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Pat Paterson
Let the long day do its worst: tonight she's going out. Radiant with sparkling freshness, irresistible! Ten lazy minutes in a bath with a Reckitt's bath cube in it, and weariness drifts away. Tonic, alkaline water, soft as satin and fragrant as flowers, clears and cleanses acid waste from every tiny pore. Turns you out livelier, love-lier, gives bloom to your skin, surrounds you with admiration.

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

A discreet touch of make-up

A discreet touch of Leichner Rouge, Leichner Lipstick and Poudre Leichner in your own shades will give you the distinction and charm of natural loveliness.

Perfect harmony of colouring combined with the elusive quality of semi-transparency is characteristic of all Leichner cosmetics. They give the appearance of natural colour glowing through a soft and beautifully even skin free from any hint of artificiality. The wide range of shades permits the easy selection of your individual colours.

It may truthfully be said that all Leichner cosmetics enhance beauty and confer the indefinable charm of delicacy and refinement.

For further advice on beauty write for FREE COPY of the beautifully coloured "Leichner Guide for Perfect Make-up."

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Use Leichner and enjoy the benefit of really good cosmetics.

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FAMOUS FOR FINE COSMETICS SINCE 1873
MADE IN ENGLAND AT LEICHTNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2.
Holidays on a better footing...

Dunlop Summer Shoes will again receive deserved popularity this summer amongst all holiday makers. Airy, cool and comfortable, these shoes are essential to every happy holiday.

2/11

3/11

4/11

SUMMER SHOES by Dunlop

Anne meets her schooldays sweetheart and marries him

Anne didn’t realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffy indoor atmospheres soon cause “tired skin” unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight’s Castile. Knight’s Castile is specially made for the face. That’s why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny tablet of Knight’s Castile to-day.

Knight’s Castile
TOILET SOAP

John Knight Limited—Soap Makers since 1817
FROM The Lido to Malibu—from Paradise Beach to Le Touquet, the sun is shining on a new world of beauty. A world where ugliness cannot hide under flattering veils or shaded lights—where beauty must be skin deep—or stand revealed a charlatan!

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the House of Yardley is known in every smart, sunny corner of the world nowadays. And that our new Yardley preparations, perfected after 150 years of beauty culture, are chosen by the youthfully lovely women of every age you'll see in these settings—and know by their fresh glowing skins.

Gone are the lines, eye-wrinkles, roughness and leathery, reddened skins the sun once revealed so frankly. A few minutes a day, with your Yardley kit, will banish them from your own life and face this summer, and replace them with a smooth, radiant complexion.

Ask at our Yardley Bond Street Salon just which of the lovely things below are meant for you. Or send for the free book, in colour, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," to explain the new Yardley method. Don't forget to add the twin guardian bottles—Yardley's Sunproof Lotion (to shut out all unflattering tan) and Yardley's Suntan Oil (to brown you sweetly) for your holidays.

Our exquisite Yardley things are far from costly—and they are waiting for you at fine chemists, stores or coiffeurs. Find them—and join the most beautiful women under the sun this summer, beginning today.

Yardley's New Beauty Box, with complete skin-care equipment, 16/- (Illustrated): Trial Beauty Boxes, for each skin type, 5/6; Yardley's Suntan Oil, 2/-; Sunproof Lotion, 2/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Face Powder, 2/-; Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-.)

YARDLEY, 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
WHICH would you rather see—one long complete film, intact, together with several short subjects, or two long ones, one or both of which have been cut and hacked about to make them fit the programme?

That's the problem that's sitting on the chest of exhibitors as they sleep o'clock; that rides on their shoulders by day, giving them that bowed-down look; that catches them in the joints as they bend.

It's called the Great Two-feature Programme Problem; and you'd be surprised to know just how much worry and heartburning it's causing at the moment.

By every mail letters reach this office from readers who have a complaint to make concerning the way films are cut; they read about some specific incident in the film as it appears in the West End, and then when they see the film in the suburbs or Provinces they find that the incident has been cut out altogether.

Also a great many people compare the running-time of the film as given by Lionel Collier with the time it actually does take to unspool.

