              | Thomas Beck         |
| Miss Beauregard Peachtree .. . . .       | Sara Haden          |
| Colonel Robert E. Lee Peachtree .. . . . | Claude Gillingwater |
| Longstreet Butler .. . . .               | Donald Cook         |
| Sheriff N. B. F. Rider .. . . .          | James Burke         |
| Ed Grant .. . . .                        | Jed Prouty          |
| Lizzie .. . . .                          | Hattie McDaniels    |
| Jeff Davis Brunch .. . . .               | Troy Brown          |

- Ancestors:
- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| General Beauregard Peachtree .. . . .   | Robert Warwick      |
| Mozart Beethoven von Peachtree .. . . . | Ferdinand Munier    |
| John P. Smith Peachtree .. . . .        | Billy Bletcher      |
| George Washington Peachtree .. . . .    | William Worthington |
| Thomas Jefferson Peachtree .. . . .     | Otis Harlan         |

This film is an extraordinary mixture of racing melodrama, negro comedy, satire, and musical comedy, hung on a slender story of a little girl's attempts to help a poverty-stricken old Southern colonel. Competently acted.



CLAUDE HULBERT and LESLEY BROOK in

**THE VULTURE** (First National).  
Director: Ralph Ince.  
British. Certificate "A."

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Cedric Gull .. . . . | Claude Hulbert     |
| Sylvia .. . . .      | Lesley Brook       |
| Stiffy .. . . .      | Hal Walters        |
| Jenkinson .. . . .   | Frederick Burtwell |
| Spicer .. . . .      | George Merritt     |
| Li Fu .. . . .       | Arthur Hardy       |
| Charlie Yen .. . . . | George Carr        |
| McBride .. . . .     | Archibald Batty    |

Claude Hulbert gets in and out of all kinds of hilariously embarrassing situations as a correspondence-course detective who gets on the trail of some diamond thieves and masquerades as a Chinese. There is no attempt at conviction, but plenty of laughs and action.

**UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES** (Wardour).  
Director: Redd Davis.  
British. Certificate "U."

- |                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Bud .. . . .           | Bud Flanagan      |
| Ches .. . . .          | Chesney Allen     |
| Chief Steward .. . . . | Edmund Willard    |
| Anna .. . . .          | Stella Moya       |
| Pedro .. . . .         | Lyn Harding       |
| Dolores .. . . .       | Enid Stamp-Taylor |
| Carlos .. . . .        | Edward Ashley     |
| Professor .. . . .     | Aubrey Mather     |

(Continued on page 23)

# My Own Life Story

By

*Robert Taylor*



## A Real Embarrassment

THE sight of one's picture on the screen gives rise to curious emotions. I had a sensation very much like embarrassment the first time I saw myself, and it is hard to forget such a reaction when acting before the camera.

For a long time this nervousness kept me taut as a 'cello string and made my appearance somewhat stiff. I noticed it myself in the first three pictures in which I worked, and noticing it didn't help me to overcome it, either.

During the start of filming "Society Doctor," however, I gave myself a talk that took hold. "What's the sense of all this tension? What's there to be afraid of?" I asked myself again, and I felt myself relax. It was a lucky thing I achieved that sense of ease early in the picture, for I was playing my first substantial rôle and it was make or break.

The ease of manner showed on the screen, of course, and my part looked a lot better. I also noticed a new detachment in my attitude towards seeing my picture. It was as though I were watching another person, and I now can analyse what good and bad things I've done without it ever occurring to me that my personality is involved.

Acquiring that knack is the result of experience, I guess, for it seems not to be possible to work one's way into it. I felt both pleased and a trifle silly, as one must who suddenly understands the full meaning of a poem he has been reciting for years.

While my ability to do my work increased, my personal life reacted more slowly to the alchemy of Hollywood. I honestly do not think that I have changed much or that I behave differently now than I did when I left college. But I am older and I am not so broke as I was, and I suppose I'm not the best judge of differences in myself.

I know that I never enjoyed formal and ceremonial dinners, and I still do not. I know that I've always preferred to dine out, and that home to me still is the place to go when there's no interesting thing elsewhere. Only recently I gave my first party, and even that was not at home. It was a birthday party for my mother, and we went to the Beverly-Wilshire hotel for dinner and to dance. Mother and a friend, Virginia (my secretary), and her beau, and Barbara Stanwyck attended my première as a Hollywood host. We had fun, too.

## My Favourite Cafés

A NATURAL-BORN eater-out, like me, gives quite a lot of thought to cafés. My favourite place is the Brown Derby—I also like a drive-in sandwich stand near my house that makes magnificent hamburgers. For serious eating, give me good beef and potatoes or beans or some other dish that stays with a fellow. Hamburgers are all right for snacking, but if one has to like such trifles as caviare to "go Hollywood," I have not gone Hollywood. I still have the attitude of a harvest hand towards setting the table.

Maybe I shouldn't write this, but what I like in table talk is something about making movies. Nothing else interests me so much.

Cole Porter, the composer, was telling me the other day that when he first came to Hollywood he was warned he would be bored to death, because nobody there ever talks about anything besides motion pictures.

"And after I had been here a couple of weeks," Porter told me, "I found that there was nothing else I wanted to talk about, either."

## My Lovely Leading Ladies

THE film colony is a neighbourly group and one makes friends quickly. Each picture one makes widens one's circle of friends. After we finished "Society Doctor," I was with Virginia Bruce again in "Times Square Lady." Then I worked with another lovely person, Irene Dunne, in "Magnificent Obsession."

And each picture increases an actor's competence in his work. Before I made "Society Doctor," I had played in "Wicked Woman," with Mady Christians, in "Murder in the Fleet," with Jean Parker, and in "West Point of the Air," in which Wallace Beery starred.

The interesting people one meets in a film studio are by no means confined to the group of players. The producers, directors, and writers are a great bunch, and I enjoy talking with the cameramen, "prop" men, and the "grips." They haul some fine anecdotes out of their memories.

I run into film people everywhere, for Hollywood people are really very much like the citizens of my old home town of Beatrice, Nebraska. They all know one another and always keep meeting, although people travel greater distances in Southern California for relaxation.

Should I drive to Santa Barbara for a week-end, I'd be bound to run into somebody—maybe one of the Barrymores or Spencer Tracy come ashore from their boats. Drop in on Ralph Bellamy for a game of tennis in Palm Springs, and there will probably be Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone to make it a double set.

