

CONRAD VEIDT *on* WOMEN WHO ATTRACT ME!

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No. 1

OUT WEDNESDAY

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"ILLUSTRATED"

Women

Most men know what kind of women attract them, but they don't always know why. The famous international actor has found out, and tells you in this exclusive article.

by

CONRAD VEIDT

The author of this article in his latest film, "A Spy in Black."

MEN—excepting, of course, such privileged and inspired people as poster-artists and leg-show impresarios—are supposed to know very little about female beauty.

We may be impressed by it; indeed, we are expected to be, and will cause a good deal of disappointment and heart-burning if we are not; but we are popularly supposed to be completely mystified as to the cause, and conscious only of the effect.

Nowadays, that's nonsense. As a matter of fact it always has been nonsense, but there has been a certain reticence about it, a kind of Victorian diffidence about letting it be known that we have seen through women's schemes for enslaving us.

Today, however, a woman doesn't assist and augment her beauty merely for the purpose of hoodwinking the not-so-wily male. She does it for her own satisfaction.

I am not going to be drawn into the age-old discussion of the question "Does a woman dress to please her husband, her lover, her rival, or herself?"

But I declare that women in general now put on their make-up to please themselves, pleasantly conscious of the fact that by so doing they are pleasing humanity—and if they do happen to please some particular man, well, so much the better.

If we take the trouble to examine the essential truth we find that the reason men like a woman to have a fine skin, a good colour, lustrous hair, is that these things are a sign of health.

A man wants a healthy, vital mate, just as a woman does; in fact, more so, for there are some women who are attracted to ailing men in order to have the maternal satisfaction of nursing and fussing over them; but you very seldom find a man attracted to a girl because she looks "seedy!"

Now! When we lived under more natural conditions it was easy enough for a woman to keep her natural glow of health. Fresh air, sunlight, a full measure of outdoor exercise—these combined to provide the

"... beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Under modern "civilized" conditions, when a girl or a woman spends long hours over a desk or a sink, a typewriter or a counter, we can't expect her outward reaction to her inward health to be nearly so marked. She may be perfectly healthy, but it doesn't show. So, to provide that vital appearance, she must seek artificial aid.

This is where man is supposed to be completely bamboozled, the idea being that he doesn't like to see women made up.

The answer is, of course, that he doesn't like women to be *obviously*, and therefore inartistic-ally, made-up.

I think it is probably safe to say that most men like a woman to spend time and thought on making the best of her appearance. For one thing it is an implied compliment to himself, and for another it is a sign of interest in life and surroundings, of vitality, of *esprit*—which also can only consort with full health.

Every one knows the old saying that beauty is only skin-deep. Actually that is utter nonsense, because feminine beauty so often arises in a woman's inner consciousness, and imparts a kind of lovely bloom which is frequently lacking in the woman with the cold classic features and cold hard heart.

I have said that the touching-up process must be done realistically if it is to "get by"; and nowadays the aids to beauty are prepared with such consummate skill that there seems to be no excuse for an artificial appearance.

Here again men are supposed to be profoundly ignorant; but this pleasant fiction cannot long be maintained, for every man can discover by reading the magazine advertisements and by discussing with his wife or his girl-friend, just why it is that such and such a woman looks so attractive. In this latter case he will not be kept long in the dark!

What kind of women attract me? Live women, vital, *interested* women—and therefore, as a rule, women who are aware of their own attractions and wish to retain and enhance them.

Hair has long been regarded as woman's crowning glory; unfortunately, in this age of "perm," a good deal of the glory seems in many cases to have departed.

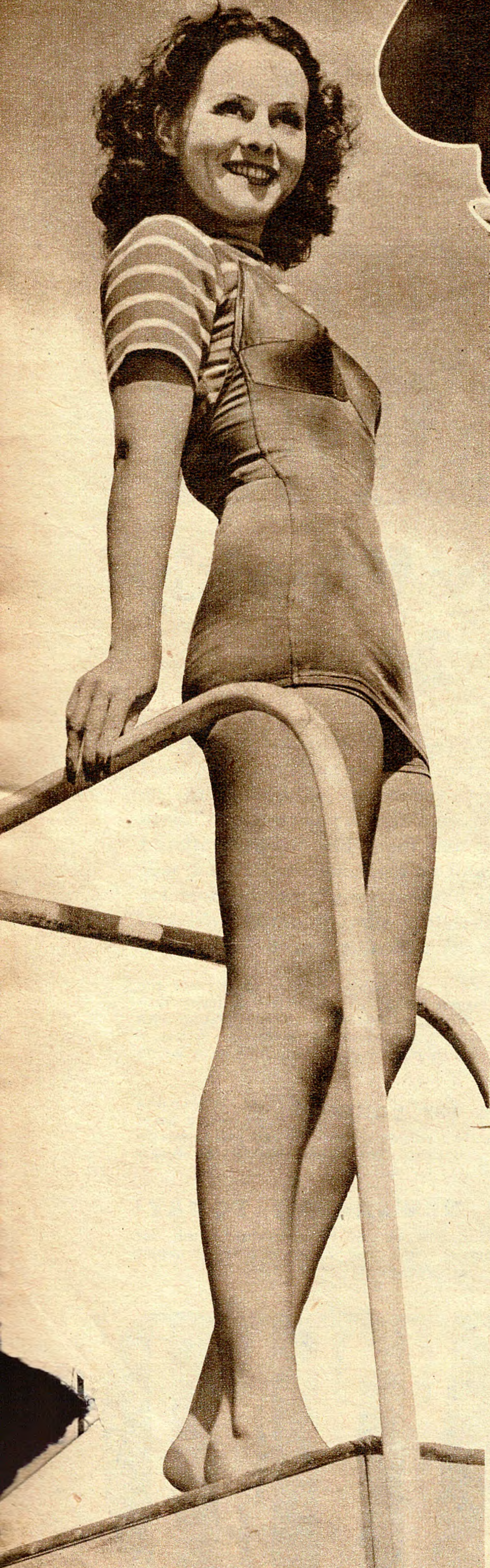
I bemoaned this to a woman friend the other day, and she explained that it was because women failed to shampoo their hair. Her own hair, though long, is beautifully "shining and free," as Rupert Brooke phrased it; and she told me this was because she used a shampoo which made her hair as easy to wash as if it were bobbed; and I suspect that its very attractive shade is due largely to the particular shampoo she uses, for I know she doesn't dye her hair.

She also told me that every now and then she uses a special shampoo which actually has a medicinal effect, but I expect you will know more about that than I do.

I've always regarded it as heroic of women to undergo several hours' torment in a machine for the sake of having their hair appear wavy; but my friend told me that "machineless perming" is the thing nowadays. So another illusion went west!

While we were about it, I asked her why it was that some women had such a smooth, natural-looking make-up, while others appeared blotchy and unnatural.

Was it, I asked, just a matter of skill? "Partly," she admitted. "Some women



Paulette Goddard is the picture of health—and in her case that means beauty, too.

WHO ATTRACT ME— *and why!*

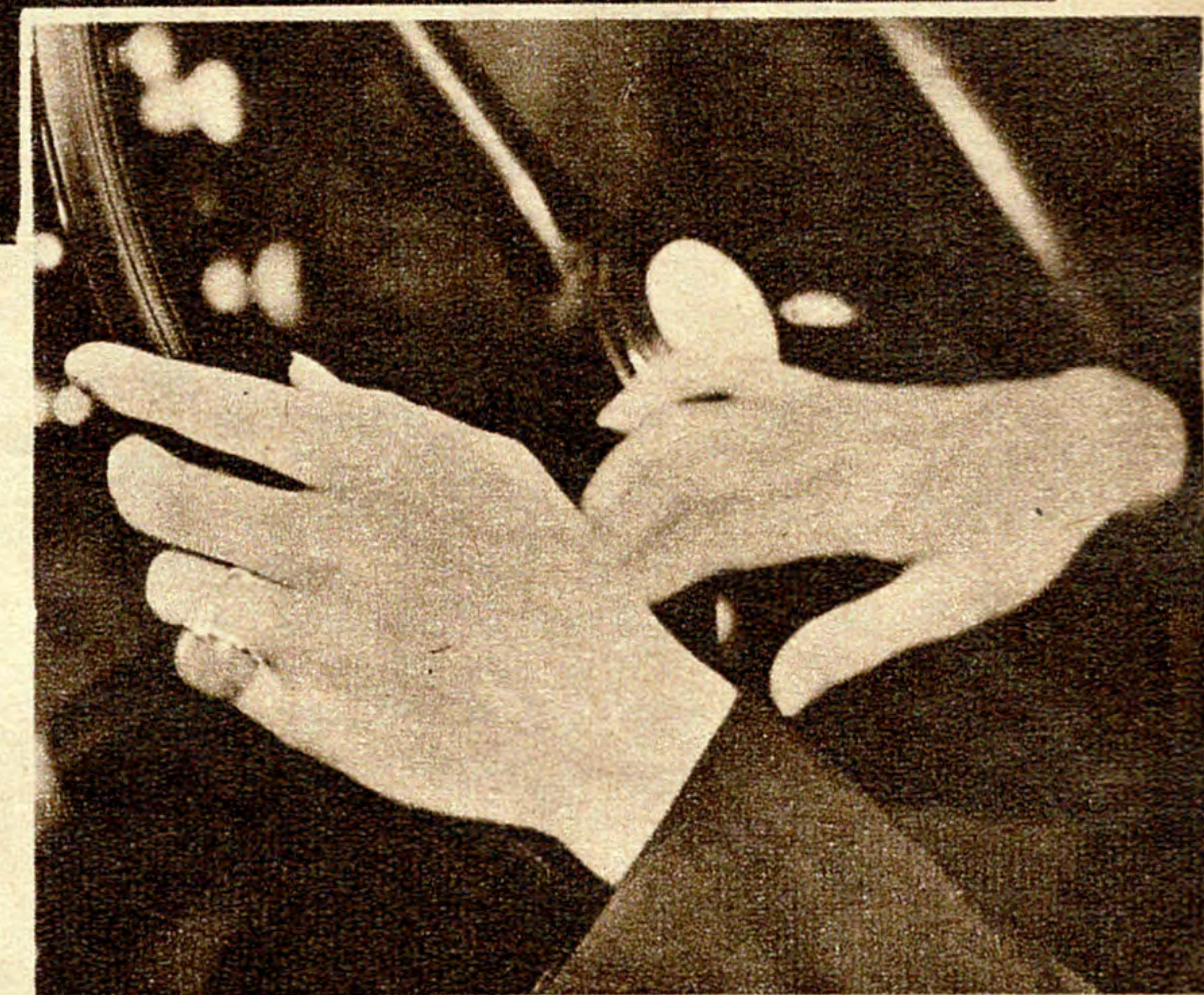


The daily care of the eyes help to make the eye-ful that is Valerie Hobson.



Two newcomers, Jacqueline Wells and Ann Morris, co-operate on their "crowning glory."

Right: Whose lovely hands are these? We'll give you fifty guesses—but her first name is Claudette.



and girls of course simply won't believe there is any art in make-up, and slap it on as if they were plastering a wall. But a great deal of the difference is due to the skin on which it is put.

"It's no use expecting make-up to conceal skin blemishes, unless it is spread on thickly, in which case it ceases to be make-up and becomes a mask."

At this point I proudly aired the phrase "cosmetic skin," hoping it was appropriate. She nodded.

"That's the trouble. So many women and girls fail to remove their old make-up completely before applying a new one, and it clogs the pores and causes all kinds of trouble."

"But don't they wash their faces?" I demanded.

She laughed outright at my ignorance.

"Perhaps, but *washing* isn't any use! You have to use a cleansing milk or cream and remove every trace of the residue. There are several excellent ones on the market, if only girls would take the trouble to find out about them—and they are so inexpensive that almost any one can afford them.

"Some of them actually restore the tissues of the skin as well, and so do double duty."

"Do these same preparations whiten the hands as well?" I asked; "I've always been particularly attracted by well-kept hands, and I think most men are."

"Oh, there are special dodges for that," my friend explained, humouring me. "I know at least one infallible one, which works overnight."

"Frightfully expensive, I expect," I suggested, for I know she is well off—or her husband is, which comes to the same thing.

"Yes," she laughed, "if you call threepence a tube expensive! And it's as good as any you can get."

"I'm beginning to think any woman can afford to look glamorous," I remarked. "But I'll tell you one thing that does rather worry me—over-glamorizing. For instance, only a couple of days ago in a restaurant I noticed a girl who was extremely pretty but whose

lipstick and rouge and eye-shadow were too conspicuous."

"Laid on too thick?" my friend suggested.

"I don't think it was that; but somehow it looked all wrong."

"And it probably was," she observed, "because far too few women realize the importance of a make-up that *suits* them—their general style, hair shade, and so on. Nowadays there is such a wide range of shades, that no one need wear the wrong one—and experts are always willing to advise free of charge.

"Another important thing," she added, "which would probably hit you in the eye, though you might not recognize the cause, is imperfectly *matched* make-up—lipstick, rouge and finger-nails. Nowadays at least two well-known cosmetic firms specialize in make-up that harmonizes."

"Speaking of finger-nails," I remarked, "how long are we condemned to crimson talons?"

"Not any more," she smiled. "In fact, one of the most popular tints of the season is called 'cameo-pink,' and it suggests a reversion to 'naturalness' in make-up."

"Which I shall be very glad to see," I remarked. "I know one woman who has recently reverted to an absolutely natural make-up, and it's increased her appeal a hundred per cent. Unfortunately she's grown so plump lately that the appeal is almost offset by the curves!"

"I know," said my friend sympathetically. "Most of us have to cope with her problem sooner or later. She probably doesn't realize

that nowadays you can shed your surplus fat easily, pleasantly, and safely in your own bathroom, without either violent effort or expense. Somebody ought to tell her."

There is one other thing that appeals to me about some women, which we didn't discuss, and that is perfume.

I like a woman to have a faint but unmistakable and *personal* perfume, which almost seems part of her, and should express her personality. One glamorous actress I know, for instance, always suggests orchids; a Society woman who is very popular with both her friends and her family uses a well-known brand of lavender—inexpensive but good. Cheap scents, of course, are an offence.

I'm glad to have had that talk with my friend. I feel now that I not only know which women attract me—I have a pretty good idea why!

(We cannot expect Conrad Veidt to know particulars of the preparations he has been discussing; but if you are in any doubt, or want any advice, write to "Anne." See p. 42.)



Youth is Having It's FLING

by LIONEL BARRYMORE

Lionel Barrymore may be a veteran of stage and screen, but there is nothing of crabbed old age about his views on the younger generation.

Lionel Barrymore as the philosophic Grandpa Vanderhof in "You Can't Take It With You." He's a philosopher in real life, too.

"That's a pretty grand set-up for the acting youth of the world to face, isn't it?"

Barrymore lit a cigarette and whirled himself around in a wheel chair. He plays

his entire role in *Young Dr. Kildare* in a wheel chair, not because he cannot get around, but because the part calls for it.

"And, another thing," he growled. "When they cast aspersions on Hollywood art I'd like to wring their necks! With men like Frank Capra and George Cukor and pictures like *The Good Earth*, *Marie Antoinette* and *You Can't Take It With You*, where do they come off to scoff at Hollywood?"

"But, that's another story. What I want to get over is the opportunity that Hollywood offers the youngsters. There's plenty of evidence to support the facts.

"Look at Dennis O'Keefe. As Bud Flanagan he was an extra a year ago. One picture, *The Bad Man of Brimstone*, and his name is up in lights. Robert Taylor is a college boy one day, he plays in just one feature, *Society Doctor*, and look at him now!

"Ruth Hussey pops out of nowhere and plays feminine lead in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*. This young fellow John Garfield dabbles around with the Group Theatre in New York and nobody this side of Hoboken ever heard of him. He comes out here, plays a bit in *Four Daughters* and now he's a star in *They Made Me a Criminal*.

"Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan are others. Lynne Carver is under contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a short time and she's playing the lead in this picture, *Young Dr. Kildare*.

"As far as the real youngsters are concerned, they leave me tongue-tied. Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland they're tremendous. There's far more acting talent in kids to the square inch today than there was to the acre when I started."

Barrymore laughed at the idea that the passing of the stock company had narrowed the source of dramatic talent.

The star with Florence Rice and Lew Ayres in "Young Dr. Kildare."

"Rubbish," he exclaimed. "Little Theatres have outnumbered stock companies three to one or more and they're good solid schools for actors. The colleges, too, are developing actors.

"Take young Jo Ann Sayers in *Young Dr. Kildare*, for instance. She was seen in one play at the University of Washington and signed by M-G-M.

"In her very first picture she plays the second feminine lead. Our grandfathers would have considered this lunacy, but Hollywood doesn't and Hollywood is right. As for the little tots, well, I guess they are just natural born mummies."

As if his dissertation might lead to the belief that acting careers are sinecures, Barrymore hastened to correct it.

"One thing remains as it always was—the public," said Lionel. "The public still makes its own stars and Hollywood can break them even more quickly by bad handling.

"There was no career in Hollywood more promising than that of Lew Ayres, who is playing in *Young Dr. Kildare*. Six months after he signed his first contract, he played the juvenile lead with Garbo in *The Kiss*. Four months later he made screen history in *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

"For four or five years he did fairly well in spite of thoughtless casting. Finally, he all but dropped out of the picture and turned to directing.

"One good part in *Holiday* and he was in the limelight again! Another in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*, and he's back on top. That lull in Ayres' career wasn't his fault, it was Hollywood's. He's just as good an actor now as he ever was.

"The talent is here as is the opportunity, greater than ever. The public will make these boys and girls stars overnight, but it is up to Hollywood to keep them there."

NEVER in the history of the entertainment world has there been greater opportunity for youthful actors to carve a name for themselves, nor so many talented youngsters to take advantage of it."

Such is the encouraging observation of Lionel Barrymore, who lends authority to his statement with fifty-five years in the theatre, twenty-three of them associated with motion pictures. Lionel began his own career at the age of five and, therefore, is entitled to his consuming interest in youth.

Playing in *Young Dr. Kildare*, Barrymore was found in a mood for happy comparisons.

"Motion pictures have made acting a mountain out of a molehill," said Lionel.

"A man is an extra today and a star tomorrow. They are so far-reaching and interest in them is so great that an unknown becomes an international figure by a mere wave of a wand and one good picture.

"That never was possible on the spoken stage. A star became a star by long application and hard work. Then he or she made a hit on Broadway and the play ran a season.

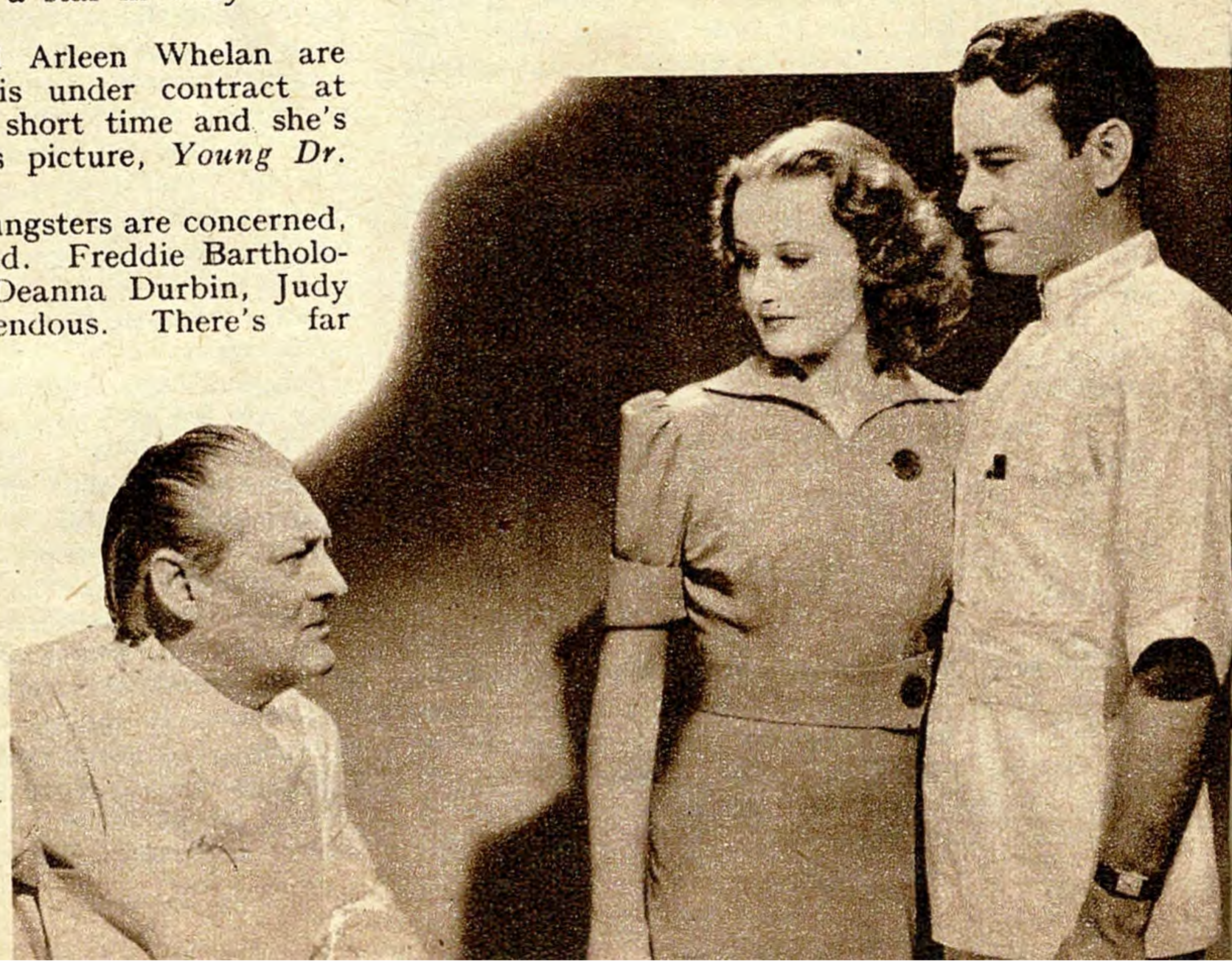
"New York knew him and acclaimed him, but what of the rest of the world? What, even, of the rest of the country?"

"He just didn't exist and continued this state of non-existence until he had time for a few seasons of road tours during which he gradually crept into the consciousness of the frontiersmen.

"Today Hollywood releases a picture and within a week every man, woman and infant from Arkansas, to the remotest corners of the United States and Canada, is acclaiming a new star. In less than a month his name is a by-word from London to the Fiji Islands.

"Add to that the fact that Hollywood makes approximately seven hundred pictures a year as compared with a scant one hundred plays produced on Broadway.

"Some of them, admittedly, would be better left unmade, but there are a lot of plays that wind up in Cain's warehouse. The percentage of mortalities among plays, I believe, is much greater than motion pictures.





MICKEY ROONEY. As he appears in the title role of *Huckleberry Finn*.

DRESS the STARS!

by RENE HUBERT

The famous designer, who has helped to glamorize some of the world's most beautiful women; reveals some amusing secret history of the Hollywood and London film worlds.



Rene Hubert designed this striking white chiffon evening gown, embroidered with sequins, diamonds and pearls, for Merle Oberon. The coat is of white fox.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich first came to Hollywood she was dying to meet Greta Garbo.

"I think she is wonderful, Rene!" breathed Marlene.

"Don't you?"

I agreed.

"Oh, if only I could meet her—just once?" Marlene cried, wistfully. "Rene," she put out a pleading hand, rested it upon my arm and looked up into my face with those wide, blue eyes of hers, "couldn't you—won't you—introduce me?"

I looked dubious. "I will ask Greta if she will meet you," I told Marlene, "but don't be disappointed if I fail to persuade her to do so!"

A few hours later I went to discuss clothes matters with the Garbo. Instead, I found myself discussing Marlene Dietrich. It was Greta, herself, who first mentioned Marlene.

"Rene, I tank she is vonderful!" Greta exclaimed, huskily.

Where had I heard those words before? It was with difficulty that I kept my face straight, as I assented solemnly.

"You know," the Garbo continued, "she vill become a great star!" She swung round to me. "Rene, you know her? Tell me what she is *really* like—tell me all about her."

I told the Garbo, just as I had told Marlene everything about Greta; the clothes she liked, the food she ate, the books she read, the kind of person she was away from the movie-cameras. I told the Garbo all I knew. And when I had finished, I said: "Wouldn't you like to meet her, Greta?"

But Greta shook her head: "No," she said, forthrightly, "I vill not meet her, Rene, but tell her—from me—I tank she is vonderful."

So I returned to Marlene and gave her Garbo's answer. "But," I concluded, tempering the blow, "Greta thinks you are wonderful, and that you will become a great star."

Marlene's lovely face lit up. "She *did*? She said *that*?" she cried happily. "Oh, Rene,

I *must* meet her—more than ever now—to thank her. Won't you please ask her again?"

I tell you, the diplomatist has nothing on the screen dress designer, who lives and moves among the world's loveliest women.

To disappoint Marlene? No, that was out of the question. To offend Greta by asking her to meet Marlene again, that was not to be thought of? So what?

Summoned to Greta Garbo's dressing-room a day or two later, I found the star lying flat on her back on the floor, completely relaxed, as is her custom between "shots," and listening enraptured to a gramophone record of Marlene singing a song from the film *The Blue Angel*.

"Rene, isn't she vonderful?" Garbo whispered. "I could listen to her for hours, my friend!"

I took the bull by the horns. "Why not—in person?" I asked her.

Rising with feline grace, Garbo shook her head from side to side. "No, no, no, I vill not meet her. I *vill* not!" she flared suddenly. "But"—and she laughed in quite as sudden good-humour—"I still tank she is vonderful! She vill go far."

And so—alas—I was forced to return to Marlene and to report failure for the second time.

Early one morning, months later, the bedside telephone roused me. It was Marlene calling. Her husky voice was vibrant with excitement and anticipation.

"Rene," she cried, "I shall meet Greta Garbo—*tonight*!"

"You *vill*?" I gasped, incredulously, suddenly wide awake. "How? Where?"

"She is to visit the 'Trocadero' this evening. I shall be there."

"Are you sure?" I exclaimed.

You see, I knew Hollywood rumours too well. So often where Greta Garbo was concerned they had proved to be unfounded in the past. However, it might be, I told myself, that, for once, Greta was to appear in public.

"Yes, I am sure, Rene," Marlene concluded, and rang off.

The news spread like wildfire. All Hollywood knew that Marlene Dietrich wanted to meet Greta Garbo. All knew that the Garbo had refused to reciprocate. All Hollywood had watched with eager interest the startling

success of the newcomer, and saw in her one who would undoubtedly be the Garbo's greatest rival, and might possibly even supplant her in due time.

All Hollywood was agog at the prospect of this meeting between these two at the Trocadero Restaurant, the famous and fashionable rendezvous of the stars.

I, too, wondered what would happen if Garbo appeared? Would the two stars meet? And, if they did, how would they react? What would they say to each other? Or would rumour once more be proved wrong? Would the whole thing be a flop? Would Greta stay away?

When I arrived, I found the place packed. With notable exceptions, every table was taken. Everywhere there was but a single topic of conversation. Every eye followed Marlene as the *maitre d'hotel* ushered her to a floor-side table. Only one table remained unoccupied; that next to Marlene; reserved for the Garbo.

The tension after Marlene's arrival was terrific. I have never known anything like it. From Marlene, looking more lovely than ever and simulating an outward composure which—inwardly she certainly could not have felt—eyes strayed to the door, searching for a first glimpse of the Garbo.

Slowly the minutes ticked away. Time passed and still Greta did not appear. People began to stare at each other questioningly. Disappointment was



Ursula Jeans wears this Hubert "spectator" coat (right) in "Over the Moon." It is of black and grey striped tweed and a novel touch is added by leather numbers instead of buttons.



Above: Merle Oberon in an original frock designed by Rene Hubert. The monkey fur at waist and the monkey fur bag add a distinctive note.



Here is the author of this article putting the finishing touches to Ursula Jeans's dress before she goes on the set.

written upon every face. Wasn't Greta coming after all, they speculated?

The band had stopped, the floor had cleared. Suddenly, the buzz of voices died—mine among them. The silence which followed was like the humid stillness which presages a storm.

Every eye was fastened upon the slender, exquisitely gowned figure of the Garbo, following the *maitre d'hotel* between the crowded tables to the very next one to Marlene.

For the *maitre d'hotel* it was a triumph of stage management. He could not have created a more dramatic effect had he been Hollywood's ace director. It was like the big sequence of some celluloid epic starring both actresses, and we watchers were the supers in the scene.

For he so arranged it that Garbo was seated within three feet of Marlene—but with her back to her.

When Greta first arrived she did not see Marlene. Soon, as I learnt afterwards, she realized the truth, the presence and proximity of the other. What would happen? I wondered. Should I interfere, effect the introduction? Diplomacy dictated discretion.

There those two sat—back to back—within feet—the cynosure of all eyes—and neither dared to turn round and speak.