Root of the Trouble

This is a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs, of course; because when you pay to see a film you want to see it all.

The difficulty dates back to the beginning of the talkie era; the early talkies were found to be shorter than the silent films, because a large proportion of the latter (in some cases up to 30 per cent.) had been taken up with sub-titles, which were now dispensed with.

So, by cutting out the numerous "short items" which were then popular, it was found possible to squeeze two feature-length films into the programme, and thus give the customers better value for money.

Then talkies began to grow long, and exhibitors found themselves in a jam, for to get the two in meant whistling one or both of them down.

Hacking Blindly

In some cases that's not an unmixed curse. For instance, Midsomer Night's Dream was boiled down from two hours and ten minutes to one hour and fifty; I've never been able to discover where they hacked out that 2,200 feet.

But there are plenty of other feature films with the story more tightly packed together, out of which it would be impossible to get more than two or three hundred feet without altering the sense; and even that would have to be done by a skilled cutter.

But who cuts these films? A projectionist, without expert knowledge of the art of cutting; sometimes even the "re-wind boy," who hacks almost blindly? Or do they just leave out a reel or two?

No wonder picturegoers are sometimes dis-appointed in films which the critics have praised.

Foster the "Short"

However, this whole question is due for earnest reconsideration, for not only have films grown longer—they're growing longer still.

Such "marathon" productions as Showboat and Anthony Adverse are practically an evening's entertainment in themselves; in any case, unless they are drastically cut they won't share a programme gracefully with another feature-length film; yet they are not long enough to stand by themselves.

So what to do?
The answer seems to lie in more and better shorts.

There is at the moment a very serious lack of good shorts; there is no encouragement for producers to make them, because for years exhibitors have been saying, "Our patrons would rather have two long films than one supported by shorts, however good."

Now they are saying, "We must give them two long films, because we can't get good shorts."

The wise distributor will encourage the production of good shorts; he'll lend 'em soon.

Direct Action

On our cover this week you will already have observed the piquant features of the English girl who was born in Scotland and went to America to become French.

(Continued on page 6)
Castles in the Air

What’s the use of pretending we’re catching up with Hollywood? It’s all very well building castles in the air until we begin to live in them; then we find they’re more unsubstantial than a seaside bungalow... even.

During the last year or two we’ve turned out of our studios perhaps half a dozen films that were up to Hollywood standard; and that’s not quite enough to brag about.

I’m impelled to these mournful remarks by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s programme for the coming season, which has between forty-four and fifty-two features, and 196 “shorts.”

Can we hope to approximate that in quantity—quite apart from the question of quality, which, after all, is the crux of the whole matter.

Castles on the Rock

Hollywood’s castles are built on a firmer foundation. Let’s examine this one studio’s schedule a little more closely.

They’re already working on Broadway Melody of 1937, which is likely to be as great an improvement on the 1936 pattern as the latter was over its original prototype. Eleanor Powell, Sid Silvers, and many others of the 1936 brigade will be in it.

Then there are Kipling’s Kim and Captains Courageous; Gorgeous Hussy with Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor is already nearing completion; and Born to Dance, another Eleanor Powell vehicle (which sounds odd for a girl who can get about as well without a vehicle); and yet another for Eleanor, called Easy to Love—and isn’t she, just!

Joan Crawford is to have Clark Gable to herself in Saratoga, and will also have No Hero and The Great Canadian all to herself—as far as starring is concerned.

After Him!

The long-awaited sequel to The Thin Man will soon be on its way, and just so that you won’t overlook it, they’re calling it After the Thin Man; naturally William Powell and Myrna Loy will be in it, and the same bright couple will be in The Prisoner of Zenda.

Would you have known this star of “Gorgeous Hussy” in her demure guise? It’s Joan Crawford—still gorgeous, and still a hussy.

PICTUREGOER GOLD MEDAL
Your Last Chance

We have had an enormous response to our appeal to readers to record their votes in the ballot for those stars whose performances they considered to be the best in the 1935 releases. We have decided to keep the voting open for another week—until July 10—after which date no further cards will be eligible.