When they're at some game, Clark Gable will be on the terrace, trying to out-yell Bing Crosby and bring his team in first. Remember who won, because that night Gene Raymond or Jeanette MacDonald will want to know when they dance past you at the Trocadero.

What if you are a couple of hundred miles away from home, in Ensenada, perhaps? There's Bob Leonard and Nelson Eddy to talk about movies with. Or just go around the corner to the fights at the

Legion stadium. I'm always sitting next to Woody van Dyke or one of the Marx Brothers, who still get a lot of fun from telling about their experiences managing the ring career of Canvasback Cohen.

No small-town boy, such as I am, need worry long over what he'll do for friends in motion pictures. Those people are as easy as they are pleasant to know—and they're always turning up everywhere.

For all I know, the whole world may be just one big small town.

## Laughs in a Studio

WHATEVER else may be true about making motion pictures, I am convinced there are more laughs to be had around a studio than in any other assembly.

Hollywood has an abundant sense of humour that is working all the time. Far from interfering with production, the tonic laughter heard on the sound stages brings members of the troupe closer together and makes possible more effective co-operation. I think so, anyway.

Carole Lombard's comic valentine to Clark Gable is an old story now. She sent him a wreck of a car painted white and with big red hearts on it. But they've been playing jokes on one another ever since.

Gable recently arrived at a broadcasting studio for the rôle of George Washington in a radio play about Valley Forge. He found his dressing-room crammed with cherry trees, hatchets, and big signs. The dizziest sign read: "America's Number One Lover Becomes Father of His Country."

William Powell and Myrna Loy gave Sid Grauman a small panic the other day. Sid operates the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, and he likes to record the autographs and footprints of stars ceremoniously in the concrete of the theatre forecourt.

When Bill and Myrna arrived for the event, Sid let out a yell and threw up his hands. They were wearing shoes almost a yard long.

John Miljan and Director W. S. Van Dyke have set a precedent for daffy Christmas gifts. Miljan started it when he tied red ribbons on a hundred mongrel dogs and turned them loose on Van Dyke's lawn on Christmas Day. Van Dyke had to wait a year to reciprocate, but the following Christmas Miljan received, attractively wrapped, a hundred pounds of Wienerwurst (cheese).

All of the incongruous situations that start Hollywood laughing are not planned, however. When we were making "Society Doctor," my part called for me to operate on William Henry. Oddly enough, Bill had undergone an appendectomy only a few days before we made the scene, and they rolled him on to the stage on a stretcher from an ambulance.

We had so much fun complaining about Bill's missing appendix and working out "gag props" before we made the scene that Bill almost pulled out his stitches. He finally escaped to the desert to recover.

The joke was on the whole company in Monterey, California, where Janet Gaynor and I went with the troupe on location to make "Small Town Girl." Bill Wellman, the director, chased us over all the rocks in the county the first day in making scenes of the beautiful coast there.

We saw the "rushes" the next day and the pictures were swell. The only trouble was that every scene had sounds in it like barking dogs. None of us had so much as seen a dog and nobody could figure out what had spoiled the day's work.

At last an old settler happened along and we invited him in to see the pictures. He wasn't disturbed at all by the barking. In fact, he rather liked the noise, it was so natural.

"But what is it?" we asked.

"Seals," he said. "See, on that rock there."

It took half a day to entice those seals out of earshot. They did it by throwing live fish from a boat which the seals followed up the coast.

In the previous weeks Robert Taylor told of His Early Life—His First Appearance on the Stage—His First Screen Test—His First Fan Letter and Why he runs a Bachelor Apartment.

When we made "His Brother's Wife," Jean Hersholt was cast as the scientist. Jean looked himself over and decided he was a little too plump to look scientific, so he dieted and exercised and fought his weight down seven pounds. He had a big, pleased smile on his face when he reported the first day. Director Woody van Dyke looked at him, however, and gave a low groan. He wanted a fat scientist. So Jean had to acquire his former rotundity with padding—padding that kept him so warm he lost several more pounds during the course of the picture!

It was while we were working on this picture, also, that I had my first notable experience with over-enthusiastic film fans. Barbara Stanwyck and I decided to spend an evening at the amusement pier at Venice. We had a ride on the roller-coaster, and went down the shoot-the-chutes, but when we visited the shooting gallery somebody recognised Barbara.

Whew, what a mob scene! We couldn't move away from the counter until four policemen wrestled their way through the crushing pack of fans and helped us escape to a nearby hotel lobby. It certainly gives one a helpless feeling to be hemmed in that way, and if there must be mobs I hope all of them are as good-humoured as that one.

Because it is impossible to enjoy a normal social life in public, for the reason that admirers of film personalities let themselves be carried away so often, Hollywood parties are usually private affairs. We really had a chance to try out the amusements at the Fun House on the pier later on when Marlene Dietrich rented it for a party.

The Countess de Frasso entertained at her home one night with a series of boxing exhibitions staged in a ring erected on the lawn. Carole Lombard once turned the Vendome café into a ship for a nautical party, and there was the afternoon party to which everybody wore formal evening clothes to create the illusion for Mrs. Robert Benchley, who was ill, that she really was up past her bed-time.

One of the most enjoyable experiences I have had in Hollywood was working with Greta Garbo in "Camille." Although the love story is consistently dramatic, the by-play on the set during its filming was definitely in a light vein.

I'm not a comedian, but I accidentally gave them all a laugh as we were finishing the picture. Somebody had dropped a cigarette on a lawn where we were making exterior scenes and had failed to step on it. Unfortunately, I picked out this same spot to sit down for a moment to talk to Miss Garbo.

Presently I noticed a burning smell and commented on it. By this time, quite a little group had gathered. No, nobody else smelled anything odd, so I went on talking. More and more people stopped to chat, and I must say they were very attentive to me, asking questions and keeping my mind occupied. And then I felt heat as well as smelling smoke. The tail of my coat was on fire. I am told that I look good for a world's record in the sitting broad jump, but I'd rather not compete under those circumstances, thanks.

George Cukor, who directed "Camille," turned the tables on Miss Garbo earlier in the picture. We had been kidding him while waiting for the set to be arranged, and Miss Garbo, Jessie Ralph, and I gave a concert rendition of "Home, Home on the Range," which was as discordant a mess as three voices could make it.

