

# Picturegoer

The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

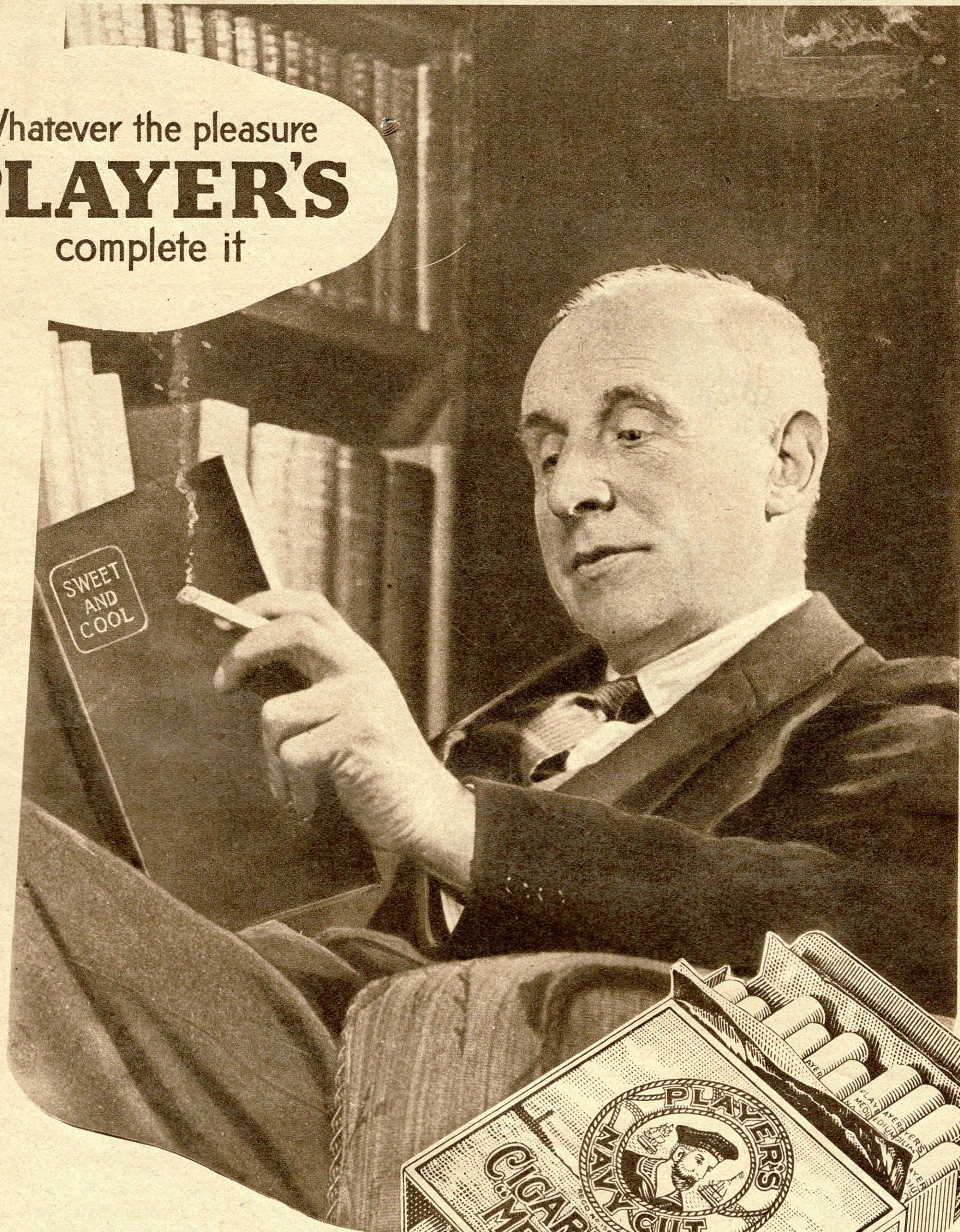
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WEEKLY

page  
26



Wendy  
Barrie

Whatever the pleasure  
**PLAYER'S**  
complete it



A good book, a favourite chair  
and a bright fire —  
To these things, which spell com-  
fort on a winter's night, add Player's  
Cigarettes, and the pleasure is  
complete.

A GOOD BOOK & *Player's always Please*

PLAIN OR  
CORK TIPPED  
10 FOR 6<sup>D</sup>.

20-11<sup>D</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS  
NCC 314.A

# Picturegoer

## The Screen News Magazine de Luxe

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Some of the really charming girls who are members of the chorus from the new musical film "The Great Ziegfeld."



# CLOSE-UPS

**L**OOK OUT for an invasion this year!

More and more the eyes of American producers are being turned upon Britain, where it has been proved possible to turn out first-class films at considerably less expense than in Hollywood.

For instance, Alexander Korda is reported to have offered for Marion Davies's services a sum which can best be described as astronomical; but America said "No sir! We'll send Miss Davies to England ourselves, to play in a costume drama to be made by our own people."

A popular American who is now with us, June Clyde, draws attention in an article on page 21 to the wealth of "local colour" to be found in our country. And, of course, there is the fact that American companies must provide British-made films to fulfil the legal requirements, and it is beginning to dawn on producers that they might just as well be decent ones.

### On the Spot

An American "sob-sister" has suggested the possibility (and the desirability) of Marion Davies appearing in a talkie version of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, in which she made a success in silent days, and that it would be "nice" if she made it actually at Hampton Court.

Nice or nasty, it would probably have to be remade in the studio, as was the scene in *Private Life of Henry VIII* in which Henry gallops over the drawbridge into the palace after hearing of the birth of his son.

That scene was shot at the palace itself in the early morning, but it was a failure, and the bridge, moat, and wall had to be reconstructed "on the lot" at Elstree.

Still, there is certainly a wealth of scenery in our blessed isles upon which Hollywood has its eye.

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### Vacancy in Hollywood

If you were to walk in on a Hollywood dinner party and find a group of your favourite stars watching with bated breath while another of your favourite stars sat gazing vacantly into space and still another muttered strange words over her,

you'd probably leap to the conclusion that Hollywood had gone balmy in a big way.

But you'd be wrong. It would simply be the film colony indulging in its newest hobby—hypnotism.

Everyone who is anyone in Hollywood is busy hypnotising—or being hypnotised—these days.

### Adept

Joel McCrea, one of filmdom's most adept hypnotists, demonstrated his newly-acquired powers to an admiring group during the production of *Splendour*, Samuel Goldwyn's latest picture. The spellbound were Miriam Hopkins, star of the film, Billie Burke, Paul Cavanagh, David Niven, Helen Westley, Ruth Alexander and other members of the cast, director Elliott Nugent, and Rachel Crothers, who wrote the screen play. His subject was Winnie Krause, Miriam Hopkins' stand-in, who had made the fatal error of complaining (within the McCrea earshot) of insomnia.

Joel was on the job in an instant, and before she knew what she was about, Miss Krause was agreeing to being hypnotised.

And what's more, the treatment was a complete success, or at least, so Joel reports.

### "Certain Words"

"I gave her the hypnotic suggestion that she was to sleep very well that night," said McCrea, "and the next day she told us that she had enjoyed a perfect night's rest.

"How do I do it? Well, I suppose it's contrary to professional ethics, or something, to tell you exactly how I get results. But I guess it's all right to give you a rough idea.

"First, I try to fix the attention of the subject on some shining object in an absolutely quiet spot. Then I repeat certain words over and over in a droning, monotonous voice. This lulls the conscious mind almost to sleep. Then I suggest things to the subconscious. That's all there is to it."

Yes, but what were the "certain words"? Must have been something pretty soothing!

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

### Oxyhydrogen

An interesting function will take place at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, London, on February 20, when M. Louis Lumière will be present at a re-enactment of the first "moving pictures" shown by himself to a paying public, forty years ago.

The original dozen films will be shown on the original projector, and picturegoers will be able to test for themselves the accuracy of the contemporary report, published in the Polytechnic magazine, which said:

"It is briefly living photography, if this term may be used, thrown on a screen in the same way as are dissolving views by the oxyhydrogen lantern. The effect is really most wonderful.

"For instance, the photograph of a railway station is shown on the screen, two or three seconds elapse and a train steams into the station... The whole thing is realistic, and is, as a matter of fact, an actual photograph."

### Hawaii, Ann!

Ann Harding has returned from the holiday in Hawaii, which she took after the court proceedings regarding her child, and is in harness again at the Radio studios.

Her new film will have (but not, I hope, for long) the title *The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot*, in which she will co-star with Herbert Marshall.

In support will be Margaret Lindsay, Ilka Chase, and Walter Abel, who made a very favourable impression as D'Artagan in *The Three Musketeers*.

### Down In Dixie

When I was but a lad, we used to sing lustily about Dixie—and Dixie, according to ballad, was

*"Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline,  
Or any place below the Mason-Dixon Line."*

But what was the Mason-Dixon Line, anyway? Ask Walter Connolly, who has been playing with Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott in *So Red The Rose*; he's taken the trouble to find out.

The Mason-Dixon Line, he says, theoretically divides the Northern States from the Southern States of America and is named after two Englishmen. They were Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, who were sent out by George III in 1767 to survey land for further colonisation.

### Caused a War

There was a long-standing controversy between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland over the question of slavery, and the two com-

missioners met William Penn, the Quaker founder of the State of Pennsylvania, an opponent of slavery, and suggested that they should draw an imaginary line between that State and Maryland.

This line was extended across the continent, and indirectly caused the Civil War.

King Vidor, director of *So Red The Rose*, Margaret Sullavan, and Randolph Scott were all born in the South.

### Something New

Joan Bennett introduced something entirely new in dinner-table decorations at her party to celebrate the première of *Woman-Tamer*, her latest film for Columbia.

Instead of the usual place-cards at the table for her guests, Joan herself designed miniature replicas representing their hobbies.

An aviator-friend found a tiny plane carved in ivory on his plate; another, addicted to speeding, had a model of a racing car; and George Raft, who co-stars with her in the film, had a carved ivory figure of a boxer.

George wasn't sure if this was meant to be a reminder of the days when he boxed for a living, or if Joan intended it to be a memento of the film in which she is "tamed" by a tough guy, who knows how to use his hands.

### When Chaplin Hustled

What a difference between Charlie Chaplin's leisurely method of producing a film nowadays and the hustling he had to do in the old Keystone days!

"Scenarios," said Charlie, "did not exist in those days. We would finish a picture on Saturday and say, 'Well, now we must get a story for Monday.' Monday would come—but no story. However, a story would somehow develop out of the props and the people who happened to be standing around. Then I'd say, 'Well, can I have a couple of policemen this morning?' And if they said yes, I'd say, 'How about a couple of bricks?' And if I got those too, there was the story!"

A psychologist would say that he's suffering from delayed reaction.

Meanwhile, the working-title of his next film after *Modern Times*, which will have the same leading lady, Paulette Goddard, has been announced to a breathless world.

It is to be called "Production No. 6."

*Mae meets Mae—Mae West meets Harry Dean of the Los Angeles District Attorney's office—the latter made up as the blond star recently in an effort to capture an extortion suspect.*

### Memories

Some of the old-timers of the film world have fascinating mementoes stowed away amongst their junk.

Picking over his treasures recently, Harold Lloyd stumbled on a still from the original screen version of *Samson and Delilah*.

Produced almost 15 years ago by Universal, it starred J. Warren Kerrigan in three reels. In the cast, as extras, were Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach.

Judging from the picture, Lloyd and Roach were down to their last kimono, or thereabouts. What appear to be dish-towels closely wrap their heads. They stand in the background, looking on in pious concern as Manoah, played from a jungle of crêpe hair by George Periolat, consecrates the infant Samson to the life of a Nazarene.

And to bring it up to date, Lloyd is now appearing in *The Milky Way*, in which George Periolat is an extra. And at the Paramount studio Cecil B. De Mille is planning another version of *Samson and Delilah*.

### Exactly!

You may have heard of the current Hollywood craze for inventing definitions of Hollywood.

However, one would expect the most fatuous yet discerning of the lot to come from adorable, chuckle-headed Gracie Allen.

She pipes up, "Hollywood is what happens to prize-fighters."

### Name, Please?

Some players who consider they ought to be easily recognised by the Public are apt to get an occasional shock.

The other day a fairly well known film player went into a stationery shop on Hollywood Boulevard to buy a fountain pen.

A sweet blonde assistant produced a number of pens and gave him ink and paper to test their writing quality, and the customer wrote with a flourish the only two words of Latin he knew—*Tempus Fugit*.

Whereupon the baby blonde asked sweetly, "How do you like that pen, Mr. Fugit?"

### Millions of Us

What about a few snappy statistics?

Recently a paper was read before the Royal Statistical Society which assessed last year's total kinema attendances at 957,000,000.

That is to say, nearly a thousand million seats were sold. That's a big public; and a respectable proportion of it is to be found in Britain, where 18½ million people now go to the pictures weekly.

For their year's fun they paid over £2 a head—£40,950,000 altogether—and out of this the Government took a bite of £6,800,000 in entertainment tax.

The average price paid for each seat was 10½d.; you can't beat that for value!

### A Little Less "Theatre"

Here's an item from Hollywood that may be good news to picturegoers.

Ernst Lubitsch, managing director of Paramount production, has declared that successful plays don't necessarily make the best films.

Of course, you and I knew that all along; but now that an important producer has grasped the fact, we may see less of the obviously stagey material that at present clutters our screens.

It must be admitted, however, that when Hollywood transfers a stage play to the screen it does make an effort to adapt it. British studios, on the contrary, seem to keep in all the elements except those that made the stage play successful.

The only people who will object to the change are the playwrights who at present can be practically sure of selling the film rights if their play survives the first week.

### Lost at Sea

Is a ship lost when you know where she is? If you had asked Victor Jory and George Bancroft where their ship was, during production of *Hell Ship Morgan*, they would have said, "Why, right here under our feet, you dub!"

But officially she was lost.

After the clipper "Southern Cross" had been out a couple of days, Ann Sothern was sent out by sea-going speed-boat to join the unit—and no clipper was there!





Guests at Carl Brisson's recent party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry (Helen Vinson).  
Can you pick out Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brisson, and the guests of honour?

The speed-boat cruised round for some hours, and then had to put into Santa Catalina Island, whence a report of the missing ship was sent to Hollywood.

A plane was then sent in search of the "Southern Cross," and found her—15 miles out of her reckoning.

And was Ann Sothern cross!

### Coon-Songs Barred

Where are the "darkie" songs of our childhood, the coons and plantations and octoroons and cotton, the corn-pone and the picanninies and the Virginney moon?

We haven't been hearing so much about them lately; and I've just come across the reason.

The great American Negro race (or at least, 1,500 members of it, duly enrolled) has protested against such songs, arguing that they "belittle" the Negro.

So "darkie" songs, heard either from the screen or on the air, are liable to "get the bird" in many parts of America—and this includes such favourites as "Swanee River," "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginney," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Underneath a Harlem Moon."

Is this a sign that the Negro is growing up, or merely more childish?

### Protection

Here is light on the ancient problem "Why do men sing in their baths?"

It prevents their catching cold.

Anyway, Jan Kiepura says so—and he backs up his argument by reference to his experience during production of Paramount's *Give Us This Night*, in which he makes his American film debut opposite Gladys Swarthout.

The unit was on location at Laguna Beach, and Kiepura had to stand in water for hours at a time while scenes were shot for one of his songs.

Singing, he says, saved him from catching cold because it kept up his circulation.

He also admits, however, that he hasn't had a cold for ten years, which *may* have some bearing on the case.

### Lassie Longlegs

If an ancient Greek sculptor had a look at the screen beauties of to-day he'd probably get a great thrill out of it (provided he wasn't *too* ancient) but he certainly wouldn't altogether approve. "Humph!" he'd probably say, head on one side. "Legs too long—far too long!"

It's a fact that the best-lookers to-day have much longer limbs than the lasses pictured in marble by the ancient Greeks.

The waistline, B.C., was half-way between head and feet; now it's raised a couple of inches nearer heaven—and this is true of Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette

Colbert, and Ginger Rogers, among other well-knowns.

Groucho Marx says as long as they're the right shape and reach down to the ground, he hasn't any grouch.

### A Casual Question

Those who agree with me that "temperament" should be sternly discouraged will enjoy John Ford's recent encounter with an actress who was indulging in this luxury.

The woman in question wasted hours of the director's time and hundreds of dollars of the firm's money in explaining to him just how she thought the film should be made.

Director Ford bore it with patience as long as he could, but at last when she paused for breath he remarked quietly. "I was hired to direct this picture. What were you hired to do?"

### A Little Mishap

Few picturegoers realise the incidental dangers attendant upon film-making.

For instance, during production of Pathé's *The Fire Trap*, featuring Norman Foster and Evelyn Knapp, a totally unrehearsed thrill was experienced, which might easily have had a fatal result.

The story, about the exposure of an arson ring, called for the complete destruction of a large warehouse containing faked goods falsely valued at millions of pounds.

They burned down an old riverside warehouse, and posted twenty cameramen to shoot it; but they didn't foresee that a wall might fall into the river—which it did, collapsing a few feet short of a spectator's row-boat and swamping it.

A rescue squad in a speed-boat fished him out, but it was a near thing.

### Rip Van Sullavan

Margaret Sullavan is one of those lucky people who can go to sleep at any time within a few minutes and completely relax. Frequently she goes to sleep on the set, and members of the crew have learned to respect her slumbers. Recently, while waiting for a change of setting for her latest Universal picture, *Next Time We Live*, the popular star crawled into a bed on the set and was soon fast asleep.

Frantic calls to her dressing-room, to the wardrobe department and later to the studio café, failed to reach her. Suddenly Director Edward H. Griffith found his star in her cosy nest and picture-making was resumed.

Pounding hammers, falling lumber, the assistant director's whistle and the talking of forty people on the set had failed to disturb Miss Sullavan.

### He Nibbles Castles

One person who should be particularly interested in seeing Rene Clair's first British film, *The Ghost Goes West*, is W. Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper magnate.

The story, as you know, centres in an ancient Scottish castle which is bought by an American millionaire and shipped to America to be re-erected.

Mr. Hearst has never quite done this, but he has nibbled bits of a number of historic British homes and incorporated the bits in his several palatial residences.

In fact, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings regards him askance as a kind of Public Nibbler No. 1.

### Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Harry Bates, 26 Northfield Lane, South Kirkby, Nr. Pontefract, Yorks, for:—

**At Twelve Midnight**  
**The Clock Strikes Eight**  
**I'll Fix It**  
**Over the Garden Wall**

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:—  
Miss Margaret Jackson, "The Limes," 123 Meir Road, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, for:—

**Mannequin**  
**The 39 Steps**  
**Pointed Heels**  
**Falling for You**

Mrs. C. Organ, 19 Banwell Road, Ashton Gate, Bristol 3, for:—

**B.B.C.**  
**The Clock Strikes Eight**  
**Variety**  
**Oh, What a Night!**

M. Clappé, Casa Mia, Western Avenue, Cardiff, for:—

**It Happened One Night**  
**Two Heads on a Pillow**  
**Calm Yourself**  
**The Wedding Night**

Miss Daisy Burry, 54 Dunard Street, Queen's Cross, Glasgow, N.W., for:—

**Curly Top**  
**Among the Missing**  
**Fireman Save My Child**  
**Thanks a Million**

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



(Above) The author of this article with Dolores del Rio in "Flying Down to Rio"—but he seems to be bending down to Rio.

(Right) Gene Raymond says "Fred Astaire works like a dog on his dance routines."



# It's Difficult

FOR several years, blond Gene Raymond has been a star in Hollywood. "I tell you," said Gene emphatically, as we sat in a new cocktail bar, "try as you will, it's difficult to remain human in this man's town, when you're a movie star. Look at the autograph seekers, first. When I was new to Hollywood, I tried to be very, very polite and accommodating to everyone who asked for an autograph. Then I suddenly discovered that they were handing me such things as nude pictures of pretty girls to sign, hard boiled eggs, the heels of women's shoes, their handkerchiefs and lingerie and what not. There I drew the line. Can you blame me?"

In Hollywood, Gene believes, a star must regulate his life for the demands of the Press.

"He can't get away from it," Gene told me over a dry martini, "for if he dines or lunches with any girl once, the columnists and scandal writers immediately print that he is romancing with her. A trip to Palm Springs on the same week-end and they are engaged. Two weeks out of town with her in succession and he's . . . well, you know what. They always insinuate the worst. So a star must watch his step. He has little chance really to get to know a girl properly, for both of them immediately pick up the papers and see the dark rumours and it makes them both stand-offish. They are slightly embarrassed when they go out and soon it's all off, when it might have been a sweet romance and perhaps even a marriage. Such stuff as that 'orchid a day by special messenger,' to Gaynor, as they printed on me. Gaynor resented it and so did I, but what could we do?"

"When we made *Flying Down To Rio*," con-

tinued Gene, "I handed Dolores del Rio an orchid one day. Almost before the day was over, the rumour was out that she and I were romancing. Great Scott, she is a happily married woman and I certainly don't chase men's wives, so there was a constrained silence between us which had no right to be there. That's what I mean, you can't be human and be a star."

Then, just as a joke, Gene had a huge bunch of scallions wrapped and sent to the Mexican star. She brightened up, when they arrived, thinking them a bunch of flowers from an admirer. She retired behind some scenery to open them and the company heard her scream and then burst into hysterical laughter. The assistant director came on the run and Raymond was also doubled up with laughter.

"You and Del Rio fighting?" the assistant asked.

"No!" laughed Gene, "just a little gag I pulled on her. Sent her scallions. When I sent orchids, they said we were romancing. Now let's see what they'll say about me sending scallions!"

"Fred Astaire," said Gene, "works like a dog on his dance routines. It takes him months sometimes to work enough out for a picture. That's why he can't make more than three films a year and yet the word got out that he was high hat. High hat my eye. No finer chap alive than Fred, but that was the false interpretation the Press and the Public put upon his action in only making three screen appearances a year!"

"I never knew a town where the Press and the Public like to take a knock at an actor, like Hollywood does. When I first came out here,

Autographs to sign—advertisements to sponsor—gossiping tongues—scandal—damaging publicity . . . how can any star keep his balance in the Film Capital?

they referred to my platinum-blond hair. My hair is not platinum-blond, it is a natural blond and I have never tried to make it any more so. But they refused to believe it and compared me with Harlow who *does* bleach her hair.

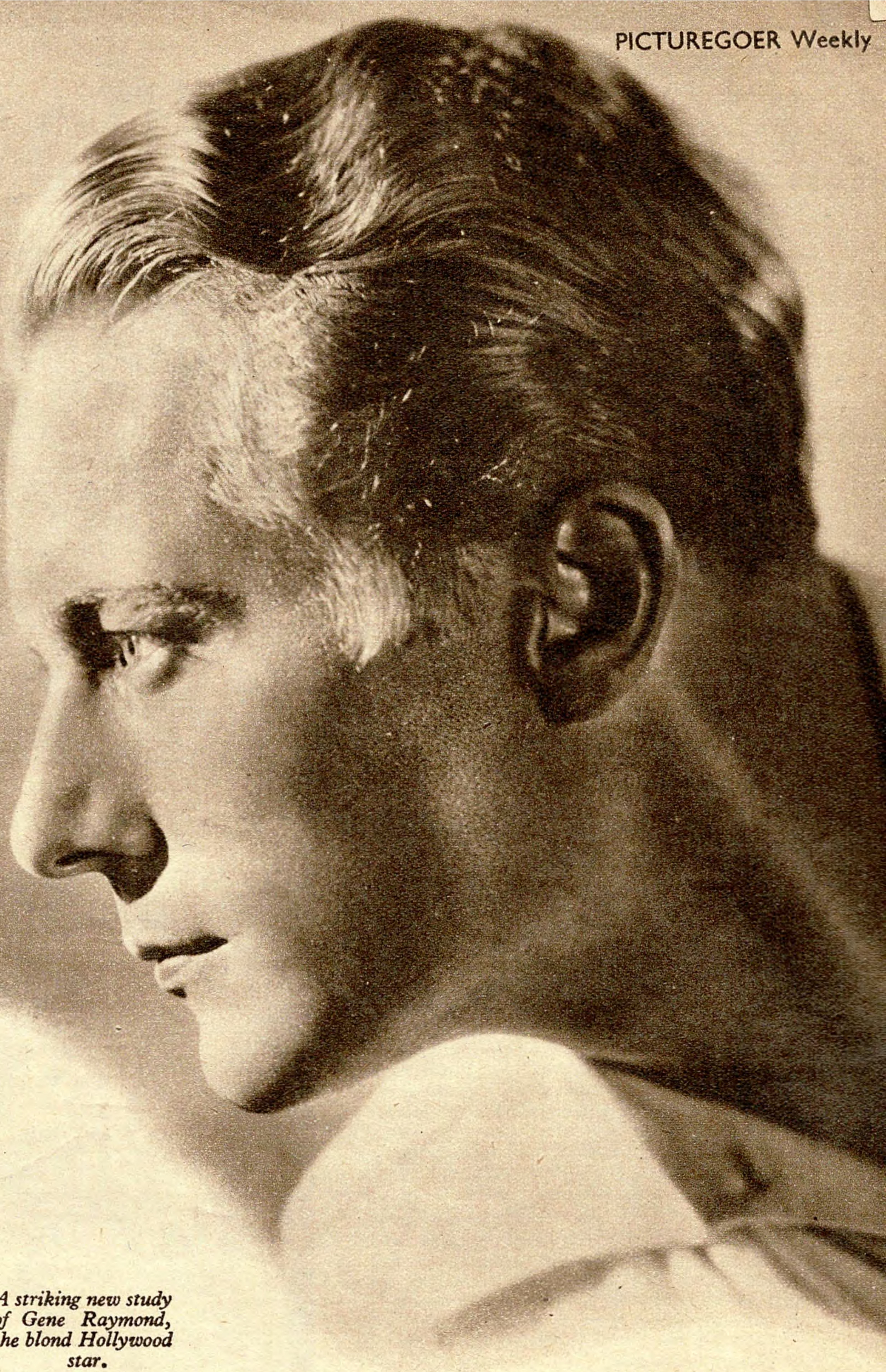
"I am very fond of Mary Bryan and so is Dick Powell, but when, with her consent, I take her out to cocktail parties, the Press reports that I am cutting in on Dick. Mary and I have no romantic leanings towards each other, we are just good pals who like each other's company. But there you are.

A movie star's life in Hollywood is not his own. If he tries to be a perfectly natural, sane, commonplace human being, he rubs its fur the wrong way. It was reported not long ago that I had seventy-five suits of clothes in my wardrobe, more than fifty pair of shoes and thirty hats. Why, I never had that many clothes in my whole life altogether. But could I deny it? I could not, or I would have been condemned by the scandal mongers.

"Another thing is the matter of drinking. I like to step in during the late afternoon, every day, and have a couple of cocktails some place, but that's all. I'm not a drunkard, by any stretch



Raymond says "I am very fond of Mary Brian"—but aren't we all?



A striking new study of Gene Raymond, the blond Hollywood star.