The reason we are doing this is because there is some very close voting for the lead. Take this opportunity to do honour to the stars who have given you the most pleasure in the past year. Just write the name of the actor or actress and the productions in which they appeared that seem to you to be most worthy of our gold medals.

Address: Award of Merit, Martell House, Martell Place, Bow Street, W. C. 2.

Do it now, while you think of it.

A Jane Austen novel is coming to the screen, for, I believe, the first time—Pride and Prejudice, with Norma Shearer starred; and Norma will also play the title role in Marie Antoinette, with Charles Laughton as menace—but just which menace of a particularly menacing period doesn’t seem very evident.

Maysie, the following to Rose Marie, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy co-starred, has already got under way.

Garbo and Marx

Greta Garbo and the Marx Brothers are to be starred—no, no, not together! Heaven forbid! The former will have Charles Boyer opposed to her in Beloved, and a new title; Marx haven’t yet thought of a title silly enough for their new film.

Luise Rainer will be opposite William Powell in Adventure for Three, though who the third adventurer will be I don’t yet know; and so far Luise is to be all by herself in Maiden Voyage, though she’s pretty sure to have a whole passenger-list of fellow-voyagers before they’ve finished with it.

The Foundry will star Wallace Beery; and Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are already (as you know) working in a second version of Pearl Buck’s great novel of Chinese peasant life, The Good Earth.

The Real Thing

Speaking of this last, M.G.-M. are going to make a third trouble to see that the Chinese atmosphere, employing, as far as possible, Chinese players.

But Luise Rainer takes in a third of these; he is to play the eldest son of Paul Muni, a coveted role for which nearly a hundred players were tested.

Luise Rainer started her career as an artist, and for a time was employed in the advertising offices of the West Coast Theatres. His perfect English led to his being approached to play Oriental roles (presumably on the theory that all Orientals speak perfect English).

He made his screen debut as the Chinese doctor in The Painted Veil, and made her film debut as the Chinese wife of the Englishman in Made Love, Oil for the Lamps of China, Charlie Chan in Paris, and other pictures.

Another important role, that of the gateman, will be played by William Law, a wealthy Chinese insurance magnate of San Francisco, who will divide his time between acting and big business during production of the film.

Are You Alaskan?

Colour films are going to affect the shade of one’s hair in a good deal; in fact, they’re already responsible for a new hue—the Alaskan blonde, which appears to be something between a platinum and a brownette, with a hint of champagne and a suspicion of just plain mouse. Actually it was named in honour of the first person to wear it—Terry Walker, the Paramount startlet, who was born in St. Petersburg, Alaska.

She makes her debut in And Sudden Death with Randolph Scott, Frances Drake and Tom Brown, but don’t take it from that that title that her hair has dyed suddenly. She’s just a natural Alaskan blonde, and for all I know you may be too.

Anyway, if you’re any sort of a blonde at all, it’s pretty safe to say you are.

Getting the Breaks

Terry Walker is only one of the many young people who are getting their breaks in films at the moment.

The reason for this is that the first-flight people are making fewer films a year, and opening up the way for the new recruits.

For instance, Harriet Hilliard scored so heavily with her film debut in Follow the Fleet that Radio are putting her into the leading role in Make a Wish.

Owen Moore, just son of a noted American playwright, went to Hollywood last December, clicked in Murder on a Bridle Path and Special Investigator, and has now won for himself the title role in His Majesty Bunker Bean, which we should be seeing quite soon.

When Frances Sage left the Broadway stage for Hollywood, she walked straight into the second feminine lead in Ann Harding’s The Witness Chair.

As the great American sage Artemas Ward
July 4, 1936

remarked, "It's an ill wind that blows nowhere."

All Colour
Speaking of colour films, we have all been (and very properly) worked up about them, for they are likely to cause the next big revolution in the film world.

But here is a colour film coming along which is of a different kind—but which is likely to cause quite as great a sensation in its way if you are lucky enough to see it. The Censor has, so far, refused to pass it.

It is in black and white, but the players are all "coloured"—that is to say, negroes.

It is The Green Pastures, a film version of the successful play which was acted on the stage entirely by negroes.