The next day, Miss Garbo was preparing to start a difficult scene and asked Cukor to have someone start a spiritual on the amplifier. As she prepared to get in the mood of the play, there burst from the device the most horrible medley of screeching imaginable.

It was our own "Home, Home on the Range." Cukor had tipped off the sound engineer to record it, and was it bad!

But a good laugh is always welcome in Hollywood.

Next Week Robert Taylor will tell you of his Travels and Holidays away from Hollywood.

Robert Taylor was first introduced to the late Jean Harlow by Director W. S. Van Dyke.



Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor besieged by autograph hunters.



With Jean Hersholt in "His Brother's Wife."

(On left) With Jean Parker.

'Below) With Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl."



# Do You Dress to Please Men— to Please Yourself, or Arouse Envy in Other Women?



The white patterning on Sally Eilers' frock is repeated in piping and buttons.

(Right) Jean Rogers wears a crownless holiday hat.

(Below) Dorothy Lamour's white frock is made gay with red braid.



## "Get Your Man!"

Do women dress to please men? The question is often asked, and the answer is in the affirmative judging by the recent statement of Ernst Dryden, the well-known European fashion designer, who has won acclaim for his costumes in Frank Capra's Columbia production, "Lost Horizon." He offers a few tips to the girl who has a lover she would like to win.

"First, pretend a little ignorance about clothes and seek the young man's approval of your clothes. Men do not admire women who are always too conscious of their appearance, and will be flattered by having their opinions sought.

"Secondly, don't rush out and indulge in freakish new fashion fads, but adopt only styles and modes that have already been accepted. Men dislike having their companions dressed conspicuously.

"These are qualities which men prefer in women," asserts Dryden, "and without them, even with the most lavish wardrobe possible, milady is likely to be overlooked by the man of her choice."

## Dress Interest

I WONDER what you think of this question—or how you would answer it personally. Frankly, I believe that women dress to please themselves. And they only manage to do this when they gain the appreciation of their menfolk and the envy of their women friends. There are some who don't care much so long as they are dressed, but thank goodness they are few and far between. There are some, too, who airily deride dress interest, and always look fumphish. In my opinion, this is only a pose. They have no dress sense at all, and cover it by blasé disdain.

I definitely think that every woman should take a whole-hearted interest in her dress and her looks. To do so is not only benefiting to the community at large, it is benefiting to herself. A good appearance goes so very far in the world of business, a good appearance gives a personal air of self-confidence—surely both well worth cultivating. And so, whether you dress to please men, to please women, or merely to please yourself, you will find life greater fun in your appreciation of dress. The pictures, for instance, mean far more to you than entertainment, though this is their premier idea. There are lovely women to be admired, beautiful sets to be appreciated, lovely clothes to be envied—and, incidentally, give inspiration for personal wardrobes.

## I Don't Agree

QUITE recently I read in my newspaper that a very well-known dress designer who had come to England from Hollywood said he did not agree with women copying the stars' clothes—that they were too exotic for the woman in the street. While having the greatest admiration for this designer's work, I do not agree with this statement.

Once upon a time it was true. Screen stars did dress fantastically and theatrically. Some of them do now, but they are very few, and then only because their rôle demands fantastic dressing. That is one of the noticeable things of the screen of to-day, the change in dressing. Film clothes in general are undoubtedly less elaborate than they were only a few years ago. It would be quite possible for an ordinary working girl to include in

## An "Iron Out Flat" Suit

IN her picture on the opposite page, Sally wears quite a different type of garment—a shorts suit that is ideal for tennis and very useful for holiday wear. A very clever little "iron-out-flat" tunic dress covers plain fitted shorts. Do take special notice of the tunic dress. It slips over the head (there is a fastening at the back neck) and buttons and unbuttons right down either side from the edge of the very short sleeve to the hem. It allows any number of buttons to be fastened and unfastened as the fancy dictates. Patch pockets with flaps adorn the bodice, there is a tiny stand collar at the neck, and the waist is encircled with a coloured belt. Just think how easy this tunic is to wash and iron!

## Braid Trimming

GOING back to the first trio of pictures we come to a very charming white holiday frock worn by Dorothy Lamour, the screen player, who is fast coming to the fore in pictures. Brilliant

braid achieves smartness for this simple frock. It outlines the collar and revers, hides the line where the skirt hem turns up, and laces the bodice front as well as edging the short sleeves. Maybe it gives you inspiration for "doing up" a frock of last season's that is really quite good though it may be tiring in its present arrangement.

## A Symphony in Pink and Navy

BRAND also forms the high light of Shirley Ross' dress on the opposite page—a symphony in pink and navy linen, which is such an effective colour combination. The skirt to the waist is wearable with any jumper or coat that happens to coincide or tone in with its colour; but it looks at its best with this attractive coat jumper. Actually only the neck, peplum, and pocket flaps are piped with the pink linen. The front strip falls in line so far as colour is concerned, but this is in reality a pink zipp fastener which makes the garment fasten easily and neatly.

I do hope you haven't overlooked these coloured zippers in your holiday wardrobe. They do so easily kill two birds with one stone—being decorative as well as useful. I have seen dresses of navy linen look entrancing with white zippers, and vice versa; some even have two-coloured zippers—half red, half blue. They cost threepence an inch, but even this is cheaper than some of the buttons of to-day.

## Holiday Hat

LAST, but not least of my pictures for you to-day, is a hat worn by Jean Rogers. You're going to see lots of these quaint hats on the beaches this year, so why not be in the swing and pack one yourself? Jean's hat is a big shady affair of navy blue linen devoid of crown, but kept on comfortably by a ribbon band which goes right over the top of the head and ties under the chin.

## By the Way!

IN the June 12th issue the word "CELLOPHANE" was used as a generic term. This was a mistake on my part. "CELLOPHANE" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd., and may be used only to describe the brand of transparent cellulose manufactured by that company.

## Peasant Note

THE peasant mode is not confined merely to dresses and coats in the mind of Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros. stylist. He even utilises it in a dressing-gown Olivia de Havilland will wear in "Gentleman After Midnight." The robe is of heavy Roman-striped grosgrain resembling silk piqué. It is fashioned with square shoulders, slightly puffed two-third length sleeves and a gathered skirt of incredible fullness. All the stripes run vertically except those in the belt.