Marlene danced. Garbo did not. After about three quarters of an hour Garbo left. Neither star had exchanged a word nor even a smile. So ended one of the most dramatic Hollywood moments I remember.

Will there ever be a star comparable in glamour, I wonder, with Gloria Swanson—queen of the silents? What a woman she was, and still is, for that matter! Who but Gloria would have had my sketches collated in albums and filed in a dress library?

When Gloria awoke in the morning and could not make up her mind what to wear, she would give the maid the numbers of half a dozen of these books.

While breakfasting in bed at her leisure she would look through them. Then, having chosen one album, she would hand it to the girl who would assemble the complete outfit as pictured; undies, dress, hat, gloves, stockings, shoes and bag to match, ready for the star to wear.

I never once fitted Gloria for a dress. I had a girl—a "stand-in" you would call her today—who was the star's exact measurements. I used to model the dress on her. All Gloria did was to telephone me, explain what she wanted, and wait for the creation or creations to arrive.

What an idol Gloria was in America in her hey-day. All the men adored her. All the

women worshipped, envied and copied her. Wherever she went she was treated like a queen—even though she was only a movie queen!

There was a clause in her contract which stated that she must dress like Gloria Swanson *but no one else*, and for this purpose she was given a substantial dress allowance by her screen employers.

I shan't easily forget the occasion some years ago when short skirts were the vogue, and I designed a dress for Gloria with a long skirt. When Gloria wore it at a New York show, the women in the audience—in their curiosity—actually mobbed her. Three months later it was the fashion.

When Gloria visited Europe it was her custom to overhaul her enormous wardrobe. On one occasion I arrived from New York with Gloria, who had brought with her trunks and trunks of clothes, besides boxes and boxes and boxes of hats. Each trunk was numbered and the contents catalogued. Even so, the maid was nearly driven crazy.

After forty-eight hours in Paris, Gloria realized that her clothes were too American and that, to the Parisian, she appeared over-dressed.

"Rene," she telephoned me, at my hotel, "I have to go to a fashionable garden-party this afternoon, and I have simply *nothing* to wear. You must come with me and help me buy a dress!"

I could not help laughing—remembering all those trunks and boxes. We visited Lafayettes and bought a dress quite cheaply. The entire outfit—hat, shoes, dress and undies—cost about seven hundred francs, and Gloria attended the function happily enough.

Afterwards, she commenced to buy Paris models by the dozen to take back with her to America. And when we sailed for New York, the number of trunks and hat-boxes was doubled. There were, you see, all the star's new outfits, and all the old ones. In New York, we hired a hotel room, I arranged that racks of hangers should be installed, and all the American models were hung. Then, two girls arrived to put them on, and Gloria, her husband and myself, simply sat and screamed with laughter.

"Oh, Rene," gasped Gloria, nearly in hysterics, "did I *really* wear those dreadful things?"—so terrible did they appear by comparison with the new Parisian creations.

Next day the whole lot were sold!

Once, I accompanied Gloria and her husband, the Marquis de Falaise, who was and is a very good friend of mine, down the Ohio River on location.

We made our headquarters in a small, riverside township. When we arrived the entire population had gathered at the station to welcome us. Banners and flags were out. The town band was there to serenade the star and lead the triumphant procession to the house of the local doctor, which had been placed at Gloria's disposal.

When the butler announced dinner that evening, I thought he looked rather nervous, but I did not then understand the reason for the furtive glances he directed towards the door.

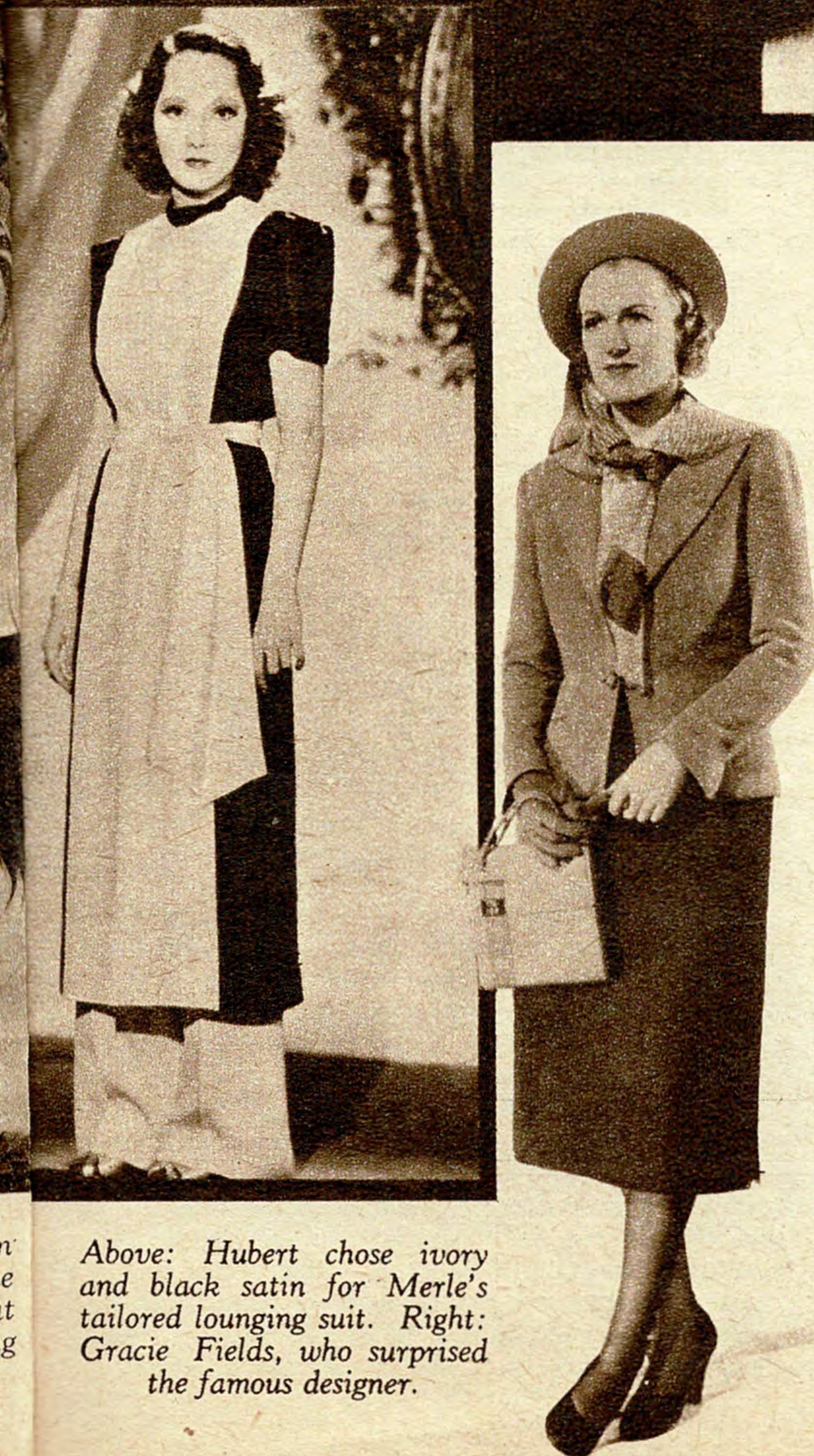
There were ten of us dining altogether, including the director, assistant directors and other officials and members of the cast. The meal consisted of eight courses; each of which was served by a different maid.

When the first appeared—a pretty little thing, wearing a very short, black, silk dress, black, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes and frilly white cap and apron, and looking rather like the heroine of a George Edwardes musical comedy, both the marquis and I were, I remember, agreeably diverted—momentarily, at least—from the *hors d'oeuvres*.

When the next, equally pretty girl appeared to serve the soup, we agreed that the standard of local beauty was decidedly high. When the third girl—a bewitching blonde—arrived with the fish, we had passed the nudging stage. And we wickedly winked at each other, when Gloria wasn't looking, as the fourth young lovely trooped in with the entree.

When the fifth glamour girl arrived with the joint, Gloria leant across to me and hissed: "Where are they all coming from?"

(Continued on page 10)



Above: Hubert chose ivory and black satin for Merle's tailored lounging suit. Right: Gracie Fields, who surprised the famous designer.

Below: Ursula Jeans wears this attractive skiing suit in "Over the Moon." The trousers and scarf are in black, while the jacket is yellow embroidered in several colours.

French the previous evening during dinner.

Those two damsels, at least, must have understood every word. What must they have thought? My blood ran cold. Yet, instead of blushing for shame, instead of showing anger, they had not turned a hair. Was it possible, I wondered, that they had enjoyed our conversation? And, if so, how funny to listen to Gloria trying to make out that such innocent little creatures should not be allowed to associate with herself.

It was altogether too much! Swallowing hard, we excused ourselves and hastened from the room. Safely outside we burst into roars of laughter.

How glad and relieved we were, though, to hear a little later that Gloria, by appealing to her hostess's romantic instincts, by explaining that, while she, Gloria, was here to do a certain amount of screen work, the trip was for her in the nature of a second honeymoon, as she and the marquis had not long been married, and they, therefore, wanted a reasonable amount of privacy, had managed to speed the girls' departure.

Neither of us would have had the courage—knowing the truth—to face another meal in the company of those cuties!

If Gloria had expected thereafter to be left in peace she was quickly disillusioned. That very night she and the marquis retired to bed rather early. But, ere long, a chorus of voices uplifted on the lawn to the accompaniment of a tinkling piano, brought Gloria to the window in a fury.

Local admirers had wheeled a piano on to the grass beneath her bedroom window and were serenading

her with Southern love songs.

How well-meant but how unwelcome it was you can easily imagine. As the marquis told me the following morning, it was the funniest sight; Gloria nodding and smiling and blowing kisses—a modern Juliet—from the window to her assembled Romeos, and simultaneously simmering within and hissing the most unladylike oaths beneath her breath.

With the utmost self-control Gloria talked to them and persuaded them to depart. "But after they had gone, Rene, you should have heard what she said!" chuckled Falaise. "The air, my friend, was blue!"

How different to dress Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon and then—Gracie Fields!

How strange, for example, to meet a woman for the first time in my life who approved a hat I had created—without even trying it on first to see if it suited her!

When I produced the hat, Gracie took it from me, held it at arm's length, eyed it for a second, and then said: "Yes, that's okay!"

"But," I murmured, in surprise, as Gracie was about to hand it back, "aren't you going to see how it looks on?"

"Oh, all right," laughed Gracie, and carelessly crammed it on top of her head, stared at her reflection in the mirror, nodded and repeated: "Yes, that's okay, lad!"—before I had time to suggest or make any kind of alteration, adjustment or improvement to the model.

Any other star, while I was making final adjustments to a lovely new gown would, at least, have shown some interest.

Instead, Gracie, her mind miles away, was telling me about her villa in Capri.

All the same, Gracie does not miss much. For example, I designed a dress in which she was to appear in a church sequence.

Instead of the customary okay: "But it hasn't any sleeves," Gracie remarked. "I don't think people would like to see the heroine in church wearing a sleeveless dress."

Then she paused, before adding thoughtfully: "I'm not so sure that I would feel comfortable going to church in a sleeveless frock, either."

being spied upon—yes, spied on—that is what it amounts to. I won't have it. They've got to go!"

"What a pity!" I sighed, backing up the marquis out of sheer devilment. "After all—as your hostess said—those poor young things have gone to all the trouble of making their own frocks specially for the occasion. It seems——"

"I don't care!" Gloria interrupted. "I must have some privacy. They must go!"

"Well, my dear, you certainly can't throw them out!" exclaimed Falaise, giving me another sidelong wink. "Strictly speaking, I suppose, you are their guest. We are the guests of the whole town. You can't possibly sack your hosts or hostesses!"

"All right—but what am I to do?" Gloria moaned.

Eventually, she telephoned the doctor's wife again and asked the good lady to come and see her the following day.

When our hostess arrived Gloria patiently explained that while she was terribly grateful and flattered by the services of those eight charmers, she was—after all—only an actress, and she felt that her house was scarcely the proper place, the correct environment, for well-bred young girls of good family.

"It would be different if they had travelled—were more experienced and worldly," said Gloria, sweetly, while we stood silently in the background trying to appear suitably solemn. "But having led sheltered lives in your dear little town, I really feel——"

"Oh, but they'll be so disappointed if they aren't allowed to continue, Miss Swanson!" gushed the visitor. "And, as a matter of fact, most of them have travelled, you know. They are not so unworldly as you appear to think. Why, two of them have only just returned from Europe where they have been studying for two years. They both speak French beautifully!"

That final sentence was a bombshell to the marquis and I. I dared not look at him, nor he at me. But both of our minds had but a single thought. We were remembering those awful things we had said about the girls in

Above: Here's Merle Oberon in another smart Hubert creation. Her ski-ing suit is made of green corduroy velvet, with lapels and belt in dark green felt.

Left: Ursula's attractive chemise dress is of thin black Angora draped at the waist with black satin and basque of silver fox.

We did not know, and we did not care, so long as they continued to enter.

By the time the eighth charmer had arrived and our mutual wants were being satisfied by a bevy of beauty, the marquis and I were nearly in hysterics.

We discussed *les girls* possibilities and pulchritude in French—by joke, wisecrack and innuendo—in a way in which, I fear, the vicar would not have approved.

If only, I thought, the poor girls understood what we were saying they would

surely die of shame. It was just as well—to spare their blushes—that we had taken the precaution of speaking in a foreign tongue.

After dinner Gloria was nearly frantic. She telephoned the doctor's wife—our hostess—and learned that the girls were not professional maidservants at all, but the alluring daughters of local well-to-do families, who were the star's enthusiastic and adoring fans. They had volunteered to wait upon Gloria during her stay.

Turning to us, as she replaced the receiver, Gloria exclaimed: "Those girls must go! I cannot have them in the house! I won't!"

"But why not, my dear?" inquired Falaise, with a quiet wink in my direction.

"Because—well—because, it is impossible!" Gloria cried, desperately. "Don't you see? Everything I do, everything I say will be broadcast all over the town in no time. I can't stand





GLEND A FARRELL. Star of the *Torchy Blane* Series

ALL THE GOSSIP

LOVE-MAKING
to MUSIC

- Bette Revives a Custom
- Chaplin on New Film
- Last of Rogers Astaire?
- Extras Star in Own Picture

would consent to play the role) has been overcome.

Herr Hitler, according to the present plan, will play himself. The film is about Nazi spy activities in America, with Edward G. Robinson as the G-Man who exposes them. Newsreel shots will be thrown on a process screen, with characters of the picture in the foreground to give the illusion of proximity.

Now Hollywood is wondering if it should invite *Der Fuehrer* to pay dues to the Screen Actors' Guild.

Astaire's World Tour

● Latest developments tend to confirm the prediction I made here last week that *The Castles* may be the last of the Rogers-Astaire films.

Ginger remains at the studio, but, with his contract up, Fred Astaire is going on a world tour.

The main trouble, as is usually the case, is the question of money.

Each of the stars receives £30,000 a picture and the studio feels that it is impossible to increase this amount, while the stars are holding out for a "rise."

Personally, I shouldn't be surprised if Fred does a picture in England, opposite one of our most famous song-and-dance stars.

£200 Picture

● Every now and again someone hobs up with film that has been made in odd moments and at practically no cost. Von Sternberg, for instance, did it with *Salvation Hunters* and jumped into the ranks of the major directors.

Now Patrick Michael Cunning, one-time leading man for Madge Bellamy and Olive Borden and now an extra, has brought forth *Stars of Tomorrow*, which was written, photographed, directed and produced by film extras at a cost of £200.

When it was previewed the other night the tickets bore the inscription "It was made for pennies, but it can't be worse than *Parnell*."

Cunning got the idea of making the picture as a show case for the talents of extras, two years ago. Six months later he has assembled enough money and talent to start.

All shooting was done on Sundays on the estate of a wealthy sympathizer.

BETTE DAVIS is reviving the good, old-fashioned silent screen custom of having incidental music on her sets.

She had an orchestra to "put her in the mood" for her love scenes with Errol Flynn in *The Sisters* (oh! Mr. Flynn) and announces that she intends to have music in all her future productions. Nearly all the stars of the silent era had "mood music" either between or during their scenes. Of them only Norma Shearer has kept a small orchestra on her sets since the coming of sound.

Ginger Rogers and Constance Bennett want music when they work and provide their own with gramophone records in their dressing rooms. So does Joan Crawford.

There are several others who have managed to "sneak" music on to the sets for their inspiration, but Bette is the first of the younger stars to demand that the studio provide it. She was quite modest about it, however; she asked only for a piano player.

The Two Chaplins

● Sydney Chaplin is back in Hollywood to co-direct and assist in the production of brother Charlie's new film, *The Dictator*.

Syd was a fair film comedian and might have done very well had he not been so completely over-shadowed by the genius of the family.

He is, however, a shrewd business man and

Young and beautiful. Latest candidate for Hollywood's Loveliest Legs Title is Phyllis Clark.

for the past few years he has been acting as his brother's European representative.

It was Syd who negotiated Charlie's first big-money contract and secured for him ten times what the comedian would have asked himself.

Charlie Chaplin didn't realize his value in those days. He couldn't believe his good fortune, though the contract called for something like £25,000 a year. "I think," he told Syd, "I'll go and buy myself a whole dozen neckties."

Chaplin has announced March 15 as the date for the start of filming on *The Dictator* and he hopes that it will be ready for release in the early autumn.

"The story," he says, "is naturally concerned with dictators, but its primary purpose is to make people laugh. The political situation as it applies to this type of ruler makes an exceptional vehicle for comedy.

"People with an over-abundance of dignity and an over-supply of power have always in the end been targets for laughter."

Hitler in Film

● In the meanwhile I hear that the difficulty over the casting of Hitler in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (no actor could be found who

Necessary chairs were borrowed from an undertaker, while a friendly restaurant owner lent them tables "provided they got them back in time for dinner."

The group hired a second-hand camera, in which were used scraps of film which interested cameramen saved for them. A toy car belonging to one of the Cunning children was used as a "dolly" and sheets from the Cunning household served as reflectors.

Among those in the cast are Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Erich Von Stroheim, Jr., Bryant Washburn, Jr. and Wallace Reid, Jr.

Movie Butlers Hate Butlers

● To settle a problem that seems to intrigue readers: movie butlers all dislike the idea of butlers in their own homes.

Ernest Cossart, Arthur Treacher and Eric Blore, most famous of all the screen butlers, are in perfect accord on this subject. They do not have butlers of their own, and moreover they wouldn't let a butler in their houses under any consideration.

Cossart, for one, used to have a sort of valet and man-of-all-work, but he even let him go. So it seems that the gentlemen's gentlemen of Hollywood have no gentlemen themselves.

It would, of course, be very amusing if these cinema door-openers had their own butlers, and if the latter strongly disapproved of the screen technique of their masters.

"I think that Mr. Cossart's portrayal of butlers . . . er, ah, smells," Mr. Cossart's butler might say. "He doesn't conduct himself at all as a butler should. Too many wisecracks and entirely too much mugging."

Like Cossart, butlers Blore and Treacher maintain modest establishments, where butlers would more or less be out of place, anyway. But this possibly may be the very reason why they have modest homes. It's a good excuse not to have a butler prowling around, going to the movies and seeing the boss play a butler, and then sneering at him behind his back at the dinner table. No thanks, say Hollywood's movie butlers.

Right Man, Wrong Film

● John Carradine is one of the screen's busiest villains. He often works in as many as three pictures simultaneously and keeps his dates with movie companies in a small notebook so that he can keep his hectic schedule straight.

In three years, he has never got an appointment mixed.

A few days ago, though, he reported promptly at nine o'clock on Stage 6 at Twentieth Century-Fox, as per instructions from the casting office.

Director Allan Dwan spotted him from a distance and shouted that the company was ready to shoot.

Carradine hurried on the set, and gasped

when he met Miles Mander dressed as Cardinal Richelieu and Gloria Stuart as Queen Anne.

"Where in the world did you get that costume?" asked Dwan.

Carradine looked nonplussed. "I guess I made a slight mistake," he said. "I thought I was to kill Jesse James today."

"No," said Dwan, "you're to kiss the cardinal's hand and choke Gloria Stuart. This is the *Three Musketeers* set."

Carradine did a quick change of clothing and expressions, and proceeded to choke the beautiful Miss Stuart.

Oh, yes. He killed Jesse James on the following day.

"HELL'S KITCHEN" TO HOLLYWOOD

"Picturegoer" Scoops Greatest Life Story

SHE was born in "Hell's Kitchen," lowliest and most notorious of New York's slums, where her father, Charley Leppert, pounded a dangerous beat as a policeman—and a good one, she will tell you proudly.

The cracked-plaster hallways of a shabby tenement building, such as has been made familiar to us in films like "Dead End," and the odorous neighbourhood alleys provided the only childhood playgrounds she ever knew.

At thirteen she got her first job in the chorus only to lose it when the producer "got wise" to her real age.

A decade later in the same New York she saw her name blazing in electric lights. Only by then the name had been changed from "Alice Leppert" to—"Alice Faye."

Her's is the most romantic Cinderella story to come out of Hollywood since the days of Clara Bow. It runs the gamut of the emotions from pathos through stark tragedy to scintillating triumph.

PICTUREGOER has secured it exclusively for its readers and the first instalment will appear next week.

Short Shots

Robert Taylor is to be co-starred with Myrna Loy in *Lucky Light*.

Jackie Cooper was having difficulty with his lines the other day. "I hear," he remarked wistfully, "that John Barrymore can read his lines from a blackboard." "Let's get going," replied his director. "This is no time for professional jealousy."

Most logical title change of the month: The sequel to *Four Daughters*, viz., from *Four Sons Meet Four Daughters* to *Four Wives*. Next number, *Four Mothers*? MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

GABLE DIVORCE SETTLEMENT

HOLLYWOOD is still speculating about the terms of the Gable divorce settlement. Mrs. Gable has finally agreed to a divorce, leaving Clark free to marry Carole Lombard, but I hear that the original £57,000 settlement has been considerably increased.

One report is that the total amount Mrs. Gable received for agreeing to a divorce is approximately £100,000, and another rumour says that Clark paid over £100,000 in addition to the initial £57,000. Mrs. Gable is a wealthy woman in her own right, so she is plentifully provided for!

As Mrs. Gable departed for Nevada to secure her divorce, which is granted after six weeks' residence, Nelson Eddy, famous movie singer, was returning with his bride, Mrs. Ann Franklin, whom he married in Nevada, more famous for divorces than it is for weddings.

Mrs. Franklin divorced Sidney Franklin, motion picture director, in April, 1935. The new Mrs. Eddy, curiously enough, is slightly older than Eddy, which is also the case with Clark Gable and his wife.

Nelson Eddy's mother approved of the romance, and accompanied the happy pair to Nevada.

For many years, actors of stage and screen have made appearances at civic affairs and have thus even enriched the coffers of various organizations that have often attacked the reputations of players.

So the Los Angeles District California Federation of Women's Clubs was very indignant when they invited a child film actor to appear at a benefit, and were told that the Screen Actors' Guild demanded fifteen per cent of the proceeds.

The ladies refused to pay and the child did not appear. The money collected amounted to one thousand dollars, but it would have been far more if the star had been present.

Cecil B. De Mille and Paramount invited four hundred writers, including myself, to view scenes of *Union Pacific*, De Mille's latest opus, which were being taken at Canoga Park, a ranch thirty miles from Hollywood.

The episode showed the historical moment when the Central Pacific Railway laying its tracks from the east, meets the Union Pacific workmen bringing the rails from the Pacific Coast, thus creating a transcontinental railroad, uniting a great nation.

De Mille was reproving his assistant directors with a caustic tongue, when a saddle horse, tethered nearby, neighed shrilly. The onlookers roared!

Was the director embarrassed? He was not. "Even the horse understands what I am saying!" he shouted through the microphone. "That is the origin of the saying, 'horse sense'!"

Ray Noble, English orchestra director, who has often appeared in the movies, recently rented a house in Beverly Hills. The couple had scarcely settled themselves in their new home when a bailiff took up his quarters with them, and soon creditors commenced to move out furniture. It developed that the man who rented Noble the house furnished had not completed paying for the fixtures.

So the Nobles have leased the former home of Lupe Velez.

Fay Wray has filed a divorce action in Los Angeles against her husband, John Monk Saunders, playwright, which, I hear, is motivated by her desire to retain custody of their two-year-old daughter, Susan Cary.

Miss Wray will forfeit a one thousand dollar bond if she does not return the child to Charlottesville, Virginia, by a certain date. If she and the child keep out of the jurisdiction of Virginia, all will be well, and possibly a California divorce will leave her with complete guardianship of the child.



Director Alexander Hall congratulates Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas on their work in "There's That Woman Again."



GRIFFITH JONES whose latest film is *Four Just Men*.

• All the GOSSIP (Continued from page 13)

E. G. COUSINS COVERS THE BRITISH STUDIOS HAVE A LITTLE PATIENCE!

ONE of these days, when I have a fortnight or so to spare, I'm going to wander right back through the PICTUREGOER files to the point when it became a weekly, in the early Spring of 1931.

Eight long crowded years I'm going to saunter through; and I'm going to check up on the number of times I've had to tell you (or maybe your fathers and mothers—my crutch, Arbuthnot!) that British production was in a very weak and ailing state.

Year after year, I seem to remember, I've broken the sad news to you that the only drums and flags attendant upon the hobbling industry was doldrums and flagging spirits.

And, unless my memory plays me false, time after time I've said: "But wait a little, my hearties! Have patience! We shall soon be through the worst, with prosperity just around the corner, blue skies in the offing," and all the rest of the recoverist claptrap.

Upsadaisy!

● And blow me, but I've been *right!* Just when things seem to be at their worst, and you'd think the poor old British film industry was never going to get up off its knees and fight again, something happens to prod it into life, and off it goes on another year's adventure.

Don't get excited, now! It hasn't happened this week, and as far as I can see from here it isn't likely to. But it's bound to happen soon. The law of averages says so, and as far as I know that law's never been repealed.

Anyway, in spite of the much-advertised fact that one or two of our most important studios (including Denham) are silent at the moment, there are activities here and there that make the present slump sound suspiciously like a minor boom.

I'll tell you about a few films that are bobbing up here and there, and you'll see what I mean.

First and foremost (since Wilcox has been consistently making history for the last year or two), Herbert Wilcox's next film will be a life of Lord Kitchener, with the astonishing title *Kitchener of Khartoum*.

Now how on earth did they think of that?

To Find Kitchener

● Herbert is going to direct it himself, I'm glad to hear; he's a good director, especially for anything historical and with great pictorial value.

And where do you think Herbert has gone now?

To Hollywood, of course.

And why has he gone to Hollywood?

To pick an actor to whom he can entrust the role of Lord Kitchener.

Don't worry, he's not even considering Tyrone Power—although we know that Ty's resemblance to every historical character is almost as uncanny as that of George Arliss's in his heyday.

No, Herbert has gone to Hollywood to engage a world-famous English actor; and if that isn't a trenchant comment on the way that British actors have made Hollywood their centre, I don't know the meaning of the word "trenchant."

Come to that, I don't suppose you do either.

War Office Helps

● Major-General Beith (Ian Hay), Director of Public Relations to the War Office, who manages to get himself in the news at least once a week with startling regularity, has arranged for the producer (who also is Herbert Wilcox) exceptional facilities for filming; and the story will be written by Sir Robert Vansittart, who did such good work on the script of *Sixty Glorious Years*.

And talking about facilities, Maurice Elvey has been given a great deal of official help and co-operation (which means the same thing) while

making *Sword of Honour*, his spectacular film about the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

A large number of actual army cadets has carried out their drill and parades for this film, on a faithful reproduction of their own parade-ground, so that they wouldn't be homesick.

Economy

● This employment of the real budding officer-boys won't please the medical students, who regard any film of this sort as their private preserve; and it will probably infuriate the Film Artistes' Association, many of whom have had military training, and could easily pick up any special evolutions.

But it will effect a great saving in time and money, and in this day and age that is a very important consideration. You know who is in this. I told you. Still, since some of you seem to have memories like sieves, I'll tell you again.

Geoffrey Toone plays "Bill Brown," one of a limited number of army cadets who are picked from the ranks and trained at Sandhurst free of charge because of their special efficiency.

Donald Gray, who has just returned from Khartoum where he has been playing in *The Four Feathers*, and who had to turn down a role in *Four Just Men* in order to play in *Sword of Honour*, is a cadet friend of Toone's. Other cadets are Patrick Parsons and Humphrey Morton.

Dorothy Dickson and Sally Gray supply the feminine interest (keep your eye on Sally; she's going a long way); Wally Patch is, as I forecast with perfect safety a week or two

This is how Hollywood has glamorized Baba Brooke, society wife of all-in wrestler Bob Gregory. Miss Brooke makes her screen bow in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man." She is being billed in America as "Princess Baba."

ago, a sergeant, or rather ex-sergeant, and others in the cast are Cyril Smith, Maire O'Neill, Gordon Begg, Bryan Coleman, and Charles Eaton.