The story begins in a Sunday school, where a negro preacher is telling the piccaninnies stories from the Old Testament. We then see "De Lawd" in Heaven, surrounded by negro angels, including Gabriel. "De Lawd" visits Earth, where he sees Cain killing Abel, Noah building his ark, and Moses leading the Israelites from Egypt—all of darkest ebony hue.

Their Heaven

This is the conception of Heaven as held by the Southern darkies. If you have ever read Vachel Lindsay's stirring poem, 'The Congo,' you will realise that the negro conception of an all-negro Heaven is sincere and absolutely natural, and strangely moving.

It always reminds me of Rupert Brooke's poem about a fish's idea of Heaven, ending:

And in that Heaven of all their wish
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Negro films have not been as successful in this country as some of them have deserved.

Hallelujah, for instance, although it was hailed by the critics as a masterpiece, was received in a very lukewarm manner by audiences. The Emperor Jones was also poorly received; but that was a comparatively poorly made film.

I'm hoping that The Green Pastures will be such a success that it will be followed by a screen version of Porgy—one of the most interesting stage plays I ever saw.

Hands Off!

Marc Connelly, who wrote the play The Green Pastures, made a contract with Warner Bros. by which he should write the screen adaptation, choose the cast, and direct the entire production without interference.

That sounds to me like making movie history. Interference has been one of the greatest curses under which directors and producers alike have laboured.

One of the first things he did, which shocked Hollywood's sensibilities profoundly, was to order a negro heavy without any white towers, or golden gates, or floors of glass.

He demanded grassy slopes and a pleasant stream flowing under trees; and clouds, white, light and fleecy, yet substantial enough to support hefty negroes.

These clouds were made of crepe hair, the material from which actors' whiskers are constructed.

Look out for those clouds.

New Chevalier Record

This month's releases for H.M.V. records include two numbers from the eagerly awaited Fagin's Lover. My colleague, Lionel Collier, has just been playing them over, and here is his report.

They are "Tin Angel Doodle-Dey" and "You Look So Sweet, Madame," sung by Maurice Chevalier in his usual inimitable style on 88440. The tunes themselves are not remarkable, but get over on the star's personality.

Two well-known British singers have chosen songs from the films for their new recordings. Peter Dixon renders "There will be no South," from The Music Goes Round, admirably on 88436, and Derek Oldham puts a lot of feeling into "Rose Marie," the film's theme song, and into "Whisper in your dreams," from Melody of My Heart, 88439.

Hot Vocalising

Eric Hayes, on BD349, sings "The touch of your lips," from Follow the Fleet, and "Let yourself go," a "hot" vocal number from the same film.

One of the best recordings is Paul Whitman's rendition of "Make believe" and "Ol' man river" from Show Boat on BD 5066. They are both played in dance time and are brilliantly orchestrated. Just what you'd expect from the jazz maestro.

Finally, Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, on BD 5067, do justice to "A melody from the sky," from The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and "Wake up and sing."

A Little Cheating

There seem to be a great many optimists in the world, and not the least among them lives in Moseley, Birmingham.

He or she seems to have hoped to put Erich von Stroheim at the top of the poll for the Picturinger Award of Merit by the simple expedient of sending in a large number of cards with his name on them.

You thought each reader was allowed to send only one entry? So did our Moseley friend; that's why he (or she) adopted a disguised handwriting and the use of different-coloured inks.

Unfortunately for such hopes, the forgery is clumsy and the postcards (all of one pattern, by the way) have been put together for posting without being blotted, so that the ink has "slipped over" from card to card, establishing their common origin.

It seems a pity that anyone should imagine that a fine artiste like Erich von Stroheim is in need of cheating to secure him the recognition he deserves.

Inventor of "It"

Those of you who are old enough—you needn't be so very old—will remember the fever that swept the film world when Clara Bow was the rage. She had "It," that elusive quality, difficult to define, but which made men her slaves. The word "It" came into our vocabulary from the title of the picture written for Clara by Elinor Glyn.

This versatile and attractive woman has now compiled her autobiography under the title of "Romantic Adventure" (for Nicholson & Watson, 15s. net).