# to Stay Human in Hollywood

says Gene  
Raymond

of the imagination, but that rumour goes around. As a matter of fact, any movie star in a cocktail bar is a sucker for every chisler in town. I buy five cocktails for people I scarcely know, to every one for my real friends and myself. But refuse them and you get a sneer and a turned up nose and the whisper that Gene Raymond is a tight-wad who won't be sociable with the gang.

"Then, there is the matter of renting a house. Not so long ago, I decided I'd get just a modest little place, somewhere in Beverly Hills. I'm all alone and I don't want anything with a swimming pool and a six-car garage. But do you think those Beverly Hills real-estate men would show me a modest little house? There were plenty of them, but I was a movie star and they insisted on escorting me in their expensive cars, and showing me castles in Spain that only a multi-millionaire could rent. I became disgusted at last and went back to the apartment. And what do you think happened next? I began to

hear that I was tight and refused to live up to my position as a movie star. Ouch! Just try to be human in this man's town.

"Then, too, I like to do things which the ordinary fellow enjoys. I like to go down on the amusement piers at Venice and throw rings at canes for packages of bacon. I like to play those games, have my palm read just for fun and do all that sort of thing. But the boys of the Press don't think I should. I should be throwing big, elaborate parties for the upper-crust and letting more party crashers than guests break in to drink my liquor and eat my food, as well as walk off with my expensive cigarette lighters and whatever other small bric-a-brac their fancy dictates. The average star home, after a big party, looks as though the Gauls and Vandals had just taken their loot home across their saddle bows with them. I like to entertain my friends, but no one can be more highly insulted than a party crasher, discovered and asked to leave.

"And when a movie star steps into a Boulevard shop, up, up, up and up go the prices on clothes, jewellery, haberdashery, and shoes. It's highway robbery. I try to buy at reasonable prices and will walk out if I think I'm being quoted movie star prices, but it doesn't stop them from doing it.

"And the boys who sell cars. Nothing less than a Rolls-Royce or a Packard or Cadillac sixteen for a fellow who makes the money Gene

Raymond does. Personally, I buy modest cars and find them satisfactory. But that does not please the big car lads, who whisper that I must be salting it down for my old age.

"But I guess I'll get by. I have learned through many a hard lesson, that a man must learn to say 'NO!' in eight different languages in this man's town and I know them all. Let the spend-thrifts sow wild oats, but when this blond hair of mine begins to silver and they want me to play grandfather roles, I'll just lean back in my easy chair and laugh. I'm going fishing up in Canada. In my safe deposit box are three big annuities and a flock of tax-exempt Government bonds and all I have to do for my exercise is to clip the coupons. I'll have this old game whipped to a standstill and you see if I don't. But my hair will turn grey quicker and my back will bend earlier, just because I'm a movie star. That's the way it goes."

Gene Raymond's real name is Raymond Guion; he was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weighs 11 st. 3 lbs.; has blue eyes and naturally wavy fair hair.

He was educated at private schools; is unmarried; and his favourite hobby is horse-riding.

Gene's acting career began on the stage; he appeared in *Cradle Snatchers*, *Young Summers*, *Mirrors*, *Take My Advice*, and other plays.

His films include *Zoo in Budapest*, *Ann Carver's Profession*, *Brief Moment*, *Red Dust*, *If I Had a Million*, *Flying Down to Rio*.

**W**IVA Agua Caliente! So shouts the Hollywood business man as he drives his high-powered luxurious roadster southward over the four-laned concrete road. Behind him is the punctured landscape of the oilfields; ahead, rolling hills and a turquoise sea disappearing into nothingness. The nautical ozone inflates his lungs, the thundering roar of the Pacific breakers rings in his ears. Three hours driving, two if he steps on the gas, will bring him over the border and into Old Mexico. There is no speed limit on this wonderful road which begins at San Francisco and ends in San Diego. How the American thrills at getting so quickly into another country!

Agua Caliente is a magnet. Its pulling power is irresistible to Americans. But it is not the monopoly of the tired business man of California. Human birds of paradise in radiant plumage are drawn there from Hollywood and San Diego, even from as far north as San Francisco. It is the playground of the stars, with a season lasting from January to December. It is Old Mexico—land of the *dons* and *conquistadors*. Romance is everywhere about you. Agua Caliente, why, the very name is romantic. The faint evening breezes are for ever whispering tales of the painted Indian warrior who once roamed over the ancient "El Camino Real" upon which the little town now stands. The verdant feathers of the swaying palm trees beckon and tell you the story of the Franciscan padres, the Spanish dons and the faithful Neophytes who dedicated their lives to Christianising the unintelligent Indians. But the trail of the padres is another story.

**D**own the uneven road ambles a sun-shrivelled Mexican, his long black hair hanging untidily from under a ten-gallon hat. Behind rumbles a ramshackle cart with uneven solid two-pieced wooden wheels drawn by the shaggiest of fat-bellied donkeys. Just off the sun-baked road is his adobe dwelling—nothing more than a pigsty, it seemed. So poor is he that he has built his house with mud, but had not sufficient forethought to save enough money to cover the four walls with a roof. The donkey and chickens have the protection of the walls; the man falls asleep on his bed under a piece of sacking nailed to the outside of the wall, comforting himself with the thought that by next year he will have saved enough money to complete his tiny house. Truly this is Mexico.

The Old Tree (El Arbol Viejo), a gnarled sentinel which stands as though on guard at the door of the town, also has something to tell us as we approach. It lifts its withered branches and bids us welcome to this Mexican pleasure ground where all nations meet and where there is only one language—happiness.

Once inside the portals you realise that the Monarch of Mirth has enslaved his guests with music, laughter, gaiety and dancing. Here the ordinary man with an ordinary pocket rubs shoulders with the money moguls of Hollywood, and stares goo-goo-eyed at the bewitching women who flock there to relax after hard work on the studio sets. Producers, directors, camera-men, writers, artists, musicians and even extras make an endless procession to Caliente. With the weekly pay cheque in their pockets they are out to spend it, and who can blame them—they have earned every nickel of it. Forgotten are the irksome and exacting duties of the studios. No wonder! Here is a paradise for pleasure seekers and sportsmen which can offer all the attraction of Nice and Monte Carlo and at half the cost. Its surroundings are incomparable. Above all, there is the perpetual sunshine which is as constant as the curative water which flows from the warm springs held sacred by the Indians. It is from these hot springs that Agua Caliente derives its name.

Cynics prophesied the decay of Caliente with the end of prohibition, for during those unhappy years it was the nearest place where Californians could buy liquor and gamble to their hearts' content or sorrow on the racing tracks and in the gambling rooms without infringing the law. But I did not see evidence of this town losing any of its allures.

"It is breaking all records for visitors, every room has been reserved for weeks in advance," said the glossy-haired reservation clerk with



The elaborate Mexican architecture is well displayed in this shot of one of Agua Caliente's numerous hotels.

John Boles was host to a large week-end party when the author encountered him.



Dancing "La Cuccaracha" in the patio of a Mexican hostelry.

delightful Spanish politeness. Extra beds had been put into rooms that could take them, and a score or more guests were content to sleep in the bath-house. They steadfastly refused to return over the border to San Diego, only twenty miles away, where excellent hotels could have provided with with ample accommodation. We turned gloomily away. Our chauffeur restraped the baggage. Then like a bolt from the blue came two friends who invited us to share their room. Two cots were discovered and squeezed in goodness knows how.

**A**s we dressed for dinner we heard the clinking of castanets and the tinkling of tambourines on the faint evening breeze. Through the arched window there were whirling silhouettes under the pepper tree.

In the colourfully decorated dining-room the tables were crowded with merry-makers, fond of good food, good drink and a good time, all enjoying themselves in an innocent manner. A prominent figure at a table on the edge of the dance floor was John Boles—host to a large week-end party. "What about a song?" "Nothing doing—I have

had my whack for one week." And the accompanying smile just hypnotised his tormentor.

I searched in vain for my favourite screen jesters, Laurel and Hardy, but Frank Butler, of Hal Roach Comedies, who wrote the *Bonnie Scotland* story, told me they were busy on the last shots of the picture.

Jean Harlow looked ravishingly beautiful, as she always does. What an ardent dancer is Louis B. Mayer! He puts as much pep into his dancing as many a man half his years. He is a frequent visitor to the Trocadero, that exclusive Hollywood rendezvous where film folk dine and dance when the exigencies of the studio permit. Bruce Cabot was celebrating his long-term contract with M.-G.-M.

**M**y "star"-gazing was suddenly interrupted. A dark-eyed *senorita* swept on to the floor to dance "La Cuccaracha" with the handsomest of young Mexicans. It drew as much applause as the more sensational "Fan Dance." Though the latter is done by a girl entirely in the nude, it is so beautifully performed that not even a bishop could take exception. Besides, the fans were very cleverly handled. Petite Dolores Del Rio was an interested spectator.

Montagu Love whispered into my ear to look at the menu for a change, reminding me that we had not come from Hollywood to see exotic dancing.

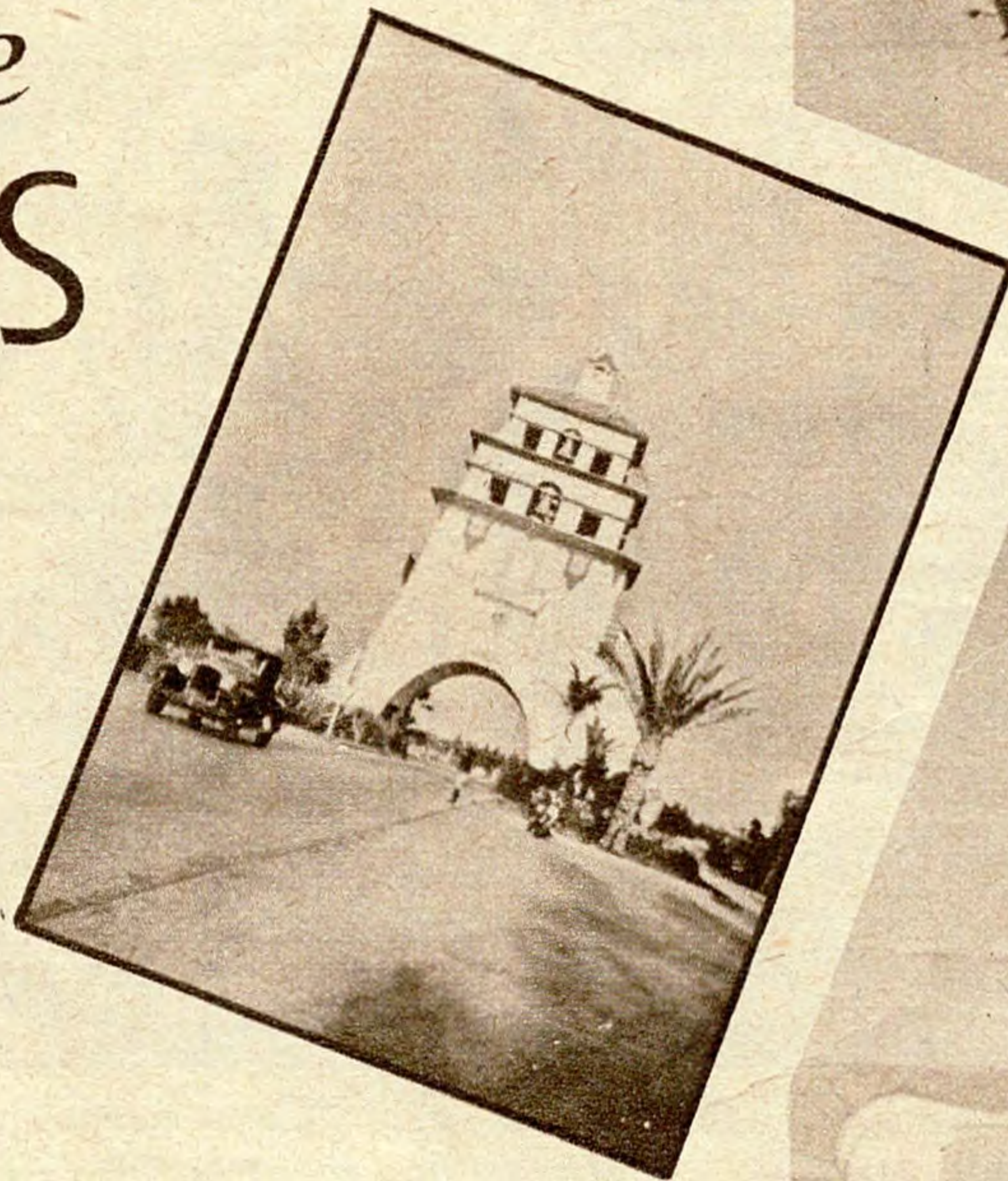
There were intriguing items on the menu that would have made Lucullus blink: tortilla, the Mexican flat cake; frijolas, the favourite of the country's dishes; chile con carne, clams and tunny-fish, and avocados or alligator pears, which have

The swimming pool at the main hotel in Agua Caliente. It is always well patronised.



# The PLAYGROUND of the STARS

IN Agua Caliente where the tired business man forgets his cares, Hollywood's élite also gather to refresh themselves in an atmosphere which breathes the spirit of Old Mexico.



The imposing entrance to the hotel that houses hundreds of studio-weary stars.



Jean Harlow, who always looks alluring, is a frequent visitor to this Paradise of Old Mexico.

by James BOYS

a taste like engine grease to the inexperienced; and a hundred more delectable dishes.

We were puzzled to know the nationality of our waiter.

"You are not English?" I asked.

"No, sir, I am a Serb, and learned my English in England."

"You speak it amazingly well; worked in an hotel, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. I came over with the Americans during the war—the first lot. When we got to England I transferred to the Buffs, thinking it the best way to get to Serbia. I served with them until the end of the war. They were the happiest days of my life—grand fellows, the Buffs, sir!"

The entry of the Mexican Marimba Band created a flutter of excitement and the dance floor was soon smothered with shuffling feet. Dancing was impossible. It was better and more enjoyable to sit and listen to the quaint, scintillating music. Later I went outside. There was music there, too. Music from tiny throats of a hundred birds not yet asleep. The air was warm, the sky ablaze with winking stars. In the shadow of the tall eucalyptus tree a mocking bird with its varied notes worked overtime. The birds awaken you in the morning when the hot rays of the sun throws the shadow of the iron wrought window on to the floor of your bedroom. Wild doves flutter down from the dusky-red tiled roofs to feed from your outstretched hand. The funny part of it is that however tired you may have been when you

retired, there is nothing of the morning-after-the-night-before feeling. The call of the birds heralding the rising sun dispels any inclination to snatch an extra half-hour of sleep. You feel that you must be up and out to applaud their song.

Breakfast is eaten on the patio, and the fairer sex are sure to be there in great numbers showing off the newest and cutest pyjamas-suits while they sip orange juice—liquid sunshine as it is sometimes called.

The sun has climbed higher, it is time to take a plunge. Away we saunter along the white-washed galleries upon which the climbing roses have already opened their velvet petals to the azure blue sky, to find ourselves beside the luxurious bath-house and green-tiled swimming pool.

It is the hour for a diving display by expert young men just back from diving contests in Honolulu. Each in turn gives a perfect exhibition of trick diving. There is no applause from the sun-sodden spectators. "Give the boys encouragement," shouts their manager pleadingly. Forced clapping follows another spectacular dive, and the crowd resumes its indifferent interest.

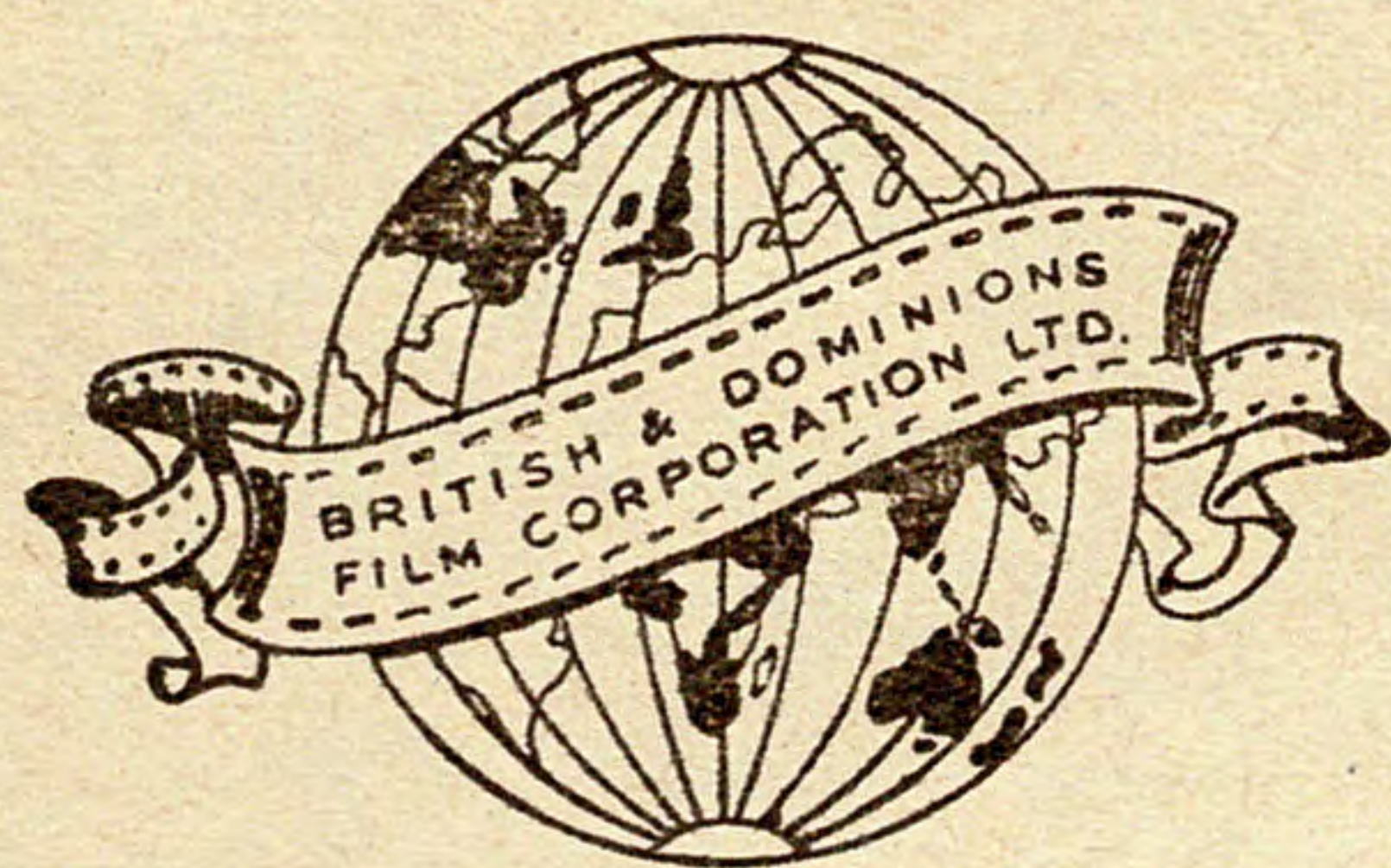
The water is warm and crystal clear, yet it has been artificially cooled off after leaving the springs. As the morning advances and the sun gets hotter, more cushions are called for and the sun worshippers prostrate themselves to its health-giving

rays. Mexican waiters clad in spotless white suits stroll lazily round the lawns balancing trays of refreshing iced drinks in sky-scraper glasses or perhaps a couple of Earthquake Cocktails for the broad-shouldered youth and his girl friend who have "ditched" from the San Diego State College.

No, Agua Caliente will not decay. It will die overnight when the Government turn goody-goody and decide to clean up Mexico in the manner some dictators have done on this side of the world. It will be a sad day for Californians and the easy-going Mexicans when that happens, for Americans are big spenders and part freely with their dollars in this gay town just over the border. Viva Caliente!

## NEXT WEEK

EIGHTY pages packed with entertainment and interest constitute our specially enlarged New Year Number. Besides articles by stars and kinema executives, it will contain a complete guide to the films released in 1936 as far as they are scheduled at the time of going to press. This is a unique number, so place your order early to avoid disappointment.



## FILM TOPICS

by Globe

- ★ Look out for it!
- ★ It's on the way!
- ★ Sydney Howard as a blacksmith . . .
- ★ Who turns footballer to escape from a nagging wife . . .
- ★ And becomes the hope of his side in the battle of two neighbouring villages on the border of Yorkshire and Lancashire.
- ★ See Syd score the winning try and how . . .
- ★ In "Where's George?"
- ★ A British and Dominions picture, directed by Jack Raymond and distributed by



USUALLY when a stage star does her first day's work in the studio we hear an outcry and lamentation about the difficulties, the limitations, the distractions, the discontinuity, and so on and so forth, *ad lib.* if not *ad nauseam.*

And now here is Gwen Ffrangon-Davies tipping over the old-established appletart and rolling the fruit in all directions by declaring that her first day's work at Shepherd's Bush has dispelled most of her illusions about having to make violent adjustments to her new surroundings.

She wasn't frightened, she wasn't distracted, she wasn't even conscious of the proximity of the technicians with their weird apparatus; the chalk marks on the floor, to mark the limits of her movements, about which she had been specially warned by kind friends, didn't worry her a bit.

She had been told she would have to speak always in the direction of the microphone, but on the contrary she found it following her about with the greatest of ease and docility; and it was very pleasant to find that she could lower her voice and be sure that the microphone was listening attentively.

### In Comes Gwen

I'm glad to see Gwen Ffrangon-Davies come in to films; as a rule (as my faithful little band of supporters, a bare two or three hundred thousand, will testify), I don't leap on my chair and hurl my hat through the window every time a well-known stage player is converted to pictures; it so often happens that the player brings in with him or her an unmistakable stage technique which is woefully out of place.

Gwen is one of the least stagey of stage players; she has always had a tendency to under- rather than over-play her scenes, and let the audience supply its own reaction, which is effective on the stage and doubly effective on the screen.

She'll be an asset to British films, and I'm glad to welcome her in.

Her film debut is made in the Nova Pilbeam picture, *Lady Jane Grey*, in which she plays "Mary Tudor."

I've always had a great deal of compassion for this poor woman who is always known as "Bloody Mary" on account of her habit (fashionable at the time) of disposing of her enemies by decapitation.

### Royal Dyspeptic

As a matter of fact, she suffered from chronic indigestion, poor lamb, which seems to me a perfectly good excuse for any number of executions—especially when they were so fashionable.

A very conscientious, proud, unhappy, strait-laced, tight-laced, and bilious woman; if she had lived to-day she would probably have been President of the Society for the Abolition of Everything.

It's the irony of Fate that history should blame Bloody Mary's hard heart when it should have been blaming blood-pressure and heartburn.

Odd how difficult it is to get a sound out of your mind when it's associated with something very vivid and terrible. You experience the same thing? Good! I hate to be peculiar.

I once heard Russel Thorndike (Dame Sybil's brother) scream in a Grand Guignol play, and the sound rings in my ears still o' dark nights in December or January. The terrible relentless tattoo of the drums accompanying the "psychological attack" in the Russian film *Chapaev* is another sound I have great difficulty in forgetting;

# We Cover the BRITISH STUDIOS

by E. G. Cousins

Enter a Lady—The Queen had Indigestion—Tragedy on Tower Hill—The Derby to be Screened—Jessie Matthews Starts—Another New Company

and now another drum-beat is added to the little Chamber of Minor Horrors which I carry about in my mind.

### A Tragic Scene

It's the tap-tap-tap heralding the approach of the yeomen to the scaffold on Tower Hill, which I found re-created in the Gainsborough studios.

We were back in 1553, and standing in a crowd of four hundred spectators of an execution; and as the slight, pitiful, tragic figure of Jane Dudley put up her hand to her throat and without a tremor unfastened the cord of her cloak and handed it to Ellen, her nurse, a priest began to recite the 121st Psalm, and everyone present except the soldiers on duty took it up and repeated it in unison.

I have seldom witnessed a studio scene more affecting. There were more throats provided with lumps than lacking them.

I'm told that Nova Pilbeam has been putting up a very moving performance as Britain's nine days' queen; and we can rely on having first-class performances from Dame Sybil Thorndike (as the nurse aforesaid) and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

### A Wasted Event

One of the things that have kept me guessing for a number of years is the remarkable fact that no one has ever made a first-class film of that most typical of British institutions, Derby Day.

I saw some time ago (I think it was after last Derby Day, but it may have been 1924—you know how muddled we old folks grow in our dotage) an "interest short" of the event, but never a full-length British talkie employing the Derby as a background.

Now Alfred Hitchcock is to direct one this year for Gaumont-British—and it now appears that he has always wanted to, which explains why he didn't talk about it.

The surest way of having your hopes fulfilled—by someone else—in the film world is to talk about them. I'm glad "Hitch" didn't. It would have been a pity if some Hollywood company had jumped that particular claim—although I think at this stage it would have been done with a little more regard for facts than the celebrated (or notorious) Derby sequences in the Ronald Colman film *The Devil to Pay*, in which three or four people picnicked in absolute seclusion in a little wood overlooking the racecourse!

### No New Plot

Another (though how different!) great institution is to be tackled by Gaumont-British early this year—the Canadian Pacific Railway and the ceaseless battle waged by its constructors against the forces of Nature.

And meanwhile Shepherd's Bush has got under way with *It's Love Again*, and it's Jessie again, and, of course, it's song-and-dance again.

There are, of course, no new plots, which is probably the reason why Messrs. Gaumont-British have adopted an old favourite—only it's a little unfortunate, perhaps, that it should have been so recently exploited, and with such outstanding success, by a Hollywood company.

You may have noticed that the central theme of *Broadway Melody of 1936* presents a versatile and spirited girl who becomes the living embodiment of a purely imaginary young woman created by a famous newspaper-columnist in his writings.

*It's Love Again*, according to its sponsors, will characterise Jessie as a versatile and spirited girl who becomes the living embodiment of a purely imaginary young woman created by a famous newspaper-columnist in his writings.