Re-named Fish

● Kenneth Kent, who played the foreign spy in *Luck of the Navy* at Elstree (with the aforesaid Geoffrey Toone, maybe you remember), has been given the coveted role of Inspector Hanaud in the new version of *At the Villa Rose*.

Well, he can handle it all right. He's a very polished actor with a flair for foreign character studies.

One thing about the title *Chinese Fish*, which it was announced some time ago was to be made at Pinewood, was that you wouldn't be likely to forget it easily.

Well, you can jolly well forget it now, for it has been changed, thus robbing me of my mild jest about *Fish and Chips* as the staple film diet of British studios at the moment.

The new title is *Peace in Our Time*, which sounds as if it might be a biography of Lord Baldwin, but is nothing of the sort.

It is said to be inspired by the crisis of last September, and deals in spectacular, dramatic manner with the efforts of a great statesman (no, no, Mirabel, *not* Mr. Chamberlain) to preserve the peace of Europe in a time of international emergency.

That long-winded sentence isn't mine. I cribbed it from the studio publicity department.

They Duped Her

● So far the cast consists of John Loder, Valerie Hobson and Rex Harrison, with Anthony Havelock-Allan producing—a strong combination. And under the new merger it is being made at Denham, not Pinewood, which just shows you can't trust me at all.



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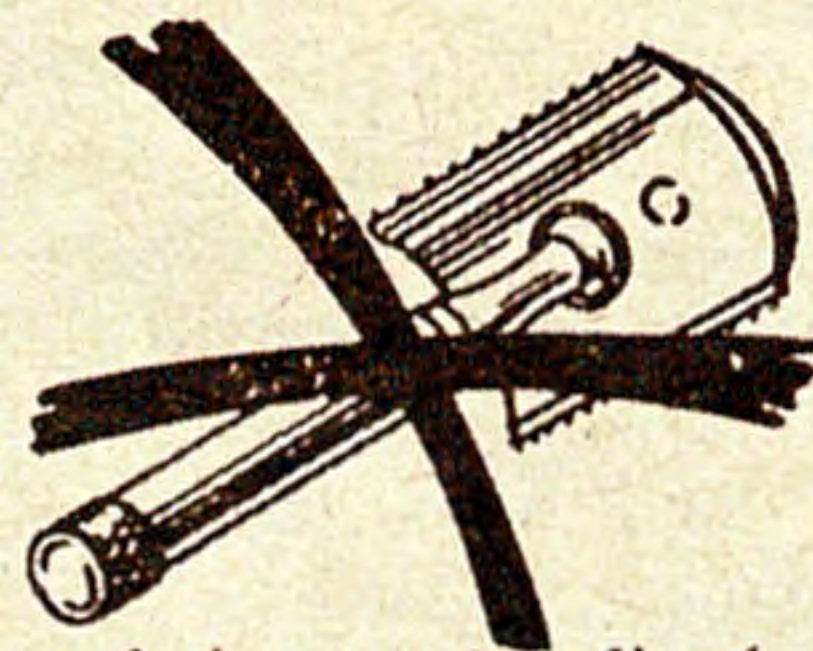
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COLOURGRAPH

Binnie Barnes, Frances Dee, Deanna Durbin (2), Errol Flynn (2), Margot Grahame, Dorothy Lamour (2), Basil Rathbone, James Stewart, Claudette Colbert, Olivia De Havilland, Tyrone Power, Norma Shearer.

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Mickey Rooney,
Cecilia Parker,
Gordon Jones and
Virginia Weidler
in "Out West
With the Hardys"

The HARDYS are HERE AGAIN

THERE is no doubt about the universality of the appeal of the Hardy family and in particular of Andy Hardy—Mickey Rooney to you. In *Out West with the Hardys*, the latest episode in the history of this typically American family, the domestic, humorous and human characterizations are particularly noteworthy and Rooney puts up a grand performance; but he does not outshine the acting of little Virginia Weidler as a tough little girl living on a ranch.

In brief outline the story shows how Judge Hardy takes his family to a ranch out West, owned by a friend of his who looks like being swindled out of his property.

During the stay Marian Hardy falls romantically in love with the ranch foreman and is disillusioned, and Andy has the conceit taken out of him by the same foreman's motherless little daughter, "Jake."

The judge is eventually able to save his friends from being swindled and also his wisdom and counsel straighten out the tangled skeins of both Marian and Andy's calf love romances.

Acting, apart from the two outstanding performances I have mentioned above, is natural and in keeping with the simple sincerity of the slight story which relies more on its detail and intimate touches than on its plot proper.

Lewis Stone is, as usual, convincing as the kindly judge and Fay Holden absolutely right as his wife.

Cecilia Parker acts well as Marian and Ann Rutherford has youthful charm as Andy's girlfriend.

If the Hardy's are always as entertaining as they are in this picture they will never overstay their welcome.

One of the best films Shirley Temple has made for some time is *Just Around the Corner*. Admittedly it has much the same main theme—that of a little girl softening the heart of a wealthy tyrant—but the plot is much better developed and more interesting than those to which we are often accustomed.

In this instance Shirley not only helps to put her father, an architect who has lost his money, on his feet but also to make a man out of a "sissy," the nephew of a rich business man who had taken the penthouse in the wealthy apartment house which had once been rented by her father.

PREVIEWS

- Out West with the Hardys
- Just Around the Corner
- Keep Smiling
- Crackerjack

Shirley is in great form and with the help of Bill Robinson, the coloured dancer puts over some excellent footwork. She also has a catchy song or two to sing but all through she puts quite a lot into her acting which improves rather than diminishes as she grows up.

Charles Farrell is efficient as the father and Amanda Duff attractive as the wealthy man's grand-daughter with whom he is in love.

Joan Davis has a tiny part as a maid but makes it stand out and Bert Lahr is very good as a chauffeur.

Other worthwhile performances are given by Franklin Pangborn as the hotel manager and Claude Gillingwater as the wealthy tyrant.

Most of the action takes place on the hotel premises and is full of good gags and well devised concerted numbers.

Gracie Fields's big following will probably not want to miss her new picture *Keep Smiling*, and will doubtless find quite a good deal to applaud but the fact remains that it is one of the weakest pictures she has made to date, and relies practically solely on her strong personal magnetism for its effect.

The story of a stranded concert party who have quarrelled with the manager and go to stop on a farm belonging to Gracie's uncle whilst trying to get a "shop" is slight and there seems to be a lack of spontaneity and freshness about the majority of the gags.

There should, for example, have been a good deal of fun elicited from Gracie milking a cow and from the presence of a bunch of concert artists in unaccustomed rural surroundings, but the most has not been made of the situation. You can get a smile now and then but it is rarely that it develops into a hearty laugh.

The party's resources are augmented by the fact that they have found a stray dog belonging to a famous pianist, Rene Sigani, for which a hundred pounds reward is offered.

With this they start touring and in spite of the attempts of their ex-manager to wreck their show they earn enough to make an offer for the lease of a new hall at a seaside resort.

Once again the ex-manager takes a hand and kidnaps the pianist who has promised to play as an added attraction—incidentally he has fallen in love with the danseuse of the troupe.

However, his dog, played by Skippy, late Asta, comes to the rescue and the show is a success.

A double wedding follows between Gracie and her conductor and Sigani and the danseuse.

Gracie Fields puts her songs over with her usual verve and Roger Livesey is pleasant as the conductor.

Mary Maguire looks attractive and Peter Coke is good as the pianist.

The rest of the cast work hard but their opportunities are not great.

Technical qualities are sound and the staging well varied.

High spots are the sinking of a house boat in which the company are holding a party and a legion of people in a hotel lounge trying to convince the manager that the dogs they have brought is the one for which the reward has been offered.

In *Crackerjack* we are presented with Tom Walls, sans moustache and plus monocle, playing the role of a modern Robin Hood. In other words robbing the wealthy to give the money to deserving institutions.

He hides his identity by posing as a man-about-town with charitable inclinations.

His work cuts across the activities of a gang of crooks who try to put an end to his career and the girl with whom he is in love, a German baroness, innocently plays into their hands and nearly sends her lover to his doom.

The story is quite an ingenious one, not wholly convincing but nevertheless entertaining. It tails off rather at the end and it suffers somewhat from the too studied nonchalance assumed by the star.

Lilli Palmer makes quite a good deal of a none too fat part.

Noel Madison is well in character as an American crook and both Leon M. Lion and Edmund Beron give sound characterizations as his social confederates.

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IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

KEEPING THAT SCHOOLGIRL FIGURE

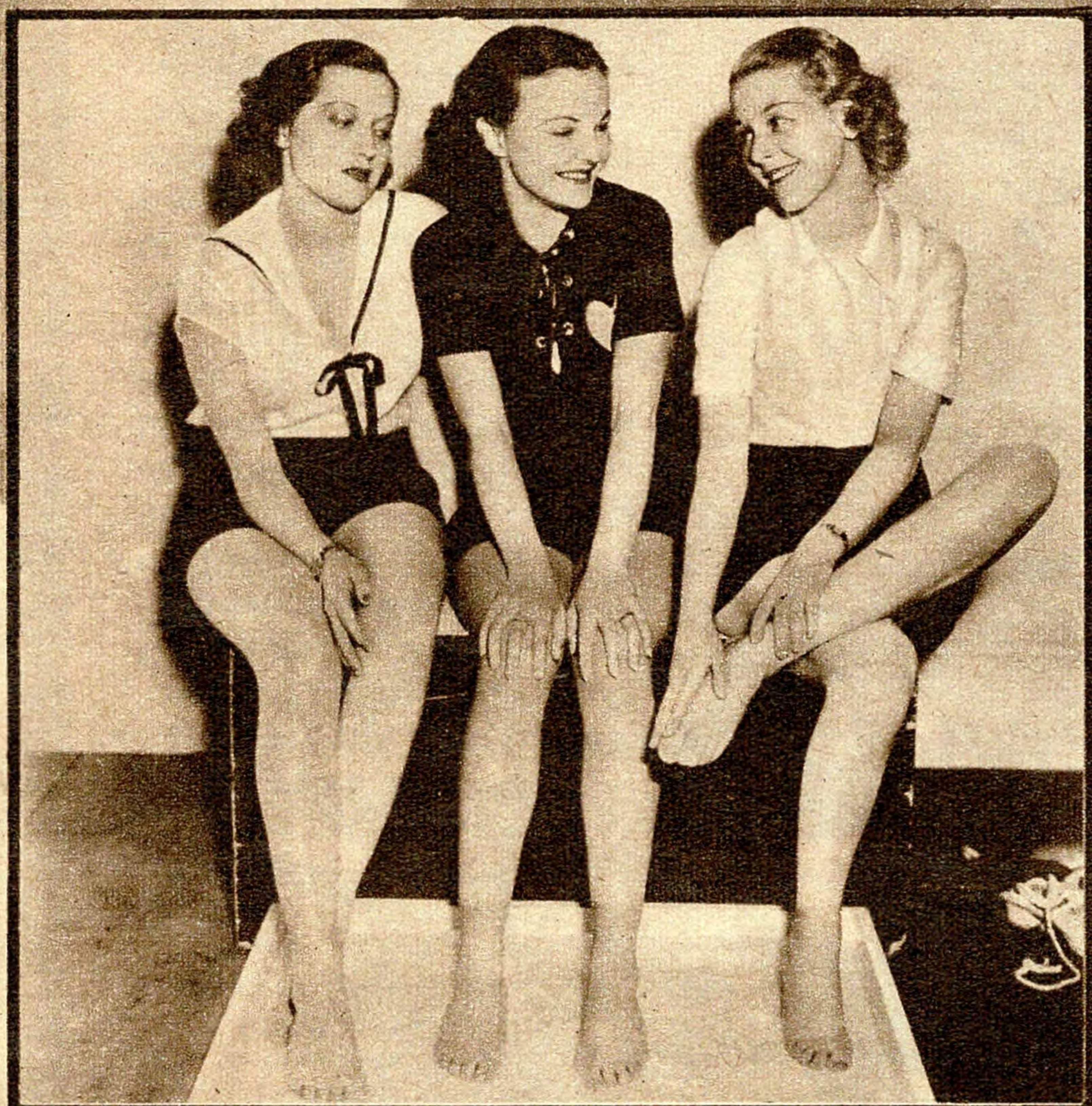


Of course, the best way is to start when that schoolgirl figure really is still a schoolgirl figure, as sixteen-year-old Bonita Granville is doing. However, it's never too late to bend and Bonita here demonstrates a series of exercises that will keep you fit and the menace of the bulging waist and hip-line at bay, while being well within the compass of most young women. If you want to wage war on weight study these pictures and get to work tomorrow morning.

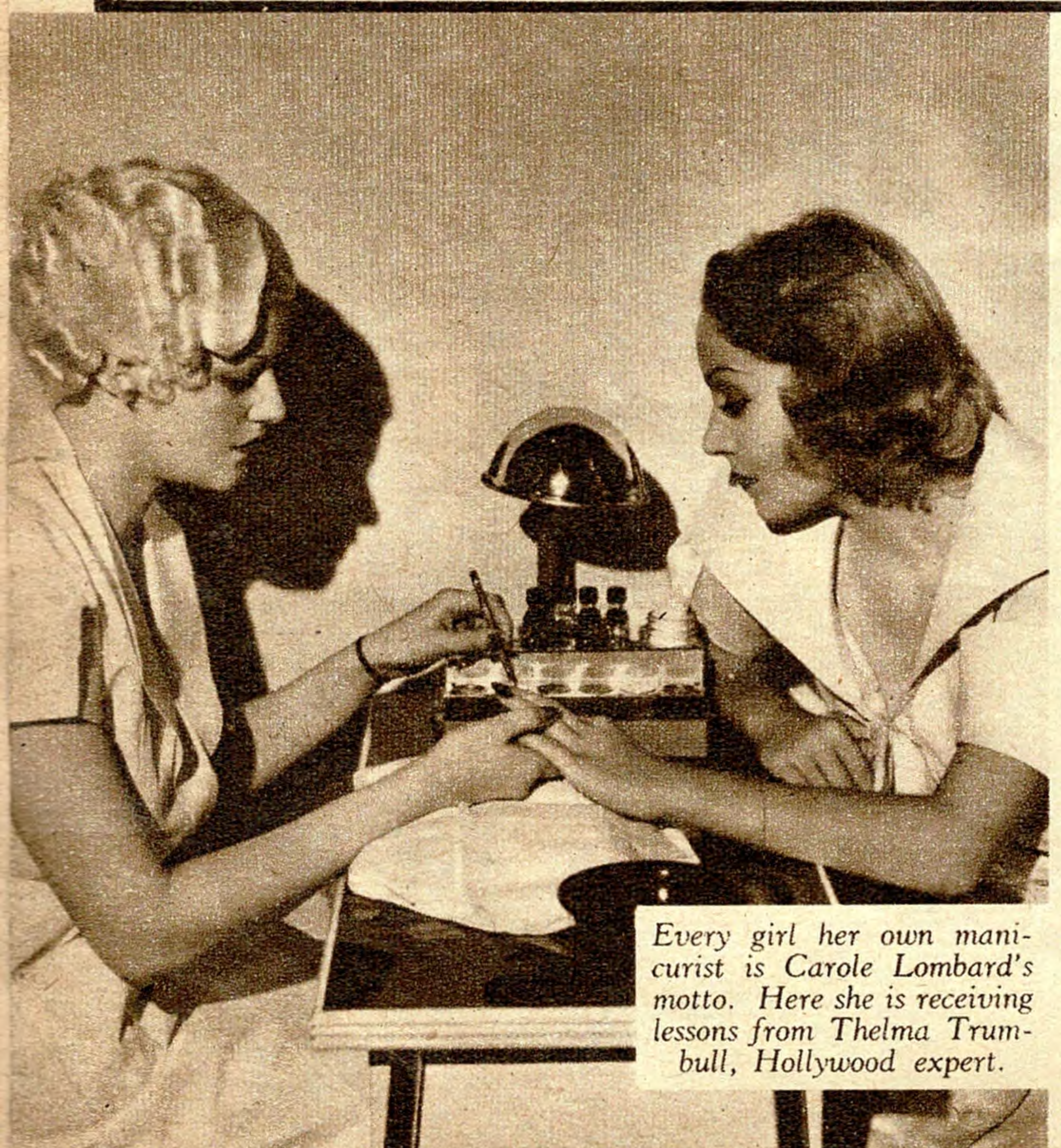
SHOTS

The PRICE OF Glamour

■ Left: Lovely hands are just as important to a film actress as beautiful legs. Many girls make a living out of their hands in Hollywood — “doubling” for stars who have not been well-favoured in this regard. These you see here belong to Betty Dotson.



For tired feet, Wilma Francis, Katherine Snell and Louise Stuart pass on this glycerine and rose water bath tip.



Every girl her own manicurist is Carole Lombard's motto. Here she is receiving lessons from Thelma Trumbull, Hollywood expert.



Rough and wrinkled elbows are ugly. That's why Olivia De Havilland always creams hers before retiring for the night.

WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA



1. What price star beauty? Here Shirley Ross illustrates normal beauty shop routine. First, a 7s. 6d. oil shampoo.



2. Next there is a finger wave and that costs Shirley 7s. 6d. more. Her hair must be just right before she faces the cameras.



3. The only "free" part of the treatment is this session under the hair dryer.



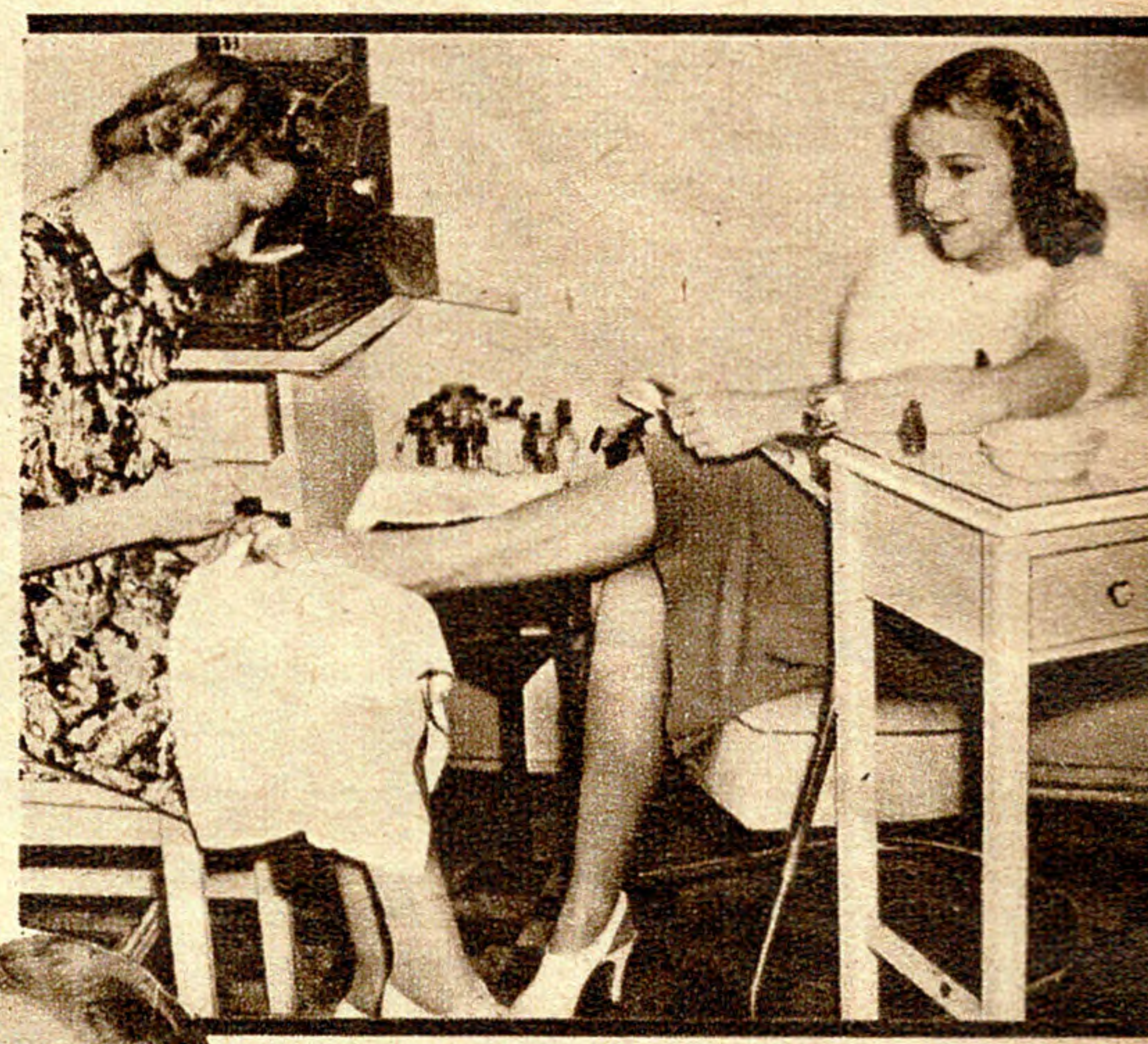
4. Brow plucking is an accepted custom in this age of stream-beauty. "That will be 6d., Miss Ross, please."



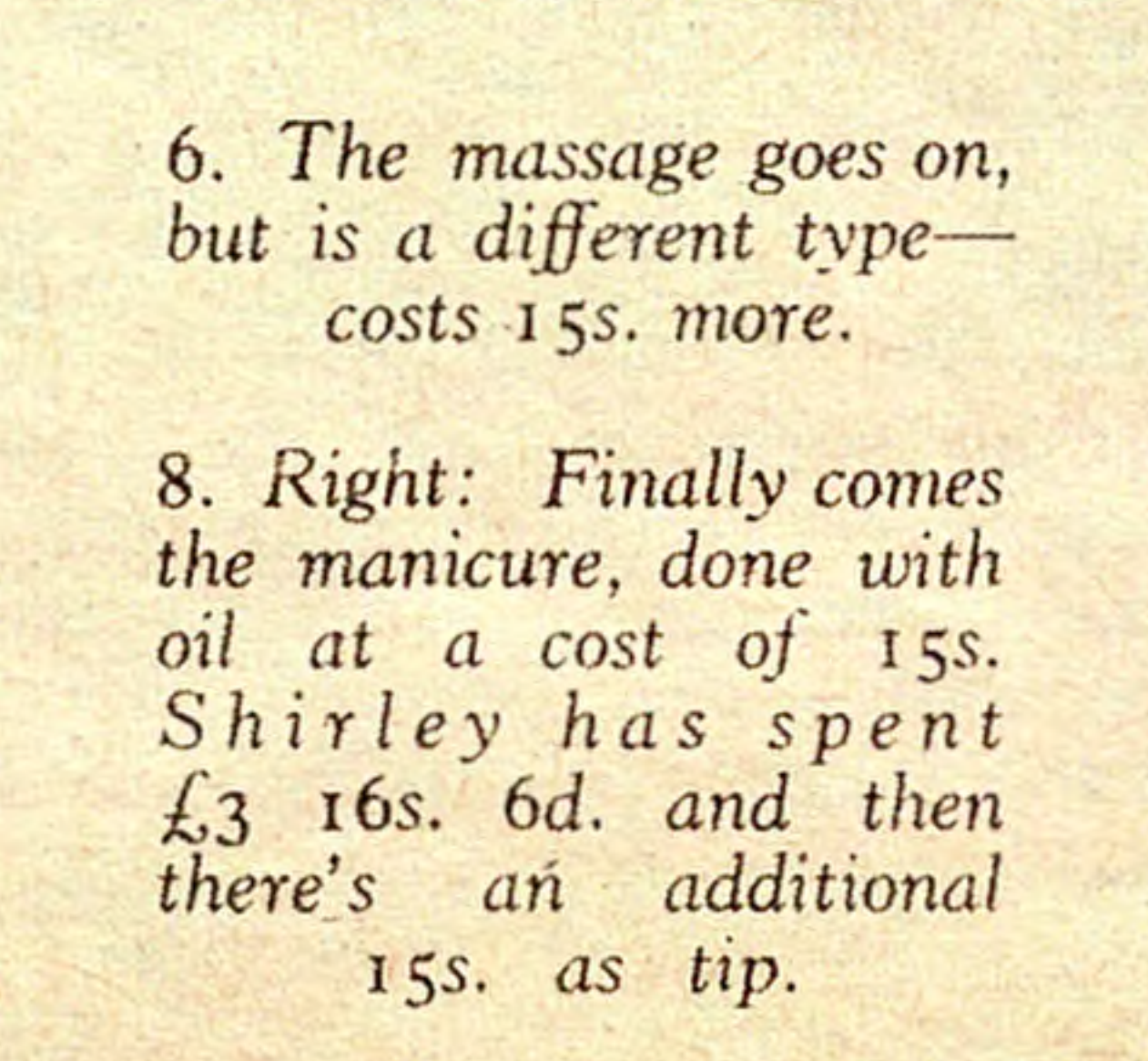
5. Below: Now here's the costliest item on the beauty bill. This facial massage sets Shirley back £1.



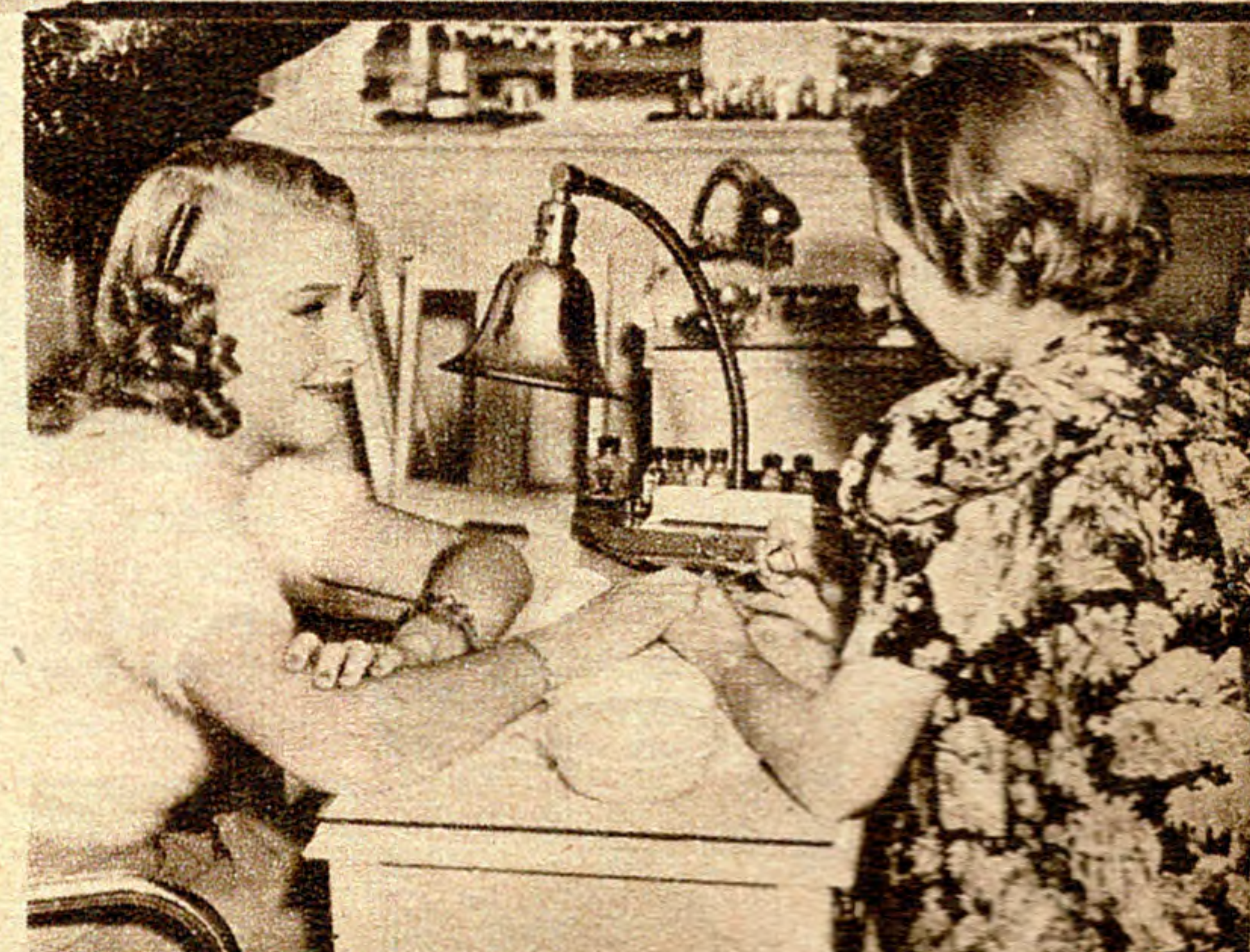
6. The massage goes on, but is a different type—costs 15s. more.



7. Above: With open-end shoes and net stockings all the rage an 8s. pedicure is essential to the well-groomed girl.



8. Right: Finally comes the manicure, done with oil at a cost of 15s. Shirley has spent £3 16s. 6d. and then there's an additional 15s. as tip.



Helen Parrish climbed on top of the wall to get a view of Palm Springs. Personally, we're satisfied to get a view of Helen, who is even more easy on the eyes than that salubrious American resort.