## Colour For Relief

CAROL HUGHES, the Warner Bros. starlet, introduces colour relief into one of her outfits in a novel way. She was seen at Lakeside the other day playing golf in pale grey flannel culottes, blue linen blouse and grey antelope bolero. However, the costume was robbed of all sobriety by the huge pockets in the bolero which were in the shape of an

(Continued on page 24)

her own personal wardrobe half the clothes she sees on the screen. And if a garment is not completely wearable, there is, half the time, some little original detail about it that is copyable.

That is why I love to pass on screen dress details to you, for I know full well that it is the incidentals that mean smart dressing.

## Really Wearable

LET'S take a look at the pretty film fashions I have chosen for your interest this week. They vary considerably in style, so you are sure to find one that appeals to you more than the others. Perhaps it is the pretty patterned crêpe worn by Sally Eilers. Could anything be simpler or more wearable? It is as ideal for business wear as it is for a gay outing on a fine day. There isn't anything extraordinary about it, but there is novelty in the way in which the neck piping of white goes right across the front to the left under-arm. A change, this, from the usual front opening. White piping to match edges the short sleeves, and the waist is encircled with a white belt. Oh, and by the way, in case you are under the impression that the background of Sally's frock is the usual navy or black—let me add that you are wrong. It's a lovely shade of burgundy—a welcome change.

## Next Week's Releases

(Continued from page 19)

This is one of those comedies which is wildly irresponsible, hilariously funny, and never for a moment attempts to be anything but funny. Flanagan and Allen are at their best as a couple of stowaways who become embroiled in some South American revolutionary activities and rise to considerable eminence. Flanagan carries practically the whole of the comedy on his shoulders, but the situations have been amusingly handled and the supporting cast is good.

### MAID OF SALEM (Paramount).

Director: Frank Lloyd.

American. Certificate "A."

Barbara Clarke	.. . . .	Claudette Colbert
Roger Corman	.. . . .	Fred MacMurray
Dr. John Harding	.. . . .	Harvey Stephens
Martha Harding	.. . . .	Gale Sondergaard
Ellen Clarke	.. . . .	Louise Dresser
Jeremiah Adams	.. . . .	Halliwell Hobbes
Nathaniel Goode	.. . . .	Edward Ellis
Mrs. Abigail Goode	.. . . .	Beulah Bondi
Tituba	.. . . .	Madame Sul-te-Wan
Rebecca Nurse	.. . . .	Lucy Beaumont
Mr. Cheeves	.. . . .	Donald Meek
Mrs. Cheeves	.. . . .	Kathryn Sheldon
Rev. Samuel Parris	.. . . .	Ivan Simpson
Thos. Ezekiel Bilge	.. . . .	E. E. Clive
Goody Sarah Osborn	.. . . .	Zeffie Tilbury
Giles Cory	.. . . .	Tom Ricketts
Ann Goode	.. . . .	Bonita Granville
Timothy Clarke	.. . . .	Bennie Bartlett
Nabby Goode	.. . . .	Virginia Weidler
Mercy Cheeves	.. . . .	Barbara Nelson
Mary Watkins	.. . . .	Rosita Butler
Miles Corbin	.. . . .	Sterling Holloway
Tithing-man	.. . . .	Brandon Hurst
Village Marshal	.. . . .	Russell Simpson

The director deserves complimenting on the sincerity with which he has infused this drama of witchcraft in the New England of Puritan days, never allowing it to lapse into the laughable. It shows us vividly the narrow lives and minds of the Puritans, their joyless way of living, and the superstition that permeates their religion. The story deals with an outbreak of witch hysteria in a little Puritan community and the tragedy it wreaks in many lives. Claudette Colbert gives the performance of her career as the Puritan maid accused of witchcraft, and is well supported by Fred MacMurray as her dashing, out-at-elbows, fugitive cavalier lover. It is impossible to mention the fine performances of the supporting cast individually, but they are all worthy of it. This is a film well worth seeing.



JEAN ROGERS and JOHN WAYNE in

### CONFLICT (G.F.D.).

Director: David Howard.

American. Certificate "U."

Pat	.. . . .	John Wayne
Maude	.. . . .	Jean Rogers
Tommy	.. . . .	Tommy Bupp
Spider	.. . . .	Eddie Borden
Sam	.. . . .	Frank Sheridan
Carrigan	.. . . .	Ward Bond
Ma Blake	.. . . .	Margaret Mann
Kelly	.. . . .	Harry Wood
City Editor	.. . . .	Bryant Washburn
Malone	.. . . .	Frank Hagney

Boxing melodrama in which a boxer employed by some crooked fight promoters is persuaded by the girl he falls in love with to fight honestly—thereby winning the fight and the girl, but losing the promoters' money. There is plenty of vigorous incident and it is well cast and competently acted.

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**Your bill, Sir?**  
 What did you have?  
 SPECIAL LUNCH? ROLLANBUTTER?  
 Right, your mayonnaise, madam? **Won't be long now**  
 Not my table. **Yes sir? Chicken?**  
**SORRY SIR!** can't serve you **That's off. I'm afraid.**  
**NO SIR!** **YES, THE BEEF'S NICE!** Right  
 that's on the table d'hôte only not too much fat.  
 Sorry Miss Jones but she—  
**Yes, Miss Jones**  
 SAYS SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR HER MAYONNAISE?  
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**TILSON'S double-strength FRECKLE CREAM**

## Do You Dress to Please Men—

(Continued from page 22)

artist's palette. They were accented around the edges with a black cobbler's stitch and had colourful daubs of paint on them as though an artist were all ready to set to work.

The important bit of jewellery among the peasants is a big plain gold cross, so this is what Jane Bryan selects to wear with her full-gathered print frock.

### Gold Chain for Bracelet

INSTEAD of wearing a dozen slim bracelets as fashion now dictates, Marcia Ralston gets a silver mesh-like effect by winding a long white gold chain around her wrist. It is about four inches wide when all wound and is much more original than a series of bracelets.

Wearing flowers as a necklace is a becoming prank of June Travis. When she wears a mint green chiffon frock, cut with low neck, she has her florist make up her flowers in the form of a dainty necklace, usually going in for pansies and lilies-of-the-valley.

### Pink on Black Dinner Gown

MARY CARLISLE, one of Hollywood's youngest favourites, has started a trend for long, chiffon dinner dresses of black with touches of pale pink. In "Double or Nothing," Mary is wearing a graceful gown of this type. The waistline is high and girdled in the pink chiffon. Pink mousseline flounces encircle the oval neckline.