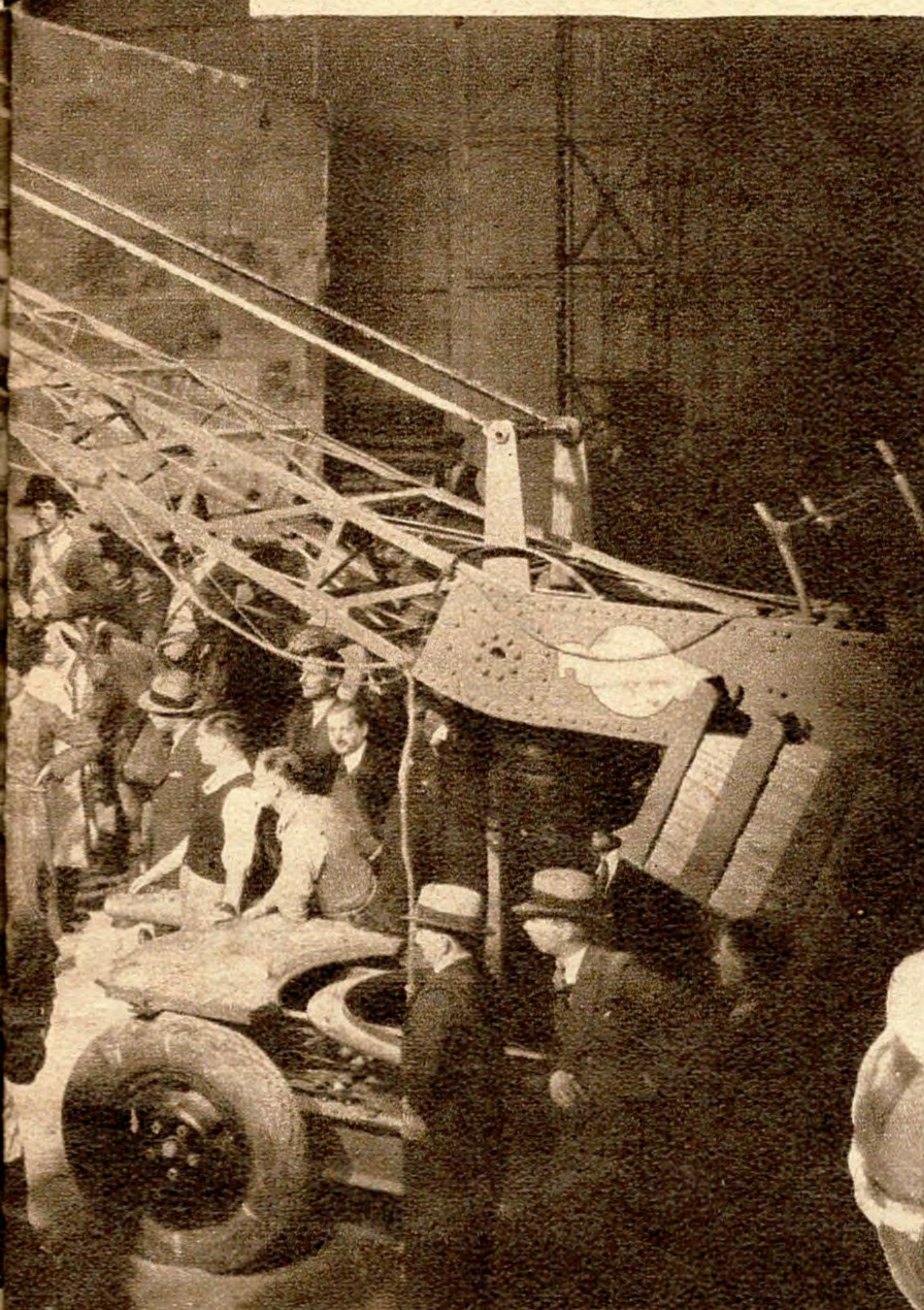
Pardon the slight duplication. Sonnie Hale will be the "keyhole king"; Cyril Wells will partner Jessie in her dance numbers.

### Enter Bijou

I told you last week about "Reandescos," the new production company; this week's new one is the Bijou Film Co., who have started on a series of shorts for Columbia.

The first is called *Chinese Cabaret* and the amazing Lau Foun Family of jugglers and acrobats is being featured.

From what I have heard of Mr. Lau Foun's "photogenic" qualities, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find him featured one of these days in a "straight" part, without his acrobatics and juggling.



Karl Grune is the director enthroned aloft, Otto Kauturek is at the camera, and in front of the gates are Nils Asther and Hazel Terry, in a tense scene from "The Marriage of Corbal"

Pretty Peggy Church will be seen in the Grosvenor film "The Cardinal," produced at Welwyn.



# Young Man of Manhattan

AN intimate pen picture of Norman Foster, who is rapidly becoming one of the most popular leading men on the screen.

Incidentally, one of Norman's ambitions is to appear in a British film. He admires the way the British industry has leaped to international fame during the last few years.

"I seldom miss a new British production," he says. "English pictures seem to get a new angle on things which is a welcome change after Hollywood movies. Making films should not be the monopoly of any one country. Like any art, picture making is international. It is good to see British producers turning out something new and different. I hope one day I shall have the opportunity of acting in one of their films."

Films, however, are not Norman's only interest. He has hobbies. One of them is book collecting. "A few years ago," he reveals, "I opened a book store in Beverley Hills, called 'The Secret Book Shop.' It was an immediate success. Many of my biggest customers to-day are members of the movie colony. I also do a bit of writing between pictures, and have one or two ideas for a new play.

"My real hobby, though, is travelling. I try to spend several months of every year in some remote part of the world. On these occasions my only companion is a small cine-camera. I prefer travelling alone. Indeed, the only time I ever travelled accompanied was on my round-the-world honeymoon with Miss Colbert.

"People often ask me why I travel this way. I guess it must be that funny little streak of independence in me. I like doing things on my own, in my own way, and to be entirely self-dependent."

At the moment Norman is "between pictures," and can't make up his mind what to do next. "I may take another trip abroad, although I have had an interesting new role offered to me. So perhaps I shall remain in Hollywood. But on second thoughts I don't think I will! I'm an independent sort of fellow. May be I'll make that ocean voyage instead!"

If he does, let us hope the boat lands him at Southampton with a British film contract in his pocket.

## NEXT WEEK

WE PRESENT our readers with an eighty-page issue to celebrate the New Year. It will contain a guide to the films released in 1936; so far as information has been available at the time of going to press. This feature will help you choose your kinema fare for some months to come. In addition, there are articles by many famous film stars and executives which make the issue a notable one. Place your order early to avoid disappointment.

Norman Foster as he appears in "Fire Trap," one of his recent pictures.

**M**EET Norman Foster, Hollywood's most independent young man! Typically American in his early thirties, good looking, candid, witty, he still remains after six years in the film city one of the screen's most popular leading men.

Nothing has ever kept Norman down. He is made of the stuff for which his Virginia pioneer-ancestors were famous. By sheer hard work and perseverance he has made his way without outside help. Even when the opportunity offered itself he never once permitted his marriage to Claudette Colbert to be an influence in assisting his own career.

"You've got to be independent nowadays to get anywhere," he says. "My advice to anyone starting out in life is to make an impression. The only way you can do this effectively is to be independent. I don't mean to swagger or to go 'high-hat.' I mean assume a business like, 'go-getting' attitude. If you have something to say, say it. Go straight to the point. Employers will admire you for your forthrightness, and you will stand a better chance of a break."

All his life Norman has followed his own advice. Perhaps that is why he is still so sought after by leading producers.

He is seldom idle to-day; his yesterdays, however, were not all milk and honey. Like hundreds of others he had to struggle for a start in life and to fight his way to success. As a youth he had a penchant for newspaper work. So he took a course at the Carnegie Institute and a year later secured his first job as a reporter on the New York Morning Telegraph. His work kept him in close contact with the stage and its people, and after a time his decision to become an actor brought him an important engagement in *The Barker* with Walter Huston.

"That part was a lucky break for me," he says. "One night an important Hollywood executive happened to be in the theatre. The purpose of his visit was to see and report on Walter Huston

who had been suggested as a suitable star for a new picture. Somehow or other I managed to catch the executive's eye. He was impressed. Huston also impressed him. The result was that both of us suddenly found ourselves en route to Hollywood where we were to appear together in *Gentlemen of the Press*."

"I shall never forget the thrill of that first film contract. At the time, of course, I was married to Claudette Colbert who was achieving success on the stage. Neither of us had any idea of trying the movies. You can imagine how excited we both were later when it was announced that we would be co-starred in *Young Man of Manhattan*."

Although many people still feel that this was Norman's best picture he disagrees with them. He contends that at the time he was too much of a novice in movies. When he subsequently appeared in numerous pictures he soon began to "get the hang" of movie acting and to acquire the polish and technique which he has now fully mastered.

To-day Norman is one of the most successful free-lance actors in Hollywood. He recently completed the title-role in Pathe's *The Schoolmaster*, based on Edward Eggleston's famous novel of the American civil war days. To those who visualise Norman as the young, lively, wisecracking reporter of his earlier films, this picture came as a surprise. His portrayal of the quiet, homely teacher of the Indiana backwoods was a masterly piece of restrained acting. In his latest film, *The Fire Trap*, also made for Pathe, he reverts to the rapid-action type of characterisation he so thoroughly enjoys.

## GRACE MOORE

*Fresh from her triumphs in "One Night of Love" and "On Wings of Song," this talented artiste is to play the lead in "Maytime," directed by Edmund Goulding, which is likely to add fresh lustre to her great reputation.*



"**C**ARTOONS have always been kicked around. They have always been regarded as the stepchild of the industry. They have been so much 'filler,' so much film to fill in a bill." So Walt Disney answered when asked the status of the cartoon, as a screen entertainment.

It seems entirely to have escaped the film historians' notice that it is entirely to the cartoon that we owe the origin of moving pictures. The hand-drawn picture provided the germ-idea that evolved into the super screen production of to-day.

Way back in 1826, Peter Roget had discovered the natural law, "persistence of vision," which gave the inventor, Plateau, the idea for a device called the *Phenakistoscope*. Plateau had 14 drawings done in sequence, a man in the various stages of running. Then he devised a structure, two discs mounted on a shaft. The front disc had slots round the margin—the disc behind carried the drawings. Turn the discs around and hey presto! you got the illusion of moving pictures.

It was left to an Englishman, William George Horner (1834) to make a further improvement on the idea by inventing the *Daedaleum*, or *Wheel of the Devil*. He mounted a shallow cylinder on a stand, and on the inside of the cylinder he stuck the drawings (30 inches long). You put the cylinder in motion and viewed the semblance of movement. This contraption was called *Wheel of the Devil*, because that notorious gent was the chief character.

*The Wheel of Life*, or *The Zoetrope*, as it was known to our Victorian elders, was a further adaptation of Horner's idea, developed by a Frenchman, Desvoignes, in 1860. It depicted simple happenings, a child with a skipping rope, or a man pumping water.

Before motion picture photography came into being a Frenchman, Reynaud, presented (in 1877) the most notable of the moving cartoon inventions. He devised certain dramatic scenes in a story, which were drawn in sequence. These he exhibited in his own Optical Theatre, Paris, in the form of a short play. The illustration shows a scene in *Pauvre Pierrot*. The play was depicted in the thirty-foot length of a transparent material, which he named "crystaloid." That happened twelve

# How the Animated Cartoons Grew Up

SCREEN cartoons, at any rate until the last two or three years, have been regarded as mere fill-ups in the programme. What the screen really owes to them is explained in this absorbing article

by Robb LAWSON

years before they discovered the use of celluloid as a base, for the moving picture stock now in use.

Almost thirty years had to pass before the first moving picture cartoon came into being.

To J. Stuart Blackton, a Yorkshireman, fell the honour of presenting in 1906, under the Vitagraph trademark, *Humorous Phases of Funny Faces*. I can see Blackton's eyes twinkling as he selected that title, rather than use his own *Comic Face*.

These pictures were made up of incidents, such as a man rolling his eyes, blowing smoke, a clown with performing dog, etc.

This cartoon consisted of 3,000 drawings: com-

pare that with the 12,000 drawings required to-day by cartoonists like Disney.

Five years later, in 1911, the Vitagraph Studio presented to the public a one-reel cartoon known as *Little Nemo*, but the distributors used the title, *Winsor McCay Makes His Cartoons Move*. In order to get smoother movement, McCay did 4,000 drawings, each complete with background, a mighty job for an artist. This artist was evidently a glutton for work. He completed two other cartoons, *How a Mosquito Operates*, and *Gertie, the Trained Dinosaur*, and having sold each respectively to Carl Laemmle and William Fox, retained the right to show them in person on a music hall tour, which he undertook, explaining from the stage the technique employed.

To this artist, Winsor McCay, goes the credit for completing the longest moving picture cartoon.

It was a topical dealing with *The Sinking of the Lusitania*, and was first shown to American audiences on August 15, 1918. 25,000 drawings went to its making—a twenty-two months job.

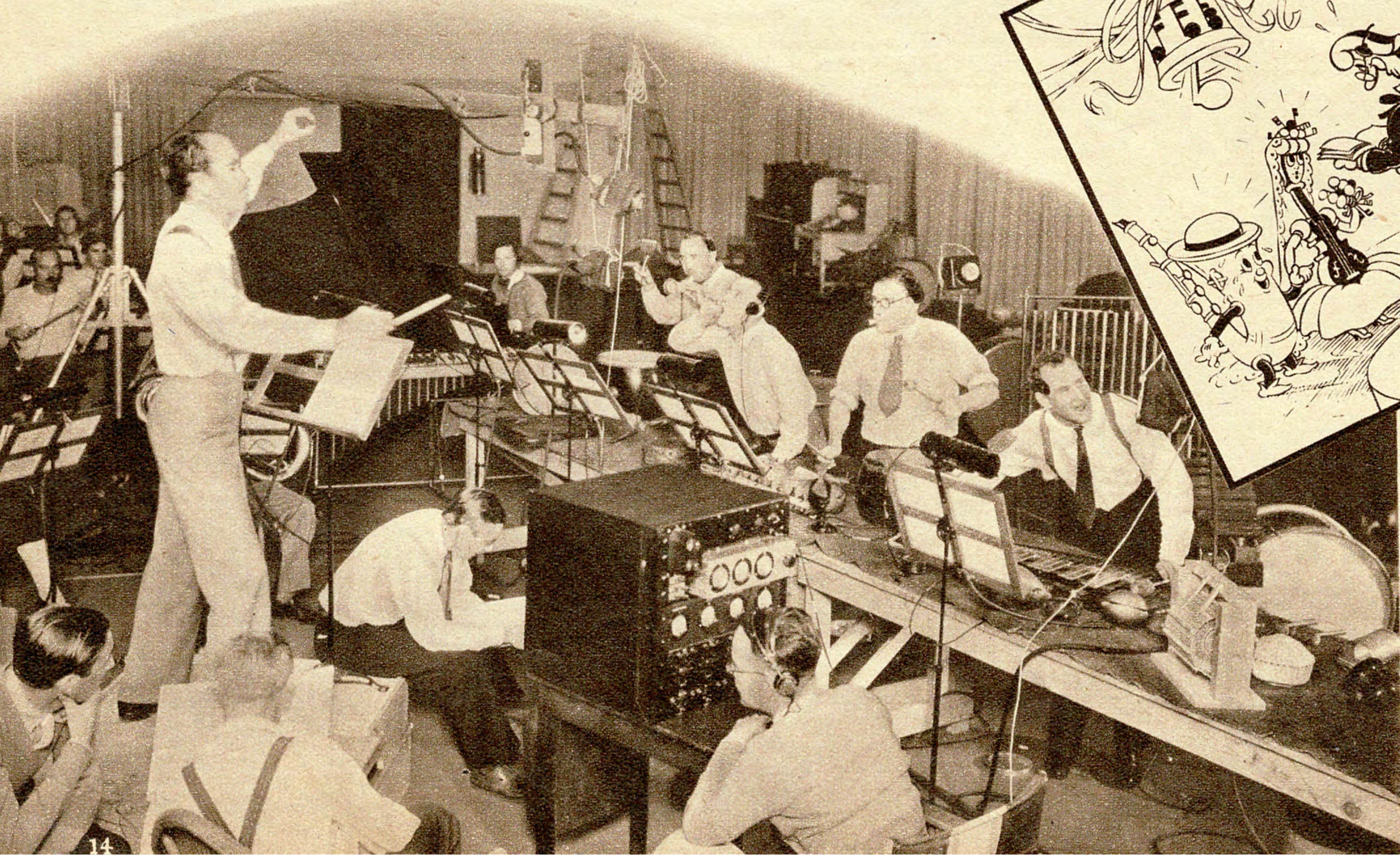
If the example of McCay be typical, then animated cartoonists of that day were certainly tough fellows.

The modern cartoon artist might well ask why it did not occur to all these pioneers that they might have saved themselves hours of senseless labour, if they had only fallen on the simple idea of superimposing their characters drawn on tracing sheets, and used the same sketch for background throughout. That would have saved them the trouble of drawing a complete background sketch with every movement. It fell to John R. Bray to discover the labour-saving method. Bray first leapt into the limelight in 1913 when his first animated cartoon, *The Artist's Dream*, became the most popular feature of its period. The story he illustrated was that of the doings of an exaggerated dachshund with a low-hung "chassis." The said dog was depicted as subject to interruptions at dinner, by the attentions of a flea. That cartoon was the first "wow" in the line. Another cartoon which was the most popular of that period (1913-1917) was *Col. Heeza Liar*, whose yarns of impossible Munchausen adventures made it a five year favourite with the public.

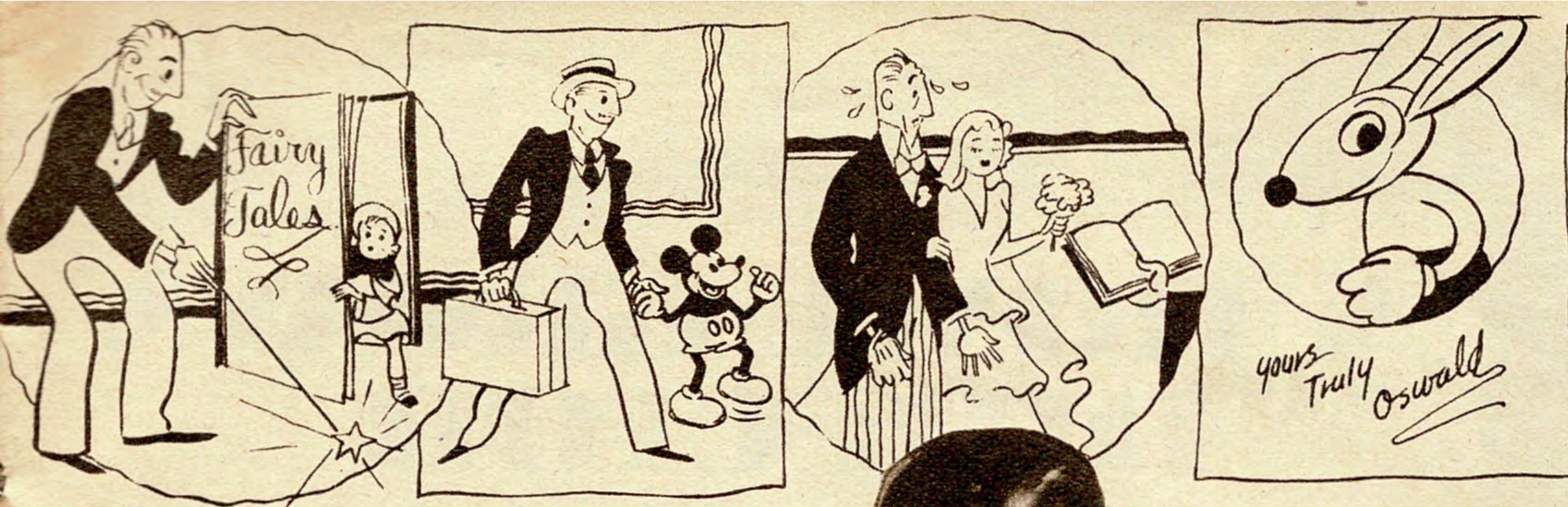
Meantime Bray, still wrestling with the problem



(Above) A romantic scene from the latest coloured *Silly Symphony*, "Music Land."



(Left) How the sound is added to a "Mickey Mouse" film; note the ear-phones used as guides to "timing" effects.



cartoon and made its screen debut in New York, September 19, 1928. His first Silly Symphony, *The Skeleton Dance*, was presented at Los Angeles in July, 1929. The first Colour Silly Symphony, *Flowers and Trees*, had its première at Hollywood on July 15, 1932.

But the claim to be the first cartoon in Technicolour (two-colour process) rests with the introductory colour cartoon sequence in *King of Jazz* (March 30, 1930), though in considering the claim for colour cartoon only, precedence should be given to Ted Eshbaugh's *Goofy Goat*, a complete cartoon story done in Multicolour and shown on July 6, 1931.

When Walt Disney, a commercial artist, took the plunge and began the making of Animated Cartoons, that type of production was regarded by the picture theatre manager as either a "filler" or a "chaser." The cartoon helped to eke out the sessions programme, or if it was crude enough, helped to chase out one audience so that room could be made for the next. In his hands the cartoon has risen to the rank of a Special Feature now advertised alongside the Super-Picture. Analysing the elements which Walt Disney combined to achieve his exalted rank in the moving picture world, they may roughly be stated as (a) his perfect welding of sound and action; (b) his fluidity of movement; and (c) the inventive nature of his creations.

When pictures began to talk, despair had seized the hearts of all cartoonists. Their occupation was apparently gone. After *The Jazz Singer*, no audiences wanted to see again these silly sketched figures that dumbly drifted across the screen. Disney, packing *Steamboat Willie* in his bag, took the print back to New York, to find a remedy. To sell the picture, it must have sound attached to it. Money was scarce. The price asked by the famous sound companies was prohibitive. Finally P.A. Powers agreed to put the sound on *Steamboat Willie*. An orchestra leader was hired, and work on synchronising began. The first time they recorded the whole cartoon it was out of sync. They had to throw away the results. Then the orchestra decided to listen to Walt's idea. It was simple enough, a bouncing ball. The orchestra kept their eyes on the ball, and it gave them the correct timing, just as a metronome does. The rest is history, and that synchronising method, with certain refinements, is the same as used in Walt Disney's studio to-day.

*Steamboat Willie*, the first Mickey Mouse was launched at the Colony Theatre, New York, on September 19, 1928. Strange to say there was no great demand for it.

The number of theatres wired for sound was limited. Disney had the idea of starting a second series to keep his limited circle of customers going with cartoons. The Silly Symphony series began with *The Skeleton Dance*, built on a musical theme, the *Danse Macabre*.

The subject was considered too gruesome and bookings were scarce, and after persuading a Los Angeles theatre to run the thing, it finally found its way to the Roxy, New York. Since when it has made more money than any cartoon on the market.

That gave a start to the Silly Symphonies and paved the way for *Flowers and Trees*, the first of the Silly Symphonies to be produced by the Technicolour process.

To-day the name and fame of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies echoes round the world. As for their creator, Walt Disney, he remains modest as ever, zealous in the good work of plucking out from the clouds of world depression, the glittering sunbeams that make life worth while, and adding to the general sum of gaiety.

Next week's issue of the "Picturegoer" will be your constant companion and guide throughout 1936. Don't miss it!



Pat Sullivan's "Felix the Cat" was the successful forerunner of "Mickey Mouse," whose creator, Walt Disney, you see at work above.

His first series *Koko the Clown*, was released by Paramount in 1917.

Among other pioneers in the field were Leon Searle, with his jointed characters, cut out of paper, and Tony Sarg, a well-known London artist who had emigrated to New York during the War and specialised on silhouette marionette figures, lighted from behind, a precursor of the Lotte Reininger idea.

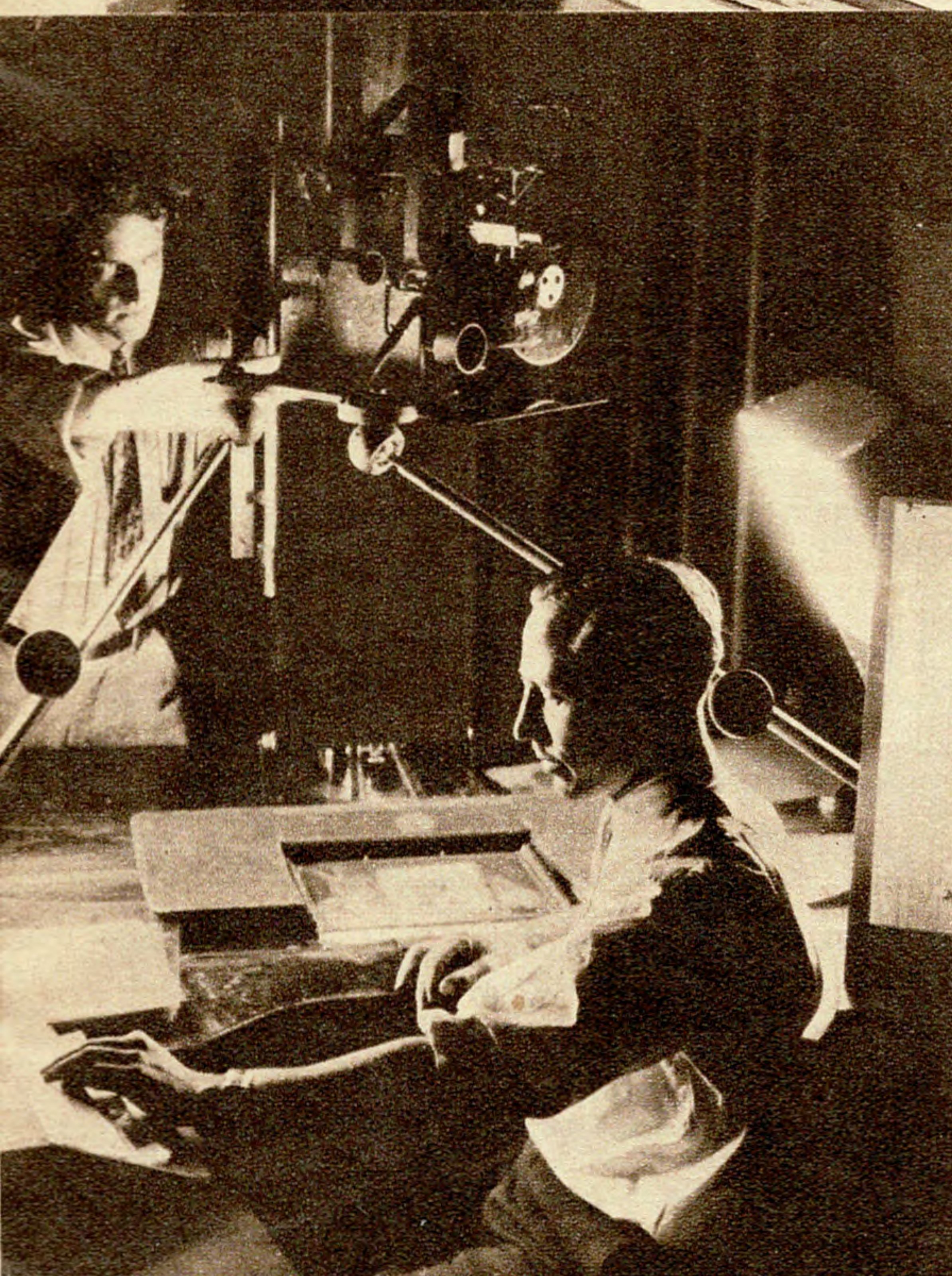
Nolan joined forces with Barre, who had been making the Edison cartoons, and was the first to introduce the panorama background idea.

William B. Hearst of the International Feature Syndicate, prime mover in the "comic strip" business, decided to take a hand. Then the cartoons were pretty crude and did not work very smoothly. Hearst placed Gregory La Cava (the famous film director) in 1917 in charge of the *Animated Cartoon* section, and set out to improve the product. Where before 2,000 drawings were used in a cartoon, Cava increased the number to 3,500 and got an increasing smoothness of action. *Jerry on the Job*, *Bringing Up Father*, *Krazy Kat* were released by the Hearst organisation. La Cava himself did some of the drawings.