SEX Appeal 1939

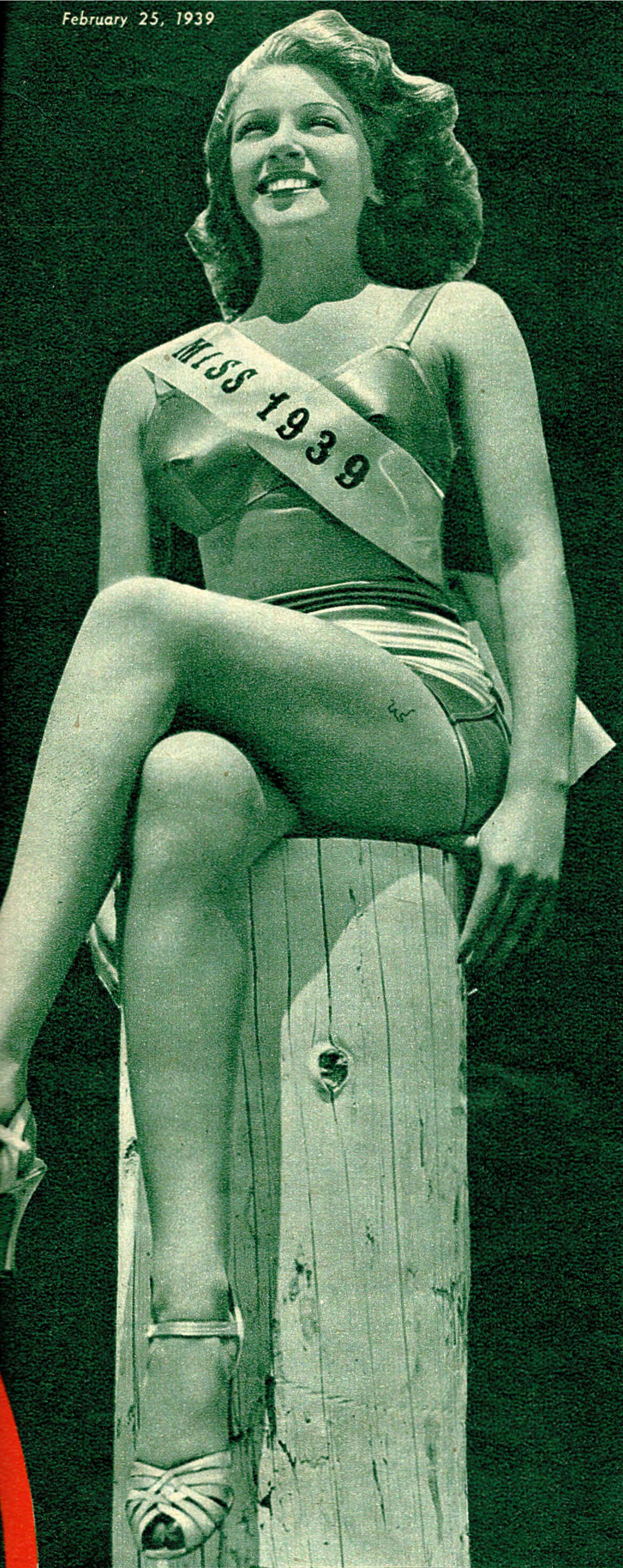
With the cinema owners complaining that the established feminine stars "qualifying for homes for the aged" other uncomplimentary things, the additional interest in this year's crisscrosses. On these pages, therefore, we introduce to you Miss Sex Appeal Edition—the girls who may succeed Bows, the Baras, the Negris and the great charmers of nights gone by.



Relatives of the famous seldom do well in pictures unless they "have what it takes." Priscilla Lane, who came into films as Lola Lane's "kid sister," is considered one of the biggest bets of 1939.

The new brand of Continental glamour is represented by Isa Miranda, the Italian actress who has been compared to her great countrywoman, the Duse. Isa makes her Hollywood bow in "Hotel Imperial."

What about England? There has been a fair here, but Margaret developed into a big American.

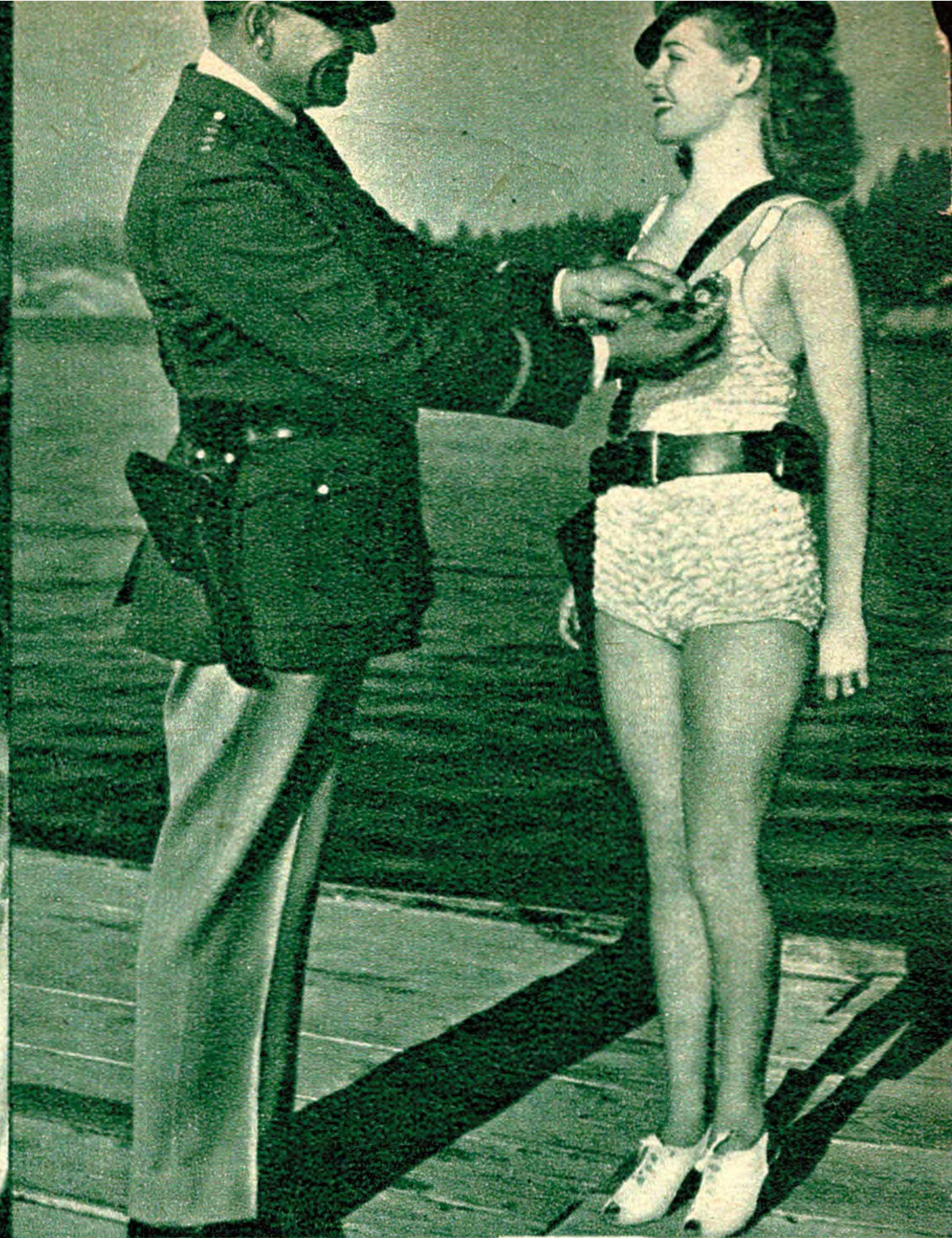


Lana Turner (above), still in her 'teens, expresses the spirit of 1939. Not long ago she was a soda jerker in a drug store near the studios. Now she is being hailed as the new Clara Bow.

g to the slump
n star building
ood has been
k personality.
, too.



Ellen Drew, Hollywood's sweet-shop Cinderella, is heading for the heights as Miss Average Girl.



Ann Sheridan, here seen being made a lieutenant of the Lake Arrowhead police force, is being groomed for the mantle of the late Jean Harlow.



Above: Lure of Lamarr. Hedy Lamarr has been the sensation of the current screen season. If anyone, the experts think, can establish the theory that "gentlemen prefer brunettes" Hedy will be the girl.





STAND IN for LOVE

by Roy SOMERS

READ THIS

Sheila Grant, Charmien Chase's stand-in, has been dismissed the star's service following a motor accident in which a young taxi-driver, Pat Shannon, was involved. Sheila meets him again, down on his luck, and posing as Charmien she takes him to her home and gives him lodging. He tells her the story of his hard life, and she thinks of a plan to send him to a studio with an introduction from Charmien. It is a rival concern to that for which the star works, and in this way Sheila hopes to get her own back on her late employer. She gives Pat some money and starts off on her mission. Going to Charmien's house she writes a letter of introduction to American Films and on her return gives Pat the best part of her savings. Before she can stop him he tells her that he loves her.

NOW READ ON

HE picked up her grip, filled now with one blind urgency—escape. Her voice called, huskily sweet, "Good-bye, Pat!" And all the while she wanted to cry out to him that she loved him, loved him!

He didn't follow. He stood, irresolutely, in the doorway, frowning, deflated. She stepped on the starter and whirled the battered coupe away, her eyes brimming with a new despair, a new glory, and weighted with the heavy sweetness of newborn thoughts.

In the little kitchenette apartment she had rented, she threw herself on the bed and wept silently, her entire body shaken by a storm of feeling she had never known before in her life.

She loved Patrick Shannon. She'd known it since the first moment. Loved him with a tenderness that was as deep and inexhaustible as the seas. Again she wondered whether it was she who had stirred him or Charmien Chase, the glamorous, the unattainable, the mysterious. And what had she let him in for, giving him that letter ostensibly signed by Charmien Chase?

It was too late to retract now! Besides, Sheila Grant, the shadow, could do nothing for handsome Patrick Shannon; but Charmien Chase's supposed sponsorship meant a lot. Sheila consoled herself with the thought that Charmien Chase would be away from Hollywood for months, so there was no use trying to undo her fantastic scheme now.

She went to bed, but not to sleep. She closed her eyes finally, trying to endure the bitter young agony of what, for her, must always be frustration.

The next day, at the depot, herself unseen, Sheila watched Charmien Chase depart for New York. Neil Hart, her director, was with her, bidding her good-bye. A handsome, saturnine man, arresting-looking, sun-browned, muscular. The gossip columns, Sheila knew, referred to them as sweethearts. Sheila had often wondered, having heard their frequent quarrels in the Chase home.

She saw Patrick Shannon, too, but he stood far from the huge milling crowd which had come to see the famous star off. When the train pulled out, Sheila plunged blindly through the crowd, back to her coupe.

Patrick Shannon, she saw, was walking slowly away, his hands deep in his pockets, a quirky grin on his handsome face. She savagely fought the emotion the sight of him evoked in

her. It was something she must—and would—conquer.

Patrick Shannon had chosen to watch Charmien Chase's departure from a safe distance. She wouldn't want to see him, he thought grimly, just now, surrounded by her friends, the great names of Hollywood. No, certainly not now. Maybe not at all.

Yet, in his breast pocket, he could feel the letter to Carlton Shires, head of American Films, which she had given him; could feel, too, the crisp assurance of the five one-hundred-dollar bills she had loaned him, plus the remains of the twenty she had given him first. Wealth! But, then, what was five hundred dollars to the wealthy Charmien Chase?

Patrick Shannon had a lot to think about. Getting a job, however, was uppermost in his mind, just now. If he could become an English or elocution coach, perhaps that might lead, in time, to a berth in the writing department. This had been his secretly cherished ambition for years.

He applied at the executive offices of American Films the next morning. The pretty receptionist eyed him with due appreciation for his physical attractiveness. She used her phone and finally nodded to him.

"That way, Mr. Shannon. At the end of the corridor."

He found himself in a luxurious ante-room. A striking blonde smiled at him approvingly. "Mr. Shires is somewhere around the studio. If you'll let me have your letter, Mr. Shannon, I'll send someone to locate him and give it to him."

"Miss Chase," he told her, "instructed me to deliver it to Mr. Carlton Shires, in person. Sorry."

"What's it about?" asked the blonde, her curiosity aroused by his reply.

"I wouldn't know, exactly," he grinned.

He didn't. The letter was sealed.

The girl disappeared into an inner office.

Pat fell to thinking of Charmien Chase. Yesterday, he could almost have sworn that Charmien Chase loved him. Why should she? She who had all Hollywood at her feet? He was crazy to imagine that she would ever again give him another thought. Maybe it was like playing one of her famous love scenes. It didn't mean a thing—to her! But, to him!

A man came into the room from the hallway, a man with curling fair hair and eyes as blue as steel instruments. They fastened on Pat and the two men stared.

"Who are you?" the newcomer demanded with interest.

"Patrick Shannon," said Pat. "Are you Mr. Shires?"

"No," answered the other, his keen eyes probing. "Who is Patrick Shannon? What are you doing here?"

Pat stiffened instantly. "I came here to see Mr. Shires. I have a letter to him, from Miss Charmien Chase."

"Charmien Chase? Of National?"

"That's right."

"She sent you here? Are you an actor?"

"No, I'm not. Who are you?"

"Malcolm Ritchie. Did you ever act?"

"Wait a minute," said Pat, with deceptive suavity. "We seem to be getting nowhere fast." He recognized Ritchie now, from published pictures. The great Ritchie, who was



crowding DeMille and Van Dyke hard for directorial honours. "I've never acted and I don't see—"

"What do you usually earn?" asked Ritchie suddenly.

"That might be none of your business."

Ritchie chuckled. "O.K.!" he said. "I can find out! Stay right here, Shannon—don't move." Abruptly he walked from the room.

There was no sign of either Shires or his blonde secretary. However, a young man appeared and smiled affably. "Mr. Shannon?" he asked. "Would you mind coming with me?"

Thinking he was to be escorted to Mr. Shires, Pat followed. They went down corridors, and up stairs, past fragments of ocean liners, corners of Broadway, a ballroom. They wound up in a bare room, where Ritchie and several other men were waiting. There were cameras, wrapped in their heavy "overcoats," to muffle the sound of the mechanism; great sun-arc lamps, shrouded; a sound crew was rigging an overhead microphone.

"What make-up?" asked one of the men.

"No make-up," barked Ritchie, derisively. "Rakish—gallant—that's the key! Turn on the juice."

"Wait a minute," protested Pat, as the glare of the lamps nearly blinded him. "What is this? There's some mistake."

"No mistake," snapped Ritchie. "Just stand where you are, Shannon, and smile. You juicers—bring up a couple of babies—both sides. Roll 'em over, Phil! Unless I'm feeble-minded, this guy—"

"This guy," broke in Pat, grimly, "if you mean me, will take you apart to see what makes you tick, you—"

"Sweet!" howled Ritchie. "Stay where you are! Splendid! Get madder, Shannon! Come on, sweetheart—take it big!"

"Sweetheart?" repeated Patrick, softly, his rakish brows tilted, his big shoulders hunched. "I'm pretty mad now, you albino tom cat! What's the big idea?"

"Cut!" cried Ritchie. "It's a take! That was splendid."

The lights slowly faded out and Ritchie took Pat's arm and steered him toward the passageway.

"Your screen test," he explained. "It'll be good! I was looking for a guy like you. I'm going to make something of you, boy!"

"I'm no actor," protested Pat.

"Good!" cried Ritchie. "I don't want an actor. I hate actors! I'll tell you what to do and how to do it!"

Slightly bewildered, Pat went back to Shires's office with Ritchie. Shires was in now, a quiet man, with grey hair and dark eyes. He listened to Ritchie, sized up Pat, smiled, and then read the letter Pat handed him. He wolfed his



"This guy," broke in Pat grimly, "if you mean me, will take you apart to see what makes you tick——"
 "Sweet!" howled Ritchie. "Stay where you are! Splendid! get madder, Shannon!"

cigar and then read it a second time; then he handed it to Ritchie.

Ritchie read it and chewed viciously on his nether lip. "Elocution teacher?" he spat. "For the love of Mike! Chase has the right idea, though; I wonder why she——" He flashed a swift glance at Shires, and the two exchanged a significant and knowing look. Pat, sharp-eyed as any hawk, caught it and began to wonder.

"Gift horses," said Shires, cryptically, to Ritchie; then he turned to Pat and said, pleasantly, "Mr. Ritchie would like to have you in the cast of his new picture."

"You mean act?" asked Pat, incredulously. "But I don't know how! I wouldn't know where to start."

Mr. Shires carefully folded Miss Chase's letter and smiled, faintly. He called his secretary and said, "Put that in the vault with my personal papers." He shot a look at Ritchie, who grinned widely and slapped Pat on the back.

"I'll teach you how to act—my way!" he bellowed, lustily. "You just do what I tell you, young fella, and we'll go places!"

That same night, Sheila sat in her room and thought about Patrick Shannon; and shivered

with the strange ecstasy the mere thought of him brought to her.

The weeks that followed were disheartening. She could find no work in any of the studios. She called Central Casting every evening, but there were no jobs for her.

When two months went by, she gave up the kitchenette, with its telephone and comparative spaciousness, and rented a cheaper furnished room, on the other side of town.

She neither saw nor heard anything of Pat Shannon. She had kept away from American because she was afraid of meeting him. But there wasn't a day when her thoughts didn't swing to him.

One of her pet possessions was a midget radio, which helped through the lonely evening hours. Nine weeks after Pat Shannon had applied to American Films for a job, bearing a letter from Charmien Chase, she heard him over the air.

A commercial broadcast, sponsored by a great industrial concern, was on the air. They had secured the services of several of American's famous players. It was announced that a new personality had crashed through to stardom. One Patrick Shannon!

A new picture would soon be released, it was

announced, titled *Lafayette*, which would thrill the world. Superlatives were heaped on the dark head of Pat Shannon by a famous author, who was master of ceremonies for the evening.

Chills were racing up and down Sheila's spine when Pat's remembered voice, richly pleasant, came to her ears. He came to the microphone amidst a fanfare. He was doing a love scene from the new picture, with American's famous star Sandra Davis. Sheila sat spell-bound. He finished the scene to the thunderous applause of the studio audience.

She turned off the radio after that. Her faked letter had done the trick! She, and she alone, was responsible for his success! Pat Shannon had come into his own. Through her!

A flood of publicity began to pour through the newspapers, the fan magazines and the gossip columns. A new and exciting find had been uncovered at American by Ritchie, the star maker; the greatest find since Bob Taylor, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart or Errol Flynn!

After that Sheila heard a great deal about Pat. There was no mention of the fact, however that Charmien Chase had sent him to American Films. Sheila wondered about this, with growing uneasiness.

(To be continued)

COULD oil and water be made to mix? Could she, Alice-Sycamore, granddaughter of a man who cared not a fig for money, hope to appeal as prospective daughter-in-law to Anthony P. Kirby, opulent banker?

True, while dancing the Big Apple in the park with a troupe of kiddies who had tried to out-do Astaire and Rogers, Alice had stopped asking herself the question. Tony Kirby had been shuffling and tapping beside her, and in Tony's company, exit worry. They had the right contact for lovers—a carefree streak in the bankers' son being complemented in Alice, brought up in a go-as-you-please atmosphere.

For instance, Tony had intended taking her that evening to the Russian ballet. Instead they had found themselves on a park bench and now at a table for two in the elite restaurant patronized, and at this very moment, by Mr. and Mrs. Kirby. Not for Alice to realize that while she and Tony had been talking to his parents and their blue-blooded friends at their table in the dining-room, that a minor disaster was in progress. Upon the back of Alice's evening cloak was pinned a large notice scrawled by the park troupe in childish handwriting, to the effect that she was champion performer of the Big Apple.

Uncomfortable at being stared at and not knowing why, her thoughts reverted to the subject uppermost in her mind.

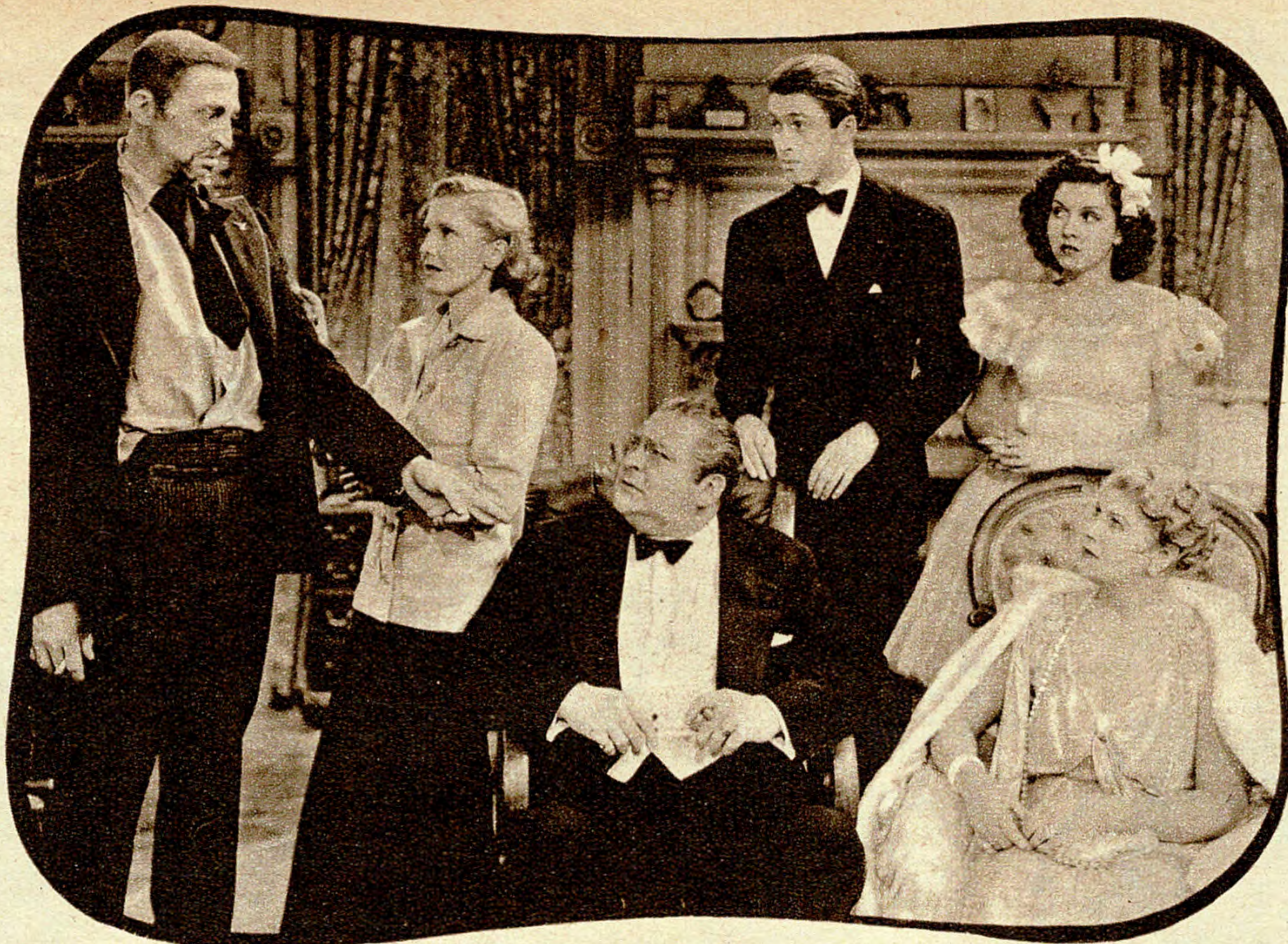
"Tony, I wish you'd ask your people to my house. It'd save a lot of worry in the future if they got to know us now."

"I don't see why you and your family should be put on exhibition like a circus."

"We've got to be. To Mr. and Mrs. Kirby I'll always be the typist who caught the son of the head of the firm—look at your mother now! She's still glaring at me. Tony, please promise that you'll invite them."

"You know, Alice, every time I think how lucky I am I feel like screaming. I can feel a scream coming right now. It's fighting to get out. I can't hold it back much longer. Here goes!" But the scream which rang through the select room wasn't Tony's. It was hers—Alice's. That was what nervous strain did for one. While she covered her mouth with a shaking hand, Henri, the manager, had arrived to inquire. "What happened?"

"What happened?" Tony echoed. "Why, a mouse went right past here—no, a rat with long hair on it." By the time Henri and Tony had finished arguing, the fictitious rat had become six or seven, all having long hair. Women at nearby tables screamed and jumped on chairs.



With the profound exclamation: "Foolishness! Once a wrestler, always a wrestler," Kolenkhov (Mischa Auer) leapt to his feet . . . Left to right: Alice (Jean Arthur), Mr. Sycamore (Edward Arnold), Tony (James Stewart), Essie (Ann Miller), and Mrs. Sycamore (Mary Forbes).

YOU CAN'T Take It WITH YOU

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Columbia.

"That's all right, Henri; buy yourself some mousetraps," Tony advised, as he hurried Alice away.

To their son's adroitness, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby added the finishing touch by accepting Wednesday's invitation to dine with the Sycamores.

Full of zeal and high spirits, Alice slid down the bannisters into the living-room the next evening, to issue instructions for the Wednesday's reception. Looked at dispassionately, it was a somewhat crazy family with whom she had to deal. Take first, Grandpa Venderhof. From the day on which he had quit business because he wasn't having any fun, and retired to the rambling house where his wife had lived and died, one never knew what he might do next. One thing he had done, definitely antagonistic to Mr. Kirby. Kirby and Co. was out to secure a monopoly of the production of munitions. Ramsey, a rival manufacturer, had small premises, ringed by twelve blocks of private houses, of which Grandpa Venderhof's was one. Kirby and Co. had bought up all twelve blocks with the exception of grandpa's home, and he refused to sell. Definitely he had refused on account of the tenants of the other blocks who didn't want to be evicted, though Mr. Kirby had offered twice the money the house was worth.

Dear grandpa! It was like him to refuse a cash deal which didn't accord with his principles, and the next day laugh at the Income Tax inspector when he called for arrears.

Alice's father, Paul Sycamore, was not much better at finding the wherewithal to pay bills. Having, as his daughter said, never grown up, he spent his time making fireworks in the cellar, assisted by an ex-ice-delivery man, named de Pinna, whom grandpa had befriended.

Alice's mother, Penny, because a typewriter had been delivered to the house eight years ago, had turned playwright. The tap-tap of the keys in the living-room with its two staircases, one to the upper floors, one to the cellar, was usually an accompaniment to Essie's pirouettes and *entre-chats*. Essie sister to Alice, was married to Ed Carmichael. That didn't prevent her from studying to be a ballet dancer under a bearded Russian named Kolenkhov and inter-leaving the making of sweets for profit, with practice at the beloved art.

Armed with pencil and paper, Alice noted the principal items for the morrow's reform.

"Now, you will put everything in the cellar, mother," she pleaded, "the typewriter, the kittens. I don't know if I can trust Rheba to cook the dinner, but Essie must finish her coco-nut love dreams and give her the run of the kitchen anyway, and—oh! I guess we'd better have cocktails at seven o'clock."

"The Kirbys are certainly going to get a wrong impression of this house," grandpa observed, lowering himself into the armchair. (He still, but cheerfully, used crutches; result of sliding down the bannisters in competition with his granddaughter.) "Stop worrying,

Alice. From what I've seen of Tony, the Kirbys are probably very nice and if things aren't too elaborate tomorrow, all the better."

Further additions to the list, for the moment anyway, were prevented by the arrival from the cellar of Mr. de Pinna, full of enthusiasm over a large canvas which he held up to Penny.

"Mrs. Sycamore, Mrs. Sycamore, look what I've found—"

"Why, my painting of you as the discus thrower. I must have started it eight years ago. I always meant to go on with it, but I started my plays and never painted again."

"I wish you'd finish it, Mrs. Sycamore. I'd like to have it."

"Well, perhaps I will. Now—tonight. Is the costume still in the cellar, and the easel? Good, do go and get them and I'll find my palette and brushes."

"Hullo, everybody. Grandpa, good evening. I am in time for dinner?" inquired the bearded Kolenkhov, uttering his nightly greeting and query anent the meal with which he hoped to nourish his traditional gloom. His arrival reminded Essie to glide away to change into her ballet dress. Meanwhile a delighted Mr. de Pinna bobbed up from the cellar, showing nobbly knees beneath Roman attire, and struck an attitude for Penny. Equally charmed with the discovery of artist's smock and black velvet cap, which she had perched on her fair curls, she got to work on her canvas.

Essie reappeared expectant in satin and tulle. At the piano Ed struck up Brahms's Hungarian dance. The carpet was rolled back. Pulling out his shirt tails from beneath the waistband of his trousers, as to emulate a more national garb, Kolenkhov exhorted his pupil to twirl and leap faster and ever faster. No one heard the doorbell ring. No one took notice till the coloured maid, Rheba, who had come through the living-room to answer it, came back and strove to catch Penny's attention. Summoned from upstairs, Alice saw a dreadful sight, which not even Tony's masculine presence on the threshold of the hall could alleviate. Behind him, in full evening dress, obviously mistaken in the night of the invitation, were Mr. and Mrs. Kirby.