Hollywood is full of ruffles this year. Marlene Dietrich wears an impeccably tailored suit in "Angel," her new Paramount picture, and accents the dark navy blue effect with a blouse of sheerest white organdie. The neckline and the front of the blouse is fashioned from single ruffles of the organdie and the result is one of simplified sophistication for which Miss Dietrich is famous.

Patricia Ellis has picked up a whole set of tile-coloured accessories to wear with grey, white, and cream-coloured clothes. Joan Blondell wears a whole outfit of this colour, hat, dress, bag, gloves, in "The Angle Shooter."

### Make Weight

WEIGHING a full grey skirt down with little steel buttons, worn on the outside for decoration instead of on the inside for weight, is a smart thought emanating from Margaret Lindsay.

### Smart Suit

A COAT of summer tan acquired by Barbara Read since finishing her rôle in "The Road Back," is very becoming with her natural coloured suit. The short tight-fitting jacket has four

vertically slit tailored pockets, outlined in colourful peasant embroidery. It is buttoned up the front with large buttons of the same material, also embroidered. The skirt is circular, fitted to the hips, with wide flare at the bottom. A chic pillbox of white felt, outlined in matching embroidery, perches on top of her head.

### Reigns Supreme

A "RAINING" favourite is the type of coat Jean Muir possesses, which is a sporty plaid on one side and water-proofed beige gabardine on the other.

### Deanna's Daintiness

VERY sweet and lovely looks Deanna Durbin, who will soon start her new picture "100 Men and a Girl," in a white hand-made voile with bands of yellow smocking at shoulder yoke. Her short puffed sleeves are edged in the same manner. The skirt of her dress is full, and gathered at the waistline, around which she wears a yellow suede belt. Her youthful hat, of natural leghorn with medium brim, is trimmed with a cluster of French flowers.

### For Evening Time

COTTON-FIGURED basque jackets are just the thing to top off a monotone bouffant evening frock, according to Anita Louise, who has several of these Viennese jackets.

Ball-room meets beach in a white sharkskin coat with woollen embroidered lapels which is apropos for Beverly Roberts to wear over a matching play-suit or with figured evening frock. Pyjamas cut to the knee like sports shorts are a new thought in Hollywood lingerie fashions.

### Charming and Cool

JUDITH BARRETT, who will soon be seen in "Armoured Car," looked charming and cool the other day in a two-piece outfit of light-weight non-crushable silk and linen. Dark red, white and blue vertical stripes composed the Eton jacket and full skirt. The bodice of her dress was white handkerchief linen with draw-string neck. Her hat was white straw with visor brim, piped in red and blue grosgrain ribbon.



The pink of Shirley Ross's skirt is repeated as trimming on the navy jumper.

(Left) Sally Eilers' play-suit fastens down each side and opens out flat for ironing.

### A New Combination

ANN SHERIDAN follows the new fashion and matches her handbag to her hat instead of her shoes, carrying a square one woven of black Milan, the same material as her hat.

### Flower Buttons

PATRICIA WALTHALL, lunching in the Warner Bros. commissary, wore a navy blue frock with cut-away jacket. Glass buttons that look just like flowers trim the dress front, alternating rosebuds and violets.

Don't overlook the button counter when you're scheming new frocks. They are so completely decorative in themselves that they give all the adornment necessary to a garment in a twinkling.

### Charming

A LOVELY print of brown and white, worn by Nan Grey, who is now working in "Love in a Bungalow," is made to look quite unusual by the simple addition of a green suede belt and boutonniere of green and white flowers. The green was repeated in her large-brimmed straw hat.

Cut steel buckles on black kid shoes each carry the initial "M" for Mary Maguire, who is the only girl on the Warner Bros. lot with the same first and second initial.

Tweed and gingham join hands to make up one of the most unusual ensembles. Olivia de Havilland wears a bluish-grey tweed suit with lapels faced in blue plaided gingham and sets it off with a blouse of the plaid gingham.

Cloth with lacquered chintz is Helen Valis' contribution to the whirl of unusual combinations.

GILLIAN



## Max Factor Reveals Beauty Secrets of the Stars

### No. 3. Sylvia Sidney

IN Hollywood Sylvia Sidney is talked about as "the girl with the perfect face." Sylvia Sidney, you see, is just about the only film star in Hollywood whose face is in perfect proportion.

Here are the measurements for what is considered the perfect face:

1. The distance between the eyes—there should be the width of one eye between them.
2. The width of the face should be twice the length of the nose.
3. The upper and lower lip should be equal in size.
4. The length of the face should be divided into three equal distances. From the top of the forehead to the bridge of the nose—from the bridge of the nose to its tip. And this, in turn—from the tip of the nose to the chin.

If you measure your face you will probably find the proportions are not right according to these rules. But don't be discouraged. Obviously, a perfect face is very rare, and the only thing to do (as Sylvia herself would tell you) is to make the most of your best features—draw attention to your good points and hide your bad points, with the help of a clever make-up.

For example, supposing your eyes seem too close together: What you should do is to try a little magic with your eye pencil. Draw a fine line across the brow and extend beyond its outer termination. This will tend to pull the eyes apart.

On the other hand, if your eyes are too far apart, you should extend the brows inward towards the nose.

Sylvia Sidney uses: Natural Powder, Carmine Rouge, Carmine Lipstick.

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## ACIDITY

Stomach Acidity is one of the penalties of modern life. It arises from a variety of causes—irregular meals, imperfect digestion setting up food fermentation, wrong diet, mental anxiety, etc. Whatever the cause may be, one thing is certain and simple and that is the cure. To correct acidity you must take an alkali or what is called an "ant-acid." The most widely used alkaline powder, increasingly taken because of its never failing benefit, is MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, sold in bottles in cartons, both clearly distinguished by the signature, "ALEX C. MACLEAN." A spoonful of this powder in water, taken after meals when the deadly effects of acidity are most virulent, is a certain corrective. The sensation of sourness disappears and is replaced by a feeling of wholesome cleanness. You feel and know that your digestion is working normally again and that food fermentation has ended.

You should always correct acidity immediately as otherwise you are laying the foundation of the very painful and dangerous condition known as gastric or duodenal ulcer. So effective is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder that it has actually saved many a stomach sufferer an operation for ulcers, but surely it is far better to dispose of the trouble in its early stages by taking a regular dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Get a 1/3, 2/- or 5/- bottle from your chemist. Never sold loose.