The *Mutt and Jeff* series made by Budd Fisher and *The Terry Cartoon Burlesques* belong to this period (1917-20).

It was not until 1921 that Walt Disney broke into the cartoon realms, when he started the *Laugh-O-Gram Series*. Two years later he and his brother, Roy, hopped off to Hollywood to produce the *Alice* cartoons, in which he followed out Max Fleischer's idea of combining real figures with drawings.

Then came the dawn of Sound, which Walt Disney was the first to adapt to Animated Cartoons. *Steamboat Willie* was the first sound



The cameramen who are here photographing a "Mickey Mouse" film look serious about it—and no wonder, for it takes them 120 working hours to photograph each film.

of cartoon labour-saving, took out various patents for the manufacture of animated cartoons, the main feature of the specifications being a device whereby a translucent background could be placed over a character drawing, thus saving the artist the job of re-drawing his background for each picture.

But it is to Earl Hurd the credit of introducing the modern technique of cartoon making belongs. His patent (1915) called for the use of a transparent medium bearing the moving parts of the cartoon over an opaque background. It was Hurd who introduced the use of celluloid for action drawings, superimposed on a background, the method now in use. His first cartoons were the *Bobby Bump* series.

Two years later Bray and Hurd joined forces and formed the Bray-Hurd Company.

Max Fleischer, that same year (1917) created the *Out of the Inkwell* series, a combination of photo and cartoon. You got a photograph of a real person and to this you added a cartoon character.

# A "HOME-GROWN" DIRECTOR

by Max BREEN

BRITISH Studios have often been accused of failure to develop the talent within their walls; here is an exception—the story of Carol Reed, the young director of "Midshipman Easy."

stage director—being then twenty-three, though he usually laid claim to twenty-nine.

"Reed's the best stage director in this or any other country—amazingly efficient," Wallace declared in his characteristic downright manner. "He rehearses several touring companies at once, and he never sleeps."

"You mean never sleeps while rehearsing, or at all?" I asked.

"At all," Wallace affirmed. "I've had him down to my house in the country to make sure, but I never found him asleep. At 4 a.m. he was bawling blues, and by six he was on the tennis-court."

His faculty for dispensing with all but the minimum of sleep and his abundant energy stood Carol Reed in good stead when he made his first entry into film production.

Edgar Wallace was then managing director of the British Lion Film Corporation at Beaconsfield, and his stage director used to go down to the studios in the morning to look after his interests there, travel back to town for the matinee, and sometimes out to Beaconsfield again between shows—and then be at Edgar Wallace's Buckinghamshire home at 1 a.m., discussing the next day's work at the studio.

His constant visits to the studio naturally gave the young man a pretty good general idea of film production, but he was too intelligent to mistake this for technical knowledge; so after Edgar Wallace's death he went to Basil Dean at Ealing Green with a view to learning the business from the ground up.

For three years he has applied his phenomenal energy to the job of assistant director on a large number of A.T.P. films, including *Nine Till Six*, *Sign of Four*, *Three Men in a Boat*, *Loyalties*, *Autumn Crocus*, *Love, Life and Laughter*, *Looking on the Bright Side*, *Java Head*, *Sing As We Go*, *Lorna Doone*, and has certainly not wasted his opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

An assistant director, more than anyone else in the studio, has to be a jack-of-all-trades and master of several; he acts as liaison-officer between the director and everyone else in the studio; he works long hours, gets little credit, plenty of kicks, and few ha'pence, is disliked as a slave-driver if he is efficient, scorned as a weakling if he is lax; and he hardly ever becomes a full-fledged director.

Now, at the age of twenty-eight, Carol Reed is the exception—a director in his own right who has yet retained his popularity in the studio.

Some inkling of Basil Dean's regard for his worth may be gained from the fact that he has been appointed to direct *Laburnum Grove*, for which Edmund Gwenn is returning from Hollywood to play the role he created on the stage.

Britain badly needs directors grown on her own allotment, but they must be of such stuff as Carol Reed—intelligent, self-reliant, energetic, and blessed with imagination, sympathy and authority; and such young men are not too easy to find.

Carol Reed, the subject of this article, in characteristic mood.

HERE is a great deal of "dead wood" in our studios, and a great many misfits—nephews who have to be found a billet, sons of important shareholders, relatives of managing directors who have failed at everything else . . . I even know of one star whose rather vague old father has had to be found an appropriately vague job "on the production side" to keep him out of mischief.

This overloading of the technical staff with mere ballast has caused so much trouble in the past that producers are beginning to wake up to the fact that it isn't economic and doesn't make sense.

Consequently they have begun to take some pains to ensure that the multifarious "jobs of work" about the studio, and especially in the directorial branch, are done by people who know how.

To this end a few studio-chiefs are training up young fellows in the way they should go, and reaping the reward of their foresight.

One of these producers is Basil Dean, who made a modest announcement four years ago that his company, Associated Talking Pictures, would concentrate on two or three promising young men in their employ, and see them through every department in the studio, with a view to their becoming directors.

I have been watching the experiment with interest, and particularly since the "arrival" of the first product of this scheme—Carol Reed, the young director of the successful *Midshipman Easy*.

Mr. Reed acknowledges with gratitude the chances he has been given at the A.T.P. studios at Ealing Green, but his training really began twelve years ago—and his own chief trainer was himself.

As a schoolboy he had a hankering to go on the stage; at which his mother, in the manner of parents, smiled indulgently and said: "Yes, yes, my boy—every boy thinks that," and sent him to Massachusetts

"To plough and sow and reap and mow  
And be a farmer's boy-hoy-hoy,"  
as the Classics have it.

Young Reed started his experience early. On his arrival at New York in the *Berengaria*, alone, Uncle Sam took one look at him and said: "Naow, buddy, you're too young, I guess," and parked him on Ellis Island to cool his heels in a room containing five hundred Italians—and not a wop among the lot could speak a word of English.

He was there for a week before Uncle Sam got round to him; and then it took exactly thirty seconds for him to obtain his entry into the United States—just long enough to sign a form, presumably declaring that he was neither tubercular nor anarchistic.

Six months on the farm convinced him more firmly than ever that the stage was his *métier*, and he returned to England to convince his parents that he knew his own mind.

And a few weeks later he was strutting the boards at the Holborn Empire, with about four words to say.

Then followed four invaluable years on tour, in the course of which young Reed showed an exceptional talent for stage-managing.

Among other successful plays, he went out on tour in *The Terror*, of which he was assistant stage-manager as well as understudying Dennis Neilson-Terry; and when the play came to the Lyceum, London, the author, Edgar Wallace, used to come down to the prompt corner and chat.

This marked a turning-point in the young man's career; he became stage director to the famous novelist-dramatist-manager, and continued in this capacity for four years, right up to the day of Wallace's death.

During the run of *The Calendar*, Edgar Wallace talked to me about his young assistant, who was playing the part of Henry Lascarne, the objectionable young man in the play, as well as acting as

Phil Loneragan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

# WILL GARBO WED?

George Brent's Swedey—Harlow for Hawaii—Galloping Bing  
—The Pickfair Tradition—More Dickens for Colman

**H**OLLYWOOD is wondering whether the much-heralded romance between Greta Garbo and George Brent is about to reach a happy conclusion.

Latest reports are that Brent has acquired a ranch, in the San Fernando Valley, which is much too large for a bachelor, so everyone is wondering whether Garbo, after a wedding, will become the lady of the mansion.

Who knows? I refuse to believe any rumours of the film colony until they are founded on fact.

## Ukulele Jean

Jean Harlow likes the South Seas, and the proof is that she is dickering for the purchase of an estate in Hawaii, of many acres with a handsome home.

The deal has not yet been closed, but the star is ready to talk business after she finishes her next picture.

Jean would like to rest between pictures, and she believes that the Land of the Ukuleles is the spot for her resting place.

## The Stork Hovers

Sally Blane, who recently married Norman Foster, former husband of Claudette Colbert, admits that she and her husband expect the arrival of a baby in June.

The actress is a sister of Loretta Young, and quite a prominent figure in the films herself.

## Claudette Speaks

Claudette Colbert gives a piece of advice to film aspirants which is well worth listening to.

She says that those who aspire to become movie stars should first become noted on the theatrical stage, whether it is New York or London.

The actress feels that the little theatres all over the world are training young players who may become famous in the films. She feels that ambitious youth must first become schooled in the theatre before they seek Hollywood.

From my own experience, I feel that Claudette is right.

## A Crooner's Horses

Bing Crosby has announced plans for a thoroughbred breeding farm, as a sideline for his present racing stable.

A stable, with stalls for six brood mares, is now being built on the singing star's place at Rancho Santa Fe; a 4-year-old mare now in foal will be the first inhabitant.

Crosby has a stable of 15 thoroughbred gallopers. He has six yearlings in training at Santa Anita, ready to run January 1, while the rest of his string is training at Tanforan.

## He Was a Real "Bobby"

Among the various "police officers" who worked in *We're Only Human* was a player named Joe Reilly.

Reilly enacted the role of a New York detective, but it was not until the film was nearly completed that the staff knew that Reilly was on the New York police force for some 20 years before he came to Hollywood, bent on a new career.

The actor-policeman, by the way, is devoted to a sweetheart in New York, and the indications are that they will soon be married.

## Mary as Hostess

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, when they were living happily as husband and wife, enjoyed the distinction of entertaining all the really top-notch celebrities who visited Hollywood.

Mary is keeping the good work going, even if Douglas is estranged and absent from Hollywood. She recently entertained H. G. Wells, noted writer, inviting a number of the prominent film people.

## The Wife Lost Out

Arthur McLaglen, brother of the famous Victor, had his day in court when his wife, Marion, asked for temporary alimony of £67 per month, and the judge refused to grant the lady any temporary alimony.

Victor's brother testified that his total income amounted to £29 per month, which included a small pension and £6 per week as an employee of Victor's sports centre.

Mrs. McLaglen, it appeared, was injured recently and received £5 a week from an insurance company.

Anyway, the judge, being good at arithmetic, figured out that £67 a month could not be secured from £29 for the same period!

## A Dickens Hero

Ronald Colman has scored so heavily in *A Tale of Two Cities* that he may be starred shortly in another Dickens classic, as yet unselected.

In the meantime, Colman will probably appear in *Under Two Flags*, Ouida's famous story, but, if the producers secure a clever actress to play "Cigarette," his work may be cut out for him, as "Cigarette" is the central role of this story.

## Home, Sweet Home

Richard Dix likes England, where he has

been received most cordially at Gaumont-British, but has decided to remain in Hollywood, anyway for a while.

The reason is that Dix desires to spend the next two years in Hollywood with his wife and two sons.

Which certainly is a sufficient excuse.

## Santa Claus and Neptune

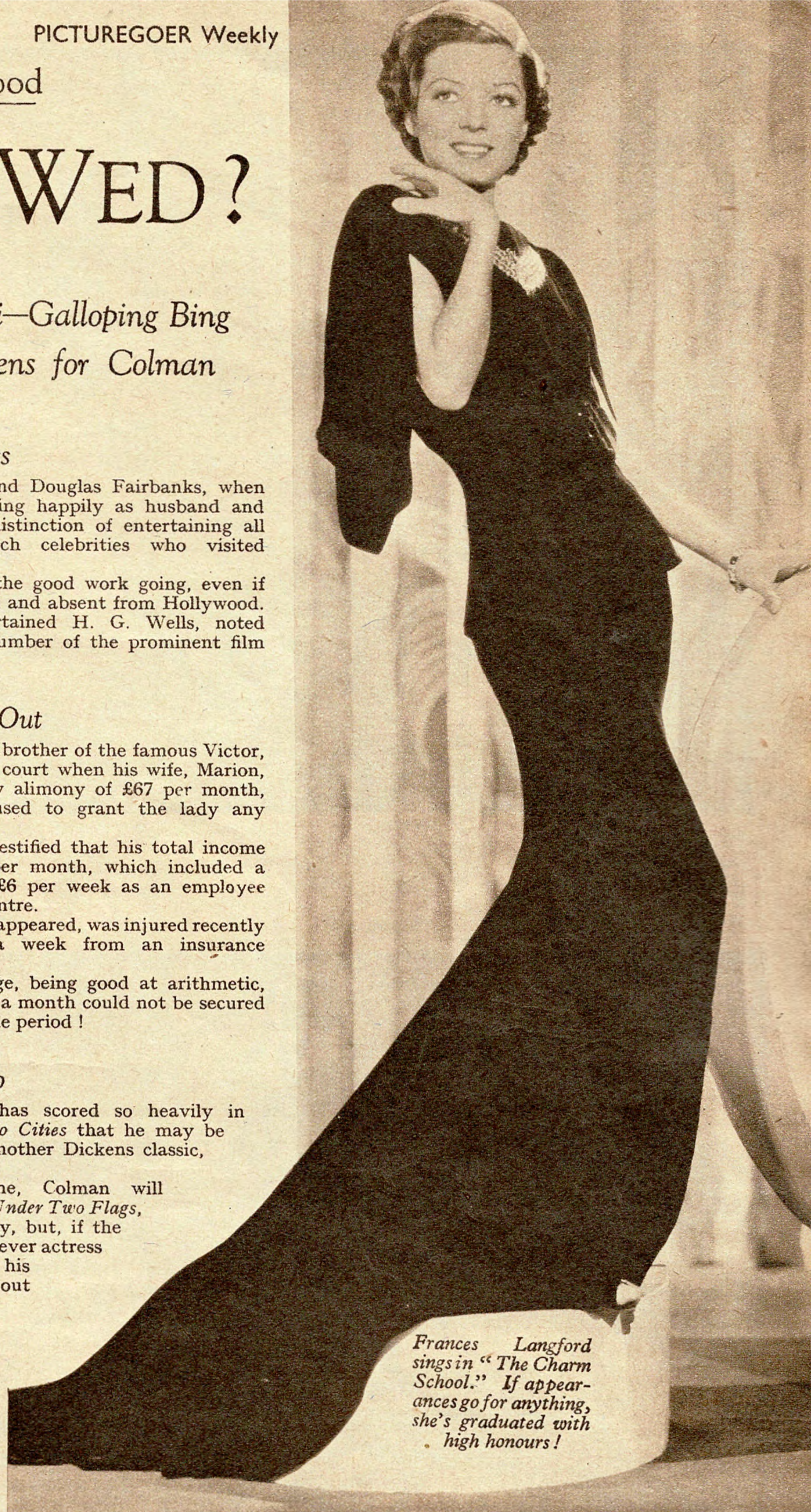
A swimming tank was Helen Mack's Christmas present from her family.

Her mother told her that St. Nick was going to bring her something she had been wanting for a long time. But Helen permitted no one any rest until she had wormed out the secret.

On Christmas Day Helen dived into the pool, and did she like it!

## A Brave Girl

Ann Harding, riding in an elevator in a Hollywood office building, en route to see her dentist,



Frances Langford sings in "The Charm School." If appearances go for anything, she's graduated with high honours!

was surprised when the elevator stopped between floors. She was the only passenger.

The elevator girl took a small black book and a pencil from her pocket and proffered them to the blonde star.

"I've been trying to get your autograph for more than a year," the girl said. "Now, I am going to get it, even if I lose my job for this stunt!"

The star smilingly inscribed the following words in the autograph album:—

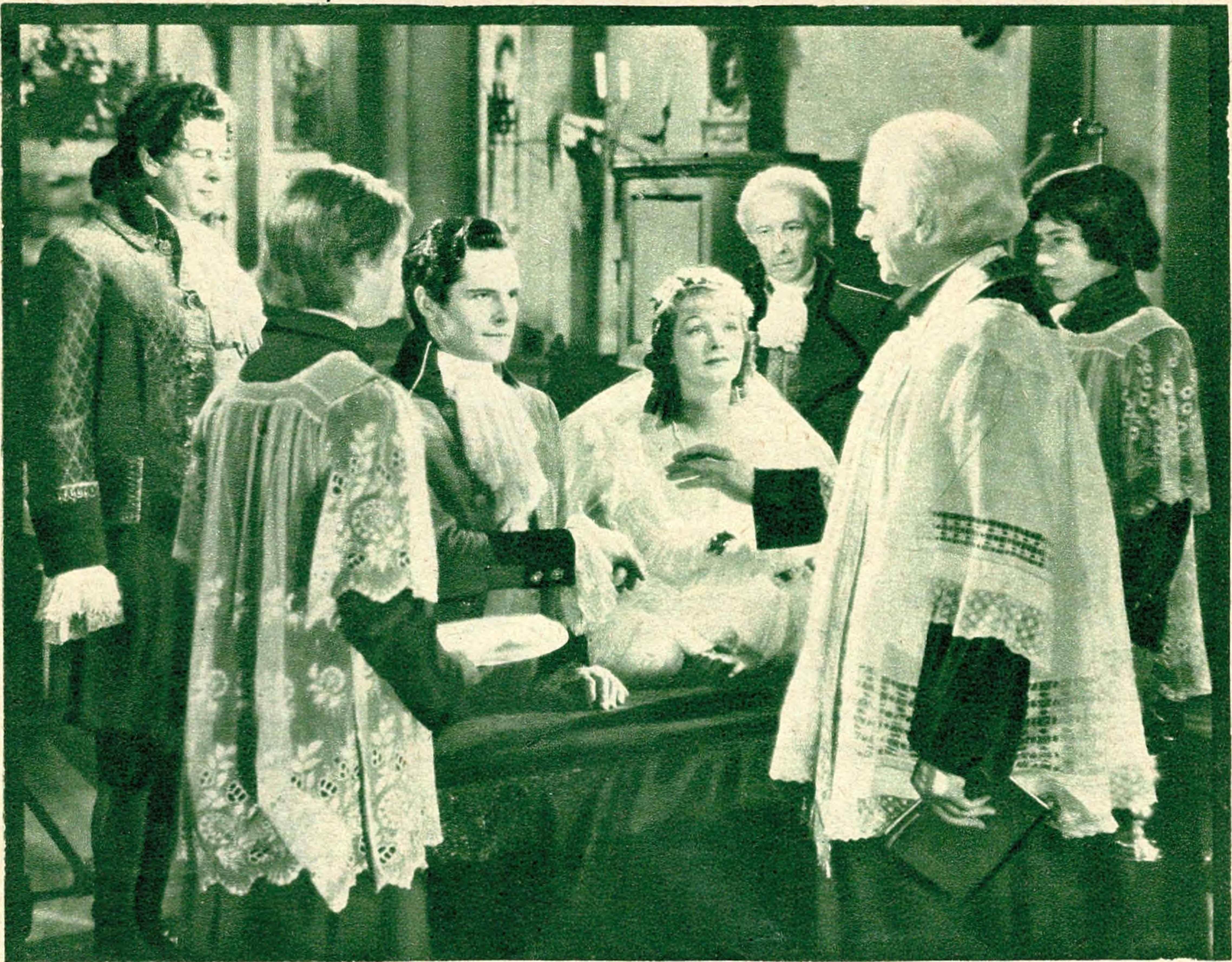
"To a courageous youngster who will get places in this world."

Possibly the girl is a descendant of Dick Turpin!

## Hollywood Says That—

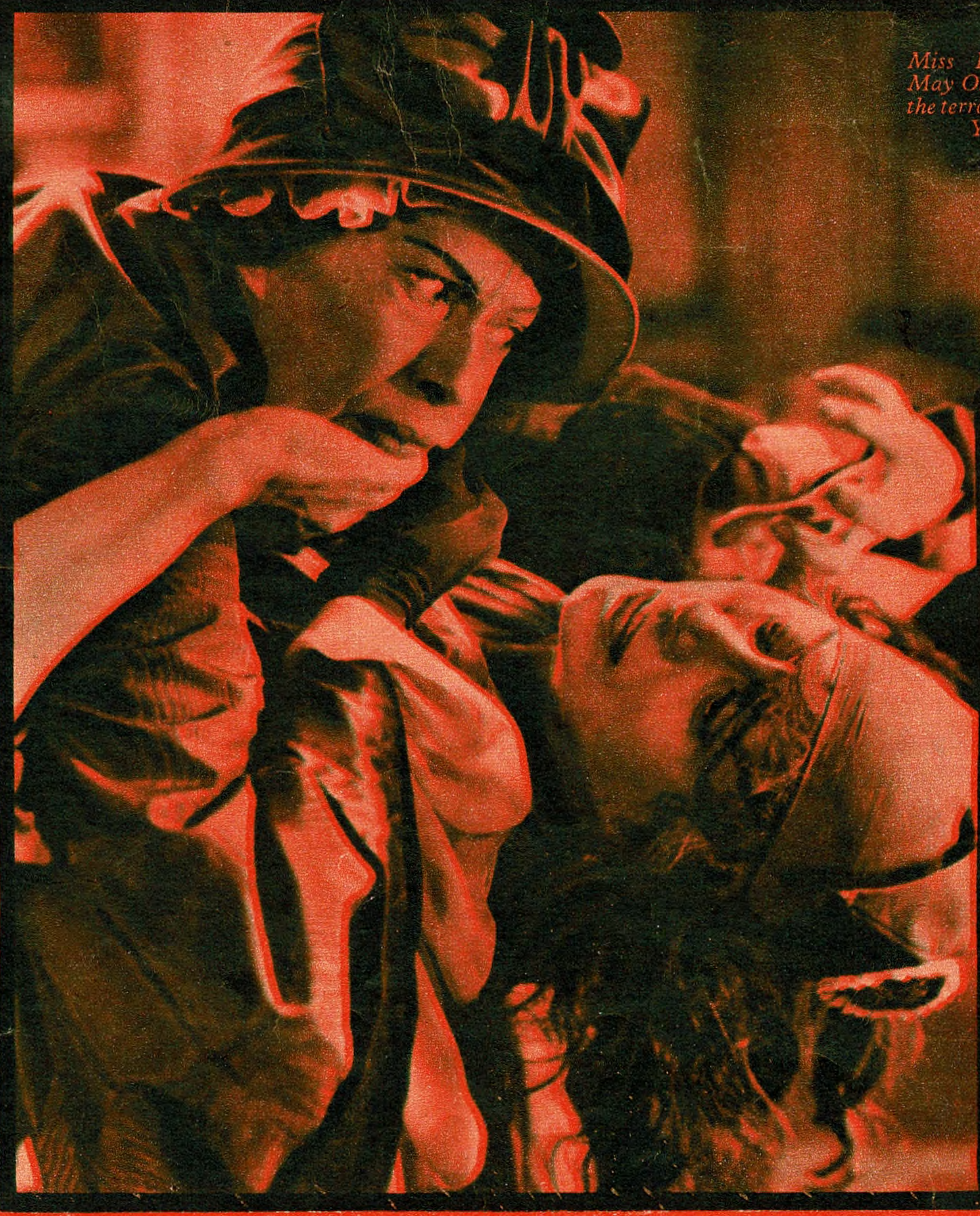
— Jessemer Brown, Marlene Dietrich's coloured maid, is Hollywood's highest salaried maid, Marlene supplementing her salary with frequent gifts.

— Robert Montgomery wears no make-up.



The quiet English wedding of Charles Darnay (Donald Woods) and Lucie Manette (Elizabeth Allen) in 1784.

# A TALE TWO C



Miss Pross (Edna May Oliver) attacks the terrorist (Blanche Yurka).

Dickens provides further material for the screen and gives Ronald man a role to which he is admitted. As Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* he is reputed to give the best performances of his career. The famous story set against the ground of the French Revolution has been faithfully picturised and directed by Frank Conway.



Darnay knocked unconscious by Sidney Carton (Ronald Colman) and Barsad, the spy (Walter Catlett), so that Carton can take his place in the condemned cell.

# OF ITIES



(Above) Sidney Carton (Ronald Colman), the dissolute hero.  
(Left) A terrific spectacular scene—the taking of the Bastille.



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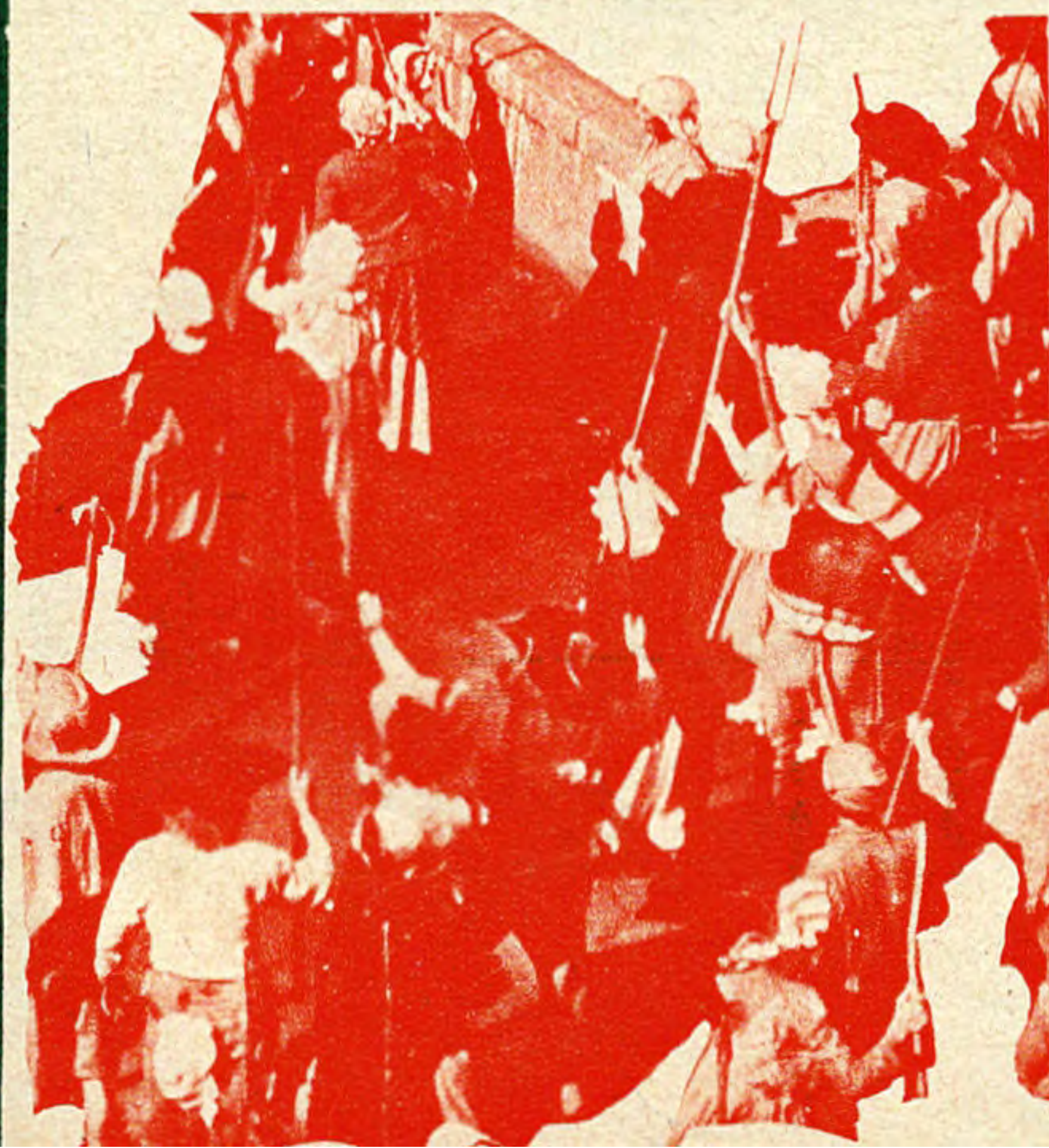


(Above) "It is a far, far better thing—" Carton about to make the supreme sacrifice.