"Are we too early?" Mrs. Kirby was saying. In spite of grandpa's ready assurance that they weren't, coupled with a welcome which no one else was ready to give, the truth came out of Penny. "We thought you were coming tomorrow night," she said serenely.

"Really, Tony, this is most embarrassing," observed Mrs. Sycamore. (Continued on page 28)

Vigour
depends on
fitness . . .



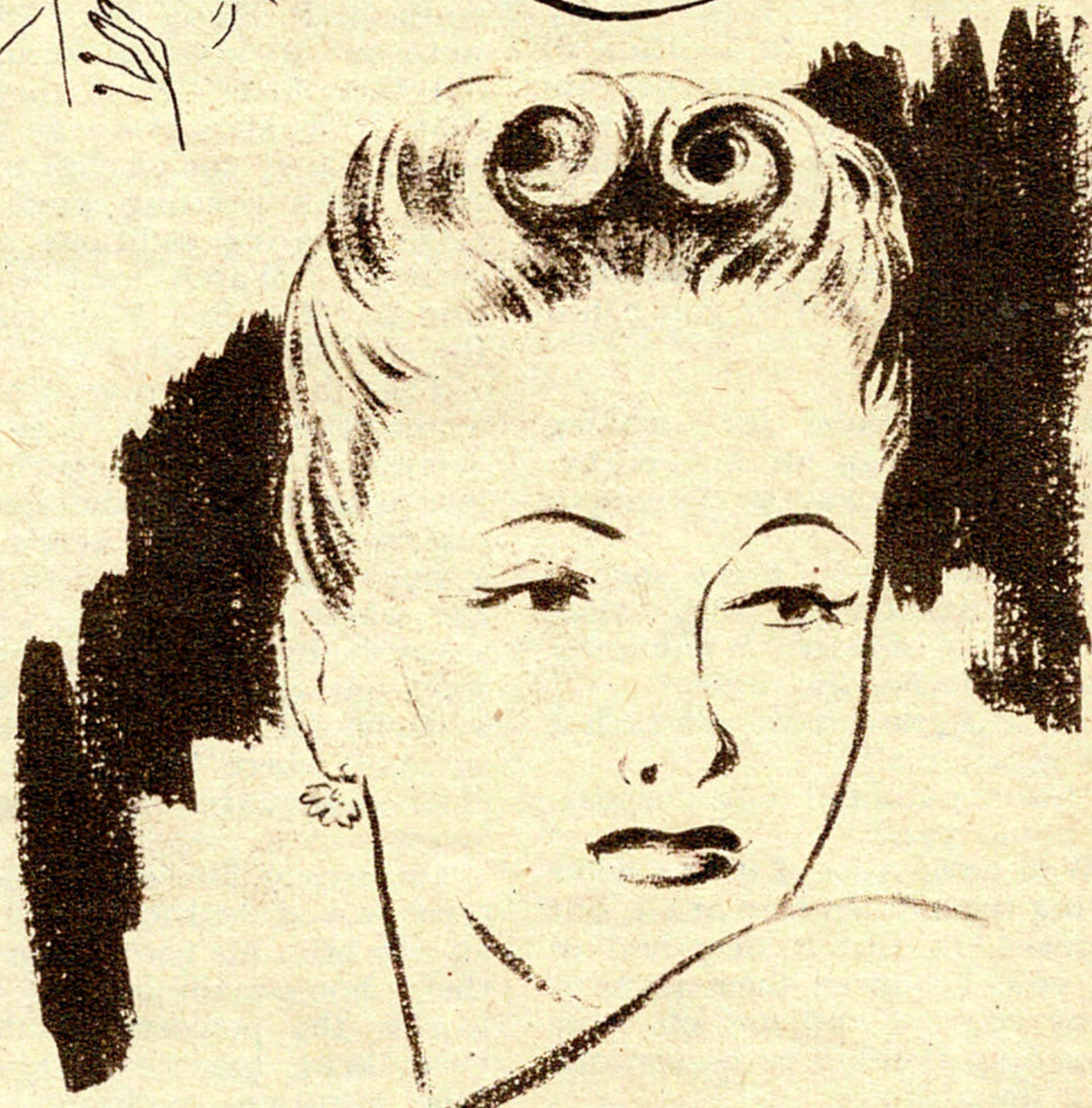
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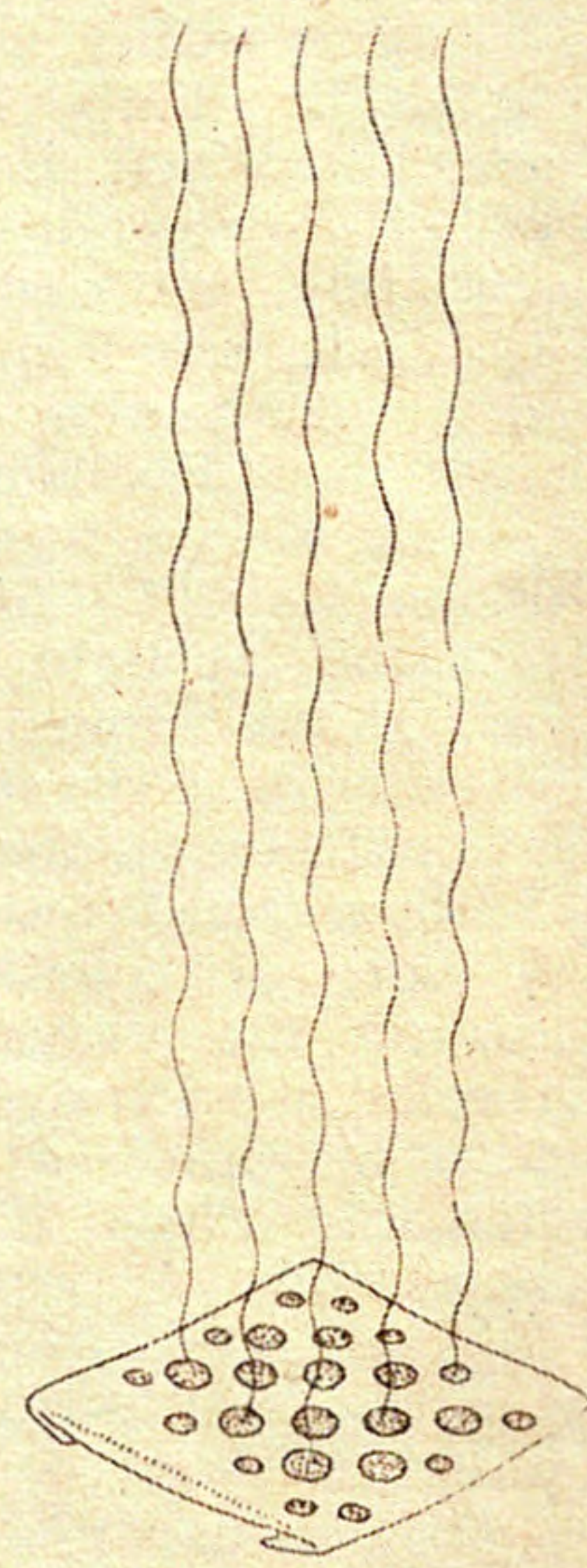
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YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—cont.

Kirby. Again grandpa came to the rescue, calling for seats and performing introductions. Penny, frankly supposing that there now wouldn't be enough frankfurters to go round, sent the negro lad, Donald, for tinned salmon and corn; whereat Mr. Kirby badly concealed a groan. In addition to being a vegetarian, his delicate digestion required cooked vegetables. On the topic of indigestion, which was introduced willy-nilly over the question of supplementing the family supper, Kolenkhov distinguished himself by going into medical details.

On the pretext of making scrambled egg for Mr. Kirby, Alice got Tony away to the empty kitchen.

"How could you make such a dreadful mistake?" she cried, within an ace of tears. "You knew it was for tomorrow night."

"Yeah, I guess it wasn't such a hot idea after all."

"Meaning you did it on purpose. How could you?"

"Well now, Alice, I didn't want to bring them down here at all, but you insisted. But if they had to meet you, I wanted them to meet you as you are and not on some trumped-up evening with everyone acting unnaturally."

"Nothing unnatural in my wanting them to like us. If only you'd left things alone. But no, you had to go and get funny and spoil everything. I'm not going to stand for your mother looking at me as if I were a thief or something."

Leaving Rheba to attend to the beaten-up eggs, Alice desperately made her way back to the living-room. There the talk had turned to hobbies—Kolenkhov declaring in his bass tones that the perfect hobby, wrestling, improved the body as well as the mind.

"I agree with you—I agree with you," Mr. Kirby allowed nervously. "When I was young I was pretty good myself. Unfortunately, as one grows older—" He was not permitted to finish. With the profound exclamation, "Foolishness! Once a wrestler, always a wrestler"—the Russian leapt to his feet, seized Mr. Kirby, no light weight, in his arms, shook him once or twice, tied him in a knot, and finally deposited him on the carpet.

"When you wrestle again, you will not, of course, wear your glasses," the victorious one remarked, as Penny handed the banker his pince-nez, each lens of which was starred like a shattered pebble.

"I do not intend to wrestle again, sir," Mr. Kirby replied with dignity.

"If you don't mind, I think we'd better be going," Mrs. Kirby added.

"Alice, let me stay. I want to talk to you," Tony pleaded.

"I'd rather you didn't. There's nothing to talk about." Alice stuck to her point, and grandpa, with a look at Tony, backed her up. The "good-byes" were being said when a preemptory voice exclaimed, "Stay where you are." Three men had obtained entrance; their calling made clear by the spokesman, who rapped out, "Police department. Don't let anyone get out of that door."

"These people don't belong

here," Alice cried, indicating Mrs. and Mr. Kirby, who was remarking, "This is outrageous. Do you know who I am?"

Clearly, however, it didn't matter to the representative of the police department who Mr. Anthony P. Kirby was. The police were out to investigate and what did they find? First they found that Kolenkhov was a Russian. Second, they found slips of paper, from Ed's printing press in the cellar, bearing seditious messages such as "Watch for the revolution," "The Red Flag will sweep the country."

The third discovery of those whom Penny styled G-men, was definitely more exciting and incriminating. At the remark of one to the chief, "There's enough gunpowder in the cellar to blow up the whole town," Mr. de Pinna showed marked agitation. "I must go down and get it," he vaguely declared. He was forced to stay where he was while the chief pronounced everyone under arrest.

Ultimately Mr. de Pinna's concern proved well-founded. It had always been his contention that in their home-manufacture of fireworks, the powder chamber had been kept too near the boiler. The resulting explosion, timing itself for the moment when the Vanderhof household and guests were being ushered into the police van, was terrific. Seldom had light and sound been spewed forth from any cellar as the series of bangs and spurts of flame which proceeded from the de Pinna—Sycamore—Poppins workshop.

Seldom, too, had bombast and impotent fury manifested themselves in any business man as they did in A. P. Kirby on being immured with drunks and other male miscreants, in the cells for the night.

Vainly grandpa reminded him of the uselessness of money ("You can't take it with you, you know") and tried to make him work off his troubles by playing the harmonica. Vainly did Alice try to get Mrs. Kirby a private room and shield her from the remarks of a not-so-young-woman of the town who chose to consider the banker's wife as a member of the "profession."

By the morning, four lawyers had been found to defend Mr. Kirby. Grandpa, knowing none, had called for none. But on entering the courtroom, Alice saw that it was crowded with friendly faces: tenants whose homes grandpa, by standing out against selling his house, had saved; men and women whom in the past he

had befriended. Two charges were alleged against the Vanderhof party—disturbance of the peace and manufacture of fireworks without a licence.

Through all four lawyers, A. P. Kirby pleaded "Not guilty." "How do you plead, Mr. Vanderhof?" the judge enquired.

"Well, sir, I guess we were disturbing the peace last night and if it's against the law to make fireworks without a licence, I guess we're guilty of that, too. We've been doing it for a long time."

"Very well, Mr. Vanderhof. On the first charge I shall suspend sentence. But for manufacturing explosives without a licence, I'm forced to fine you a hundred dollars."

There was a dramatic pause. "Your honour," said a lawyer, "Mr. Kirby, who is noted for his charitable work, would like to pay the fine for this unfortunate family."

A hurricane of disapproval swept through the court. Above the shouts, "No, you don't. Grandpa don't need your money. We'll pay that fine," the judge's calls for order were ignored. Someone's hat was passed round. Someone else shouted to those outside the court to come in and contribute. The collection was made and passed up to his honour, who added his mite. The Kirbys were dealt with next. Clearly his honour stated that they would have to stand for trial, unless they could give a satisfactory explanation of their presence in the Vanderhof home at the time of the disturbance.

"Mr. Kirby came to see me about buying a house," grandpa explained. "He's been interested in my property for some time and he came to talk over a deal."

"Quite," agreed Mrs. Kirby. "That's why we were there and I don't see why we should be held accountable for anything these people have done." But if a night in the cells hadn't deprived Mrs. Kirby of the power of lying to save her skin, respect for truth in Alice had been increased.

"That's not so," she cried. "I won't stand for being humiliated like this. They're ashamed to tell you why they were with us. Ashamed to admit they came to look over my family to see if I was good enough to marry their precious son."

"She's right. That's the reason why we were there," Tony said.

"It's about time you spoke up," she flamed. "Well, I've decided that it's your family who isn't good enough. I wouldn't be related to a bunch of snobs like them for anything in the world. Who do they think they are? Tell them the next time they're slumming to

keep away from our neighbourhood."

Alice never knew how she got away from the court, between the hysterical shouts of the crowd, the judge's blows with the gavel and the invasion of press reporters, who refused to be kept out.

But when pandemonium outward and inward had died down, she knew that to leave home as quickly and secretly as possible was the only amends she could make. One letter she wrote while she was staying with a school friend in Connecticut. In it, she acknowledged to the family that Mrs. Kirby had been right in telling her once, to stay in her own back yard. In Tony's interests, she must continue to stop away.

A telegram suddenly received from grandpa, saying that he'd sold the house to Kirby and Co. and that the family were selling up and coming to live near her, brought Alice to the familiar doorway. The furniture was being carried out as she came in. Penny was typing on the one table left. Ed's xylophone was in the porch, but the family welcomed her.

"Grandpa, now the whole block'll have to move. It's all my fault," she sobbed.

"Never mind. The thing's done. Run and pack your things."

Running upstairs, who should follow her but Tony. She ran harder. He caught her up.

"Well, they wanted the house and got it, the mighty Kirbys," she flared.

"Wait a minute. I've got something to tell you. Alice, if you don't, I shall scream."

"Scream," she told him. "That's how you've got everything you wanted." This time he, not she, screamed.

But Tony's screams were as nothing compared to the arresting sounds which brought the young people from the upper floor. In the denuded living-room, furnished with only two chairs and a stool, grandpa was playing "Polly Wolly Doodle" on the harmonica. Incredible to relate, a second harmonica was being played by none other than A. P. Kirby.

Since Alice had been away, time had dealt more roughly than had Kolenkhov, with the banker. He had seen Ramsey, unable to stand up against the Kirby combine, blow out his brains. He had heard his son Tony decline to act any longer as vice-president of his father's business.

Made a wreck of, as he said himself, A. P. Kirby had come to grandpa for advice. "When I run smack into a crisis," grandpa had said, "I play the harmonica till that crisis fades. How about a duet?" Hesitantly at first, then with confidence, the banker, furious at the outset of the discussion, nevertheless added his strains of "Polly Wolly Doodle" to grandpa's. Ed joined on the xylophone. Unable to resist music, Essie glided in on her points to continue with *entre-chats* and pirouettes. Before musical instruments of all kinds were laid aside, the entire household and guests were dancing the Big Apple.

That night, Kirbys, Sycamores, Carmichaels, Messrs. de Pinna, Poppins and Kolenkhov gathered round the re-instated dining table, with grandpa at its head, to celebrate his continued ownership of the house, Tony and Alice's engagement, and to enjoy Rheba's dinner. The crisis had faded.



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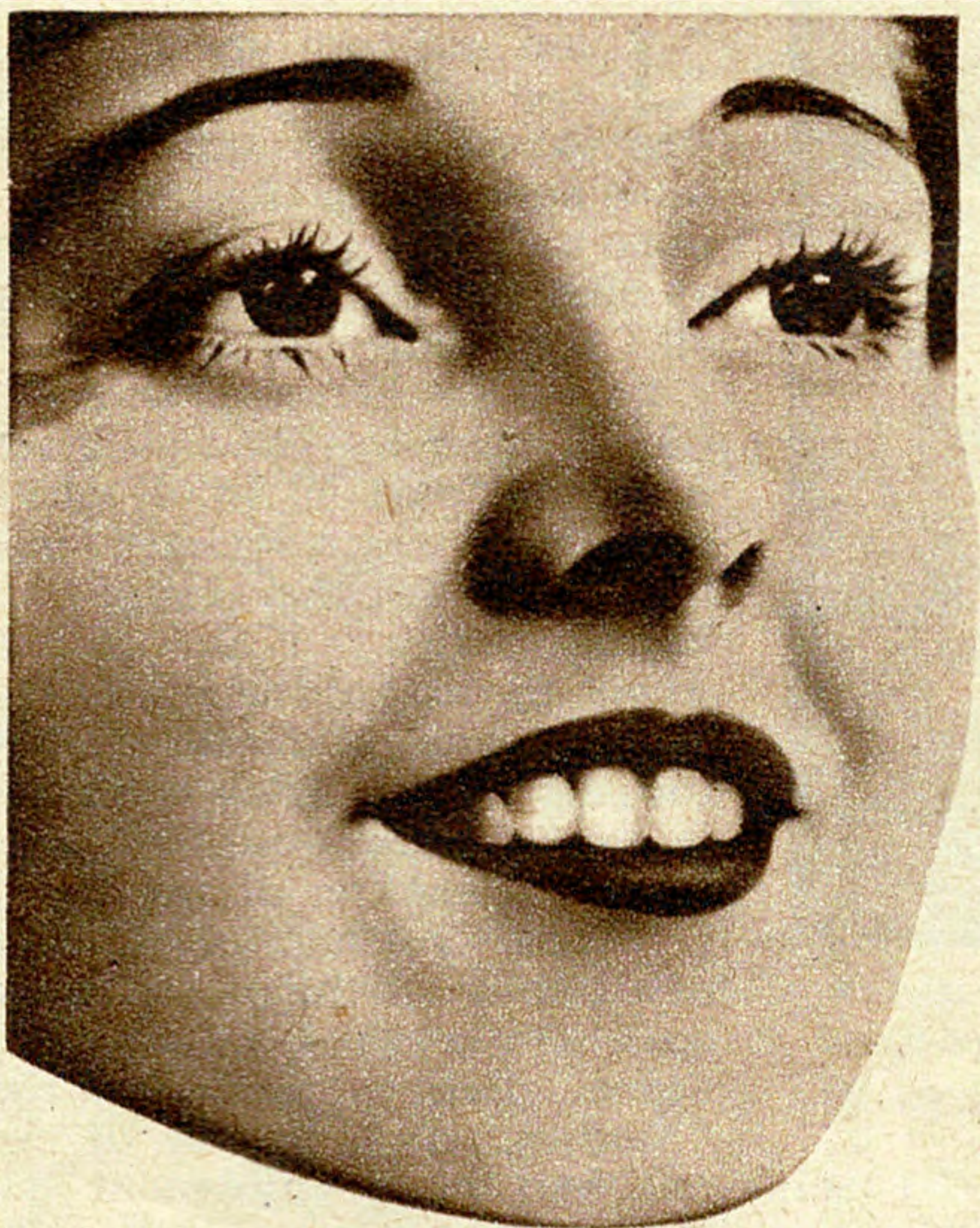
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Garbo

Meet the daughter of Hollywood's famous House of Hardy. Cecilia Parker was not very interested in films until she was cast in a Greta Garbo picture, and then . . . but, well, let her tell you about it herself.

Inspired HER CAREER

CECILIA PARKER made one jump from the ranks of Hollywood extras to leading roles in Westerns, and almost as quickly found herself playing an important role with Greta Garbo which influenced her entire career.

Like many motion picture players, she wasn't interested in films as a girl. Her youthful dreams centred on the Metropolitan Opera, and she drifted into extra work to obtain money for singing lessons. It was not until she met Garbo that her ambition changed.

"When I first came to Hollywood," she says, "motion pictures didn't mean a thing. I was interested in music, had been ever since I can remember.

"I'll never forget the first time a girl asked me if I had seen Rudolph Valentino in one of his new films. When I asked who he was, the girl was shocked, she couldn't believe such ignorance existed.

"I was born in Canada, and spent the early years of my life at Fort William where my father was a soldier. When the World War began, my mother and I accompanied him to England, to be closer to him. Naturally, other things than movies claimed my interest."

The Parker family returned to Canada, eventually moved to Hollywood, not because it was the cinema capital of the world, but because they had friends there.

"It wasn't long before I knew all the stars by their first names, that is, in a conversational way," she continued, smiling. "Motion picture celebrities and new films were the chief topic of conversation in those days; still are, I suppose.

"All the girls were trying to work as extras in pictures, so it was natural that I should join them in a round of the studios.

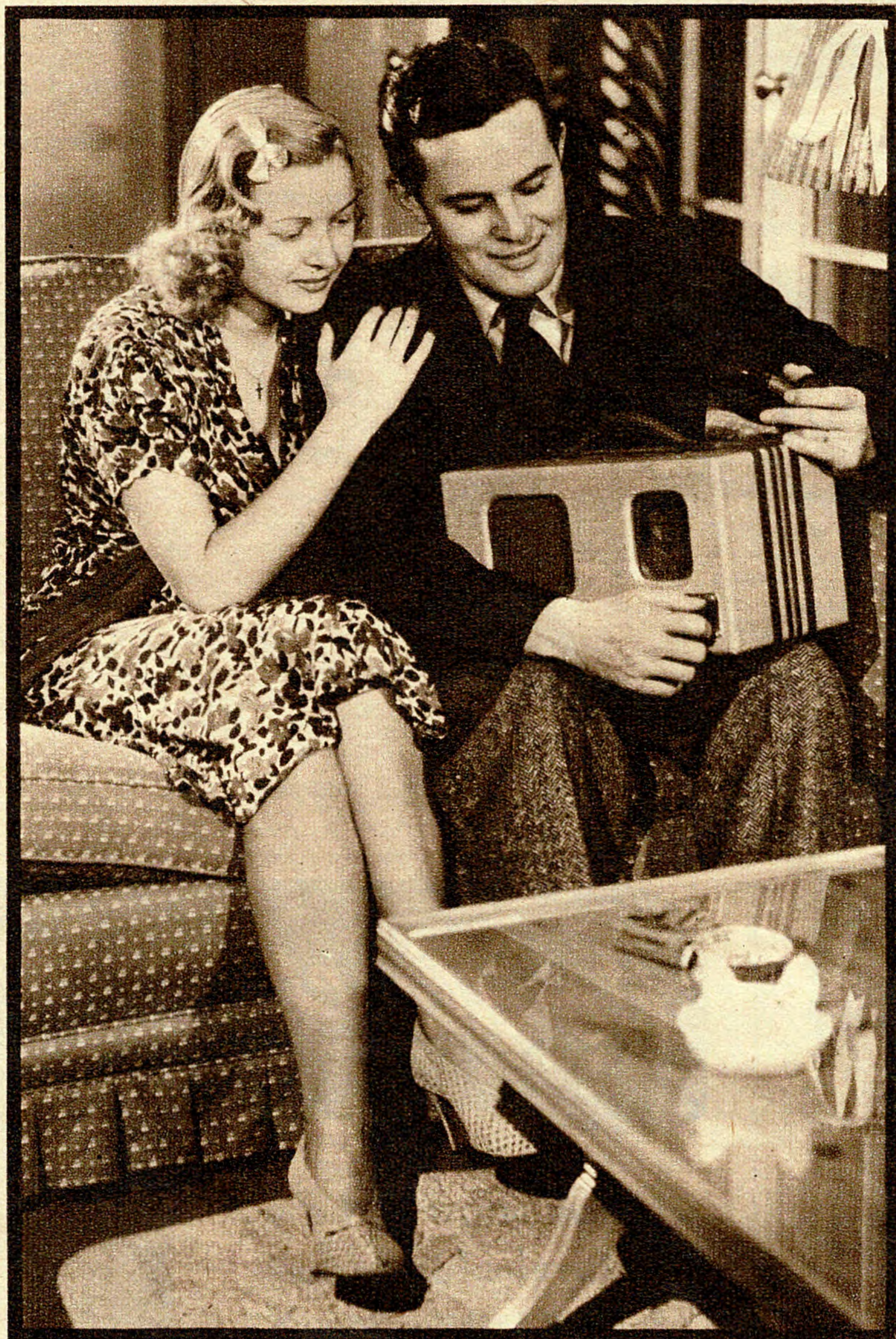
"It wasn't long before I made my motion picture debut, as an extra. It seemed the easiest money in the world, just doing what a man with a megaphone told me and mingling with such a crowd that individual work never counted."

It did count in Miss Parker's case, however. At the time she was working in *Women of all Nations*, which Raoul Walsh was directing. She attracted the attention of a talent scout who gave her his card and told her to see him, but she didn't pay any attention to the invitation.

"Then the blow fell," she related. "The very next day, Raoul Walsh had to dismiss me from the extra ranks because I was a minor. I had come to depend upon that money for more than singing lessons and was frankly worried.

"Then I remembered the card that the talent scout had given me and called on him. He arranged a screen test which resulted in a small contract."

Miss Parker's first picture was a Western and from that time on, she thought she could never



Cecilia is not one of those starlets who believe that marriage and movies don't mix. Here she is at home with her bridegroom, Dick Baldwin.

escape typing. She played in Westerns with George O'Brien, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Jack Mulhall, Rex Bell and John Wayne.

"I had never been close to a horse before my first speaking role," she laughed. "But I wanted to work, so I told the director I'd never seen the horse I couldn't ride. I soon did.

The first picture in which I played the feminine lead was *The Rainbow Trail* and we went on location to the Grand Canyon. I learned to ride a horse, all right, but it almost cost me my neck.

"The first time the director told me to ride, my knees were quaking. They should have, for it ended disastrously. The horse bolted, my feet slipped from the stirrups, the bridle broke, and there I was, clinging desperately to the horse's neck until he reached the home corral.

"I was ready to pack my things and leave, but the director didn't fire me. He told me he admired my courage and had one of the cowboys teach me to ride.

"Many times since then, I've been grateful for the experience gained in those outdoor films. They teach sportsmanship and they teach you to take it. One has to take it in Hollywood."

Then came the big moment for Cecilia Parker. She was selected from hundreds of girls for the role of Garbo's sister in *The Painted Veil*.

"For the first time, I really became interested in motion pictures as a career," she remembers. "I'll never forget meeting the famous actress, and I know I'll always love her for her kindness and consideration. I can thank her for convincing me that my career lay in pictures, not in grand opera."

Questioned about her own opinion of the progress she is making, she answered:

"I am glad I began on the lowest rung of the movie ladder, in extra ranks. Even if you're not particularly interested, you are certain to pick up useful knowledge from just being on a motion picture set.

"The Westerns taught me more than I had realized. I considered them action-crammed adventure stories not requiring intelligent acting, but when I was graduated to the rank of featured player in bigger pictures, I discovered that the technique of the Western and the epic is basically the same.

I am not anxious to go ahead too quickly. Often players who skyrocket to stardom fail to learn enough fundamentals to keep them at the top. They drop just as quickly. I am anxious to learn all I can, while I can."

Following her appearance with Garbo, Miss Parker was given an important part in *Ah, Wilderness!* the picture which was instrumental in launching the Judge Hardy Family series. When *A Family Affair*, the first of the Hardy Family pictures was produced, she joined the cast. Miss Parker has appeared in every picture in the series as Marian, daughter of the family.

"We're getting to be as much of a family off the screen as we are on," she laughed. "I call Lewis Stone 'Father,' and Fay Holden 'Mother,' as a matter of course.

"I think we had more enjoyment out of *Love Finds Andy Hardy* than any other picture in the series. Mickey Rooney, who is always the life of the party and the motion picture company, was at his best. Three girls were after him in the picture and that, to Mickey, who is seventeen, was a dream come true.

"In fact, he became so lively we had to gang up on him. He bought a car and fancy clothes and bragged about being grown-up. Our answer to that was sending for the school-teacher.

"For the first time, he took his rehearsals very seriously. Two girls kiss him five times during the picture and we couldn't understand why those scenes had to be rehearsed so many times. He claimed he didn't know his lines and needed extra rehearsals until George Seitz, who was directing, saw the light.

"He told Mickey that all kissing would be confined to the actual shooting of the scene. It cured Mickey's forgetfulness."

Miss Parker was married to Dick Baldwin, an actor, as soon as she completed her role in *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. Fay Holden, her screen mother, accompanied her to Ontario, California, where she was married.