MAKE him say it to you... and mean it. Make him kiss you passionately... not once, but again and again. Make him do all this—tonight. Give your lips the allure of those glamorous Stars of Hollywood, by using their lipstick. A shilling buys you the wonderful Kissproof Automatic lipstick. From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores.

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## "Maid of Salem"

(Continued from page 6.)

"But where could we go?" asked Barbara.  
"There are many countries not under British rule. I'm going to Boston to find a ship to give us passage. Jeremiah goes with me. When all is arranged he'll come back here and bring you to me."

"I'm afraid, Roger," said Barbara.

"Afraid! With me?" exclaimed the young man.

"No, for you," said Barbara. "If you were taken I might never see you again."

She began to sob quietly, and Roger took her in his arms.

"I'll be a very shadow for your sake," he consoled her. "I'll travel only by night. Think of this while I'm gone. Soon we'll be without hiding, without secrecy. You'll be my wife."

"Oh, my dearest!" whispered Barbara.

Into the silence of the night there came a whistle. "That's Jeremiah's signal," said Roger. "Somebody must be on the road. I must go now."

He wrapped his cloak round him and strode silently away.

When Barbara got inside the house she dropped the bar silently, then turned to see Timothy coming down the stairs.

"What are you doing out of bed?" asked Barbara.

"Who were you with?" countered Timothy. "I saw you. You were with a man."

"Nonsense! You must have been dreaming, or perhaps you saw the shadow of a tree," said Barbara.

"No. It wasn't a tree," said Timothy slyly. "Now may I go out to play to-morrow?"

"No," said Barbara shortly.

"Very well, then," said Timothy. "I'll tell mother and Elder Goode you were with a man."

"You mustn't do that," pleaded Barbara.

"Why are you so frightened?" said Timothy.

"I was with someone, but if it were known it would make trouble. You wouldn't want to make trouble for me, would you?" she pleaded.

"No," said Timothy slowly.

"Then promise you won't tell anyone," begged Barbara.

"Can I go out and play to-morrow?" repeated Timothy.

"Yes, if you'll promise," said the harassed Barbara.

There was little sleep for Barbara that night.

She was worried for the safety of Roger, and she was also troubled about Timothy having seen her outside the house.

Timothy was not a bad lad, but he was apt to tell tales. Still, she felt sure he would keep his promise. The danger would be if they caught him outside playing, and started questioning him.

### More Arrests

THE next day, following a sitting by the elders which lasted long into the night, there were many more arrests.

But this time the elders did not try the suspected ones. The authorities had got alarmed at the hangings, and had sent two magistrates to Salem. One of them, Crown Chief Justice Laughton acted as prosecutor and a justice named Sewall acted in defence of the accused.

It was not Barbara's intention to be present at the trials, for she realised she could do no good, and would probably find herself charged as a sympathiser if not as a witch, but when she heard of the arrest of Rebecca Nurse she changed her mind.

Rebecca, next to Aunt Ellen, was Barbara's biggest friend. She was a thoroughly good woman, who was known for the many good actions she had done.

When Barbara got to the meeting house Rebecca was before the magistrate.

"Let it be understood that this is a hearing, not a trial," said the magistrate. "I call Ezra Cheeves."

Cheeves, a farmer noted for his meanness, came forward to tell his story.

"How did the prisoner harm you?" asked the magistrate.

"In many ways, sir," replied Cheeves. "I mind well an evening two weeks ago when she came down through her meadow and stood at the fence looking at my cattle. In the morning my cows had gone dry."

"Then you believe she bewitched them?" said Morse, who had appointed himself to a seat on the Bench.

"Aye, sir, and myself, too. That night I did have grievous pains in my left side, so grievous that I could not sleep."

"What have you to say?" the magistrate asked Rebecca.

"I have not harmed him nor his cattle," replied Rebecca. "I have not left my house for the past fortnight. I have been ill."

"Then it was your apparition I saw," said Cheeves

(Continued in column 3)

# Our CAMERA INTERVIEW

No. 12  
Warner  
Baxter

Warner finds a cycle useful for getting round the studio.



Warner takes a lesson in fishing.

Mrs. Baxter rubbing her husband's back with sun-burn lotion outside their cottage at Malibu beach.



Examining one of his home-grown avocados.



Warner Baxter is a genuine tennis enthusiast.



And he can entertain you on the saxophone.



(Continued from column 1)

quickly. "I saw your witch's face. You cast a spell on me."

Abigail Goode, wife of the elder, rose.

"It is true," she said. "She cast a spell on me. She told me at the house-raising I would never be happy. My children were stricken, and I was made ill."

"All I told you was counsel, meant for your good," said Rebecca.

The magistrate consulted with Morse.

"On the evidence presented against Rebecca Nurse we order her removal to the gaol at Salem to await trial for witchcraft."

Barbara rose indignantly.

"No! No!" she cried. "How can you do such a thing to this saintly woman? She has done naught but good all her life." "Silence!" called out Morse.

Barbara took no notice of him.

"You all know it's true," she said, addressing the people in the meeting house. "There's not one of you that has not had some token of her kindness."

She turned to the magistrate.

"I beg of you not to send Rebecca Nurse to her death on the testimony of a man who tried to steal her land."

Abigail Goode rose from her seat.

"Only a witch defends a witch!" she cried. "And I know her for one. Ask Timothy Clarke what he told my daughter."

Timothy was brought into the meeting house, and Morse questioned him.

"What did you tell?" he asked.

"I didn't tell anything," replied Timothy.

Ann Goode got up. "He did!" she cried.

Morse's frowning face frightened Timothy.

"Speak up!" ordered the man.

"I only told Ann that one night I looked from my window and saw Barbara meet someone in the shadows. He put his arms round her. It looked like a man, but when I asked Barbara she said it wasn't, and made me promise not to tell what I saw."

"A witch!" cried the people.

"Satan!" called out Morse.

"I can explain—" began Barbara, but they would not listen to her. She also was sent to gaol to take her trial.

Barbara spent a long time in the gaol before her trial came.

The charge was read over to her, and then Justice Laughton said:

"You have persistently denied these charges. If you expect mercy of God, confess!"

That was the sort of trial they gave a person charged with witchcraft. Told to confess before they were given a chance to prove their innocence.

"I have nothing to confess," replied Barbara.