(Left) Carton, awaiting execution, takes pity on the little seamstress (Isabel Jewell).



(Above) Lucie and her father and child, safe in England, await Darnay, freed by Carton's sacrifice.  
(Left) Lucie gives evidence at Darnay's trial on a false charge of espionage.



## FRANK MORGAN

This brilliant stage and screen player, who has built up a reputation for vivid human characterisations, mostly on straight comedy lines, partners Cicely Courtneidge in her first American film "A Perfect Gentleman." He made a pleasing hit recently in M.-G.-M's delightful comedy-drama "Escapade."

# OPEN YOUR Treasury

BRITAIN is a treasure-house, full of the things we should be putting in our films; and a few of them are pointed out in this lively article

by

June CLYDE

**I** KNEW you British were hospitable, stand-offish, courageous, cautious, dependable, obstinate, loyal, and industrious, but I never realised until lately how generous you are.

You are presenting, free of charge, to poor-hard-up Hollywood, one of the biggest advantages you have. Your country.

I've been kept pretty busy (touch wood!) since I arrived here, with plays and pictures; and until lately I haven't had much of a chance to get about or look about.

And now that I *have* . . . Gee!

I used to think "nothing on earth can make me gasp, if I don't feel like gasping"—but certainly your English countryside has done it; and I haven't quite got my breath back yet.

Of course, I've heard all my life about the charm of the English countryside, but I certainly never realised a tenth of it until I saw for myself; and I'm sure there are millions of folks in the States, as well as in other parts of the world, who would get just as big a kick out of it as I did.

And if it's lovely at this time of year, what must it be like in Spring and Summer and Fall?—sorry, I mean Autumn. I forgot you haven't had a Fall since Adam.

But we have scenery in America, too; bits of New Jersey might easily be mistaken for Oxfordshire or Berkshire or Bedfordshire.

What we don't have is your centuries-old buildings and institutions, your moss-grown ruins and your moss-grown customs, your Cathedrals and your colleges and all the things that men must have made, but which seem to have grown.

**T**hat's the trump card in your hand—which you're passing under the table to us.

Oxford, for instance. Not because it's a University—why, you could put it in a corner of the campus of one of our "freshwater colleges" and only come across it at Spring-cleaning—but because it has its roots in history.

If the mediæval monks, struggling against superstition and doubt and mental darkness, had founded some of our colleges, maybe we'd have got used to the idea—and maybe we could take Oxford and Cambridge in our stride, as a matter of course.

But they didn't, and we can't. We're up against a blank wall—something we can just feel, and guess at, and wish we knew more about.

Tradition . . . Custom . . . Precedent . . . Maybe it's just moss, and maybe it's a great deal

more; maybe it's something grown up from the seed of greatness which those husky old monks and barons and peasants planted in England a thousand years ago.

There's a lot of dead wood, of course, which might drive an American business-man crazy; but for pictures it's just swell!

**A**tmosphere! You wouldn't need to fake up any. It's there, ready and waiting, and it would have to be a pretty tough-hearted camera lens that wouldn't be influenced by it.

And has that been exploited on the screen? I've been making inquiries, and so far as I've discovered *no* major British film has been made about Cambridge, and only one about Oxford—and that was directed by a German! Certainly Robert Donat first attracted attention in it, but that doesn't mean to say that as a film it did justice to Oxford.

But it isn't only your Universities; as far as I can make out, England is swarming with places like St. Cross, near Winchester, where for 800 years they've been doling out free bread and beer to all wayfarers who asked for it. (Keep your seats, gentlemen! There's plenty of time—it's going on for another 800 years, I'm told.)

And there's Morden College, at Blackheath, founded out of the profits of a merchant fleet that was lost at sea for years in the reign of Queen Anne, sailing home long after the merchant thought he was beggared; and there's Knaresborough Castle, in Yorkshire, where the four knights took refuge after they'd slain Archbishop Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral—and what a film *that* would make!

And your pubs . . . on the way back to London from Oxford we stopped for dinner at a little sixteenth century inn at Nettlebed. (Could you improve on that—Nettlebed?)

It was a perfectly terrible night, just before



*A charming new portrait of the writer of this article*

Christmas—cold, black as pitch, sheets of rain; and in this little wayside inn we found a roaring log fire in an open hearth, nooks and crannies, a

good dinner piping-hot in a softly-lighted room full of antique furniture and atmosphere. . . .

There I go—atmosphere. You can't get away from it in England—and atmosphere has saved more poor films than all the star names.

And, speaking of names, what about your inn signs—the Elephant and Castle, named after the Infanta of Castile, and the Goat and Compasses, which is said to be the nearest approach the sign-painter could get to the text "God Encompasseth Us," and The Case Is Altered, which was named when Napoleon nearly invaded England.

Why haven't these things been put on the screen? Is it because you're modest, or generous, or what, that Hollywood is gradually getting in on your most perfect, most exclusive screen material?

Of course, you've got the whole of Europe right in your barnyard for location work if necessary; and that's a big advantage in itself—but I can't see that it would ever be necessary; you've enough material, without stepping off these islands, to last for years and years.

**M**aybe it is a kind of national diffidence; for instance, it's only in the last year or two that you've begun to admit (on the screen) that you had a navy.

The whole world knows what happens to a naval recruit to Annapolis; but who knows what happens at Whale Island? (Chorus of indignant Britons: "Why should they?" Meek American reply: "Because they'll pay good dollars at the box-office for the privilege, if it's made entertaining enough.")


Of course I know the stock argument about your climate, but modern photography doesn't need blinding sunlight.

And I think the world should be crazy to see your country—or am I the only one that's crazy? I'd hate to think that!

By Permission of M.-G.-M.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Roger Byam, in 1787, is appointed midshipman on H.M.S. "Bounty," sailing to Tahiti under Captain Bligh, a good seaman but vicious and tyrannical. Fletcher Christian, master's mate, stands up for the men and threatens the captain, and mutiny is brewing when land is sighted.

 O you think we've come to an island paradise, a tropical grog-shop of feast and song, of love and sleep! Well, you're wrong! You're here for one purpose—you're here to labour! You'll fill this ship with breadfruit; you'll recondition her for sea. Shore leave permitted—if and when I can spare you. If you abuse it, you'll answer to me—and you know what that means!"

The men were dismissed, and Bligh summoned Christian.

"Mr. Christian, you will remain on board!"

Yet, despite the ruthless temper of their captain, the men of the *Bounty* spent happy days on the island. Nelson, the botanist under whose supervision the breadfruit plants were prepared for shipment, was a kindly, understanding man. The men worked eagerly for him, for he saw that they had much time for such diversions as their tastes and the hospitality of the island suggested.

Christian alone was not permitted to land. Then, finally, at the insistence of Hitihiti, urged in turn by Byam, Captain Bligh relented, or seemed to, and the master's mate enjoyed a long, full day of Tahitian cheer, a day of lavish feasting, of walks through shady, sweet-scented glades, of swimming in the cool pool, beneath a shimmering cascade of silver waters. It was a day that was, first and last, a day with Maimiti, lovely daughter of Hitihiti.

Other gay days followed for Christian and Maimiti. Often Byam would steal a day from his crudely improvised desk to join his friend, and on those occasions Tehani, another of Hitihiti's daughters would make up the party.

Then, too soon, came the preparations for the departure of the *Bounty*. Only Captain Bligh was eager to be off.

Byam bid farewell to Hitihiti. It was a bitter parting.

"Byam," the chief pleaded, "you have been happy here? I have no son," he went on, as Roger nodded. "I will give you good land."

"I have been happy here, Hitihiti, very happy. But, I love England. My mother lives there; that's my home."

"Home and heart are one, my friend. You may marry here."

"Marry?" Byam asked.

"Tehani. She laughs in the sunlight, but, at night, I hear her weeping. Have you no answer in your heart?"

Byam waited long before he answered. "I must return to England," he said slowly, sadly. "I shall never come back."

Hurrying towards the shore, Roger came upon Christian, who

stood with Maimiti near the beach. Christian called to Byam, who joined them.

"Tell her," Christian said, "that I can't take these." He held two beautiful pearls in his hand. "Try to make her understand that they're priceless."

Roger conveyed the message. "She says they are for your mother, Fletcher."

"Thank her, Roger. Tell her," he added earnestly, "that I'm coming back to Tahiti when this voyage is over."

"You can't tell her that!" Byam insisted. "You know you'll never come back!"

"I'm coming back."

Roger translated the message, and he was gone.

Christian held the girl close and looked deeply into her dark brown eyes. Gently he released her and placed a finger over each eyelid.

"No tears, Maimiti."

Maimiti forced a sad smile upon her lips. "Love!" she said in her strange, soft accent.

Christian caught her in his arms and held her tight for a moment. He kissed her quickly, then broke away and ran for the longboat that was waiting to take him back to the *Bounty*.

On board the *Bounty* Tahiti seemed far away, for already before the first nightfall Captain Bligh ordered three men flogged for offences so trivial that they themselves were not aware of them. Two other men, charged with attempted desertion, were beaten brutally and thrown into the hold in chains.

Five days later the two men, Burkitt and Thompson, still lay in the hold. Christian, finding them there sick and weak, released them and had them brought on deck.

Bligh saw them lying in the sunshine later in the morning.

"Who freed these men?" he demanded.

"I did, sir!" Christian admitted defiantly.

"Call the watch!"

Bligh shouted, and Maggs hurried to obey. The captain turned again to Christian.

"You insubordinate scoundrel! You think you've seen punishment! I'll show you what a captain can do!"

Men scrambled on deck from the hold. Others slid down the rigging. Maggs, Byam, Fryer and Nelson, loyal to a tradition rather than the man, took their places at Bligh's side. The crew lined up behind Christian, ready to a man to fight his cause.

"When I put a man in chains," the captain stormed, "he remains in chains—dead or alive. I'll teach you—"

Christian stepped forward. His hands closed in a vice-like grip around the captain's wrist.

"That's enough! A captain isn't God Almighty! He's not master of life and death—with a quarter-deck above the angels! You're not God, Mr. Bligh! You've got men to account for—not slaves!"

"Seize him!" Bligh bellowed.

Not a man moved.

Christian hesitated briefly. In that moment, his mind was made up.

"Pass out the muskets!" he ordered. "I'm taking the ship!"

"Tie him up!" Christian ordered,



and eager hands threw the captain to the deck and bound him securely.

Suddenly, the ship was in a turmoil. Tradition dies hard in the heart of a British sailor, and many turned against their companions in mutiny. Pandemonium reigned as men who had cursed their captain an hour before now sprang to his defence. But the battle, a battle of hard men, was a brief though vicious one, for the loyal men could not stand against the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers.

Throughout the *mélée* Christian, a pistol in each hand, stood over the captain, driving back the men who threatened Bligh's life. Presently order was restored, and Christian called for quiet.

"Flog him!" a sailor shouted. "Flog him!"

"We'll have no more flogging here!" Christian announced. "I took this ship to stop it, and I will stop it now—once and for all!"

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Put him in the launch and cast him adrift! We'll give him food and water—cutlasses—a compass.

Every man of you may have his choice: go with him, or stay with me."

Eighteen men declared their intention of joining the captain, and they were ordered into the launch.

"It's your turn now, sir!" Christian told Bligh, releasing his bonds.

"Mr. Christian, I give you your last chance! Return to duty!"

"I'll take my chance against the law! You must take yours against the sea!"

"But you're taking my ship!"



Byam looked over the side, and he saw that Christian spoke the truth.

"Men!" Byam said quietly, "in the name of the King I call on you—every one of you—to return to your duty!"

Jeers greeted his command. Byam wrenched a musket from a sneering sailor near him. Christian's fist crashed against the midshipman's jaw, and he slumped to the deck.

"Take him below! All hands aloft! Ready about there!"

"Where about?" Millward demanded.

"Tahiti!" Christian told them, and they greeted his announcement with a rousing cheer.

Men sang as they worked now, and the *Bounty*, turned about, beat her way into a long starboard tack. Christian went below to talk to Byam.

"Byam, there are five other men on board who took no part in the mutiny. They have agreed not to try to retake the ship. You may have your liberty on the same condition. I want your word."

"You may have it—but I'll escape if I can."

"I understand."

sea, Byam and the other loyal members of Captain Bligh's crew prepared to launch a native canoe.

Tehani clung to him, pleading with him not to go.

"Tehani, darling! We are going to pilot the ship into the bay. We'll be back in two hours. I won't leave you, my dearest!" he promised.

"Tehani knows," she told him sadly.

But Tehani could not know that Captain Bligh commanded the *Pandora*. Byam and his followers climbed over the side of the *Pandora*. Captain Bligh stood on deck.

"Thank God you're alive, sir!" Byam greeted him.

"Alive? No thanks to you! Where is Christian?"

"I don't know, sir. He sailed when your ship was sighted."

"Where to?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You're lying! Ferguson! Put these men in irons!"

"We did not mutiny, sir!" Byam told him. "We tried—"

Bligh interrupted him. "That's a matter for a court-martial in England to decide! Take them below, and put them in irons!"

For many months, Captain Bligh combed the South Seas, but no sign of the *Bounty* rewarded his search. Wrecked on the shoals of a coral island, he took his prisoners in a longboat with him. For forty-two days they drifted about, helpless in the sea, until at last, almost dying from exposure and privation, Bligh brought them to land.

"Mr. Bligh!" There was sincere admiration in Roger Byam's voice. "You're a great seaman! You saved our lives!"

Bligh sneered at him. "Mr. Byam, I wouldn't lose you for a flagship! I'm going to see you hung on land!"

Byam, Morrison, Burkitt, Muspratt and Ellison, the sole survivors with Captain Bligh, faced a court-martial. Captain Bligh testified against them. The prisoners were dismissed while the court considered its verdict. Then, one by one, they were led in. One by one, they stood at attention and heard the formula of death:

"It is the sentence of the Court that you shall suffer death by hanging on board such of His Majesty's ships of war and at such time as the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland shall direct! March the prisoner out!"

Roger Byam was summoned last. Lord Hood addressed him:

"Have you anything to say before the sentence of this court is passed upon you?"

Roger faced the captains who comprised the court. His voice was steady, quiet.

"My lord," he began, "much as I desire to live, I am not afraid to die. Since I sailed on the *Bounty* I've learned how men are made to suffer things worse than death—cruelty—beyond duty—beyond necessity.

"Mr. Bligh has told his story! But, sir, there is another story! The story of a man who robbed his seamen, cursed them, flogged them—not to punish them, but to break their spirits! The story of greed and tyranny—of man's anger against it.

"One man, Fletcher Christian, would not endure such tyranny! That's why Captain Bligh hounded him—hated him—hated his friends! Fletcher Christian is free! But he lost, too, my lord! We all lost—on the *Bounty*!"

"If Christian is alive, he's an outlaw, hiding in despair from his countrymen! God knows he's judged himself—more harshly than you can judge him. But, sir, a finer man never lived! I do not justify his crime—mutiny—I oppose it. But I do condemn the tyranny that drove him to it. My lord, I have finished!"

Roger held his head high. He listened as the formula of death was pronounced against him.

Roger was led away. Alone, he waited for the call that would summon him to his death.

Sir Joseph Banks stepped into the room, followed by Captain Nelson. Roger stood up.

"I am ready, sir!"

"Ready, my boy," Sir Joseph said, "but not for death. Captain Nelson has a message for you."

"His Majesty," Nelson said, "read your statement to the court, and he was moved to pardon you unconditionally."

"Then, I am free," Roger cried eagerly. "Free to return to the South Seas!"

"I had hoped you would join my ship, Mr. Byam," Nelson told him.

"Thank you, sir! But I must go back to my wife."

"Haven't you another duty, Mr. Byam?" Nelson asked him. "Four men will die in a moment for mutiny on the *Bounty*. Christian is facing his punishment—we may be sure of that. But, if you believe that the sea-law that brought this about must be changed, as I do, then your place is with the fleet!"

"I won't serve! I have no obligations to England!"

Sir Joseph placed a fatherly hand on the boy's shoulder. "You have obligations, Roger!" Sir Joseph said. "Obligations to your name—to your father—to generations of Byams in His Majesty's Navy."

"War with France is inevitable," Captain Nelson told him. "We are sailing to-morrow for the Mediterranean."

As the sun broke over Portsmouth harbour the following day, Captain Nelson stood on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship and surveyed his crew on the deck below him.

Lieutenant Roger Byam stood proudly at his side.

Continuing

# MUTINY

on the

# BOUNTY

The Story of the Film

Above: To his horror Byam found the blade towards him.

Left: Christian found some happiness with his native wife.

Below: Byam and his companions were put into irons.



"Then, I may go?"

"Yes! I'm sorry I had to hit you, Roger."

"That didn't hurt," Byam told him. "What hurts is that you and I can never be friends again!"

But, back again under the friendly sun of Tahiti, old enmities and old loyalties were forgotten; and the men of the *Bounty* lived happily under the one loyalty of man to mankind. Roger Byam and Fletcher Christian married shortly after their return to the island, and it was not long before many of the other men followed their example.

Then suddenly, after many joyous months, a ship loomed on the horizon.

Byam and Christian stood on the beach, studying the ship through a glass.

"She's British rigged!" Christian decided.

"You must get away at once!" Byam told him.

With feverish haste, the mutineers and their wives prepared for their departure on the *Bounty*.

"Good-bye Roger!"

"Good-bye, Fletcher!" Roger gripped his hand firmly. "Good luck!"

Sails on the *Bounty* were already flapping in the breeze when Christian stepped into the longboat.

"Where to?" Roger asked him.

"Another island—a safe one please God!"

Then, as the *Bounty* bore out to

"Your ship! The King's ship! And you're not fit to have it! Into the boat, sir!"

Bligh stepped into the already crowded boat.

Roger Byam made a last effort to stop the mutiny.

"Fletcher," he said soberly, "you're making a mistake!"

"Do you think I wanted this?"

"Then call the boat back! Call it back!"

"Not if I burn in hell for it!"

"Then, I've got to go with Bligh!"

"There's no room, Byam!"

Byam, too, had a native wife.



Pre-Views of the Latest Films

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

HERE is full-blooded adventure and action depicted with such brilliance of technique and realistic detail that one finds it difficult to find words to describe it adequately. The story, dealing with the mutiny on H.M.S. *Bounty* in 1789 and the founding of the colony of Seventh Day Adventists by the mutineers on Pitcairn Island, may not be historically accurate, but it is told with an amazing wealth of colour and stirring incidents that have rarely been equalled on the screen.

The story shows how Byam, a midshipman, goes to sea on the *Bounty*, commanded by Captain Bligh, with a mission to make a dictionary of the Tahitian language when the ship arrives at that island, where it is to collect bread-fruit trees and transport them to the West Indies.

Byam makes friends with Christian, the chief officer, and is horrified by the brutality that Bligh exercises to maintain discipline over his men.

The ship finally arrives at Tahiti, where the chief of the island greets Bligh and takes Byam to live in his home while he compiles the dictionary.

Christian, who has only restrained himself with difficulty from revolting against Bligh's cruelties, is forbidden shore leave. However, the chief secures it for him, and, meeting one of his host's daughters, he falls in love with her.

The bread-fruit saplings having been secured, the ship sails. Bligh's brutalities continue, and finally Christian mutinies.

Byam refuses to join him, but is unable to get away in the boat in which the captain and the loyal members of the crew are set adrift. He is put on parole by Christian, who takes the ship back to Tahiti.

There they live in peace, and Christian marries and has a child by the chief's daughter.

But Bligh, by a miracle of seamanship, had managed to reach Portsmouth alive, and is put in charge of a frigate which searches for *Bounty*. She arrives at Tahiti, but Christian is able to slip away, leaving Byam and two or three other men who had refused to join the mutiny on the island.

They are taken off by Bligh, clapped in irons, and the search for *Bounty* continues. Bligh wrecks his frigate, but manages to save his prisoners and bring them to Portsmouth, where they are court-martialled and condemned to death.

The account of Bligh's brutalities is revealed, however, and Byam is reprieved. His reprieve institutes a new regime in the British navy. Meanwhile, Christian has sailed his ship to the island of Pitcairn, runs her ashore, burnt her, and founded a colony for his men and their native wives.

Charles Laughton is exceedingly good as Bligh. He rather over-emphasises the brutality of the man, and does not bring out sufficiently the sterling qualities of seamanship of which he was possessed; but it is, nevertheless, a notable and vivid performance.

Clark Gable impresses one with his



Charles Laughton plays the role of Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty"

virility and sincerity of purpose. Naturally, all the sympathy is given to him. As Byam, Franchot Tone gives a likeable and convincing characterisation. These three hold the stage most of the time, but they are admirably supported by a long cast of artistes, all of whom give full value to their characterisations.

Eddie Quillan is particularly noteworthy as a young press-ganged sailor who has a wife and child at home; he faces execution in order to get home to them, when he could have been safe with the mutineers.

The native girls are played by natives, but act with an easy, natural grace.

Rarely has a sea story been given such magnificent and realistic settings as this one. The Portsmouth of 1789, the ship herself, and, indeed, every detail is most convincing, and make a picture which stamps itself indelibly on the mind.

Storm scenes are well done; one lives with the characters in their thrilling moments of stress.

Maybe the brutalities of Captain Bligh are over-stressed and the characters overdrawn, but the general effect is not one of brutality, for its own sake. There is purpose behind it all, and the main theme of the picture is never submerged in spectacle.

In contrast to all this is the peaceful island of Tahiti. It comes as a respite from the bullying and blackguarding which has characterised the voyage till then.

There again the effect is wholly natural and exceedingly picturesque.

Frank Lloyd's direction is admirable. Not only is crowd handling done with the maximum of realism, but every character is etched in with an eye to the design of the picture as a whole.

It is, in fact, a very remarkable and outstanding piece of screen craft and one which utilises the scope of the kinema to the full.—L. C.

MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK

HERE is a simple story that has much more humanity than many so-called supers. It tells of Jake Cohen, a self-made business man, who graduates from peddling to

Previews

being the head of the Empire Stores.

His sons, however, have so organised the business that the Old Man finds he has nothing to do. After the death of his wife, who has shared all his troubles and his glory, he decides to "take a walk"—to go tramping the road.

Here he finds adventure and joy, but when trouble comes to the Store it is old Jake who has to straighten it out.

There is a love story running through it that hardly helps the film, and an absurd *Abie's Irish Rose* ending. We could have been spared that.

My principal pleasure was in the performance given by Paul Graetz as the Old Man. I doubt if any other character-actor playing here could have portrayed this lovable old fellow with so much heart and with so much skill. While he is on the screen, you believe in old Jake and in the story.

I look forward to seeing Paul Graetz in more pictures that give him an opportunity for his undoubted talents.

Other members of the cast who contribute good work are Chili Bouchier, Violet Farebrother, Ralph Truman, and Sam Springson.

William Beaudine, as director, has made a good job, but I would suggest a little more speed.—M. A. C.

On the Screens Now--

\*\*\*ESCAPADE

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy drama. Runs 86 minutes. WILLIAM POWELL..... Fritz Heideneck LUISE RAINER..... Leopoldine Major FRANK MORGAN..... Dr. Karl Herrandt VIRGINIA BRUCE..... Gerta Herrandt REGINALD OWEN..... Paul Herrandt MADY CHRISTIANS..... Anita Keller LAURA HOPE CREWS..... Countess HENRY TRAVERS..... Concierge MATHILDA COMONT..... Carmen Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from the play by Walter Reisch. Music composed by Walter Jurmann. Previewed November 16, 1935.

Here is a first-rate, piquant romantic comedy which gives an old favourite, William Powell, a part after his own heart—that of a flirtatious artist—and introduces you to a new discovery in Luise Rainer, a Viennese actress, who gives an exceptionally good performance as an unsophisticated young lady who is not, however, devoid of innate worldly wisdom. These two form an excellent team, and I can recommend the entertainment they provide unreservedly.

*Escapade* is actually a carbon copy of the Austrian film *Maskerade*, in which Paula Wessely scored such an outstanding success, and it is not—as how could it be?—as good as the original; but, since it is highly probable that the majority of you will not see *Maskerade* (exhibitors seem hopelessly chary of touching foreign films), the question of comparison will not worry you.

For the benefit of readers who are interested, I would point out that my criticism of *Maskerade* appears in the issue of February 2, and a story based on the film in the issue of August 3.

The story deals with an escapade by a Viennese doctor's wife. She poses in the nude for an artist and the drawing is published. The doctor believes the drawing to be of his brother's fiancée and, owing to his importunity, the artist

invents a name on the spur of the moment as the lady who sat for him.

Unfortunately, the name he chose happened to be that of a great lady's companion, and complications arise when she appears on the scene.

All ends well by the artist falling in love with his supposititious model, but things are not finally straightened out till he is shot by a jealous woman and tended by the doctor whose wife had committed the indiscretion.

It is all played in a light and frothy vein in a Viennese atmosphere which is, perhaps, a little synthetic, but the acting of the entire cast is so good and Robert Z. Leonard has directed so admirably that there is not a dull moment in the entire footage.

It has the advantage, too, of being human and sincere, in spite of the lightness of the treatment.

\*\*\*THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 94 minutes. JACK OAKIE..... Spud Miller GEORGE BURNS..... George GRACIE ALLEN..... Gracie LYDA ROBERTI..... Countess Ysobel de Nargila HENRY WADSWORTH..... Smiley Goodwinn WENDY BARRIE..... Sue C. HENRY GORDON..... Gordoni AKIM TAMIROFF..... Boris HAROLD NICHOLAS..... Dot FAYARD NICHOLAS..... Dash Directed by Norman Taugog from a story by Walter de Leon, Francis Martin and Ralph Spence. Previewed November 9, 1935.

In spite of some dull patches inevitable in a musical entertainment which introduces turns with the aid of a somewhat tenuous thread of plot, this picture is an excellent example of its type and is generally thoroughly amusing.

Jack Oakie is cast as compère to the show in the role of the owner and chief artiste of a sponsored radio station whose voice attracts the impressionable Countess Ysobel de Nargila. She comes to see him and finds that his singing voice is doubled by one Herman.

She kidnaps the pair of them and takes them to her kingdom to find out which one she loves. There they meet the jealous Gordonio, who promises to kill the one she decides to honour with her affections.

After a hectic time, they manage to escape, taking the queen and her companion with them. It is quite an amusing idea, especially as they take with them a new television invention which will pick up any event that happens to be going on—this, of course, allows for the introduction of turns, including Bing Crosby, who croons in a synthetic woodland setting; Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles, who give an amusing little domestic sketch; Ray Noble and his band; Ina Ray Hutton and her all-girl band; Bill Robinson, an expert negro tap dancer; Willie West, and McGinty, who do some excellent knock-about fooling in the characters of brick-layers; Richard Tauber, who is presented singing a poor and apparently dubbed song; and Ethel Merman in a torch song, accompanied by a beauty chorus, and—the hit of the show—a bevy of dancing elephants.