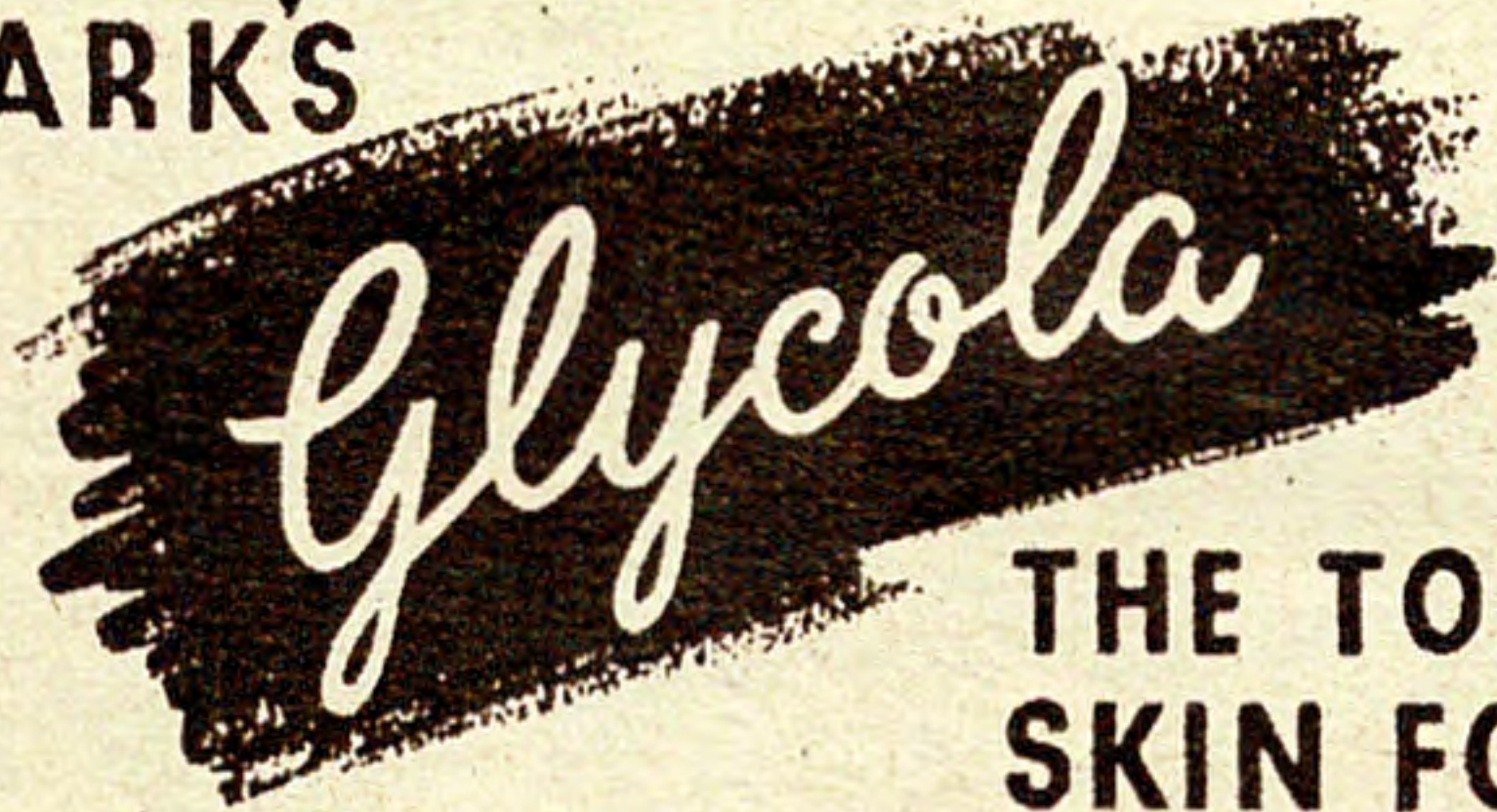


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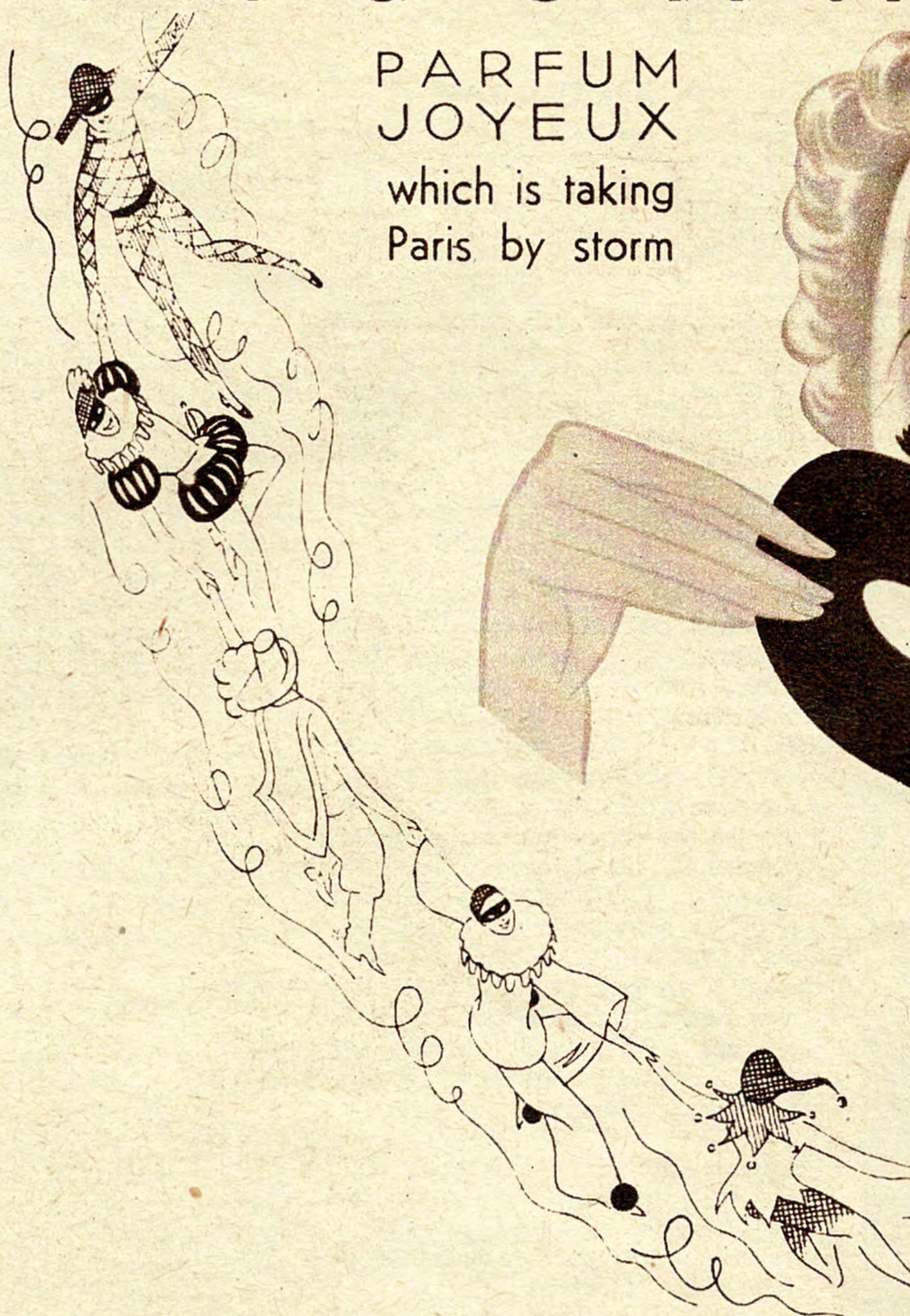
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LIONEL COLLIER'S FILM REVIEWS



Edward G. Robinson gives an excellent performance in "I Am the Law."



Fredric March and Virginia Bruce star in "There Goes My Heart."



George Formby's latest film, "It's in the Air," is released this week.

***I AM THE LAW

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Racketeer melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.
 EDWARD G. ROBINSON.....John Lindsay
 BARBARA O'NEIL.....Jerry Lindsay
 JOHN BEAL.....Paul Ferguson
 WENDY BARRIE.....Frankie Ballou
 OTTO KRUGER.....Eugene Ferguson
 ARTHUR LOFT.....Tom Ross
 MARC LAWRENCE.....Eddie Girard
 DOUGLAS WOOD.....Berry
 ROBERT MIDDLEMASS.....Moss Kitchell
 IVAN MILLER.....Inspector Gleason
 CHARLES HALTON.....Leander
 LOUIS JEAN HEYDT.....J. W. Butler
 FAY HELM.....Mrs. Butler
 Directed by Alexander Hall. From a magazine serial by Fred Allhoff. Previewed January 21, 1939.

In spite of the fact that this is the old, old tale of the difficulty of obtaining witnesses to testify against racketeers, owing to the heavy death roll of such witnesses, it has been approached from a new angle and lacks neither humour nor characterization in its vivid portrayal of the smashing of a gangster stranglehold on a big city.

Edward G. Robinson is on the top of his form as a mild law professor who takes on the job of a special prosecutor in a city dominated by racketeers. His performance is at once human and convincing and his sense of character is always sincere.

As his assistant he has Paul Ferguson—a part extremely well acted by John Beal—the son of the civic leader, Eugene, who is actually one of the mainsprings of the gangster element.

How the pair fight to get witnesses and how, eventually, Paul discovers that his father is behind the rackets provide strongly dramatic entertainment developed in a logical manner. Paul's father's suicide provides a way out for a happy conclusion, and, incidentally, one of the few theatrical moments of the picture.

The film is largely dominated by Edward G. Robinson, who is rarely off stage, but he is ably supported by Barbara O'Neill, who is delightful as his understanding wife, and by Wendy Barrie, who is excellent as Eugene Ferguson's mistress.

Eugene is admirably enacted by Otto Kruger.

c**IT'S IN THE AIR

A-B-F-D. British. "U" certificate. Aviation farce. Runs 86 minutes.
 GEORGE FORMBY.....George
 POLLY WARD.....Peggy
 GARRY MARSH.....Commanding Officer
 JULIEN MITCHELL.....Sergeant Major
 JACK HOBBS.....Craig
 C. DENIER WARREN.....Sir Philip
 MICHAEL SHEPLEY.....Adjutant
 HAL GORDON.....Nobby
 ILENA SYLA.....Anne
 FRANK LEIGHTON.....Bob Bullock
 JOE CUNNINGHAM.....Sergeant of Guard
 JACK MELFORD.....Bomber Pilot
 ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Gardener

and SCRUFFY THE DOG

Directed by Anthony Kimmins. Original screen story by Anthony Kimmins. Previewed January 28, 1939.

George Formby, Jr., looks like having another popular success with his latest picture *It's in the Air*. Good-humoured fooling of an ingenuous but robust order, concentrating all the time on the star's gags.

The story is a very slight one showing how Formby takes a man's place in the Air Force, and the trials and tribulations he goes through at the hands of a sergeant-major and a practical-joking

corporal before he is actually taken on as a recruit.

There is a love interest between the sergeant-major's daughter and the would-be airman.

Actually this film resolves itself into a series of well-timed slapstick sequences which include a mad and most amusing ride across country on a motor-bicycle and flying thrills when Formby accidentally goes up in a new plane instead of the test pilot.

The star is in great form and makes the most of every absurd situation; he also has three bright songs to sing.

Barrack-room and parade-ground banter are both well put over and Anthony Kimmins has shown a good deal of ingenuity in his direction.

As the heroine, Polly Ward has not a great deal to do but look attractive. Garry Marsh as a commanding officer and Julien Mitchell as the sergeant-major, are both very good, and Jack Hobbs is breezy as the corporal.

c**THEY'RE OFF

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Turf farce. Runs 67 minutes.
 THE RITZ BROTHERS.....Themselves
 RICHARD ARLEN.....Denny
 ETHEL MERMAN.....Linda
 PHYLLIS BROOKS.....Barbara Drake
 GEORGE BARBIER.....Drake
 SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Braddock
 WILL STANTON.....Truck Driver
 RAFAEL STORM }
 IVAN LEBEDEF }Russians
 GREGORY GAYE }
 STANLEY FIELDS.....Slippery Sol
 TINY ROEBUCK.....Terrible Turk
 BEN WELDON.....Promoter
 ED GARGAN.....Detective
 PAT MCKEE.....Referee

Directed by David Butler. Based on a play by Damon Runyon and Irving Caesar.

Much depends on how much you appreciate the broad clowning of the Ritz Brothers as to what extent you will enjoy *They're Off* because they hold the stage practically continuously and put over act after act.

Personally, I found this quite the funniest picture they have made, but even then their humour seems to pall rather at times. Too much of a good thing perhaps.

The plot shows how the Ritz Brothers are given a race horse by the fiancé of a wealthy girl because he finds that she spends too much time worrying about the animal and very little about him.

The girl discovers where the horse has gone and becomes a partner with the Ritz Brothers in training him for a steeplechase.

At the last minute the repentant fiancé, a gentleman rider, turns up and rides the horse to victory.

This steeplechase is a triumph of slapstick with all three Ritz Brothers riding horses which they are trying to make lose so that their nominee shall win.

Another high spot in the film is when one Ritz Brother wrestles with a champion in order to win enough money to enter the horse for the race. It is a riot of hilarious knockabout.

Richard Arlen is good in the non-exacting role of hero but Phyllis Brooks is weak as Linda; she has the advantage, however, of looking decorative.

Ethel Merman appears, to sing a couple of numbers effectively.

**THERE GOES MY HEART

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 84 minutes.

FREDRIC MARCH.....Bill Spencer
 VIRGINIA BRUCE.....Joan Butterfield
 PATSY KELLY.....Peggy O'Brien
 ALAN MOWBRAY

Pennypepper E. Pennypepper
 NANCY CARROLL.....Dorothy Moore
 EUGENE PALLETTE.....Mr. Stevens (Eugene)
 CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Cyrus Butler
 ARTHUR LAKE.....Flanagan
 ETIENNE GIRADOT.....Hinckley (St. Etienne)
 ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Detective Cullen
 IRVING BACON.....Mr. Gorman
 SID SAYLOR.....Robinson
 MARY FIELD.....Mrs. Crud
 J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Officer

Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. From an original story by Ed Sullivan. Previewed November 19, 1938.

For sheer good, light-hearted entertainment on conventional boy-meets-girl lines, but sparkling with good dialogue and well-devised situations, *There Goes My Heart* takes a lot of beating.

Fredric March, who never seems to have a part that puts much strain on him these days, is very good as a reporter who falls in love with an heiress whom he is supposed to debunk in the Press.

The heiress is pleasingly acted by Virginia Bruce, but the honours go to Patsy Kelly as a shop girl who takes the heiress under her wing when she tries to escape from the limelight.

It is all very light and frothy but also very well directed by Hal Roach; what he does not know about slapstick is not worth knowing and he uses it with discretion here.

c**STABLEMATES

M-G-M. American. "U" certificate. Turf comedy-drama. Runs 88 minutes.

WALLACE BEERY.....Tom Terry
 MICKEY ROONEY.....Mickey
 ARTHUR HOHL.....Mr. Gale
 MARGARET HAMILTON.....Beulah Flanders
 MINOR WATSON.....Barney Donovan
 MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Shepherd
 OSCAR O'SHEA.....Pete Whalen

Directed by Sam Wood. From the story by William Thiele and Reginald Owen. Previewed December 10, 1938.

In this picture, Mickey Rooney plays opposite Wallace Beery who has the familiar role of a kindly-hearted man ruined by misfortune and drink; and is regenerated by a young friend whom he assists.

Wallace Beery who is in good form, plays the role of a disgraced veterinary surgeon who performs an operation on a horse which had been given by its disgruntled owner to a stable lad; he had intended it for the glue factory.

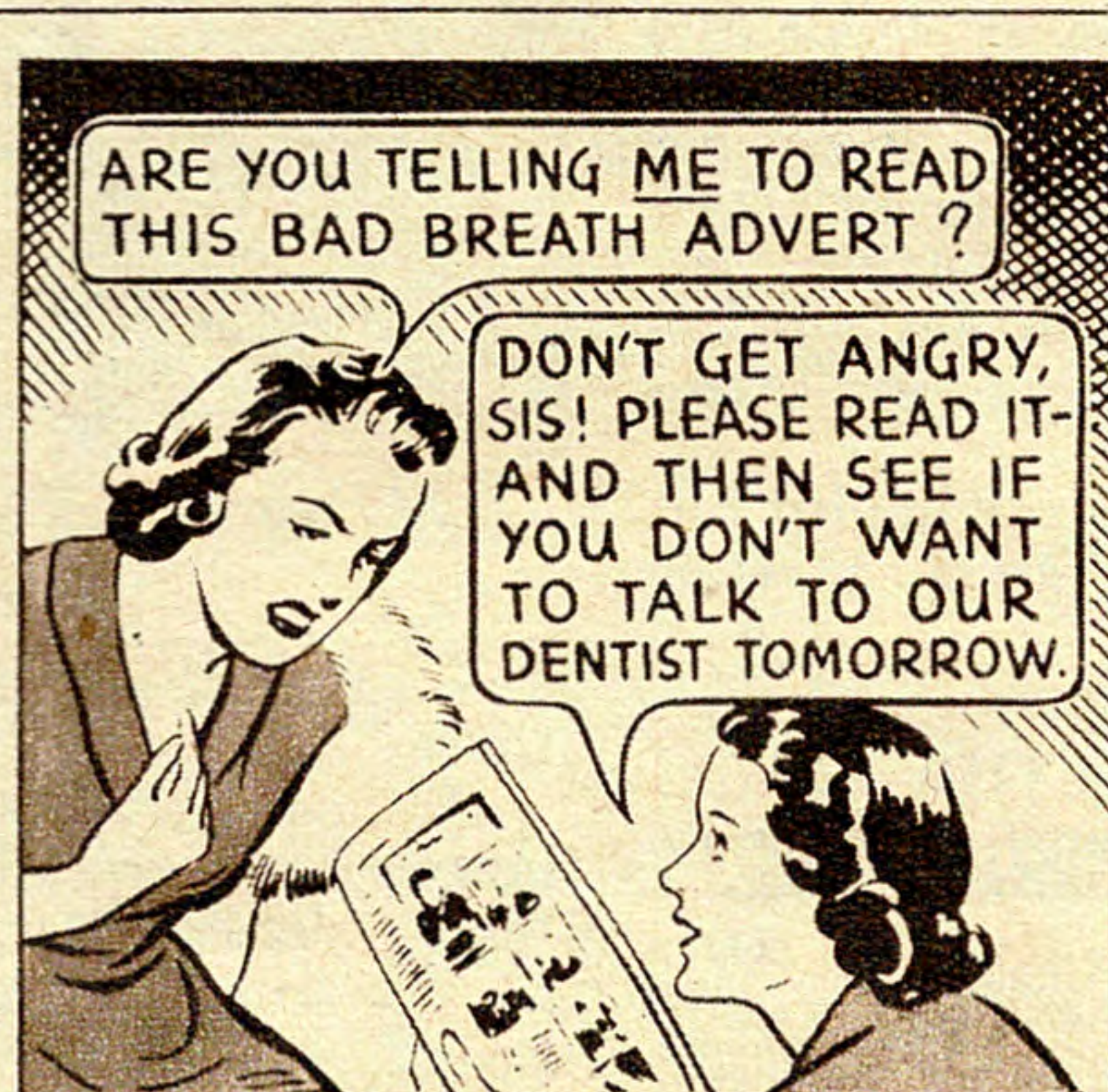
The vet. and the stable lad decide to run the horse and go to work to try and raise money, but just before the horse can enter a race the lad discovers that his "father," as he has learned to call him, was wanted on a serious charge and he does all he can to keep him from the course even to the length of running away from him with the horse.

Through the agency of a kindly owner the horse is entered for a race and Rooney rides it to victory—a victory only marred by the fact that his "father" had turned up to see it and had been arrested.

The story is very slight, but (Continued on page 34)

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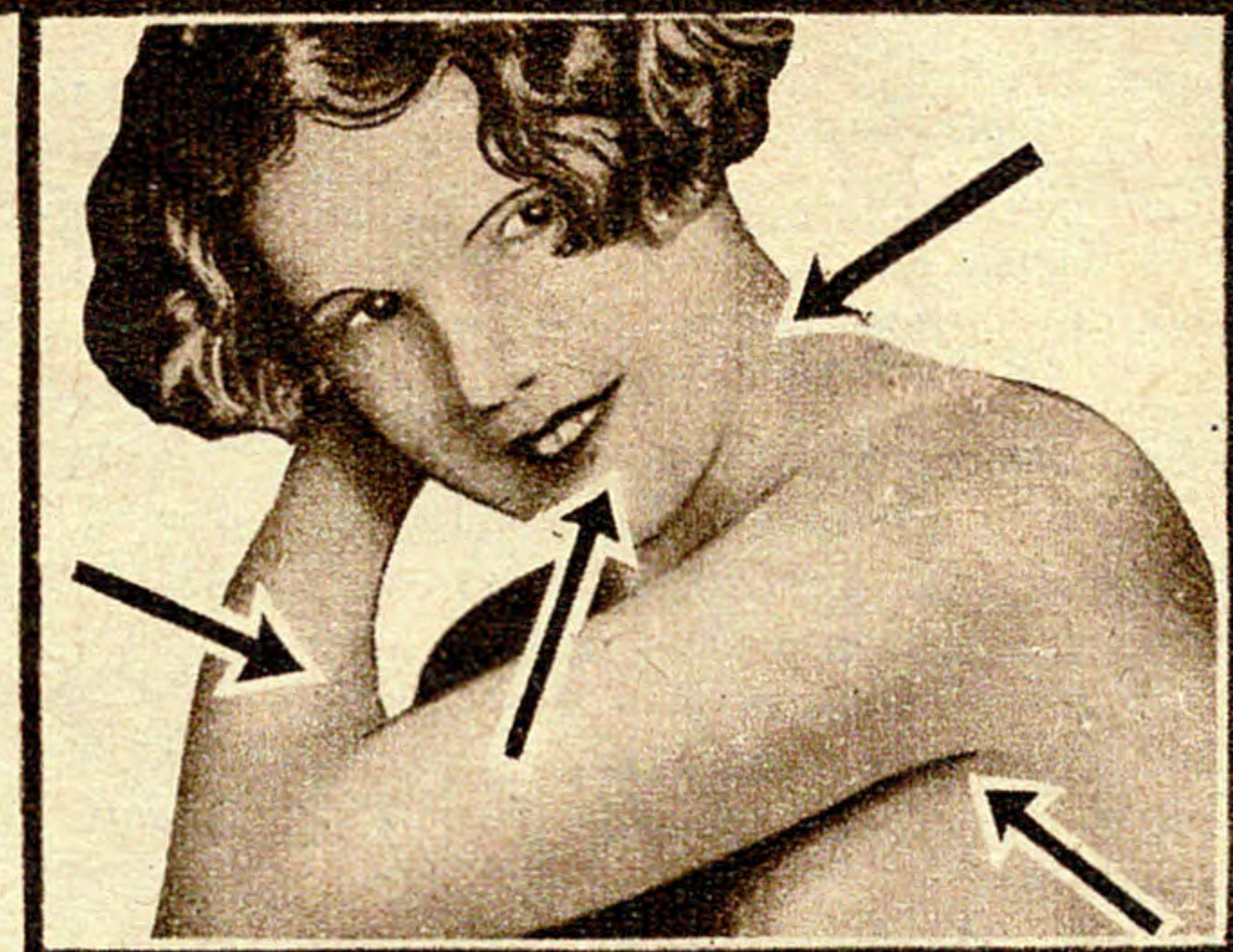
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THE PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index

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

What the asterisks mean—

- *** Very good.
- ** Good.
- * Average entertainment.
- c Also suitable for children.

Mickey Rooney's performance helps considerably in keeping one interested.

****PRISON BREAK**

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "A" certificate. Real melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

BARTON MACLANE.....Joaquin Shannon
 GLENDA FARRELL.....Jean Fenderson
 PAUL FURST.....Soapy
 CONSTANCE MOORE.....Maria
 WARD BOND.....Red Kincaid
 EDWARD PAWLEY.....Joe Fenderson
 EDMUND MACDONALD.....Chris
 JOHN RUSSELL.....Jackie
 FRANK DARIAN.....Cappie
 VICTOR KILIAN.....Fenderson

Directed by Arthur Lubin. Original story by Norton S. Parker.

Coincidence plays a big part in this melodrama which tilts at the American prison system and divides its action between jail and tuna-fishing grounds. Its chief assets are virile character drawing and a certain sense of the spectacular.

Barton MacLane acts well and with transparent sincerity as Joaquin, master of a fishing boat who is in love with Jean Fenderson, whose father frowns on the match because he believes that Joaquin is half Portuguese.

Joaquin eventually takes the blame when his shipmate is accused of killing Jean's brother, a murder that was actually committed by a gangster, Red Kincaid.

The rest of the action takes place in prison where Joaquin frustrates a jail break and is finally proved innocent of the crime for which he was imprisoned.

Glenda Farrell is effective as Jean and Ward Bond does well as the gangster. Minor characters are well etched in and in spite of the ingenuousness of its plot, the picture, as a whole, holds the interest.

cGUILTY TRAIL**

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 57 minutes.

BOB BAKER.....Bob
 MARJORIE REYNOLDS.....Jackie
 HAL TALIAFERRO.....Sundown
 GEORGIA O'DELL.....Martha
 JACK ROCKWELL.....Brad
 CARLETON YOUNG.....Steve
 FORREST TAYLOR.....Dan

GLENN STRANGE.....Sheriff
 MURDOCK McQUARRIE.....Judge
 JACK KIRK.....Stage Driver
 Directed by George Waggner.

Bob Baker, complete with guitar and the usual accompaniment of guns, makes an effective if conventional sheriff who, believing himself guilty of killing a man, resigns office and spends his time in saving a ranch, coveted by crooks, for its orphaned girl owner. Bob sings as well as he shoots and fights.

Marjorie Reynolds does her heroine stuff in approved style while two good supporting performances come from Jack Rockwell, Georgia O'Dell and Hal Taliaferro.

The picture lacks originality but it has pep and good juvenile appeal.

cBREAKING THE ICE**

R-K-O-Radio. American. "U" certificate. Juvenile comedy-drama. Runs 79 minutes.

BOBBY BREEN.....Willy Martin
 CHARLES RUGGLES.....Samuel Terwilliger
 DOLORES COSTELLO.....Martha Martin
 IRENE DARE.....Irene Dare
 ROBERT BARRAT.....William Decker
 DOROTHY PETERSON.....Anne Decker
 JOHN KING.....Henry Johnson
 BILLY GILBERT.....Mr. Small
 CHARLIE MURRAY.....Janitor
 MARGARET HAMILTON.....Mrs. Small
 JONATHAN HALE.....Kane
 SPENCER CHARTERS.....Farmer Smith
 MAURICE CASS.....Mr. Jones

Directed by Edward F. Cline.

Bobby Breen's admirers will find this film quite to their liking; he sings well and acts adequately, but perhaps for others there is a little too much of him.

To counteract this, Irene Dare, a five-year-old skating wonder appears and the ice rink spectacle is one of the picture's highlights.

The story is a curious mixture of songs, spectacle, and stern morals of a Philadelphia religious sect. The main point is that a small boy from Philadelphia runs away with a bagman and sings his way into the big money. He returns and his uncle with whom he had lived accuses him of theft; his name is cleared by the bagman. Following this, he refuses a big offer and goes to live with his mother on a Kansas farm.

Charles Ruggles is good as the itinerant trader and Dolores Costello, Robert Barrat and Dorothy Peterson do what they can with none too exacting roles.

***ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY**

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 77 minutes.