"You deny that you have been snared into witchcraft?" said Laughton.

"I deny there is such a thing as witchcraft," said Barbara.

"Blasphemy!" cried out Morse. "Why waste time trying her?"

"I am here to administer justice," said Laughton, forgetting the injustice of his first remark. "The trial will proceed." He called Timothy Clarke, and in questioning the lad he got him to say that when Barbara said it was no man she had met he believed the cloaked figure was Satan.

Mr. Sewall jumped to his feet.

"But the child did not say that at the hearing," he objected.

"The thought has been put into his head since," said Barbara.

Timothy said a great deal more than he had said at the hearing. Since Barbara had been in gaol Morse had questioned the lad daily, and had got from him a description of the scene where Barbara was dancing with an invisible partner.

"Have you anything to say to that?" asked Laughton.

"I was but jesting—pretending, no more," replied Barbara.

"And with whom were you pretending to dance?" asked the magistrate.

"With the man Timothy saw outside the house," said Barbara desperately.

"You may question the lad," said Laughton.

Barbara turned to Timothy.

"That night you looked through the window you really thought it was a man I was with, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Timothy.

"And it was. Try to remember. That man wore a feather in his hat, a dark cloak, and a long sword. Strange clothes you had never seen before. Couldn't that have made you think he wasn't real?"

"Yes," acknowledged the boy.

"Enough!" said the magistrate. "Timothy Clarke, you may go. Barbara Clarke, you have told a strange story. If there were such a man as you now claim, why didn't you tell about him at the beginning?"

"Because I believed Timothy had seen his face and could describe him."

"Why should he not describe him?" asked the magistrate.

(Continued on page 27)

## ASK THE PICTURE SHOW

If you wish for a reply by post, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Other letters will be answered in strict rotation in the paper. Address: The Answer Man, Picture Show, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

**S. A. (South Africa).**—Fred Astaire's address is c/o Radio Pictures Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

**Neagle-Crosby Fan (Southampton).**—"Victoria the Great" is Anna Neagle's latest film. Bing Crosby has not sung the song you mention in any of his films. I have forwarded the letter you enclosed to Jack Buchanan.

**Film Fan (Warrington).**—I advise you to try J. Beagle & Co., Ltd., 11, Little Britain, London, E.C.2., for a post-card size photograph of Simone Simon.

**C. D. (Leicester).**—Write to Gene Autry, c/o Republic Productions Inc., 4024, Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California, U.S.A., and Frankie Darro, c/o Paramount Studios, 5451, Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. Betty King Ross has not done any film work for some time now, and I am afraid I do not know her address.

**D. W. (Scarborough).**—Harry Stockwell was Ollie Watts in "Here Comes the Band." Your letter to Gary Cooper, c/o Paramount Studios, should have found him.

**B. MacA. (London).**—Address Donald Cook, c/o Republic Productions Inc., 4024, Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California, U.S.A., and Herbert Marshall, c/o Paramount Studios, 5451, Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

The secretary of the Neil Hamilton Fan Club, Mr. Jim Ramsey, 41, Holburne Terrace, Menstrie, Scotland, has asked me to insert a notice to the effect that he would like Miss Lilian Rondeau to get into touch with him, as he has unfortunately mislaid her address.

### Next Week's Releases

(Continued from page 23)

#### MAMA STEPS OUT (M.-G.-M.).

Director: George B. Seitz.  
American. Certificate "A."

Leonard Cuppy .. . . .	Guy Kibbee
Ada Cuppy .. . . .	Alice Brady
Leila Cuppy .. . . .	Betty Furness
"Chuck" Thompson .. . . .	Stanley Morner
Mr. Sims .. . . .	Gene Lockhart
Ferdie Fisher .. . . .	Edward Norris
Dmitri .. . . .	Gregory Gaye
Coco .. . . .	Ivan Lebedeff
Nadine .. . . .	Heather Thatcher
Priest .. . . .	Frank Puglia
Jeanne .. . . .	Adrienne d'Ambricourt

This farcical comedy once again shows us a wealthy American woman who attempts to acquire "culture," but it misses fire rather badly. It moves slowly, and the funny sequences are too widely spaced. Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee handle their material well as the culture-seeking wife and her material-minded husband, Betty Furness is their daughter, who falls in love with a crooner, and the rest of the cast are competent. Fair entertainment.

#### FEATHER YOUR NEST (A.B.F.D.).

Director: William Beaudine.  
British. Certificate "U."

Willie .. . . .	George Formby
Mary Taylor .. . . .	Polly Ward
Daphne Randall .. . . .	Enid Stamp-Taylor
Rex Randall .. . . .	Val Rosing
The Valet .. . . .	Clifford Heatherley
Sir Martin .. . . .	Dave Burnaby
Murgatroyd .. . . .	Frederick Burtwell
Mr. Green .. . . .	Frederick Piper
Studio Manager .. . . .	Frank Perfit
3 Rhythm Sisters .. . . .	3 Rhythm Sisters
Constable .. . . .	Syd Crossley
Mr. Chester .. . . .	Jack Barty
Mrs. Taylor .. . . .	Ethel Coleridge
Potnam .. . . .	Mike Johnson
Mr. Higgins .. . . .	Jimmy Godden
Mr. Jenkins .. . . .	Moore Marriott

George Formby again provides plenty of fun as a well-meaning but somewhat brainless idiot whose determination to get married as soon as possible and to avert the consequences of the various catastrophes which his mistakes cause, gets him into trouble at the gramophone factory where he works, and at the pub owned by his prospective mother-in-law. It is well set, and, although a trifle slow at times, has some amusing incidents.

## "Maid of Salem"

(Continued from opposite page)

"Because the man was in hiding here—a political refugee."

Laughton gave a sneering laugh.  
"A pretty artful tale. Is he in hiding still?"  
"He must be, or he would come to me now," replied Barbara proudly.

"What is his name?" demanded Laughton.  
"I cannot betray him," said Barbara.  
Elder Goode rose from his seat.

"Do we need any more evidence?" he said.  
"I think we do," said Justice Sewall. "So far it has not been proved that the accused has brought harm to anyone."

"But she has," said Goode. "She's brought harm to Mercy Cheeves."

They called little Mercy, a baby in years, to prove that a little doll Barbara had made her was an image of the Devil.

But the little girl upset the evidence by crying to go to Barbara and wanting Barbara to take her home.