Jack Oakie is in great form, as are

# and Reviews

by Lionel COLLIER

Lyda Roberti as Ysobel, and Burns and Allen as the owners of the television set. Wendy Barrie appears to advantage as Ysobel's secretary and Henry C. Gordon makes a thoroughly sardonic Gordonio.

The atmosphere is genial and carefree, and a chase at the end is just great.

### \*\*\*ON WINGS OF SONG

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Spectacular musical romance. Runs 80 minutes. GRACE MOORE.....Margaret Howard LEO CARRILLO.....Steve Corelli ROBERT ALLEN.....Philip Cameron SPRING BYINGTON.....Fields THURSTON HALL.....Maurizio DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Miller LUIS ALBERNI.....Luigi MICHAEL BARTLETT.....Michael Bartlett Story and direction by Victor Schertzinger. Thematic music by Victor Schertzinger and Gus Kahn. Pre-viewed September 7, 1935.

A combination of grand opera and gangsters does not at first blush sound very promising, but, as a matter of fact, it does provide quite a good setting for some further delightful singing and acting by Grace Moore—this time supported by Leo Carrillo.

The latter is cast as a wealthy gambler who, having heard Grace Moore sing, decides to make her a star, which he does after ruining himself in the process.

A romance between him and his protegée develops, however, which brings the story to a happy conclusion.

Grace Moore admirably sings the first and half the second act from *La Bohème*; and that is, of course, the *piece de resistance* of the picture.

In addition, she has several other operatic arias and songs which she renders splendidly.

Leo Carrillo makes the not too convincing role of the music-loving gangster credible and Luis Alberni is excellent as his henchman. Victor Schertzinger's direction is polished and subtle.

### \*\*UNKNOWN WOMAN

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 66 minutes. RICHARD CROMWELL.....Larry Condon MARIAN MARSH.....Helen Griffith DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Phil Gardner HENRY ARMETTA.....Joe Scalise ARTHUR HOHL.....Lansing GEORGE MCKAY.....Gus ROBERT MIDDLEMASS.....Hammacher NANA BRUANT.....Aunt Mary ARTHUR VINTON.....Whitey JERRY MANDY.....Tony BEN TAGGERT.....Shanley NELLIE V. NICHOLS.....Rosa BOB WILBUR.....Mitch EDDY CHANDLER.....Hank Directed by Albert Rogell from the story by W. Scott Darling.

Popular mixture of crime, comedy, and romance, put over in a spirited manner and generally well acted.

Richard Cromwell's portrayal of a conscientious young lawyer who unwittingly aids a crooked nightclub proprietor and gets into a series of scrapes, is a convincing one, while Marian Marsh is sound as a federal agent who joins forces with him and helps to rout the crooks.

There is an air of unsophistication about the whole affair, but the love



Janet Gaynor gives a good performance in the outdoor story "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

interest is pleasant, and no one will complain about any lack of action.

Henry Armetta supplies some typical comedy, and supporting roles are in the capable hands of Douglas Dumbrille, Arthur Hohl, and Arthur Vinton.

Night-club settings are elaborate and there is a culminating fight in a ship—the hero and heroine are kidnapped by the crooks—which is put over with the maximum of enthusiasm by all concerned.

### \*\*THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Period romantic drama. Runs 93 minutes. JANET GAYNOR.....Molly Larkins HENRY FONDA.....Dan Harrow CHARLES BICKFORD.....Jotham Klore SLIM SUMMERVILLE.....Fortune Friendly ANDY DEVINE.....Elmer Olway ROGER IMHOF.....Sam Weaver JANE WITHERS.....Della MARGARET HAMILTON.....Lucy Gurget SIEGFRIED RUMANN.....Blacksmith JOHN QUALEN.....Sol Tinker KITTY KELLY.....Ivy ROBERT GLECKLER.....Freight Agent Directed by Victor Fleming. Based on the novel "Rome Haul," by Walter D. Edmunds.

Janet Gaynor gives a good performance in this outdoor drama, which, while none too original, has the advantage of sincere treatment and colourful atmosphere.

It is a quietly moving affair, set at a time when Erie Canal dwellers are concerned at the development of a proposed railroad. Molly Larkins, boatkeeper to Jotham Klore, the local bully, meets and becomes very friendly with Dan Harrow, a youth working on another barge. His one ambition is to buy a farm, but she, born and bred on the canal,

scoffs at the idea. Klore challenges Dan to fisticuffs, but he is preoccupied with the thoughts of his farm, brought closer by an unexpected windfall on the part of his generous employer, that he fails to take the hint.

His conduct causes Molly to think him a coward, but once he gets wise to the position he meets Klore and thrashes him after a terrific fight. His victory brings Molly round to his way of thinking, and in the end she deserts her beloved canal to become a farmer's wife.

Henry Fonda suggests the dreamer, Dan, quite well and Charles Bickford is convincing as Klore. Comedy relief in the hands of Slim Summerville is effective.

### c\*JUNGLE MYSTERY

Universal. American. "U" certificate. Jungle melodrama. Runs 79 minutes. TOM TYLER.....Kirk Montgomery NOAH BEERY, JUN.....Fred Oakes CECILIA PARKER.....Barbara Morgan PHILO McCULLOUGH.....George Coutlass FRANK LACKTEEN.....Kazimoto ANDERS VAN HADEN.....Comrade Krotzky JAMES MARCUS.....Boris Shillov PEGGY WATTS.....Azu SAM BAKER.....Zungu CARMELITA GERAGHTY.....Belle Waldron Directed by Ray Taylor.

Fantastic story, dealing with Kirk Montgomery and Fred Oakes, two young adventurers, who set out to explore the African jungle. They make contact with Boris Shillov, a Russian, from whom they learn of buried treasure. They meet Barbara Morgan, who is looking for her long-lost brother. All three join forces, but their search for the brother and the treasure leads them into Shillov and his gang, not to mention wild animals. However, they reach their goals in the end, and the happy note is struck when Barbara and Kirk decide to form a permanent partnership.

It is quick-action stuff, which should please juveniles.

### \*McGLUSKY THE SEA ROVER

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Adventure melodrama. Runs 58 minutes. JACK DOYLE.....McGlusky HENRY MOLLISON.....Mazarin TAMARA DESNI.....The Flame CECIL RAMAGE.....Auda FRANK COCHRANE.....Abu HUGH MILLER.....Karim JACKIE SHORT.....Govan Directed by Walter Summers from the story by A. G. Hales.

Adventure on the high seas and in the desert, with Jack Doyle, the singing pugilist, as a lusty, battling seaman, and Henry Mollison as a hard-boiled Dago skipper.

After a terrific fight, they strike up a friendship through respect for each other's prowess and become partners in a gun-running expedition, which leads them into a rather unconvincing desert.

Mollison upholds his end with considerable skill, which throws into unkind relief Jack Doyle's somewhat obvious immaturity as an actor.

There are some beautiful shots of a windjammer at sea, but these do

not make a film. Taking it all in all, the production is theatrical and badly pieced together—a rather weak imitation of the "Flagg and Quirt" type of picture with which we are so familiar.

The supporting roles are conscientiously filled, but are completely subordinated to the two leads.

### \*THE DIVINE SPARK

Gaumont-British. Anglo-Italian. "U" certificate. Musical romance. Runs 81 minutes. MARTA EGGERTH.....Maddalena Fumaroli PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Vincenzo Bellini BENITA HUME.....Ginditta Pasta DONALD CALTHROP.....Judge Fumaroli ARTHUR MARGETSON.....Ernesto Tosi EDMOND BREON.....Rossini BASIL GILL.....Romani HUGH MILLER.....Paganini EDWARD CHAPMAN.....Mercadanti JOHN CLEMENTS.....Florimio FELIX AYLMER.....Butler JOHN DEVERELL.....King of Naples Directed by Carmine Gallone from the story adaptation by Emlyn Williams. Pre-viewed, June 29, 1935.

The romance of Bellini, the Italian composer, is the subject of this musical, which, while extremely well set and photographed, is ponderous in treatment, weak in plot, and indifferently acted.

Bellini is shown as a young student in love with Maddalena, the wealthy fiancée of Ernesto Tosi.

In order to force Bellini to exercise his talent and become famous, she refuses to elope with him and live a simple life in the country, although it breaks her heart to deny him.

Bellini, in conjunction with a famous singer, Ginditta Pasta, becomes famous, and writes his operas, all of which are inspired by his memory of Maddalena.

He is taunted with this, and in a fury writes an opera, *Norma*, in which love has no part. On its opening night the opera is received in a hostile manner. Maddalena learns this and gives an aria Bellini had written to her to Ginditta Pasta to be inserted in the score.

This is done without the knowledge of Bellini, and on the next night the opera, instead of proving a failure, becomes a triumphant success.

Bellini, overjoyed, determines to go and see Maddalena, and as he is leaving the opera house learns that the journey she undertook to Naples in the snow to bring him the song had caused her death.

Marta Eggerth sings well as Maddalena, but her acting is not remarkable, while Phillips Holmes is definitely theatrical as Bellini.

Most credit goes to Franz Planer's clever camera work, which reveals beautiful Italian exteriors and interiors of the Opera House at Naples.

### CROSS CURRENTS

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Crime comedy. Runs 66 minutes. EVELYN FOSTER.....Margery Weston IAN COLIN.....Tony Brocklehurst FRANK BIRCH.....Rev. Eustace Hickling MARJORIE HUME.....Mrs. Stepping-Drayton AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Gen. Trumpington AUBREY DEXTER.....Col. Bagge-Grant BRYAN POWLEY.....Commander Mannerling AUBREY POLLOCK.....Major Murdock KATE SAXON.....Miss Cruikshank SALLY GREY.....Sally Croker Directed by Adrian Brunel from a story by W. Gerald Elliott.

Three suitors for the hand of a widow, one of whom disappears in a manner which casts a suspicion of murder on the other two, is the main plot of this very ingenious comedy, which is out-moded in every department and overloaded with dialogue.

The artistes have little chance with the material at their command, and the picture, as a whole, represents very indifferent entertainment.

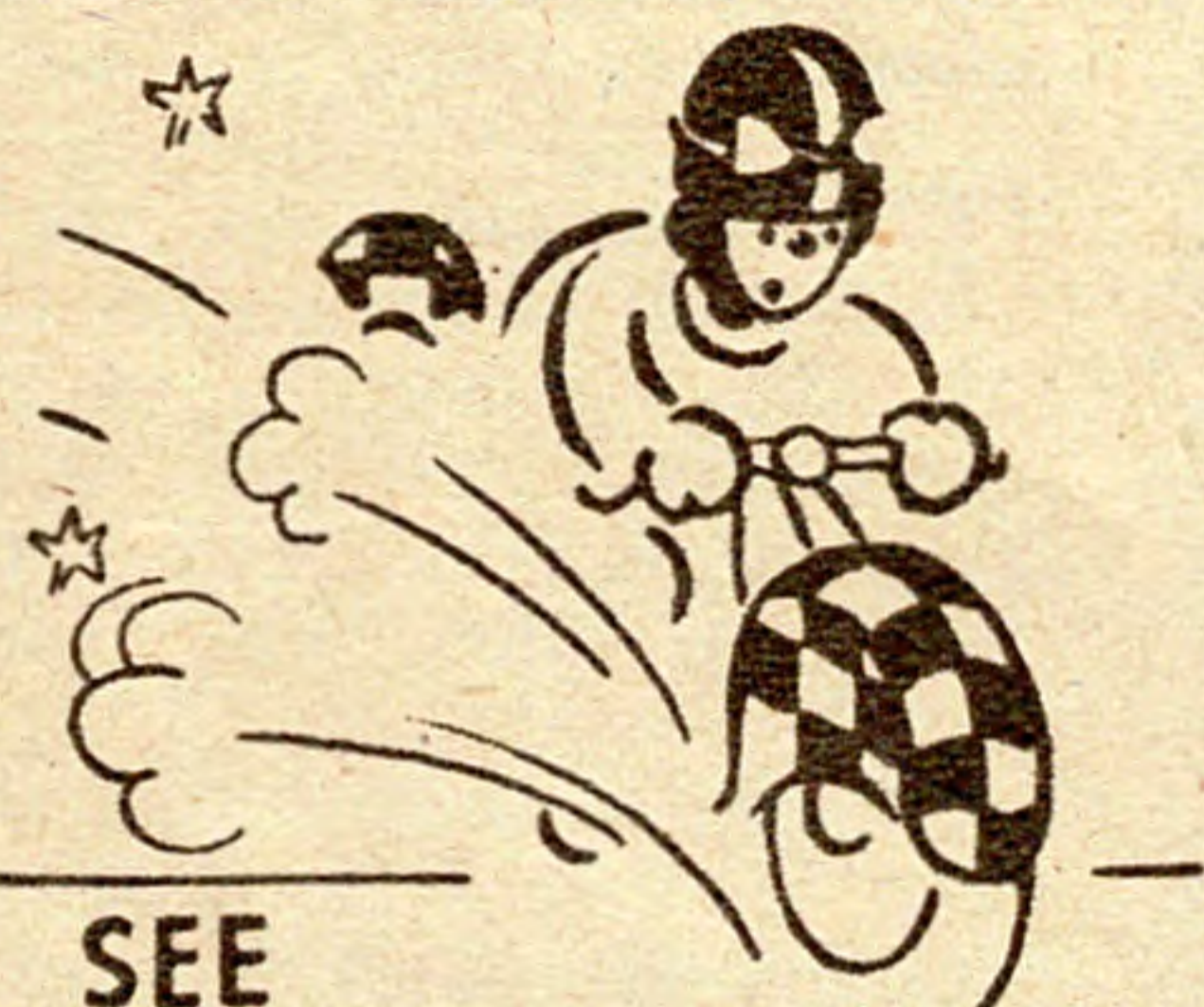
The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

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**THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE	

What the asterisks mean: \*\*\*\* An outstanding feature. \*\*\* Very good. \*\* Good. \* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.



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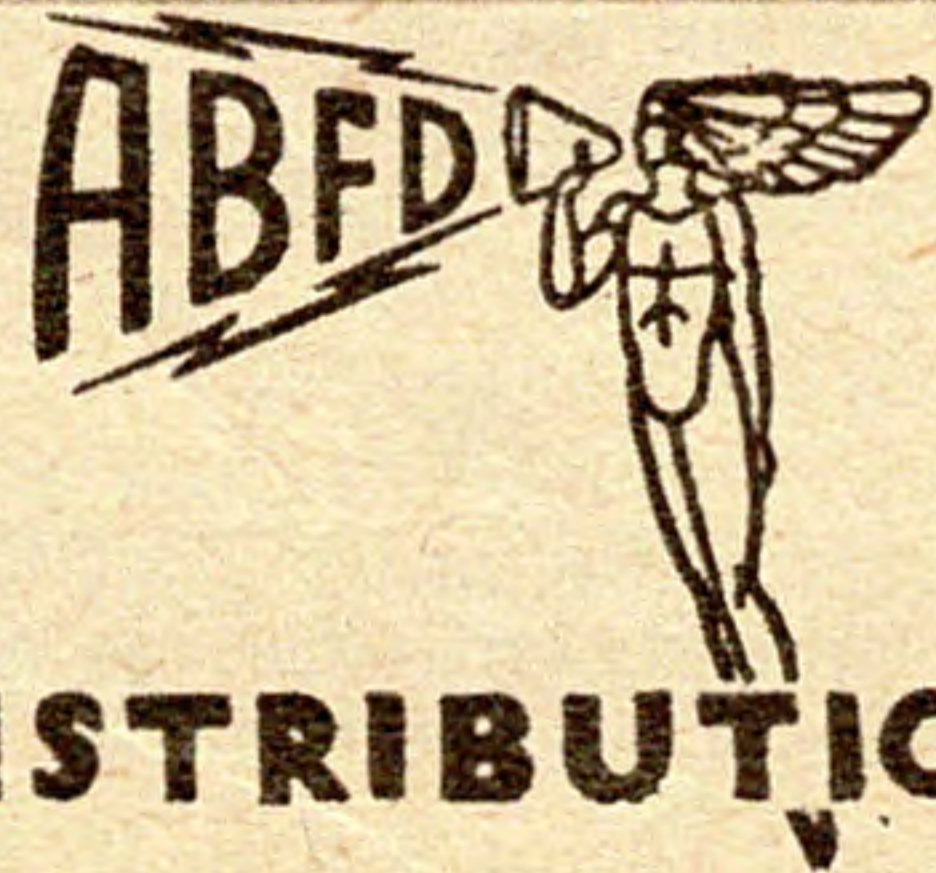


SEE **GEORGE FORMBY** RIDE OUT BY DAY

and **STEP OUT BY NIGHT** OUR NEW STAR



is in **'NO LIMIT'**



What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

KAY FRANCIS' DOUBLE GIFT

Beauty of Mind and Body

I WOULD like to express through the PICTUREGOER my greatest admiration for Miss Kay Francis. Why? Because she has intelligence, culture and charm, and something more, an *inner loveliness*, which radiates from her.

It is in her eyes, her bearing—an idealism, a desire for good and beautiful things. What greater gift could God bestow on any human being than beauty of mind and body, for Miss Kay Francis has both.—(Miss) Freda Dees Wilson, "Craigweil," Coast Road, Redcar, Yorks.



Kay Francis

Treasure Trove

Many people have been disappointed in film versions of books, but although I, too, have been disappointed in some, I have also been introduced to new books through the medium of the screen.

I had often glanced through *Sylvia Scarlett* in the lending library, but it always looked very long and uninteresting, and as I haven't much spare time for reading I never attempted it. But when I heard that Katharine Hepburn was to star in the film I decided to read it, and not only did I enjoy it, but imagining Katharine Hepburn in the role added to my interest.

The same applies to *Alice Adams* and also *Grand Hotel* and *Bella Donna*. Seeing *Escape Me Never* led me to *The Fool of the Family*, and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to C. Lenanton's *Miss Barrett's Elopement*. These are all enjoyable books which I, most likely, should not have otherwise read.—(Miss) M. Carter, 58 Danes Hill Road, Leicester (who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.).

And That's That!

He passed away ten years ago—"Every Woman's Man"—  
On the twenty-third of August, so they say;  
Yet companies will still find his successor, if they can,  
But what's the use? His charm has passed away.  
His films they'd gladly show to us again—if they were able,  
But would folk rush to see them now?—Oh no!  
They want to see the latest way of loving—by Clark Gable,  
But not the way they loved ten years ago.  
If he were here to-day, d'you think that he could sing  
And venture on the stage, out in New York?  
D'you think that he could croon—and even rival "Bing"?  
We don't know if the man could even talk!  
So why keep bringing up his name? Just let him rest in peace.  
He was happy in his time—as far as we know.  
We'll worship now our modern stars and therefore let us cease

This searching for a "second Valentino."  
—(Miss) Doris Goll, "Alvera," Oakhill Park, Broadgreen, Liverpool (who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.).

Please Explain

Many movies made to-day embrace events which, while hardly ancient history (happening within the last couple of decades), are sufficiently old to have taken place before millions

of to-day's "fans" were at an age sufficient to understand what they meant.

A case in point is *The Informer*, dealing with the days of Irish guerilla warfare and the unhappy page in recent history when British Black and Tans and Mother Ireland's insurgents were at death grips.

The talkie gives nothing preparatory—taking it for granted that such events are known to all; which is a mistake.

Films of this type—and this is not an isolated case—should be preceded by something introductory in the shape of explanatory matter.

Talkies owe it to the huge army of "fans" forming our younger generation.—R. W. Lock, 3 Apsley Terrace, Cirencester, Glos.

Hypocrisy

One afternoon lately, I went to a local kinema to see *Me and Marlborough*. There was a crowd of children waiting for an adult to take them in.

These children were twelve or thirteen years old, so I took them in with me as it was raining hard outside and I did not think that Cicely Courtneidge would corrupt their morals. I should not, however, have taken them to see such a film as *The Blue Angel*.

I thought later of the inanity of allowing a child into an "A" film because it is accompanied by an adult. Its morals can be as easily corrupted whether accompanied by an adult or not.

We must either say no person under sixteen may go into a picture house where an "A" film is showing, accompanied by an adult or not, or do away with "A" and "U" altogether and end the present hypocrisy.—D. A. Duffield, 87 Shaftesbury Avenue, Leeds 8.

All Except Dad

I am a 16-year-old schoolgirl, one of a large family of five girls, and would like to give you our various opinions on film stars as we are all ardent film fans except father, who labels all kinemas "hot-beds of iniquity."

My youngest sister aged seven years favours Shirley Temple and Ken Maynard. Next comes a sister of nine whose hero is Jack Buchanan. My sister of thirteen is still at that stage where she loves to be amused and does not require handsome features. Her hero? Why Hulbert of course.



Franchot Tone

I return to American for my choice which is Franchot Tone. Why? Did you not see *Bengal Lancer*? My eldest sister prefers that sweet type of character as portrayed to us by Jean Parker in *Little Women*, while mother will hurry off to the kinema at the mere mentioning of Leslie Howard or Robert Donat.—(Miss) K. Lucroft, 41 Kings Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

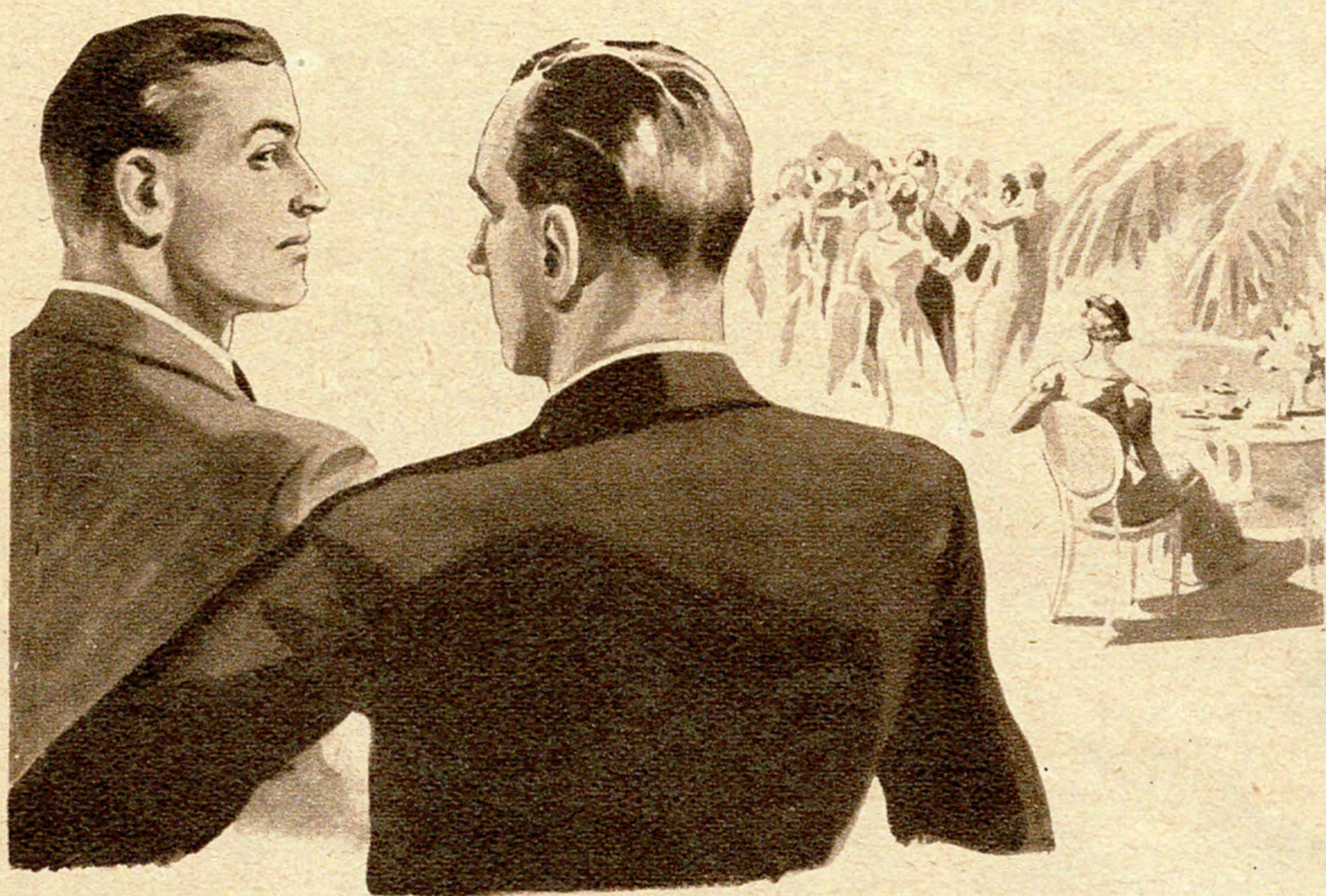
A Spot of Sarcasm

I am sure kinema proprietors will all fall for the suggestion made by a Miss Peters in a recent issue letter to "Thinker," and provide "Kid Parks" for their patrons' use.

Ground is so cheap where kinemas are usually built, and surely any mother paying sixpence or so for a mere three hours' high-class entertainment in a luxurious theatre is entitled to nursery accommodation and attendance for her children; it

(Continued on page 28)

'Pretty, yes  
— but I'm not dancing  
with her!'