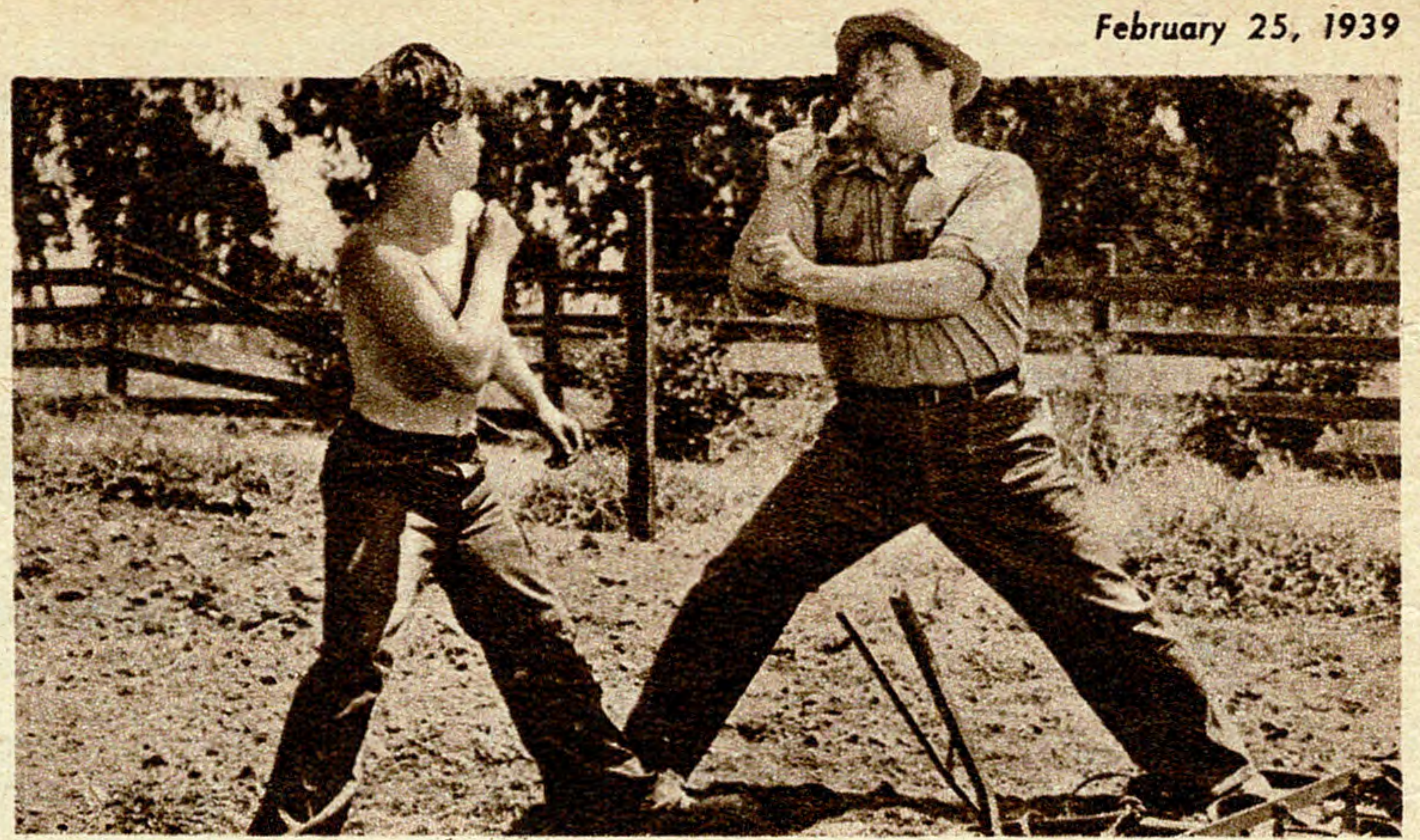
AKIM TAMIROFF.....Mike Balan
 LEIF ERIKSON.....Johnny Simpkins
 FRANCES FARMER.....Trina
 LYNNE OVERMAN.....Oklahoma
 JOHN MILJAN.....Lt. Col. Stuart
 J. M. KERRIGAN.....Sergeant Flynn
 VLADIMAR SOKOLOFF.....Glinka
 GENIA NIKOLO.....Marie Simpkins
 WADE CROSBY.....George Rotz
 ROBERT GLECKLER.....Warden
 NESTOR PAIVA.....Leroyd
 ARCHIE TWITCHELL.....Byrd

Directed by Alfred E. Green. Original story and screen play by Ferdinand Reyher and John C. Moffitt.

You do not need to take this melodrama too seriously and if you do not you will find it quite fair entertainment.

It contains a good deal of American patriotic sentiment in that the hero is the son of an exiled Russian father who makes his money by stealing cattle.

He had not seen his son for twenty years and is suddenly brought face to face with him. Hiding his past he is ready to give his blessing to the boy's union with the niece of his old Russian steward but before he can do this



Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery square up to it in "Stablemates."

he is arrested and put in prison for theft.

His son who has joined the army works for his release but finally decides that he owes more to the American flag than to his father, and fate—so often called upon in such affairs—has to find another way out of the dilemma.

The opening is good but the rest of the picture does not live up to its early promise. However, Akim Tamiroff is convincing as the Russian exile and Leif Erickson does very well as his son; these two carry the main weight of the picture.

Frances Farmer has little opportunity in the role of heroine.

***MR. CHUMP**

First National. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

JOHNNIE DAVIS.....Bill Small
 LOLA LANE.....Jane Mason
 PENNY SINGLETON.....Betty Martin
 DONALD BRIGGS.....Jim Belden
 CHESTER CLUTE.....Ed Mason
 FRANK ORTH.....Sheriff
 GRANVILLE BATES.....Mr. Sprague
 SPENCER CHARTERS.....Mr. Koeper
 CLEM BEVANS.....Pop
 SIDNEY BRACY.....Theatre Manager

Directed by William Clemens. Screen play by George Bricker.

It is the swing numbers introduced into this small town comedy which help it along its rather halting way.

Johnnie Davis blows his trumpet with a verve which should please swing addicts and acts quite well as Bill Small who refuses to get a job but has a hunch that he can make money on the stock market.

His girl, Betty, gets fed up with him and becomes engaged to his rival, Jim, a bank teller. Bill forms a fairly successful band and also manages to get Betty to break off her engagement.

Then he learns that both Betty's brother-in-law and Jim had taken money from the bank to play the stock market and had lost. He persuades them to give him \$10,000 to try his own system. He is so successful that he buys the bank, but Federal authorities, learning about the irregularities, land them all in jail.

***LASSIE FROM LANCASHIRE**

Associated British Pictures (British National). British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 81 minutes.

MARJORIE BROWNE.....Jenny
 HAL THOMPSON.....Tom
 MARJORIE SANDFORD.....Margie
 MARK DALY.....Dad
 VERA LENNOX.....Daisy
 ELSIE WAGSTAFFE.....Aunt Hetty
 JOHNNIE SCHOFIELD.....Cyril
 JOE MOTT.....Manager

CARYLL AND MUNDY.....Guest Artistes
 Directed by John Paddy Carstairs. Adapted for the screen by Doreen Montgomery.

Simple romantic comedy with music, rather heavy handed at times but containing some good

song numbers and incidental acts; one or two burlesques are particularly bright.

Marjorie Browne has a good personality and sings well as Jenny, a mill worker who spends a holiday after being sacked from her work, at her aunt's house in the Isle of Man.

She has to do house work but teams up with a young composer adequately played by Hal Thompson, and manages to secure a job with a local pierrot troupe. They make good eventually in spite of the aunt's intervention and also conclude a cheery romance.

It is all very light and must not be taken seriously and it has the advantage of being very English in outlook.

RELEASES
FOR THE
PAST TWO MONTHS

For the benefit of readers from whom we have had numerous requests, we publish below a list of films awarded two, three or four stars during the past two months. The stellar rating is given in brackets after the title of the film.

- Adventures of Robin Hood, The (3)c Dec. 31
- Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The (2) Jan. 7
- Affairs of Annabella, The (2)... Dec. 31
- Alexander's Ragtime Band (2)... Jan. 14
- Algiers (2)..... Jan. 21
- Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The (3) Jan. 14
- Bar-20 Justice (2)c..... Dec. 31
- Black Limelight (2)..... Jan. 7
- Blockheads (2)c..... Feb. 4
- Border Patrolmen, The (2)c..... Dec. 24
- Boys' Town (3)..... Feb. 11
- Bulldog Drummond in Africa (2)c Feb. 4
- Call of the Yukon (2)c..... Dec. 31
- Carefree (3)..... Feb. 11
- Cheat, The (3)..... Feb. 4
- Free to Live (3)..... Feb. 11
- Gangs of New York (2)..... Jan. 7
- Garden of the Moon (2)..... Feb. 4
- Gay Imposters, The (2)..... Feb. 4
- Give Me a Sailor (2)..... Jan. 21
- Hey! Hey! U.S.A. (2)c..... Dec. 24
- If I were King (3)c..... Feb. 4
- Lady Vanishes, The (3)..... Dec. 31
- Little Miss Broadway (2)c..... Dec. 24
- Little Tough Guy (2)..... Feb. 18
- Marie Antoinette (3)..... Feb. 4
- My Bill (2)..... Jan. 7
- My Lucky Star (2)c..... Feb. 18
- Night Alone (2)..... Jan. 21
- Painted Desert (2)c..... Feb. 18
- Passport Husband (2)..... Feb. 4
- Prison Without Bars (2)..... Feb. 4
- Pygmalion (4)..... Dec. 31
- Rage of Paris, The (3)..... Jan. 21
- Rich Man, Poor Girl (2)..... Jan. 14
- Romance and Rhythm (2)..... Jan. 7
- St. Martin's Lane (2)..... Feb. 4
- Safety in Numbers (2)c..... Jan. 21
- Shining Hour, The (3)..... Feb. 18
- Sinners in Paradise (2)..... Dec. 31
- Sixty Glorious Years (3)c..... Dec. 24
- Swiss Miss (2)c..... Dec. 24
- Texans, The (2)..... Jan. 14
- That Certain Age (3)c..... Feb. 4
- Three Loves Has Nancy (2)..... Jan. 7
- Too Hot to Handle (2)..... Jan. 21
- White Banners (3)..... Jan. 21
- Wives Under Suspicion (2)..... Feb. 11
- Yellow Sands (3)..... Feb. 18

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Letters from our Readers

GET OUT OF LONDON!

OTHER CITIES SHOULD HAVE THEIR TURN

WHY are not more British films made with a setting in various of our large provincial cities as apart from the eternal London?

I'm afraid most of us are more familiar with the stations, buildings and main thoroughfares of New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Washington than with those of Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester or Edinburgh.

Many of us have only hazy ideas of what these cities are like and frequently our ideas are entirely false.

For instance, I have never met a Londoner who did not think that Cardiff, the principal coal exporting port in South Wales, was squalid and dirty.

Cardiff has one of the finest civic centres in the country, it has historic old castles and is surrounded by beautiful fields.

Flower baskets hang from the lamp standards in the streets, but the city is associated with coal not with beauty, thus there is an entirely erroneous impression everywhere.

Film producers could do much to correct wrong impressions both for Cardiff and for other big cities. A good story laid in various cities would create an enormous amount of public interest.—"National," Machen Place, Cardiff.

(But even London has not been properly exploited.—"Thinker.")

Extraordinary People

● Filmdom, to my mind, is entitled to exaggerate in its characterizations. There are certain types of characters which actually add realism to a production by virtue of their very familiarity to theatre and cinema audiences, even though their counterparts may never be encountered in real life.

The portly village policeman, illiterate and bulging with self-esteem, where can one find him outside the mediums for histrionic art? Yet, his mere appearance on the stage or screen will make audiences sit back with anticipatory chuckles.

In real life one usually finds that the most colourful personalities are those belonging to folks who think and act rather unconventionally.

Grousers have been consistently pointed in their condemnation of hackneyed cinematic types of characterization and in their demands for ordinary, everyday types of personalities on the screen. Yet, is it not a fact that a colourful personality is still the strongest—and most lucrative—magnet which draws humanity enthusiastically to cinema box offices?—D. Drewitt, "Homeby," Church Road, Ash, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 IS.

Debunking the Jeremiahs

● Hardly a week passes without some self-opinionated person, who never visits the cinema, publicly denouncing films and their "evil" influence.

As one who has grown up with the cinema may I express a few words in its defence?

I have never seen a crime film which did not point the moral that crime does not pay.

The screen has re-created great figures in history and art and set me reading about them. It has brought me the world's greatest singers

(Continued on page 36)

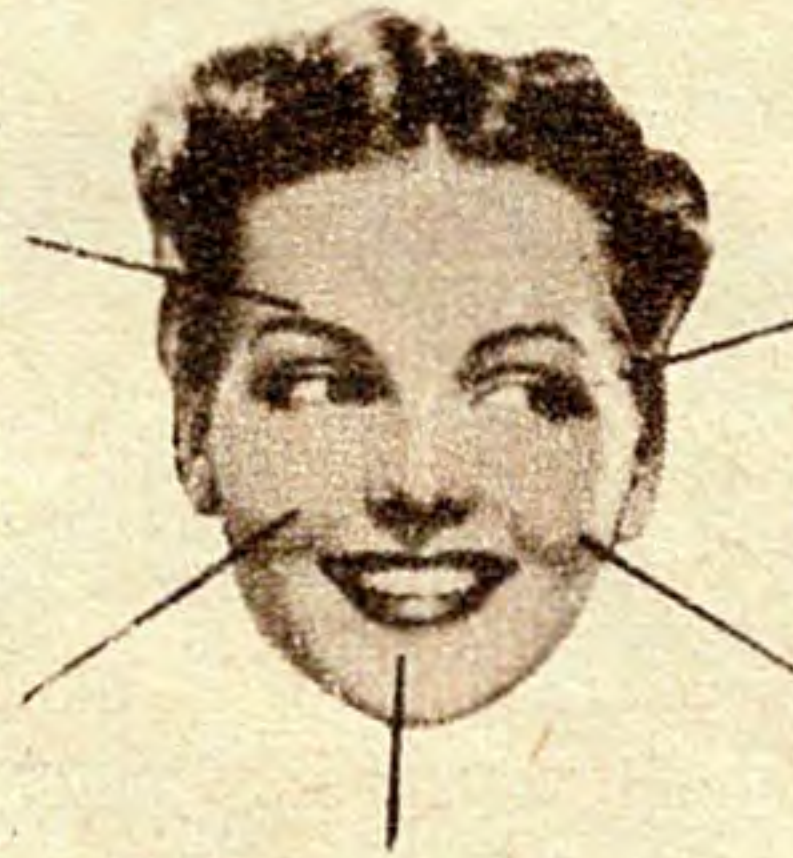


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ANALYSIS OF POLLY'S GLAMOUR

NOTICE THE PETAL SMOOTHNESS. She couldn't be thrilling if her skin were rough, dried-up. Neither can you. And the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream will make your skin extra-smooth.



DELICATE, CLEAR COLOUR. Dull, muddy skin couldn't win admiration. But the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream actually gives a NEW skin—clear and transparent!

NO LINES, WRINKLES Even slight frown or smile creases would age and harshen her face. But the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream makes lines soften!

FINE TEXTURE. Big pores would turn all eyes away. But Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" actually makes pores smaller.

NO SKIN FAULTS. No chances for her if her face were marred with spots and blackheads. You can avoid those defects—by faithful use of Pond's Cream, for the "skin-vitamin" in it makes skin healthy.

THREE YEARS OF RESEARCH by leading biochemists proved that when the skin lacks the "skin-vitamin," glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissues shrink — the skin becomes rough and scaly. But when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, glands become normal, flattened cells and shrunken tissues fill out—the skin becomes smooth and healthy. These beauty results were so amazing that Pond's have now put the "skin-vitamin" into all their creams—into Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. Start using Pond's Cream today.

Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a quick cleanser.

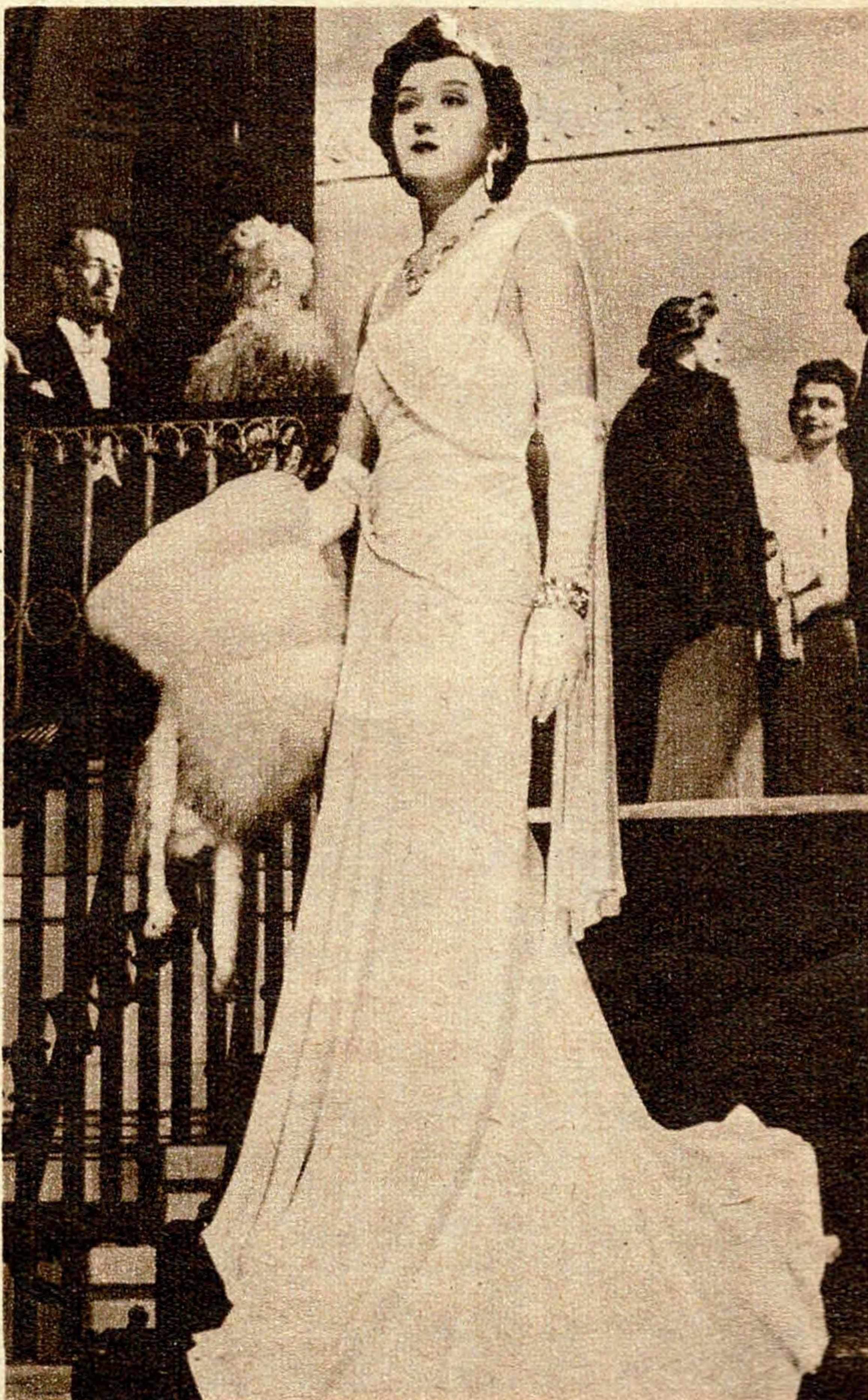


THE LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON

At the right she is seen leaving the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

"I USED TO ENVY the wonderful smoothness of skin that the smartest women always have. Then I learned how to have it for myself. Pond's Vanishing Cream melts rough bits of skin the instant it's applied. So powder goes on with alabaster smoothness. And besides holding powder on so perfectly, this cream protects the skin and helps it with the 'skin-vitamin.'

"IT'S FATAL for one's complexion if dirt is left in the pores. To get it out, I use Pond's Cold Cream every night. Thanks to the 'skin-vitamin,' my complexion has been made smoother, more radiant, finer and younger-looking—in only a few weeks!"



Don't *mask* your beauty...



**LOOK LOVELIER
WITH
Natural
COLOUR**

Obvious make up only hides your beauty. Pale, insipid cheeks give it no chance. Be clever then. Look *natural*. Let there be colour in your cheeks, the colour of health and freshness, colour that lasts the day! Snowfire Blush Cream looks perfectly natural in any light. It cannot possibly coarsen your skin. In shades to flatter every skin-tone. Blonde, Brunette, Medium and Tangerine. If you prefer rouge in block form, ask for the beautifying Rouge Compact in the same shades. 3d. and 6d. For irresistible lips, use Snowfire Indelible Lipstick. In five fashionable shades, 3d. and 6d.

**Snowfire
BLUSH CREAM**



3d & 6d

'Snowfire sets hearts afire'



*Corinne
Luchaire*

I HAVE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY—I FIND MY COMPLEXION SOAP, LUX TOILET SOAP, IS WONDERFUL FOR THE BATH. THERE IS SUCH A BIG LATHER WITH IT. IT GETS THE SKIN CLEAN BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE. SO I'M SURE I'M WHAT YOU CALL **DAINTY!**

What Do You Think?—contd.

and artists; taken me to all parts of the world from the frozen North through deserts and jungles to the languorous South Seas; above the clouds, into the bowels of the earth and the depths of the sea.

It has given me a glimpse into the lives of animals, birds and fish; taught me the horrors of war and the beauty of a simple peace. Also it keeps me in touch with the most important sporting and news events.

The cinema and my books are my greatest—and truest—friends.—*E. Pullen, Kyle Crescent, Rhiwbina, Glamorgan.*

(That's a thing that wanted saying.—*"Thinker."*)



The caricature of Ned Sparks is by A. Mitchell, "Glenfoot," London Road, Newmilns, Ayrshire, Scotland, who is awarded a special prize of 10s. 6d. Sorry I haven't room for any more drawings at the moment. I'll let you know when to release the flood again!

Eleanor Powell

● There's something of the ocean in her dancing,
The sparkling brilliance of a breaking wave
Whose tossing head is wild, white horses
prancing
With ecstasy that only Nature gave.
And like the deep when wildest storm is over,
The rhythmic surge takes gay abandon's place;
The fluid melting loveliness of movement
That fits so well her loveliness of face.

—*John Lane, 37 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Authenticity

● Opening my PICTUREGOER at "Filming Suez," I said, "No, it won't do." The palms are not an oasis, and neither will they grow like this in the Sahara.

Cinema audiences today appreciate pictures of out-of-the-way places on this earth, but they must be authentic. The theatre is the proper place for artificially-made scenery.

I am looking forward to seeing *The Four Feathers*, a film shot on the spot. Instead of the blackened skins of Tom, Peter and Jack, we shall see the real fuzzy-wuzzies of Kipling and the desert.

Here's to the producer who faces the expense of a long journey with tons of picture-making equipment, patiently overcoming the shyness of natives, the greed of the camel-vendor, and all so that we, sitting in our tip-up chair, may have a jolly couple of hours, feasting eyes on scenes which we know are the *real thing*, and exclaiming as we leave, "Thank God, anyway,

for the cinema!"—W. H. Bolton, *Cherryfield*, Bovey Tracy, Newton Abbott, Devon.

(But would you have known—if you had not read the article?—"Thinker.")

Funny Fashions

● It seems that as women take to a new fashion they are eager to ridicule the styles of the immediate past.

In several recent revivals I have heard women laugh aloud at the clothes worn by the women stars—the close-fitting hats worn by Sylvia Sidney in *City Streets*, and by Carole Lombard in *No Man of her Own*, particularly, created a great deal of humour.

Yet these fashions are quite in keeping with the time in which the action of the story is laid. Is it not strange that women will accept costume pictures and Victorian subjects without a titter, yet are moved to laughter at the styles they themselves wore only a few years ago?—*Mere Male*, Cardiff.

(Well, they are rather funny.—"Thinker.")

Speak Up, Charles!

● Why must Charles Laughton subject his audiences to the continual strain of endeavouring to catch what he is saying?

In *Vessel of Wrath*—as in his other films—the high-lights of an otherwise splendidly acted character part were completely spoiled by Laughton's unintelligible mutterings.

While acknowledging that his brilliance is in his facial expression, I think that Laughton might well be reminded that cinema-goers are not all lip-readers, nor do they all have the energy and inclination to translate his expressions into words.

A continuance of this "murmuring campaign" may bring to an untimely and undesired end the career of a great actor. So, speak up, Charles, speak up!—*William Taylor*, 52 *Relugas Road*, Edinburgh, 9.

(This actor is generally credited with one of the best speaking voices on the screen.—"Thinker.")

Don't Make Him Tough!

● I have a grievance—here it is. I'm sick and tired of seeing Humphrey Bogart as a gangster, generally coming to a sticky end.

Why can't the powers that be realize there are a lot of us who would pay more to see him as a hero for a change, than any Robert Taylor?—(Miss) *Bettie Thurlow*, 175 *Latymer Court*, W.6.

(O.K., Bettie. Now hear Lily.—"Thinker.")

Do Make Him Tough!

● I went to see *Swing your Lady*. My thought for Humphrey Bogart was very little. Then *Dead End* came along; I loved him for his grand performance. Last week I saw *Crime School*. I sat the film through, but all the time thinking he would turn out to be tough, but, alas, I was mistaken.

No, Humphrey Bogart, get back in the tough guys rank, that's your place; comedy or sympathetic roles are not yours. Lay off!—(Miss) *Lily Ashton*, c/o 32 *Grove Terrace*, off *Great Horton Road*, Bradford.

(Now fight it out.—"Thinker.")

"Screen-Larnin'"

● Have the talkies educated me? I'll say. If I want to leave my husband flat I know exactly the way to write the parting letter and where to leave it.

Should I be found in the bedroom of the other man's flat, I've been shown how to run to my husband and say, "But, darling, I can explain everything."

If I want to knock a man cold a dozen film heroines have demonstrated the method.

Should I find a murdered man on the stairs I have learned a dozen "thin-manized" wisecracks that I just toss off in a nonchalant manner.

Fifty-seven ways of getting a divorce are at my finger tips.

Pre-film days found me taking a bath in private. Now I disrobe in public, hoping for

(Continued on page 38)

STOP USING 'JUST ANYTHING' TO WASH YOUR HAIR



...make it gloriously lovely
with Eve — A REAL SHAMPOO FOR 2d

Even the best toilet soaps or soap flakes—just because they are soap—will leave nasty grey scum in your hair. But there's no need now to hide away your hair's true loveliness by using soap. For although Eve is a real soapless shampoo—specially made for your hair—it costs only twopence! This lovely no-scum shampoo makes your hair radiant. Eve Shampoo brings out glowing high-lights you never knew existed, makes your hair a halo of shimmering beauty, satin soft and adorable to touch. Your hair will set more easily, too! Get a packet of Eve today—it's for every shade of hair because it beautifies naturally. You'll never use toilet soap or flakes on your hair again.



EVE
SHAMPOO
2d

IN CREAM FORM TOO!

Eve Shampoo Cream—three double-quick shampoos in a 6d tube—ideal for the whole family.

YOU CAN BANISH EPIDEMIC COMPLAINTS with ASPRO

'ASPRO' does not harm the Heart

Quickest! Safest! Surest!

Epidemics of colds, 'flu and feverish complaints are rampant. If neglected they may lead to serious complications. 'ASPRO' banishes feverishness... If you stop the feverishness, you stop the development of the complaint. 'ASPRO' is an internal antiseptic—a germicide and promotes the elimination of uric acid, so with 'ASPRO' tablets you can stamp out many complaints at their inception. If you already have them, 'ASPRO' deals with them effectively for the scientific reasons stated above. So it is wise to keep 'ASPRO' handy. Take it at inception for the feverishness. If the throat is affected—if it feels sore—gargle with 'ASPRO'. Then you will prevent the complications and arrest the spread of the infection. You are on safe grounds when you take 'ASPRO', for 'ASPRO' attacks the causes of numerous complaints. It helps all. Try 'ASPRO' today—it will protect and give healing service to every member of your family.

'FLU, COLDS, CHICKEN POX, SORE THROATS are about

MORE CONVINCING TESTIMONY —

YOUNG SUFFERER FROM TONSILLITIS HELPED

6 Council Houses, High Street, Dears Sirs, Harlton, Cambs. Please accept my most grateful thanks for the wonderful benefits I have received by the regular use of 'ASPRO'. Being the mother of five small children I find them a wonderful standby. My youngest has just recovered from a bad attack of tonsillitis and I found 'ASPRO' very handy, especially during her bouts of high temperature. Our "daily 'ASPRO' gargle" has, I know, prevented the others and myself from having it, as tonsillitis throats are very contagious. Apart from this instance I can truthfully say that 'ASPRO' has saved me from many a breakdown. I was always a bag of nerves until I used them, but now when I feel "out of tune with everything and everybody" two tablets and a sleep usually puts me in form. Thanking you again for the biggest three-penny-worth money can buy. Yours faithfully, P. E. DENNIS (Mrs.).

DOUBLE PROOF OF 'ASPRO' ACTION

Dear Sir, Torquay, Devon. Just a word of praise for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets and their marvellous quick-working effects: First my son contracted a nasty cold in the head, tried many things from the chemist to clear it—without success. He mentioned about trying 'ASPRO'—he got some and was soon rid of his cold. I myself then found myself with a very uncomfortable cold; I followed my son's advice, had a couple of your tablets before retiring, the next morning I was nearly free from a snuffled nose. Wonderful tablets — with quick action. Yours truly, "A TORQUAY RESIDENT."

SMASHES 'FLU ATTACK HUSBAND HELPED TOO

Dear Sirs, 13 Priory Road, Anheid, Liverpool, 4. I am writing to you on behalf of my husband and myself for the wonderful service that 'ASPROS' have done for us—we cannot praise them enough. I myself have had a very bad attack of influenza but as soon as I took a few 'ASPROS' they reduced the fever and checked the cold. Also my husband has suffered from headache a lot of times and he tried 'ASPROS' for the first time the other day and they have done him good. Now he will not be without them again. Thanking you once again. Yours faithfully, WILLIAM PEACHEY. KATH PEACHEY.