Dr. Harding then got up and spoke for Barbara, pointing out that the child's love for her was proof that she was a good and pure woman.

That brought his wife Martha to her feet.  
"Don't listen to him!" she cried to the magistrate.  
"She's bewitched him. She's of evil blood, born into witchcraft. Her mother was burned as a witch in England!"

"What proof have you of this?" asked Laughton.  
"Ask her aunt, Ellen Clarke," replied Mrs. Harding.

Ellen was called, and under pressure had to admit that Barbara's mother was burned as a witch.

"But many innocent people were called witches," added Ellen desperately.

Seeing how much her aunt was suffering from being forced to answer the questions, Barbara called out to the magistrate to stop it.

"I admit my mother was accused of being a witch. She was burned as one. But that does not prove she was guilty any more than I am, or any of the others. We're not being tried by justice, but by fear and ignorance."

"Why don't you confess?" said Morse.

Barbara looked at him in disdain.

"I will not confess a lie, nor deny God to save my life," she said proudly. "I do confess pity for you, who have been given the power to save, but who instead send righteous people to their death."

The Magistrate passed sentence of death by hanging, and Barbara was taken to Gallows Hill under guard.

She was mounting the ladder to the noose when there came a great shout:

"Hold! Hold! 'Tis murder you're doing!"  
It was Roger, riding a horse flecked with foam.  
"By whose authority do you interfere?" asked Elder Goode.

"Arrest him!" bellowed Morse.  
"Wait, wait!" said Sewall. "Let's hear what he has to say. Who are you, sir?"

"I'm Roger Coverman, the man the girl's been protecting; the one you poor fools thought was Satan. Look at me! Am I not flesh and blood?"  
"What of the other charges against her?" said Morse.

Sewall turned on him in anger.  
"Will you be satisfied only with this girl's death when before your very eyes the principal charge has been proven false. What of the others who were hanged with her? What if they were innocent?"

As the crowd was swaying in indecision, Ann Goode, brought along, confessed that she had lied when she had said that Tituba had bewitched her and her sister, and that she had only acted being pursued by demons.

The child was distraught with grief and terror, and it took some time to get her story.

But Barbara was at once set free, and the investigation that followed Ann's confession led to the absolute abolishment of trial for witchcraft.

This was a great day for Salem, and ended by the governor's order that the tree on Gallows Hill on which so many innocent lives had been sacrificed should be destroyed.

As for Barbara and Roger, they were now free to marry, for Roger had been given a pardon by the new governor after being captured again by the old governor, but escaping before he could be executed.

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount photoplay featuring Claudette Colbert as Barbara, Fred MacMurray as Roger, Harvey Stephens as Dr. Harding, Gale Sondergaard as Martha, and Bonita Granville as Ann.)

## TRY THIS WEEK'S "FILM JIGGLETTE"?

Three Prizes of Half-a-Guinea to be Won!

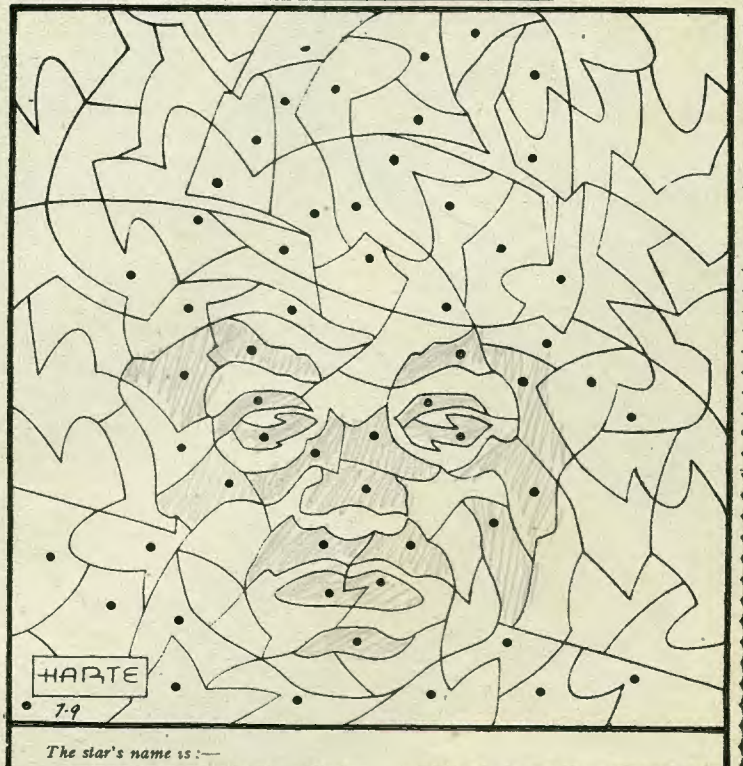
HAVE you tried one of "Picture Show's" novel "Film Jiglette" competitions yet? If not, you should certainly sample this one—it's interesting and there are Three Half-Guinea Prizes to be won, too!

Although "Jiglettes" are drawing puzzles, you need no artistic skill to produce quite good pictures. In fact, all you want is a pen or pencil with which to "black in" each section of the maze on the right marked by a black spot. When all such sections have been filled in, you will have drawn the head of a well-known film star. Remember the blacker your picture, the better the result. When completed, fill in the coupon underneath, and also add the name of the film star you have "drawn" in the space indicated. Then cut out the whole tablet and post it to:

PICTURE SHOW "Film Jiglettes" No. 3,  
1, Tallis House,  
London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

so as to reach there not later than THURSDAY, July 22nd, 1937.

The Editor will award the three prizes of half-a-guinea to the three readers whose efforts are correct and best completed. No correspondence is allowable, and the Editor's decision will be final. No one connected with PICTURE SHOW may compete.



The star's name is:—

I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

3

# Picture Show's NEWS REEL

Luli Deste and her three black Afghan hounds, Nasan, Huit and My Fellow. She is photographed at her home in the San Fernando Valley, for, like her dogs, she prefers a home in the country.

(In circle below) Charming Dorothea Kent, Universal featured player, shows all her grace while relaxing before her dip in the swimming pool of the Desert Inn at Palm Springs, off this large springboard.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy gossip between opera sequences of their film, "Maytime."

Ray Milland and Jean Arthur believe that "fingers were made before forks" and chew a pretty drumstick during their lunch hour.

Charles Bickford and Randolph Scott with little Billy Bletcher, who appear in "High, Wide and Handsome."