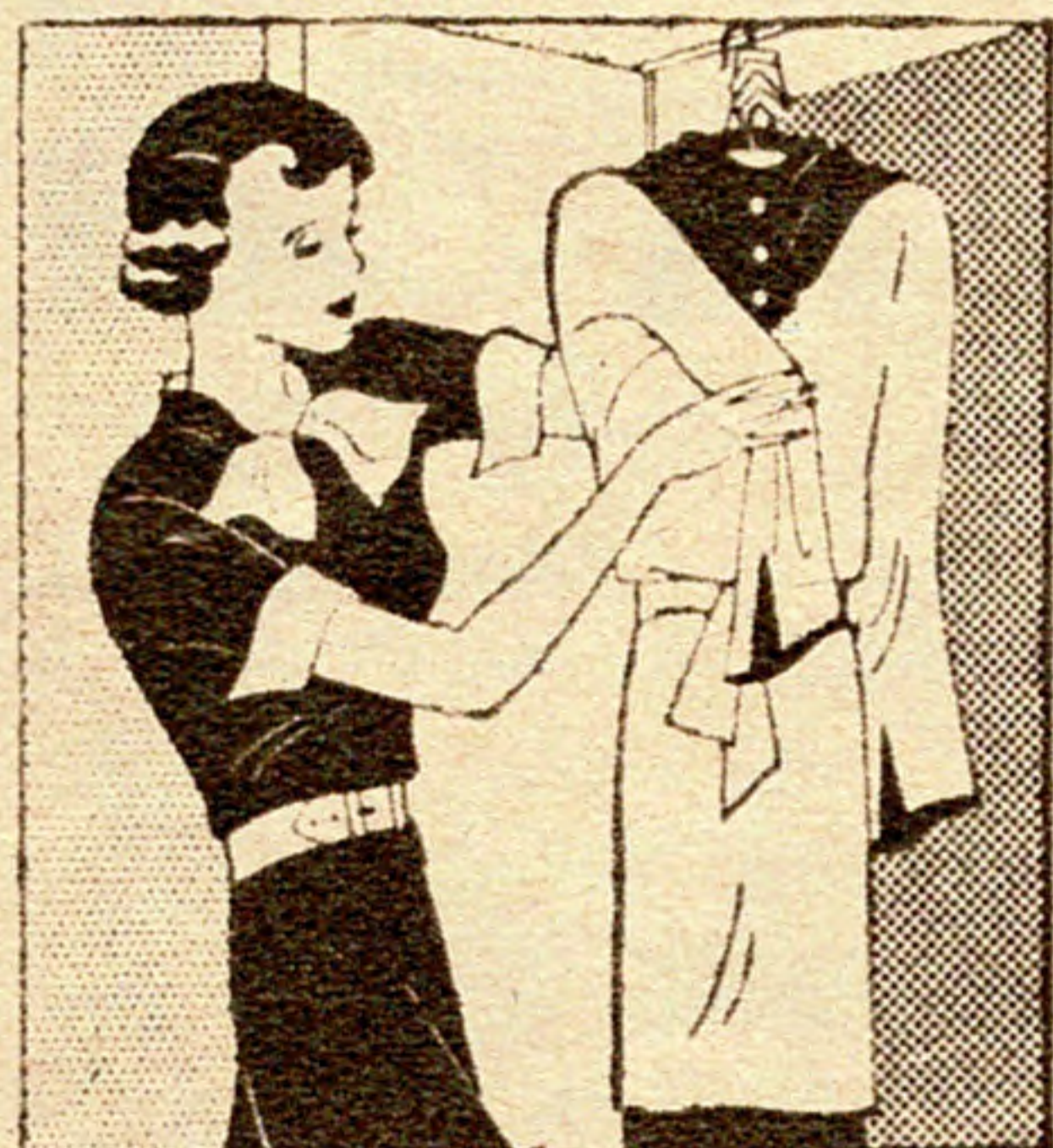


*Underarm neglect shows up when you dance*

You can be pretty and attractive and alive—but you'll fail with men if you're careless about this one thing. Men just don't like girls who neglect this very natural business of perspiration.

It's natural to perspire — we all do, especially in this chilly weather when we wear heavier clothes. But what isn't pleasant is that this healthy perspiration soon stales—in less than 12 hours—and begins to offend other people. That is to say—unless you take this simple, easy precaution. Use Odo-ro-no regularly.

**Keep fresh safely — use ODO-RO-NO**



Look at your clothes. Slightly discoloured under the arms? Odo-ro-no will save them—and you.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to keep his hands from perspiring during operations. When he had proved it *absolutely safe* he allowed his daughter to use it—under her arms. And she, of course, told her friends, until now every woman keen on the impression she makes uses Odo-ro-no as part of her regular toilet routine. Only Odo-ro-no will do these three things—*prevent perspiration—stop perspiration becoming offensive—and save your dresses from discolouration.*

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**2 REGULAR** (or 'red') Odo-ro-no is a stronger liquid. One application at bedtime keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

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PICKS MOST  
**ALLURING LIPS**  
IN LIPSTICK TEST



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Picture shows Edmund Lowe, making lipstick test between scenes of his latest Columbia release, "The Best Man Wins."

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In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush-rose shade your lips should naturally have... soft, kissable, womanly. And since Tangee isn't a "paint" lipstick it will not coat your lips with a smear of greasy paint. Try Tangee. It's 2/6 in one size, 4/6 in the larger.

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From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.



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Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

**What Do You Think?** Continued from page 26

would perhaps add to their appreciation if the management could arrange to send someone round to tidy up the house a bit ready for when they get back home.

For male patrons they should have free buffets and reading rooms, but I think the most crying need is a lethal chamber for the "talkie talkers."—*Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton.*

**Cut to Pattern**

A remark from a bewildered old lady sitting behind me in the pictures the other night caused me to reflect. Watching two leading ladies in the same film, she asked her companion: "Which is which?"

On looking again, I thought how right she was. There they were, the replica of each other. Both blondes with the same shaped eyebrows, hair style, etc. Now, had one of them been a brunette, to the undiscerning the story would have been much easier to follow—which proves that all stars are victims of the "grooming machine."



Dorothea Weick

Instead of being allowed to remain the type that in many cases brought them fame, they are made into stereotyped copies. All this synthetic beauty is leaving us cold.

Do you remember Dorothea Weick in *Madchen in Uniform*, and then after Hollywood "groomed" her? This is only one case.—*(Miss) M. Francis, 98 Scrogg Road, Walker Estate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

**Have a Heart!**

People are continually writing to say how much they disapprove of children on the screen, so-called "waste of time" films such as Laurel and Hardy, and musicals, etc.

If these were all eliminated, wouldn't they get just as tired of air and crook and historic films?

After all, it takes all sorts to make a world, and all kinds of films to please them.

Also, one can always do the obvious—stay away!

There are plenty of kinemas and a large enough selection of films, surely?—*(Miss) R. Coleman, 6 Asmara Road, W. Hampstead, N.W.2.*

**Announcing Them**

A reader recently stated he would like talkie titles, casts, technicians and so on read out to him.

I think many people would know less than they do now if it were read out to them.

I think it would be a better idea to have the names of people who do not actually appear in the film shown in the screen before the actual film, while the actors' names could be written underneath them when they make their first appearance. These could be left on for longer than they usually are now.

But the best thing to do is to buy the PICTUREGOER regularly.—*H. V. Jacob, 69 Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.*

**Libelling the P.C.**

While America glorifies her police and Department of Justice on the screen, in such films as *G Men*, *Men Without Names* and *Car 99*, Britain portrays her guardians of law and order as dull-witted inefficient misfits.

British producers seem to be tied down to the idea of a village constable, who scratches his head and fails to show any signs of alertness such as a policeman should have.

I do not suggest that the comic policeman should be eliminated—he is frequently the big laugh in comedy pictures—but in any film where our police methods and efficiency are vital to the story, let us depict them as they really are, alert, intelligent,

up-to-date, and withal the most humane body of men in the world.—*Samuel A. Gordon, 136 Roslea Drive, Glasgow, E.1.*

**Disappointing**

Being a regular reader of the PICTUREGOER, I am writing to you concerning the way kinemas disappoint their patrons. Last week I went to a kinema intending to see *False Faces*, starring Virginia Bruce and Richard Arlen, also *Two for To-night* with Bing Crosby. Much to my disappointment they cut *Two for To-night* out, and showed a short film in its stead.

A lady sitting behind me asked an attendant when Bing Crosby's film would be shown, and he replied "This is the last picture to-night."

Imagine the disappointment of many other patrons, who visited that kinema. Why should this be allowed?—*George Wales, 62 Haydock Road, S.E.16.*

**Quite Perfect**

On reading a letter in PICTUREGOER recently I find I am the perfect filmgoer, for I must plead "not guilty" to any of the seven offences mentioned.

May I add two others? What of the selfish person who likes both arm rests, and the other is the person who keeps time to the music by tapping his feet upon the seat of the person immediately in front.

I consider both these offences very annoying—worse, even, than sucking oranges.—*(Mrs.) A. F. Fowler, 81 Claremont Street, Aberdeen.*

**When Hepburn Prattles**

I don't suppose for one moment you will print this, but I just want to tell you what I think of Katharine Hepburn.

I had seen her twice before and was not very keen, then I was persuaded to see her in *Alice Adams*. My opinion of her has changed, but for the worse.

If there is one thing I can't stick, it's a full-grown woman of thirtyish trying to do the young and innocent baby talk stunt, and before *Alice Adams* was half over I wanted to strangle her.

How anyone dare compare her with Garbo or Norma Shearer is amazing and stupid.—*(Mrs.) M. Poysen, 1e Carlisle Place, S.W.1.*



Katharine Hepburn

**A Blessing**

What a blessing is the kinema to those responsible for the entertainment of children in some numbers!

I overheard someone recently remark: "There's one thing now, the organisation of a treat for the kiddies is much easier. Book them seats at the local kinema and there is nothing they love better."

"No worry of trying to puzzle out games which would amuse a hundred or more children."

The kinema certainly scores there.—*F. John, 155 Gladesmore, London, N.15.*

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What you think about the stars and films?

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If you want the thrill of a wave that is permanent as well as lovely, get from your chemist to-day a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic. Use it as suggested, and give your hairdresser a healthy and supremely "dressable" head of hair to work on.

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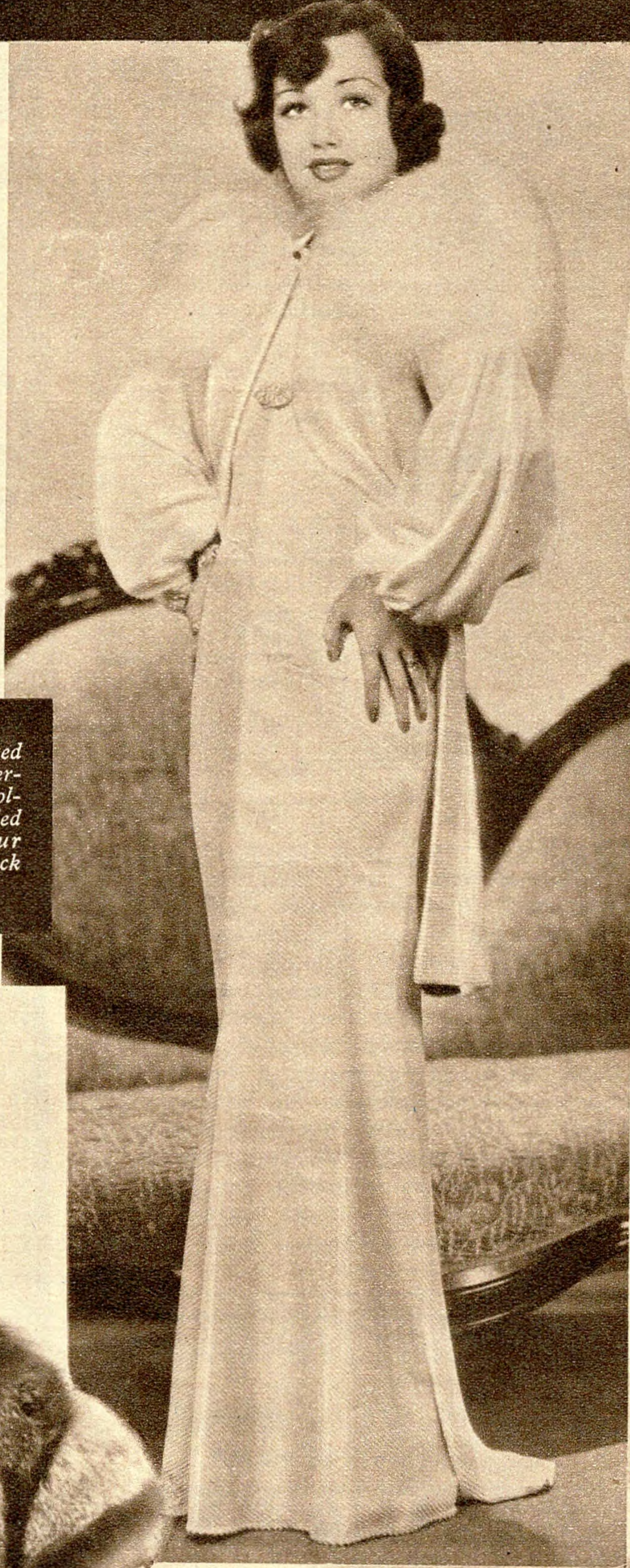
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With a softly-pleated bodice—a dinner-gown of rose-coloured crêpe, banded with multicolour embroidery at neck and waist.



Left, a distinctive gown of white lamé, touched with gold, is partnered by a new-length coat collared in white fox.

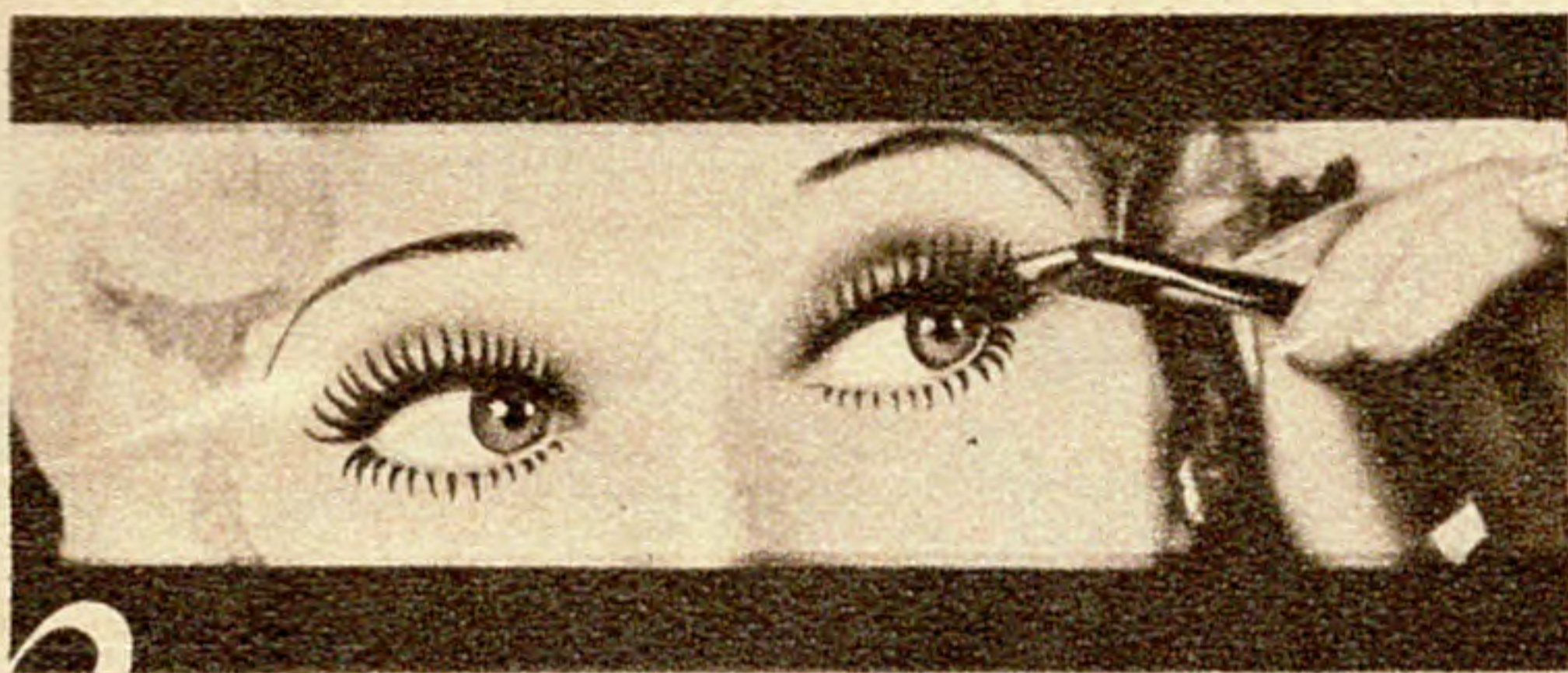
"Nothing is smarter than black," says Arline, "especially when you add brilliant buttons on the shoulders. Notice the shirred skirt front."



Silver fox enhances the richness of this simple black velvet gown. Fur is cleverly introduced, too, on the turban—a modish idea.



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British Lion Photo

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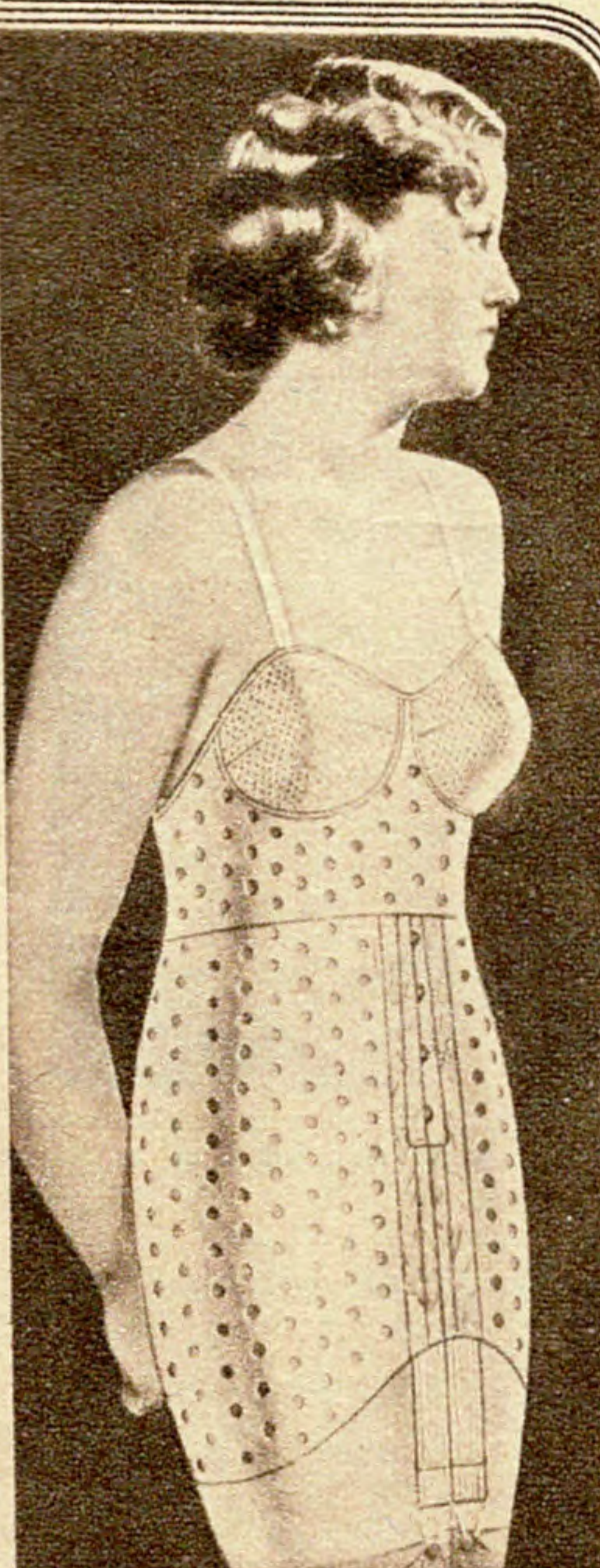
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# Why the Theatrical Family Handicap?

By **Eva Moore**

**I**VERYBODY who read, with the interest it demanded, Max Breen's article, "No Royal Road to Film Fame," must have felt as sorry as I did for some of the children of the famous families mentioned by way of illustrating the writer's point.

So long as the general casualness in regard to training girls for the British films persists, I am afraid many of the girls and boys with "theatrical blood royal" and great traditions of acting behind them will remain under the stigma cast upon their elders of turning to the film studios to replenish their bank balances.

I am sure, and I cannot state it too emphatically on behalf of my profession and generation, that this mercenary attitude appears to be the case very much more often than it actually is. There are exceptions, of course, but most of us put our art first.

With regard to the rising generation, however, the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our starlets but in our studios.

Take the case of Hazel Terry, upon whom Mr. Breen particularly concentrated on account of her recent film debut. It seems to me that he was merely putting up a metaphorical "Old Aunt Sally" in order to have the sport of knocking it down. Very nice in the fair ground, but hardly cricket in the case of a young actress who has had no chance to prove herself.

Would it not have been more kindly, instead of quoting past fade-outs for the encouragement of others, and ending on a note of doleful doubt, to have been more constructive?

I am not so qualified to construct as Mr. Breen

*IN a recent article Max Breen declared that the fact of belonging to a famous theatrical family was no guarantee of screen success. A famous stage actress, well-known in films also, here contributes a reply.*

when it comes to the films, perhaps, but I cannot help thinking that the producers, casting directors and critics go all wrong when they rely upon hereditary talent for the creation of overnight stars, giving their flame of genius no chance to survive what is known as "ballyhoo." For it can only be a feeble flame in these untrained children at best.

It is well and, to my mind, quite fair, that young artistes with theatrical traditions behind them should be given a start fairly well on the ladder. It is a privilege their people have bequeathed to them, surely, in the same way that rich people can leave their money to their descendants and everybody regards it as quite right and proper—except a few extremists.

But, given that modicum of goodwill, why not take a child of a well-known theatrical family and train her as all promising film artistes are trained in Hollywood? The English system puts too



*Eva Moore is widely known as one of the most charming and distinguished British "screen mothers"*

much responsibility on to the young actress, expects her to run before she has learnt to walk, and then politely abandons her if she does not take the screen world by storm at once.

As Mr. Breen so rightly says—and on this point I agree wholeheartedly—there is no royal road to film fame, and much less disappointing results would be achieved if the children of famous parents were kept well out of the limelight until they have been groomed and drilled—after which it might fairly reasonably be hoped that the combination of their inherited talent (if any) and the efforts of the screen impresarios would give us kings and queens of the screen.

## Who's WHO—

*Continuing Picturegoer's new and popular feature, a brief biography of stars and featured players appears in alphabetical order.*

### Pat Aherne

**B**ORN at King's Norton, Worcs., 1902. First appearance on stage at age of five years with (now Sir) Barry Jackson. Played in Repertory. Turned professional boxer. Seen by George Pearson (of Welsh Pearson), booked for first film with Betty Balfour, *Blinkeyes*. Played in *White Cargo* at Princes Theatre. Played in *Hamlet* in modern dress for Sir Barry Jackson. Three years' contract with Welsh Pearson. Played featured player and star in 18 silent pictures. Made first British talkie, *A City of Play* with Chili Bouchier. Had eighteen months of unsuitable roles. Fed up, bought a farm. Numerous American offers. Went to Hollywood for R.K.O. Caused a slump. Banks closed. Studios closed. Earthquake (1932). Fed up, came home, opened motor showroom in Great Portland Street. Since played in *Bulldog Drummond*, *The Stoker*, *Falling in Love*, *Dance Band*, and *The Outcast*.



Pat Aherne

### Luis Alberni

**B**ORN in Barcelona, Spain, on October 4, 1886, the only child of Juan Alberni, a civil magistrate, and Consuelo Malo Alberni. Educated in private schools, but ran away at the age of

sixteen to join a travelling circus, with which he journeyed all over Europe. He returned home three years later and matriculated at the University of Barcelona, for his parents wished him to become a lawyer. However, after graduation, he made his legitimate debut in *Martha of the Lowlands* in a Barcelona theatre. Acted for one year in Barcelona and for two seasons in stock in the south of France. In 1914 went to America and toured in roadshow productions of *Twin Beds* and *The Little Teacher*. In 1919 made his Broadway debut in *39 East*, with Constance Binney and Henry Hull. Remained on Broadway for the next ten years, creating roles in *What Price Glory*, *Nina Rosa*, *Dear Me*, *Silent House*, *Smooth as Silk*, and *Deep River*. In 1929 he was sent to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for Spanish versions, but became screen actor instead, making his debut in *The Santa Fe Trail*. Since then he has made more than sixty pictures, outstanding among which have been *Roberta*, *One Night of Love*, *Let's Live Tonight*, *The Captain Hates the Sea*, *The Good Fairy*, *Count of Monte Cristo*, *When Ladies Meet*, *Wings of Song*, *The Gay Deception*, and *Going to Town*.

Married in 1919 to



Luis Alberni

Constance Hall. They have three sons: John, 12; Luis, 8; and Carlos, 7. Alberni spends leisure moments collecting postage stamps for his children's extensive collection. He is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown eyes and black hair.

### Muriel Aked

**B**ORN at Bingley, Yorkshire, November 9, 1887. Brown hair, grey eyes. Educated Caldecote Towers. Started her career with Liverpool Repertory Theatre in 1916. She toured the Orient and has played on stage in London since 1925. Her films include *Bed and Breakfast* (Gaumont), *The Middle Watch* (B.I.P.); in 1931 *Good-night Vienna*, *One Magic Night* (B. & D.), *Indiscretions of Eve* (B.I.P.); in 1932 *Rome Express* (G.-B.), *The Mayor's Nest* (B. & D.). In 1933 she was the surprised recipient of a gold medal and diploma of the Society of Literature and Art of France for the best performances of the year—the actual film was not apparently stated—she appeared in *The Good Companions*, *Friday 13th*, *The Night of the Party* (G.-B.), *No Funny Business*, *Trouble* (B. & D.), *Autumn Crocus* (A.B.F.D.). In 1934: *Queen's Affair* (B. & D.), *Evensong* (G.-B.), *Josser on the Farm* (Fox), in 1935: *Can You Hear Me*, *Mother* (P.D.C.), and *When We Are Married* (P.D.C.).



Muriel Aked

# Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**AN EVELYN FAN (The Hyde).**—Evelyn Laye not scheduled for any more films; at present with her husband, Frank Lawton, in America.

**P. & E.**—(1) Yes, Jean Harlow's hair is naturally platinum blonde. (2) Yes, there is a star named Gregory Ratoff; his latest film is *King of Burlesque*. (3) Cesar Romero, b. New York, Feb. 15, 1907. Latest film, *Show Them No Mercy*.

**CURIOS (Glos.)**—(1) No supplement of *Little Minister*. (2) Henry Wilcoxon, b. Sept. 8, 1905, British West Indies; 6 ft. 2 in., brown hair, hazel eyes; hobbies, boxing and art. Latest film, *A Woman Alone*, with Anna Sten. (3) Robert T. Cochran, b. Glasgow, 1908; tall, fair hair, blue eyes; favourite recreation, golf. Latest film, *Moscow Nights*. (4) John Beal, b. 1910.

**NICKY (Surrey)**—Tullio Carminati, b. Sept. 21, 1895, Dalmatia, unmarried. Full name, Count Tullio Carminati di Bramilla. Photograph appeared in the *Summer No.*, 1935, with Mary Ellis. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2, for 7d. each, post free.

**G. E. C. FAN.**—Jean Parker, b. Aug. 11, 1915, Deer Lodge, Montana; real name, Mae Green; dark brown hair and blue-green eyes, 5 ft. 3 in., 105 lb.; plays hockey and swims.

**THE MUSIC LOVER (Croydon)**—Music from *Break of Hearts*: "Now or Never" and "Constance Reverie"—neither published. All other music by Tchaikowsky.

**ARGUMENT (Worcester)**—Esther Ralston took the part of Charmion in *Mr. Dynamite*.

**CHIPPY (Yorks)**—John Mills not in *Cavalcade*.

**REGULAR READER (Eccles)**—Irene Dunne married to Dr. F. D. Griffin. (2) *Roberta* music recorded on Brunswick, Decca, and Panacord records.

**DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE CRAZY**—Douglas Dumbrille takes the part of Arnold in *Air Hawks*, released Jan. 27, 1936.