CHICKEN POX TESTIMONY

Mrs. E. W., of Crosshills, nr. Keighley, writes: "I have been a user of 'ASPRO' ever since they came out, and found them very good for headaches. Chicken pox is raging at the schools just now and the children nearly all start with a headache and very high temperature. I really thought my little boy was commencing with the 'flu'. I crushed an 'ASPRO' in a spoon, sprinkled sugar on the top (and mind you the sweat was pouring out of him and he was tossing about all night with headache), but as a result of the 'ASPRO' taken at twelve o'clock at night and again in the morning, he was playing about in the bedroom with the chicken pox well out."

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

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|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| INFLUENZA | COLDS | RHEUMATISM |
| HEADACHES | LUMBAGO | ALCOHOLIC |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | IRRITABILITY | AFTER EFFECTS |
| OR INSOMNIA | NEURITIS | PAINS PECULIAR |
| NEURALGIA | HAY FEVER | TO WOMEN |
| SCIATICA | NERVE SHOCK | MALARIA |
| GOUT | TOOTHACHE | ASTHMA |

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula. ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'



PRICES 3: 6: 1'3 2'6

What Do You Think?—contd.

the steam from the water to hide the censorable portions of me. Have I learned!—"Student," Sheffield.

What, No Fight?

I have just taken a child to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and although I enjoyed it, I was surprised to see at the finish that my young friend had a disappointed look on her face. On asking the reason for this I was told that she was waiting for the fight between Prince Charming and Dragon, as shown on the poster outside.

This drew my attention to the fact that posters hardly ever depict some action in the film, but show something entirely foreign to it.

Can this not be rectified, as it sometimes may mean that we turn down some film which we should really have enjoyed, because we did not like the hoarding.—J. W. Hines, 12 Briar Street, Middlesbrough.

(A film-advertising man's mind works in some mysterious way that you and I cannot follow.—"Thinker.")

Ditto Repeato

Your colleague, E. G. Cousins, mentioned recently that *The Ringer* had been remade under the title *The Gaunt Stranger* without acknowledgement, and said this was misleading.

I have seen two similar cases of the same thing, the more dangerous because, as far as I am aware, they have passed unnoticed by critics.

One was the remaking of the film *Gallant Lady*, starring Ann Harding and Clive Brook, under the title *Always Good-bye*, with Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck.

The other is a recent arrival, *The Lady Objects*, with Gloria Stuart and Larry Ross, which is a copy of the Gene Raymond-Fay Wray film, *Ann Carver's Profession*.

The differences between the two versions are very slight, and, while I quite understand that it is a temptation to producers to refilm old successes, neither the old or new editions of the above two films were sufficiently outstanding to warrant such treatment.

Surely producers must realize that there is a world of new material to be found without resorting to such methods?—(Miss) Helen M. Sparks, Flat 8/11 Powis Square, Bayswater, W.11.

(I don't see any reason for assuming that producers realize any such thing.—"Thinker.")

Insulting the Force

Since you invite our opinions of stars and films, I would like to give mine of film policemen.

Blimey, they're sumfink croell! Tell me, have you yet come across one in London such as you see in any British film? Honestly, when I see one on the film, I feel like throwing a quart bottle of something thick enough to blot him out.

You see, I am a policeman's wife, and I know what the P.C. of today really is. Most of them have had a higher education, and it is not unusual to find M.A.s, B.A.s and the like among them; and to let a half-baked "cissie" extra portray one of the finest body of men makes me boil.

Could you possibly do something about it? I wish I could visit a studio and see a producer or someone, I'd show him how to portray a London bobbie.—(Mrs.) Wyn Abbott, 84 Alderney Street, Warwick Square, Victoria, S.W.1. (I think our policemen are wonderful—to stand it!—"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly. £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

MUSIC from the MOVIES

WALTZ rhythm has been given a decided fillip by M-G-M's production of *The Great Waltz* with music by Johann Strauss. Two numbers are excellently rendered on Parlophone RO 20431, "I'm in Love with Vienna" and "One Day when We Were Young" by Richard Tauber. His fine tenor voice gives them full value. This is a record you cannot afford to miss.

The same two numbers are well orchestrated on H.M.V. BD 5449.

One of the most fascinating records of the month is Parlophone R 2616. Zarah Leander, a full-throated contralto sings two songs from the German film *The Blue Fox*, "Von dein Puzta Will Ich Träumen" and "Kan Dein Liebe Sünde Sein?" The first is an intimate little number spoken rather than sung and the other is Hungarian in character.

Talking of Hungary, the Albert Sandler Trio give a spirited rendering of "Magyar Melody" on Columbia FB 2118 and on the other side the original of "The Donkey Serenade" from *Firefly*, "Chanson."

A number that is going to be wildly popular is "Ferdinand the Bull," from Walt Disney's new cartoon creation. An interesting contrast in treatment is provided by the way it is sung as a waltz on Decca F 6922 by Dick Robinson and his orchestra and played as a fox-trot by Nat Gonella and his Georgians on Parlophone F 1331, both are excellent. The former has "Tutti Frutti" a hot swing on the reverse and the latter the well-known "Penny Serenade."

Gracie Fields contributes two of her popular numbers on Rex 94789, "She Fought like a Tiger for 'er 'onour," and "One of the Little Orphans of the Storm." Both are well recorded and should go down on your list.

There is still another variation of the "Whistle While You Work" song from *Snow White*, on H.M.V. B 8850. This time it is presented by The Comedy Harmonists, an excellent combination which whistles, yodels and sings it with harmonious effect.

Fats Waller and his Rhythm do full justice to "Two Sleepy People" from *Thanks for the Melody* on H.M.V. BD 5452, and "Change Partners" from *Carefree* is sung and orchestrated excellently on Brunswick 02698 by Jimmy Dorsay and his Orchestra.

That Certain Age bulks big in this week's batch, and although comparisons may be odious, it's practically impossible to avoid them here.

For instance, take the first four records I tried-over.

H.M.V. BD 5444 has two tunes from that successful Deanna Durbin picture—on one side "My Own" in fox-trot time, and on the other, "You're as Pretty as a Picture." These are both played by Geraldo's orchestra, with the choruses attractively sung by Al Bowlly.

Then on Parlophone R 2615 we have these two numbers again, sung by the English girl soprano, Millicent Phillips, with orchestral accompaniment. If only we hadn't heard Deanna sing them first . . . !

For a third helping, on Rex 9472 we have the same two numbers again, played by Billy Cotton's Band and with the choruses sung by a vocalist who is unfortunately anonymous. Maybe my taste's at fault, but I certainly liked this one best of the three.

One last smack at this film comes on Columbia FB 2130—a selection by Cedric Gibbons (at the piano) and his Boy Friends. On the reverse is a representative selection from *The Gay Imposters*.

Here are another three from *The Great Waltz*, beginning with Parlophone F 1334, on one side of which Victor Silvester and his Ballroom Orchestra play the waltz "One Day When We Were Young," while on the other we have *The Gay Imposters* again—the quick-step "Day-dreaming."

Finally, on Columbia FB 2127, Bobby Howes, Binnie Hale, and Vera Pearce combine to give us a selection from *Yes, Madam*, accompanied by the Hippodrome Theatre Orchestra. No one can accuse these three artistes of withholding their best efforts!

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR
20 Years Younger!

Whatever the cause of your greyness, however far advanced it may be, "Caradium" will soon make you look 10 to 20 years younger. "Caradium" works this miracle by restoring Grey Hair in Nature's way to its original rich, lustrous beautiful colouring without dye, stain, or risk of injury.

"CARADIUM" IS NOT A DYE

"Caradium" recreates the original colour straight from the hair roots quickly, safely, yet absolutely surely. Prepared with wonderful radio-active water, "CARADIUM" stops your hair falling at once and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.

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Write for free Booklet

4/- size is now available for those who are ONLY SLIGHTLY GREY, large size 7/6 **WARNING.**—Say NO firmly to all imitations, as no substitute will give "Caradium" results. "Caradium" Shampoo Powders, finest in the world, make your hair beautiful. Price 6d. each, or 12 for 5s. **GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF "CARADIUM" IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC.** "CARADIUM" is obtainable from Chemists, Boots, Harrods, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Timothy Whites, Taylor's Drug Stores, or direct, plain wrapper. Overseas 2s. 6d. extra for postage. Caradium Regd., 38, Great Smith Street, Westminster, London.

**FRESH
FROM HER
BEAUTY
BATH**



*Lovely
throat
and arms
for
evening*



The **OLIVE OIL** in **PALMOLIVE** keeps her Schoolgirl Complexion all over

This is the girl with the lovely complexion—the girl whose beauty goes further than her face. The girl who's proud of her skin wherever it's on show—because she baths daily with Palmolive. Every Palmolive bath is a veritable beauty bath. Palmolive's velvety, searching lather is rich with olive oil, the gentlest, most thorough cleanser on earth, on the word of 20,000 beauty specialists. So use Palmolive all over. Don't be content to be lovely in patches. Be clean, be fresh and fragrant, be School-girl Complexion *all over* with Palmolive.



3^d

Gloriously Beautiful!

LORETTA YOUNG

20th Century-Fox Star
appearing in
"SUEZ"
with TYRONE POWER



THE GLORY OF BEAUTY is at its highest in colours, but the colours—particularly of a lovely woman's complexion—must harmonize, and this beautiful harmony in colour has been made possible by

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

Max Factor, jun., who prescribes the make-up for 96% of Hollywood's most famous film stars, offers you the same COLOUR HARMONY SERVICE.

Fill in the coupon below for your personal Complexion Analysis, and start using your Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Colour Harmony. You will see the difference and even your friends will remark on it.



LORETTA YOUNG using Max Factor's Rouge, Powder and Lipstick.

Max Factor ★
Hollywood & London

MAX FACTOR'S "COSMETICS OF THE STARS" ARE OBTAINABLE at all LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS and HAIRDRESSERS and all branches of BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS

POST FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOUR HARMONY

This coupon applies to Great Britain and Northern-Ireland only.

Complexion	Eyes	Hair
Very Light . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
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Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
	SKIN	AGE
Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Over 35 . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . <input type="checkbox"/> Dark . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Under 35 . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	If hair is Grey, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

SEND this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. to Max Factor (Dept. A), 16 Old Bond St., London, W.1, for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your correct colour harmony, and 48-page booklet on the *New Art of Society Make-Up*, by Max Factor.

P.29

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LET GEORGE DO IT!

B. A. (Liverpool).—A photograph of Gene Autry can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

LOUIS HAYWARD FAN.—(1) In the film, *The Saint in New York*, Fay, played by Kay Sutton is killed. (2) Louis Hayward has just completed *The Duke of West Point* with Tom Brown, Alan Curtis, Joan Fontaine and Richard Carlson. He is scheduled for *Magnificent Line* and *The Man in the Iron Mask*. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

B. C. (Scotland).—(1) Asterisks awarded in the review section of this magazine: *City Girl*—one; *Black Fury* and *Man of the World*—two. (2) Roland Young took the part of Uriah Heep in *David Copperfield*.

D. G. U. (Norwich).—We are informed by S. E. R. (Norwich) that there is a book published on the late Rudolph Valentino's life entitled *The Real Valentino*, by G. Ullman, and published by Arthur Pearson Ltd.

W. M. (Egypt).—Brian Donlevy, Coral Browne, Ted Smith and Gus McNaughton appeared with Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen in *We're Going to be Rich*.

V. P. (Kent).—We cannot trace the book you mention but would recommend *The History of Films*, by Benjamin Hampton, published by Samson Low, and *Twenty-five Years of Films*, by G. R. Doyle, published by the Mitre Press.

J. A. M. (Egypt).—Ronald Colman is not at the moment making a film. He is free-lancing at present.

P.C. 9 (Surrey).—Write to Louis Hayward, c/o Paramount Studios (U.S.A.).

TAYLOR FANS (Chesham).—Write to Jeannette Morrod, 111 Highgate Road, N.W.5, for full particulars of a fan club for Robert Taylor. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

E. D. (Hove).—Addresses as follows:—Ronald Colman, Henry Fonda, Laurence Olivier, c/o United Artists Studios (U.S.A.). Tyrone Power, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.). Freddie Bartholomew, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.). Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., c/o Selznick International Studios (U.S.A.). Barry K. Barnes, c/o this magazine.

BARBARA'S LOVER (Devonshire).—(1) I am sorry but we have no details of any records made by Barbara Stanwyck from *Poor Little Rich Girl*. (2) The photograph you mention that we published of Barbara Stanwyck was a studio portrait and not from any particular film.

P. P. (Plymouth).—(1) Ray Milland had just finished *Hotel Imperial* before he came over here for a holiday and has now returned to America to make *Beau Geste*. (2) Luise Rainer's latest film is *Dramatic School* with Paulette Goddard, Gale Sondergaard and Alan Marshall.

W. P. (Plymouth).—Latest films and companies:—Bette Davis *The Sisters* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). William Powell not making a film at the moment, under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). Bing Crosby *The Star Maker* for Paramount Studios (U.S.A.). Elizabeth Allan appearing in *Quiet Wedding* at Wyndham's Theatre, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Mary Maguire and George Sanders—*The Outsider* for Associated British Pictures (Eng.).

Addresses:—Write to Barry K. Barnes, Bobby Howes, Valerie Hobson, Lupino Lane, Sydney Howard, Robertson Hare, c/o this magazine. Bobbie Breen, c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.). George Murphy, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). Eddie Cantor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.).

B. B. B. (Glasgow).—(1) Derrick de Marney born Sept. 21, 1906, London, he is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes. His films include: *Music Hall*; *Once in a New Moon*; *The Scarlet Pimpernel*; *Immortal Gentleman*; *Windfall*; *Things to Come*; *Land Without Music*; *Café Mascot*; *Victoria the Great*; *Young and Innocent*; *Blonde Cheat*; *Sixty Glorious Years*. (2) John Clements born April 25, 1910, he is 5 ft. 11½ in. tall, is married. His films include: *The Divine Spark*; *Ticket of Leave*; *Rembrandt*; *Knight Without Armour*; *South Riding*; *Star of the Circus*; *The Four Feathers*. (3) Patrick Barr is about thirty years old, 6 ft. tall, well built and has fair hair and blue eyes. His films include: *Irish Hearts*; *Gay Old Dog*; *Wednesday's Luck*; *East Meets West*; *Midnight at Madame Tussauds*; *Cavalier of the Streets*; *The Show Goes On*; *Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*; *Incident in Shanghai*; *Sailing Along*; *Star of the Circus*; *Meet Mr. Penny*; *Yellow Sands*; *The Gaunt Stranger*; *Marigold*.

B. J. (Warwick).—(1) Richard Cromwell took the part of Ted Dillard in *Jezebel*. Write to him, c/o Paramount Studios (U.S.A.). (2) Tim Holt took the part of Lance Ferris in *Gold is Where You Find It*. You can write to him at Columbia Studios (U.S.A.).

J.—Write to Melvyn Douglas, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.). The back numbers you mention can all be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

I. B. (Scotland).—(1) Richard Cully has appeared in the following films: *Pick a Star*; *Sweetheart of the Navy*; *Something to Sing About*; *Swing it, Sailor and Here's Flash Casey*. (2) Rochelle Hudson has appeared in the following films since 1936: *The Music Goes Round*; *The Country Beyond*; *Women Are Dangerous*; *Everybody's Old Man*; *Tainted Money*; *Woman Wise*; *Hearts in Reunion*; *That I May Live*; *Born Reckless*; *She had to Eat*; *Mr. Moto Takes a Chance*; *Rascals*. She was born March 6, 1914.

GLORIA (Surrey).—(1) Patrick Barr took the part of Clive in *Meet Mr. Penny*. (2) Cesar Romero took the part of Khoda Khan in *Wee Willie Winkie*. (3) John Wood took the part of Lord Drewsdens (Harry) in *Over She Goes*. (4) Amid Taftazani takes the part of Mohammed Khan in *The Drum*. (5) Write to Ivor Novello, c/o this magazine.

K. S. (Blackpool).—Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman, Cesar Romero, Jean Hersholt, Billy Gilbert took the chief roles in *Happy Landing*. Sonja Henie's latest film is *My Lucky Star* with Richard Greene.

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, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE OFFICIAL ANN SHERIDAN (FRIENDSHIP) CLUB has just been formed. All new members receive a personally signed photograph direct from the star herself. For full particulars readers are invited to write to the secretary, Miss G. White, 25 Skelton Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

Miss Margaret Fairs has now taken over the secretaryship as well as the presidency of the JOHN BOLES MUSICAL DRAMATIC CLUB, as Mrs. W. Dales has resigned. All inquiries about this club should now be addressed to Miss Fairs at 22 Temple Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Fans of CHARLIE KUNZ should write to Mr. Adams, 18 Windsor Road, Bristol, 6, who will be pleased to furnish full particulars of an interesting club run for this star.

Miss Millie Pegras has given up the secretaryship of the DENNY DENNIS FAN CLUB and all future communications re this club should be addressed to Miss Eve Dickinson, 24 High Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

Miss Betty Penner of 69 Amity Grove, W. Wimbledon, S.W.20, is now the British Representative of ERROL FLYNN'S SIROCCO

CLUB. All readers who are interested in this star are invited to write to her for full particulars of this interesting club.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. A letter to America costs 1½d. but an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order from your local Post Office, who will tell you the required amount, and enclose it in your letters to fan clubs or stars.

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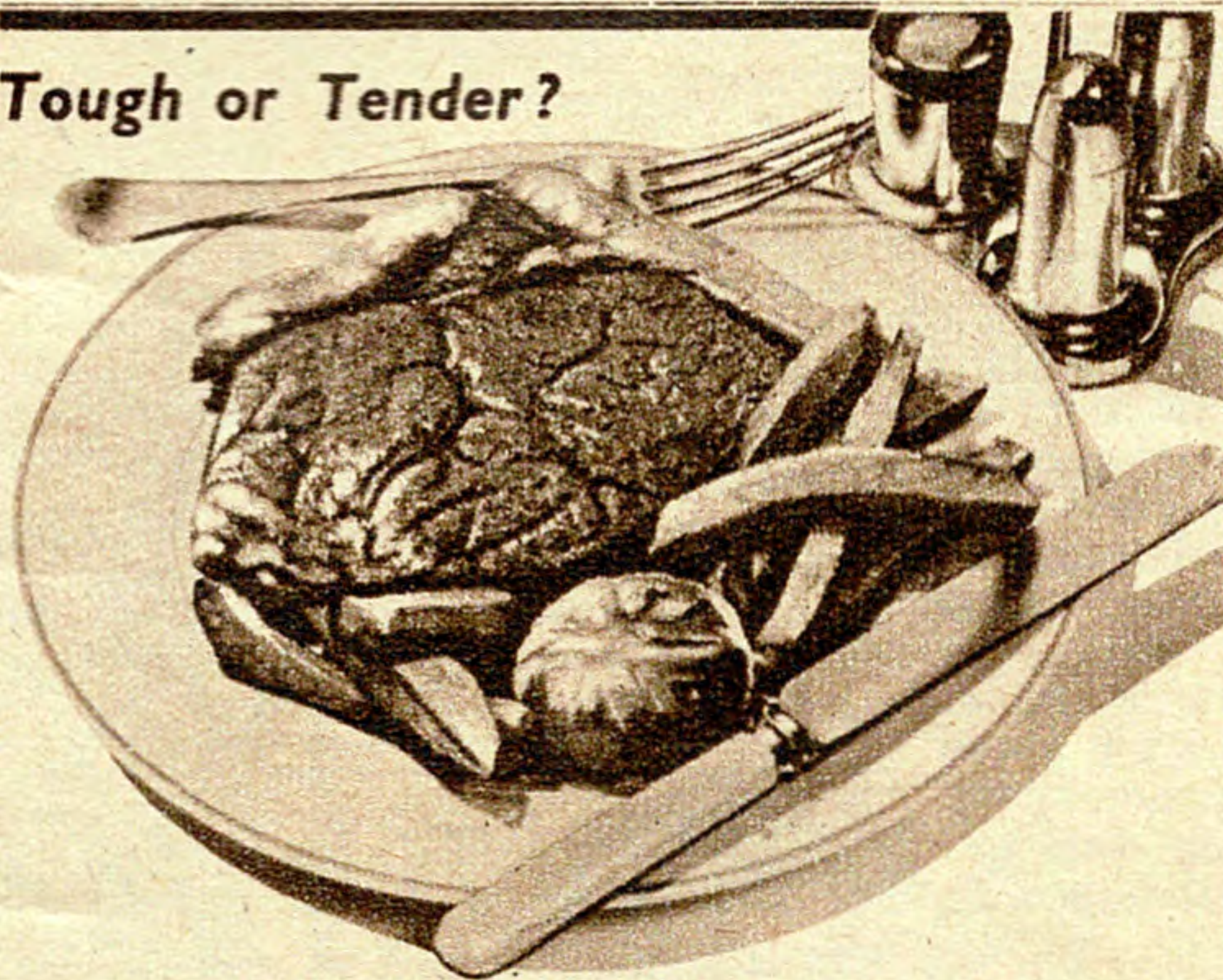


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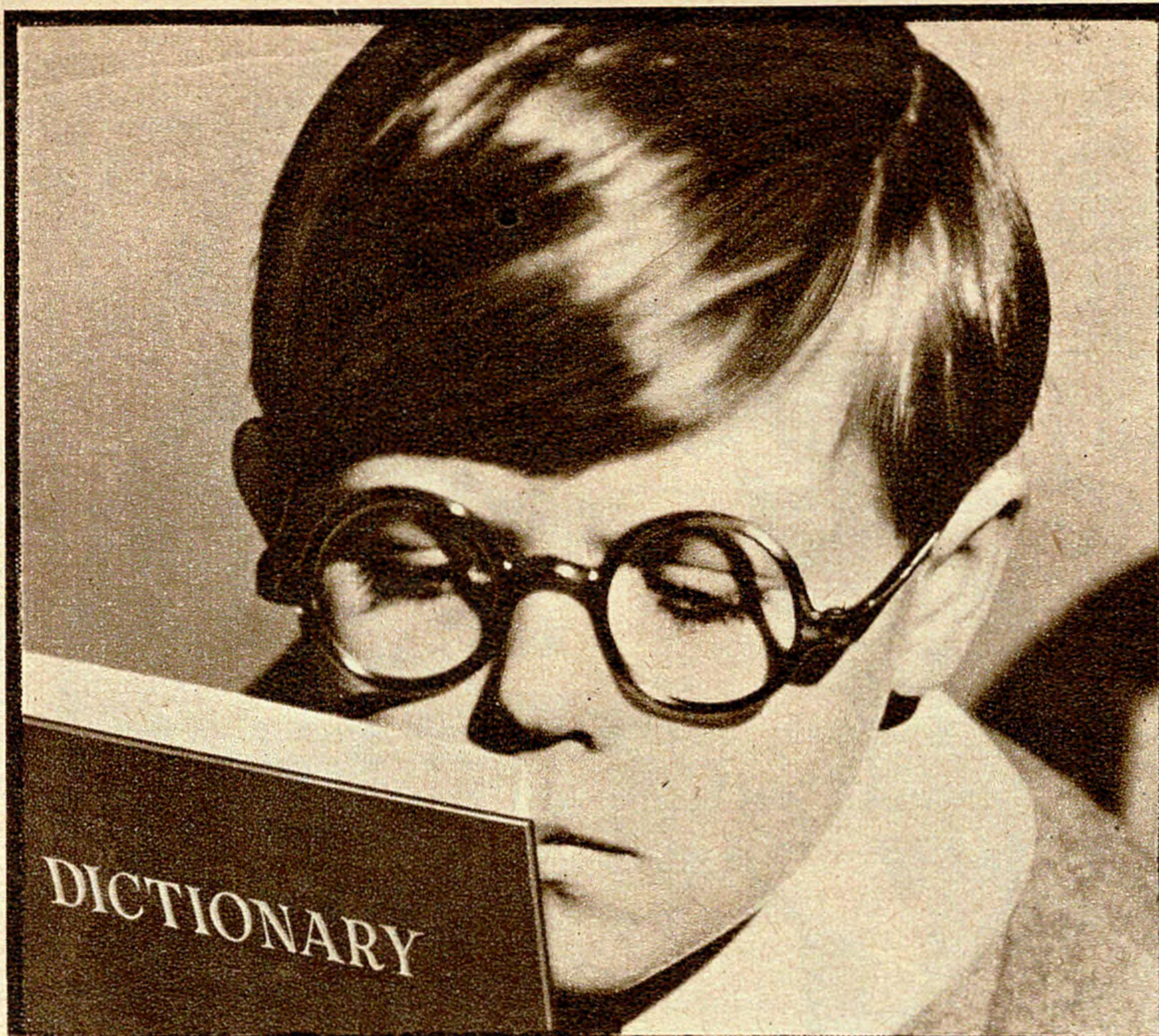


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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

SPRING is a long way off yet. Nevertheless there are signs and portents that turn our thoughts to brighter times. We wake to the twitter of the birds, and when the sun shines there is a new and a brighter quality about its rays.

All of which quite justifiably turns a young woman's fancy to thoughts of new hats and renewed perms.

What have the prophets to say on the matter of hairdressing? Is the Edwardian cult to be allowed to drop, and shall we face the spring with something more kindly in the way of hair styles?

Paris has as much to say about hairdressing as about clothes, but while her word may be law for the woman who can afford to visit her hairdresser every few days, obviously an English expert is a more likely prophet for the girl who goes to have her hair reset every week or so.

So I consulted an expert associated with one of the most famous names in permanent waving.

Compromise

His verdict may be summed up in the word compromise—that is a hair style which retains the pleasing front effect of the Edwardian coiffure with something like a return to the wind-swept shingle cut at the back.

The front part of the hair will, as last season, still maintain a decided upward movement with a number of well defined curls. The sides too will follow an upward line, but the back hair is to descend again to the nape of the neck. Goodbye, therefore, to that unsightly scraped up effect, with its wispy ends, which was so completely unbecoming to every woman with less than perfect features and more than eighteen years.

One pleasing style shows off the face curls, with the back hair curled and rolled to support a hat, and plain hair between the top curls and the back ones. Then there is another coiffure with a perfectly exposed forehead, and a long rolled curl from the brow to the nape of the neck. It is broken once or twice to avoid monotony and give some softness. This is a very kind style for those whose hair is neither long nor short. If the hair gets too long the roll becomes too heavy and will not stay put.

Individuality

But whatever experts and prophets say, there is always scope for you to get some individuality into your hairdressing. Few of us can follow hairdressing fashions slavishly. We are bound to make allowances for our—say—too broad nose, our high cheekbones, or our somewhat receding chin.

For instance, generally speaking, hair should always be set to suit the regular natural line in which the hair grows. If you try to persuade hair against its natural line, it is rarely a success and it doesn't stay there for any length of time.

Then there are certain golden rules which should be taken into consideration. One of them lays down that a girl with a very high forehead will generally achieve a more becoming hairdressing if she has some soft curls in front. Here obviously, you have the individual who cannot adopt the Edwardian bare brow.

Hair that is fluffed out at the sides broadens a face. This is to the good if the face is unduly thin, and the fluffing-out is discreet. But it is wrong for the girl with a round face. She needs curls on top to give her features length.

Then there is the question of the type of hair. The hair that responds well to an upward sweep is the somewhat coarse hair. Fine soft hair tends to go downwards of its own accord. The ideal dressing for this hair is the one that aims at a smooth

effect with loose natural waves, ending in soft curls.

Hats

Hairdressing and hats are closely related. Millinery must follow the trends in hairdressing.

Hats, I must say, are to be as nonsensical as ever. Many of them are absurdly small, which, of course, means hairdressing without reproach for so much of the head is left uncovered. Quills and flowers, and trimmings in general are to be popular.

Many hats have high peasant crowns but they are not just jampots. They have a twisted, fashioned look about them. They might even have been sat upon. Then there is the boater—with variations, and many hats show ribbons and scarves wherewith to drape the back of the head.

B. H. K. (Newcastle).—You may make a mild astringent by mixing extract of witch hazel with half its quantity of orange flower water. Buy both from the chemist.

* * *

WHY not send that beauty problem to me? I shall be pleased to help you solve it. Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to ANNE, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

LOOK OUT FOR NEW STAR ON MARCH 1

WEDNESDAY next, March 1, will see the birth of a new "star." It is a new-style family weekly under the title of "Illustrated"—a paper which will bring the world into your home through pictures, fiction and features.

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Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Miss B. Tweenus, London, N.W., for:—

- Two Minutes to Play
- Get Off My Foot
- It's Not Cricket
- Old Boy

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:—

- M. Sykes, 94 North End Avenue, North End, Portsmouth, for:—
 - Parachute Jumper
 - Jump For Glory
 - The Lost Chord
 - What Price Glory

Miss M. Lipshatz, 9 St. James Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa, for:—

- Dreaming Lips
- Kiss in the Dark
- Mamma Steps Out
- The Lady Escapes

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, S.W.9, for:—

- Darby and Joan
- Sixty Glorious Years
- The Most Perfect Thing in Life
- Love

Miss R. Cullen, 21 Lonnen Avenue, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for:—

- See America Thirst
- What, No Beer?
- Nothing Else Matters
- Men of America

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, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

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