**P. O. R. S. T.**—Frederick Peisley took the part of Jimmy in *The Secret of the Loch*, b. Dec. 6, 1904.

**REGULAR READER (Ilford)**—Music in *Roberta*: "Yesterday," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Lovely to Look At," "I Won't Dance," "Let's Begin," "I'll be Hard to Handle." (2) Release dates: *Peg of Old Drury*—Feb. 3, 1936; *Three Musketeers*—April 20, 1936; *Things to Come*—Mar. 23, 1936; *The Last Outpost*—Feb. 3, 1936; *The Ghost Goes West*—Mar. 9, 1936; *China Seas*—Dec. 30, 1935; *Cock of the North*—Jan. 6, 1936.

**PICTUREGOER LOVER.**—Emlyn Williams, b. Wales, Nov. 26, 1905; married Molly O'Shaun. Latest film, *Broken Blossoms*. (2) John Gielgud, b. April 14, 1904; making *The Secret Agent*. (3) Hugh Williams, b. Mar. 6, 1904.

**LUCKY HENRY.**—(1) Henry Wadsworth hails from Kentucky, educated at University and Carnegie Institute of Technology. Latest film, *Mark of the Vampire*. (2) Ages: Nelson Eddy—b. June 29, 1901; Philip Reed, b. Mar. 25, 1908; Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904. (3) Request passed on to the Editor.

**J. H. F. 19 (Guiseley)**—John Howard, b. April 14, 1913, Cleveland, Ohio; 5 ft. 10 in., 150 lb., blue eyes, brown hair. Latest films, *Millions in the Air*, *Soak the Rich*.

**RUBBER MACKINTOSH.**—You must write to London Films re clothes in *Things to Come*. They were designed by Lady Queensbury and Joan Armstrong and no details are available until the film is shown.

**P. M. G. (Leicester)**—Jimmie Hanley, b. 1910, father a speciality salesman, mother cinema-pianist in the silent days. At age of eight won a gramophone contest, appeared in charity shows, etc. Trained under Itala Conti. Yes, his photograph is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each.

**J. B. (Malta)**—Yes, Ronald Colman played a dual role in *The Masquerader*, he took the parts of John Chilcote and John Loder.

**L. J. (Yorks)**—George Raft did not appear in *The Dancing Fool*, Hal Le Roy took the leading male role in this film. *Stolen Harmony* released Sept. 2, 1935.

**REGULAR READER (Folkestone)**—Yes, I am sure your favourite stars would be very pleased to receive greetings from you. (2) Robert Donat, b. Mar. 18, 1907.

**S. E. D. (Birmingham)**—I cannot trace any pictures we have published of Sir Cedric Hardwicke in *Les Miserables*.

**LACHI (Edgbaston)**—Martin Walker, b. July 27, 1901, Harrow, Middx. Films besides *Oh What a Night* and *Sanders of the River* are *River Wolves*, *Anything Might Happen* and *Mimi*.

**D. H. (Surrey)**—John Mills not married.

**H. MCK.**—There was a competition to change Nova Pilbeam's name, but her father objected, and she still uses her own name for screen and stage purposes.

**A. R. R. (Bristol)**—Madge Evans, b. July 1, 1909, New York, unmarried, golden hair, grey-blue eyes. Address c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**E. LA R. (Windsor)**—Eoris Karloff's first wife was a Franchon-Marco dancing girl Pauline. They were divorced about 1930. Now married to Dorothy Stine.

**JERSEY LILY (Portsea)**—Frankie Darro, b. Dec. 22, 1918, Chicago, Illinois, real name Bernadine Koch, dark hair and eyes. Latest film, *Stranded*.

**ELAINE (Leicester)**—Ross Alexander, b. July 27, 1908, blue eyes, brown hair, 6 ft. 1½ in., hobbies football, swimming and the theatre. Latest films: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Captain Blood*, *Shipmates Forever*.

**BLONDE (Edinburgh)**—Yes, I should think it was Binnie Barnes you saw in a cabaret turn at Edinburgh some years ago. She first went on the stage in 1924 with one of the Tiller troupes, she was then engaged by Tex McLeod to partner him in his rope-spinning act, and in cabaret. Then she appeared on the variety stage and the London stage, entering films in 1928.

**DICK POWELL FAN.**—Music from *Flirtation Walk*, all published, "Flirtation Walk," "Mr. and Mrs. is the Name," "No Horse, No Wife, No Nastache."

**GARBO ADMIRER.**—Awards of The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1931-1932. Best performance actress: Helen Hayes in *Sin of Maudelon Claudet*. Actor: Fredric March in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Best all-round production: *Grand Hotel*. 1932-1933. Actress: Katharine Hepburn in *Morning Glory*. Actor: Charles Laughton in *Henry VIII*. Film: *Cavalcade*. 1933-1934. Actress: Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night*. Actor: Clark Gable, *It Happened One Night*. Film: *It Happened One Night*. (2) Greta Garbo has not had an award from this Academy. Her performance in *Queen Christina* was voted the best by PICTUREGOER readers for 1934 and she was accordingly awarded the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal.

**J. S.**—Back numbers of the PICTUREGOER can be obtained from the Publishing Dept. (address above).

**ADMIRER OF CHARLES BING AND JANET.**—(1) No, Janet Gaynor has not married again since her divorce from Lydel Peck. She is at present working on *Small Town Girl* with Robert Montgomery for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (2) Charles Starret, b. Athol, Mass., 6 ft. 2 in., brown hair, and eyes, hobbies hunting and poetry. So far as I know he has not acted with Janet Gaynor. (3) Bing Crosby latest film *Anything Goes*.

**JOHN HOWARD FAN (Middx)**—John Howard took the part of Duncan Haley in *Gentlemen of the Navy*. For biography see *J.H.F. 19 (Guiseley)*.

**MAUREEN FAN.**—Maureen O'Sullivan, b. May 17, 1911, Boyle, Ireland, Ed. Dublin, London, and Paris. 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, hobbies tennis and riding. Engaged to marry Johnnie Farrow. Latest film *The Voice of Bugle Ann* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. (2) Johnnie Weissmuller, b. June 2, Chicago, dark hair and eyes, 6 ft. 3 in., weighs 190 lb., married (1) Bobbe Arnst, (2) Lupe Velez. Hobby, swimming; latest film, *The Return of Tarzan*.

**D. E. P.**—We have not published a centre spread or supplement of the film *Imitation of Life*.

### FAN CLUB NOTICE.

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## Leave IT to ANNE

TWO heads are better than one. The problem that seems so difficult to you may be quite easily solved if you share it with me. A stamped addressed envelope with your letter will ensure a quick postal reply.

**E**YE make-up is an art in itself. If you are not in the habit of using it, don't decide to try it out an hour or so before you go to the dance. It needs far more practice than that. You will need to experiment with it for quite a while before you discover the exact make-up that suits you best.

What about eye shadow, you probably want to ask me. Carelessly applied, it will add years to your age. Applied with art and discrimination, it gives depth to beautiful eyes and is a great improvement to ordinary ones.

First of all, it is best left to the evening. Generally speaking, you choose your colour according to the shade of your eyes—mist blue or grey and blue eyes, violet or deep blue for the ultra dark blue eyes, green for hazel eyes, and brown for brown eyes. You can get silver and metallic effects too, but they are only for the exotic type.

There are some exceptions to the outlined rules given above. Thus, some brown eyes are enhanced with a green shadow, and others look bewitching with a gold one. With an olive complexion, a violet shadow is glamorous whatever the tint of the eyes.

You can buy eye shadow as a compact powder or it can be bought in paste form or in a stick like grease paint. Compact and paste are the most convenient and easily used types.

Supposing you are using a compact. First of all, apply the merest trace of grease to the eyelids. Vaseline, skin food or cold cream will serve the purpose. Then take a small amount of the shadow on the tip of your finger and apply it along the upper lids, close to the lashes. Begin near the nose and work towards the outer corner. Blend it out over the lids so that it has neither beginning nor end. Though you begin at the inner corner of the nose, do not get the shadow too near the nose or it will tend to make the eyes appear too close together. Above all, do not be heavy-handed, or it will add years to your age.

If you tend to bagginess under the eyes, a mauve eyeshadow will help to disguise the fact; otherwise eye shadow should be applied to the lids only.

If after experiment you decide that eyeshadow does not suit your particular type, replace it with a little vaseline or a drop of glycerine, wiped right round the

eyes, close to upper and lower lashes. This will give almost as much softness and depth of expression as eye shadow.

### Mascara

**M**ascara can do a tremendous lot in giving beauty to the lashes, but only if your eyes are perfectly healthy. If you suffer from styes or your lashes are scanty, or the lids of the eyes sometimes are red and inflamed, mascara should be discarded until healthier conditions prevail. It is made in two shades of brown suitable for day and evening wear for blondes, in black for brunettes, and in a deep blue which looks well with blue eyes and blue eyeshadow.

To make the lashes look really silky, you can moisten the eyeblack with castor oil instead of water. This also helps to counteract any tendency toward brittleness. Alternatively, you may use a new eye cosmetic that is made with a castor oil base. This is sold in compact form with a small brush. It is available in half a dozen tints.

### Brows

**T**hank goodness, no one in these days—that is, no one who would be in fashion—plucks the brows to a Dietrich line. There is a happy medium between the pencilled brow and a bush. This is achieved by the plucking of the hairs that do not fall into the natural line. If you use a wee brush and comb to them, you will quickly discover the hairs that are unruly.

After that, darken your eyebrows or make them lie smoothly with a little vaseline or skinfood, just as suits you best.

Eyebrows that are naturally thin and too light to be effective may be improved by the continuous use of a mixture of one part castor oil and two parts white vaseline. But you must go on applying it faithfully night after night for several months.

### Removing Make-up

**I** am afraid it is repetition to tell you to be sure to remove the make-up before you go to bed. This is true of all make-up, but the eye make-up should be taken off first, lest you make it run and it gets into your eyes.

Take some small pads of cotton wool, soak them in tepid water, close the eyes firmly, and wipe lashes and lids with the damp wool.

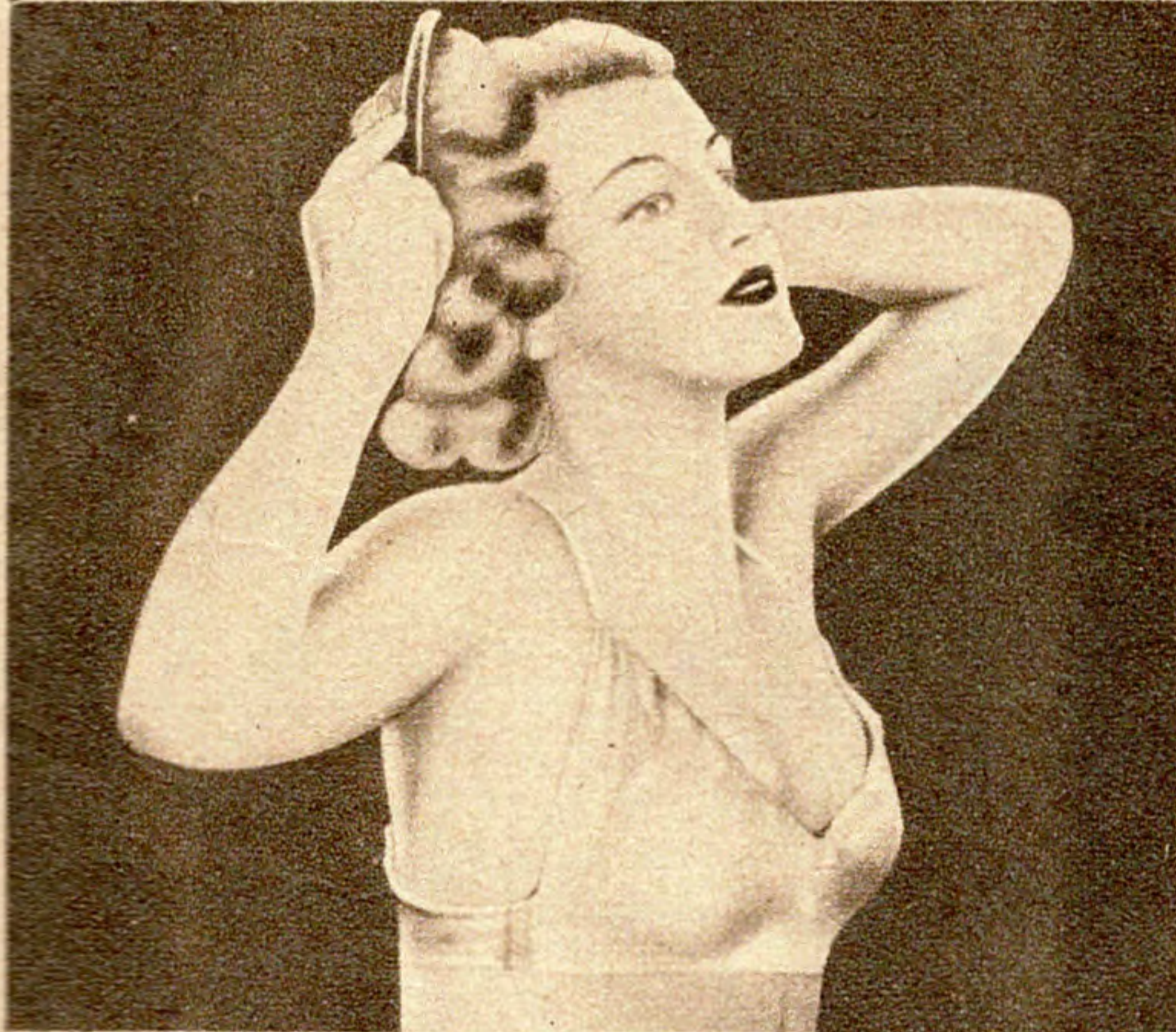
Then proceed to take off all other make-up with lots of a quickly melting cream. Apply it lightly, but do not rub it in. Take off the first layer with a paper tissue, and then apply a second portion, not quite so generously. If your skin is oily, wash with soap and water after the second layer of cream has been removed. If it is normal, dab on an astringent. If it is dry, merely rinse with cold water.

\* \* \*

An antiseptic should be found in every bathroom cabinet. You may need it as a gargle, a mouthwash, in manicure, as a breath sweetener, a deodorant, and for minor skin irritations. But it can only serve all these purposes if it is Listerine. Listerine antiseptic is absolutely safe in use, but of such strength that it will kill two hundred million germs. It may be bought from all chemists, price 1s. 6d. per bottle. You may also buy tooth-paste and throat tablets in the same brand.

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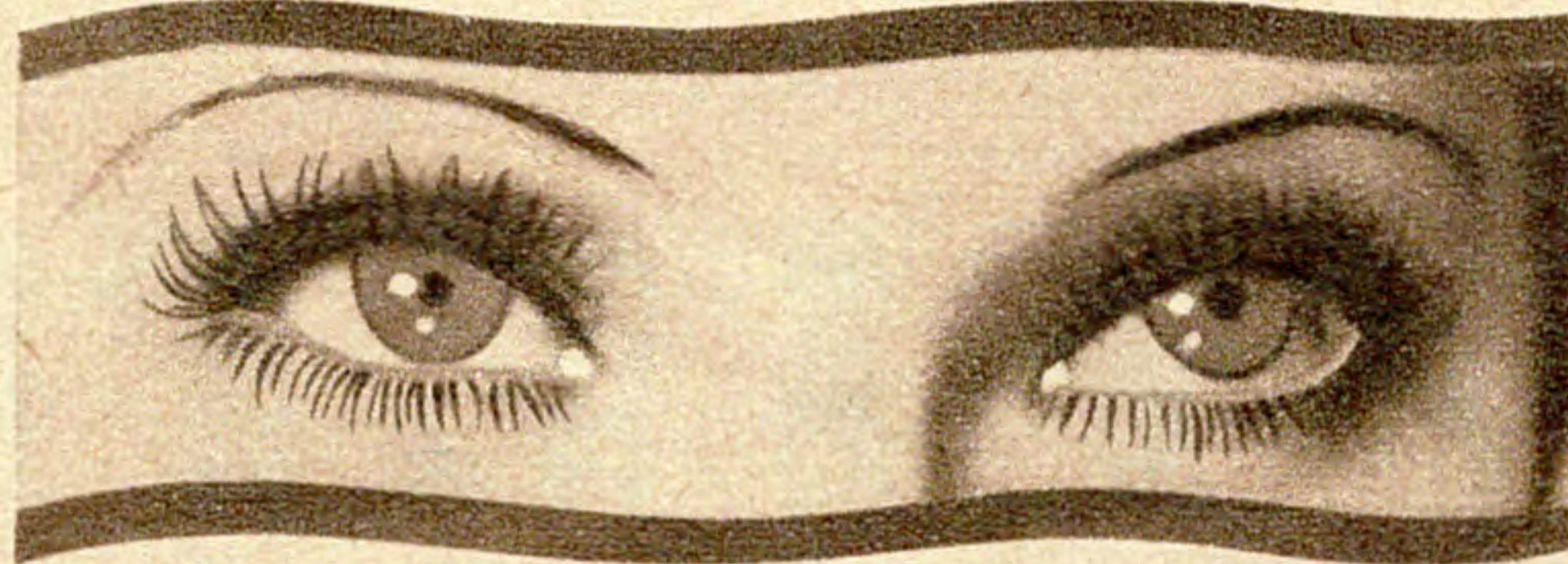


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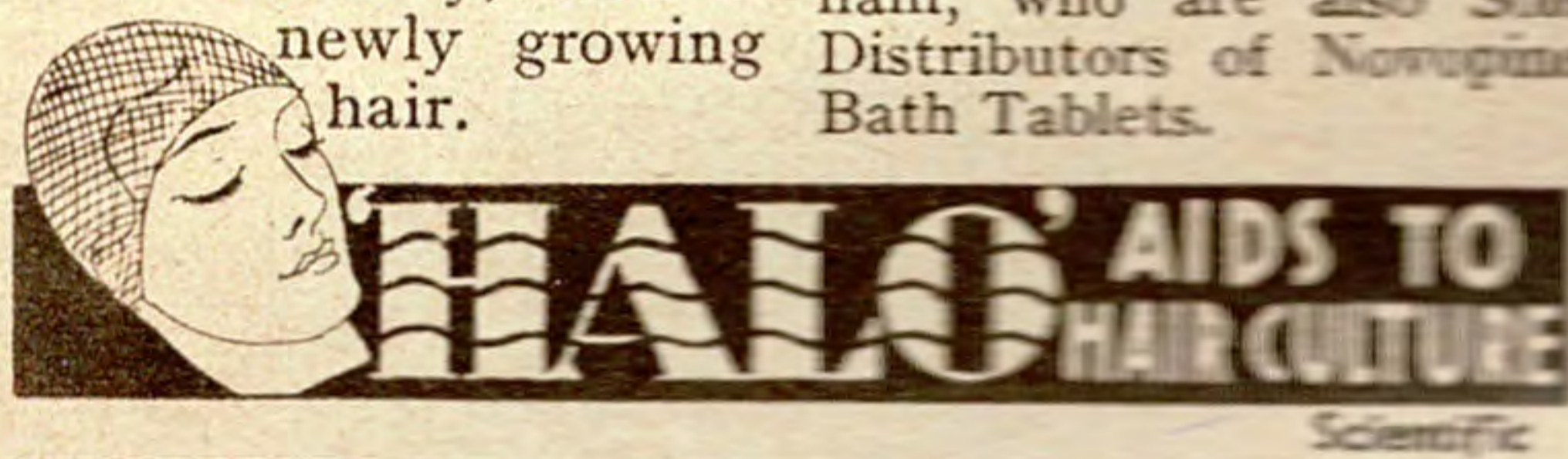
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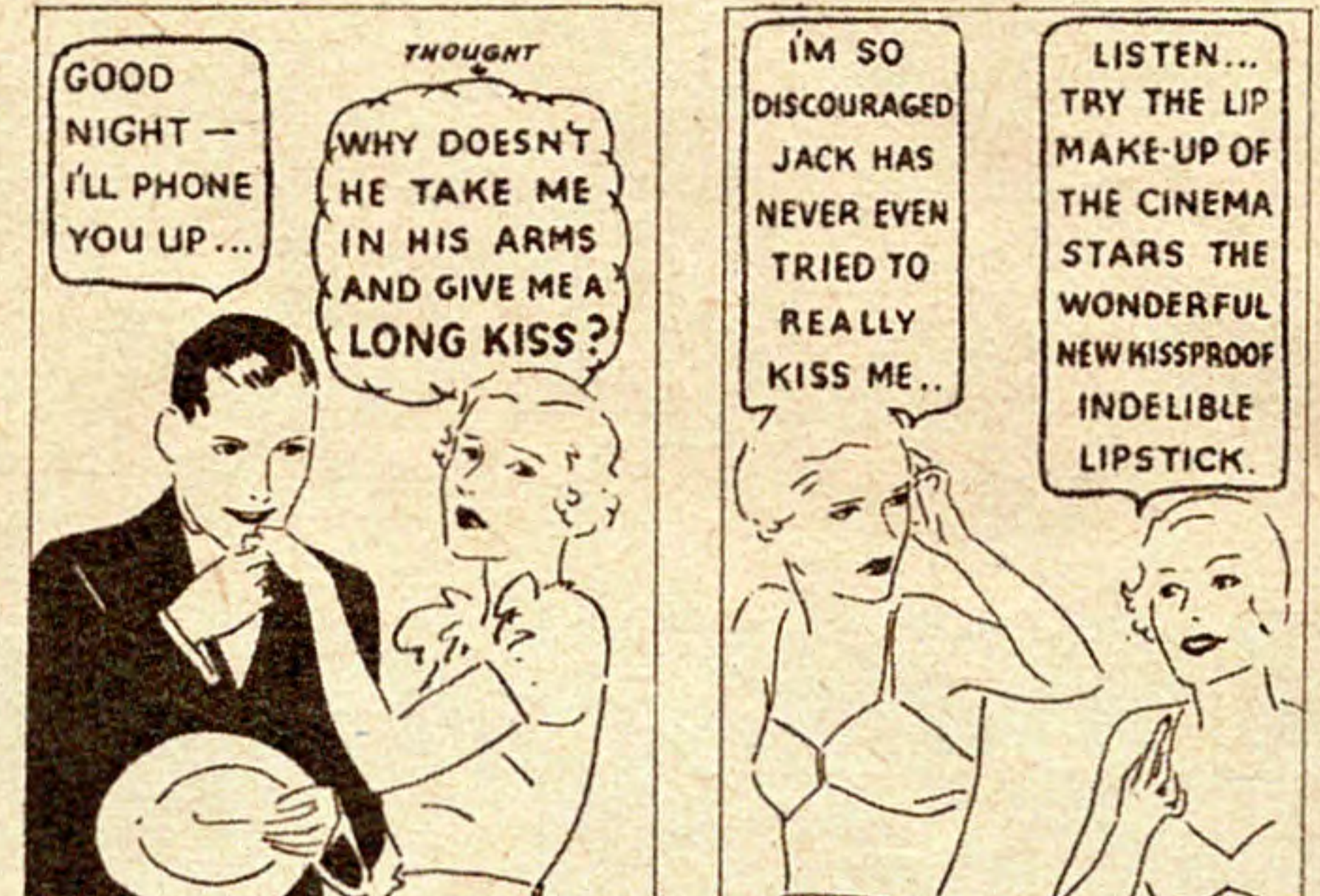
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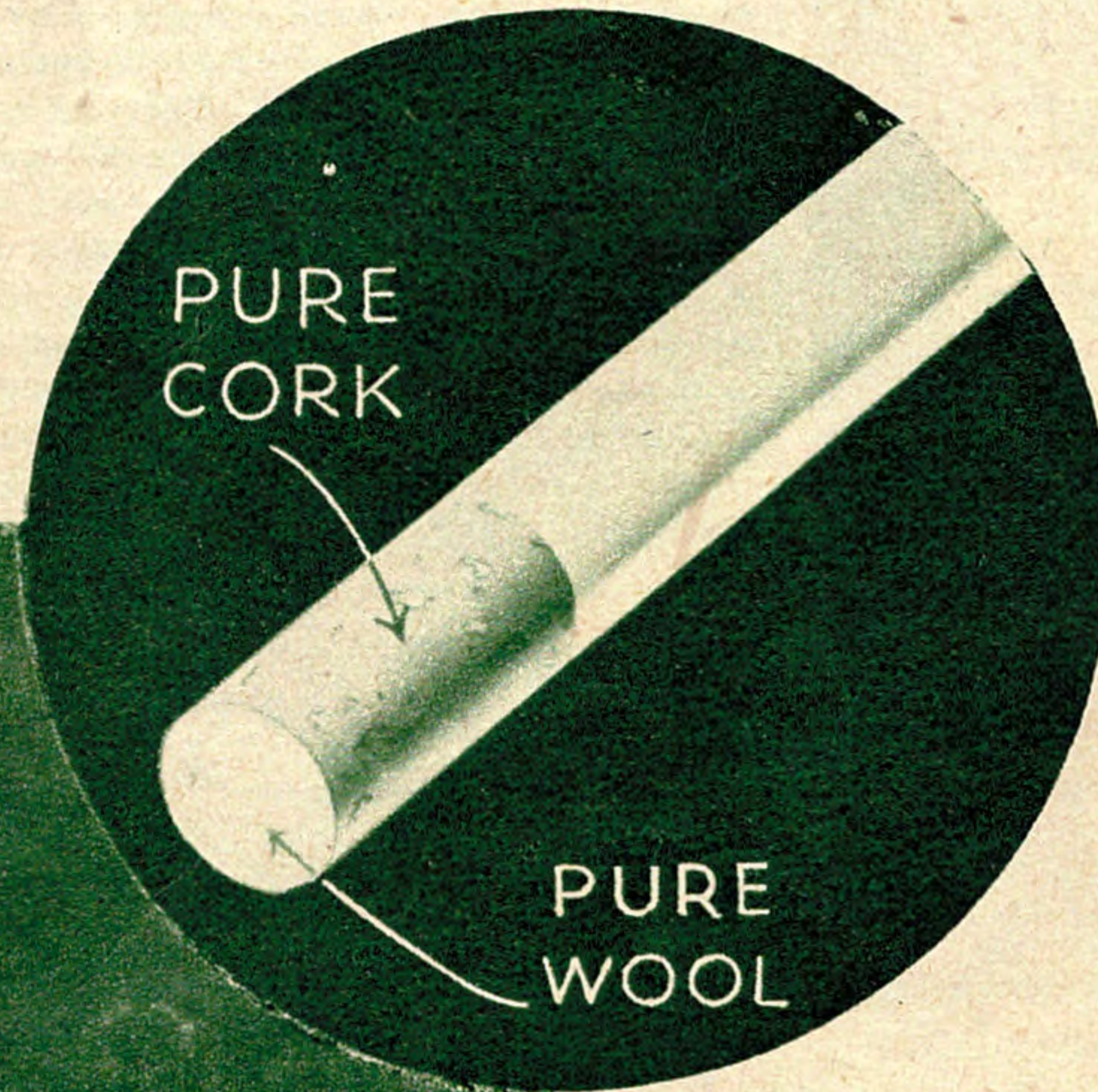
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