A Friend of Chaplin

She tells of much that has happened in the world in the last fifty years, and not the least interesting are her experiences in Hollywood. She was one of the first writers to go there in the good old days of 1920, and she tells many amusing stories of the famous stars, directors and executives. Charlie Chaplin and Elinor were great friends from the moment they met.

Mrs. Glyn presents herself throughout the book as the high priestess of Romance, but she has humour! It all makes very interesting reading.

GUY BEACON.
HARLOW will NEVER GROW UP

by JIM TULLY

Jean Harlow has a limitless capacity for pleasure, says the author of this article, which gives you several new sidelights on the star's complex and attractive personality.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
Below, Jean Harlow as she appears in "Suzy," and, right, a war sequence from the film.
"It seems to me that you're being drafted to entertain."

Jean was silent a moment.

"Some of the boys took me to see the rushes—you're going places, Jean, just as sure as my name's Marie Dressler."

The girl was overwhelmed.

"I'll talk to Hal Roach—you need comedy training—all actresses do," added Miss Dressler. She played in two comedies for Hal Roach, and was given a five-year contract.

Her youthful romance over, a separation came.

When all seemed serene, a frantic telephone call came from Kansas City. Her grandparents had seen her waltzing across a screen in "black lace teddies." They had revived one another with difficulty. Why did she wish to bring shame upon them?

She tearfully explained the situation to Hal Roach. That amiable gentleman cancelled the contract.

To appease her grandparents, she remained idle for several months. Unable to endure the idleness longer, she went to Marie Dressler.

"Why, the very idea!" blustered the mighty woman. "Leave it to me."

When the grandparents gave their consent, Marie said: "I knew I'd make them understand."

Jean next appeared with that vital hayden of another day, Clara Bow. Following this film, she played in several comedies, and then signed for the leading role in Hell's Angels.

She made one of the sensational hits of screen history as the "platinum haired" girl in this story.

That Hollywood has hit-falls, even Jean was to learn.

Her work was so outstanding as the hard-boiled siren in Hell's Angels that she was "typed" for other films. Months followed with no other work. Upon the advice of Marie Dressler she left Hollywood for eighteen months on a "personal appearance" tour.

"I'll not let them forget you," Marie assured her.

During this time, first-moving gangster films became the vogue. One was being cast by M. A. A., in which Wallace Berry and a rising young star named Clark Gable were to be co-starred.

The associate producer was Paul Bern, the most beloved, and in many respects the greatest man in Hollywood.

Marie Dressler called at his office.

Unknown to either, destiny was also in the room. "She only needs one thing," explained Marie, "let her change from a platinum blonde."

The interview was over.

Jean Harlow was signed as the dynamic young woman opposite Gable and Berry.

Lifting her role above the tawdry, she gave it allure and abandon. With Gable about at the peak of his career, and Berry more forceful than usual, the film became one of the most popular of the year.

After appearing in one more film, she was listed among the four leading "box-office" players in the cinema world. She has since developed as an actress. Her position as an attraction remains the same.

As she acquires polish and poise, an effort will be made to cast her in more subtle roles. Still capable of development, she has yet to fail in any role assigned her.

Jean became, as he was to all in the cinema city, her friend and advisor. After three years they were married.

It gave here his beautiful hillside home as a wedding gift.

Jean was immensely proud of her husband.

One of nineteen children from the New York Ghetto, Bern went from a stenographer's desk to a hundred thousand a year.

At forty-two he was found with a bullet hole in his brain. He left a note to Jean:

"Fearful of another scandal, Hollywood began its famous game of "covering up."

There was nothing to cover.

While the truth was not sensational, it absolved Jean Harlow.

She loved Paul Bern.

Innocent of design, she did not need him to further her career.

She had never known such a man.

There were moments when he was near to Christ. To the convict and the broken woman, he could say with Whitman—"Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

He would empty his pocket to the first beggar. The mantle of his understanding covered all.

Jean was youth to him. He fascinated her with his poise—his knowledge of art, literature, and the world. He deluged her with flowers and costly presents.

Super-sensitive, a victim of acute melancholia, he was, during the last phase, a mentally ill man who sought to avoid the ogee of futility that pursued him.

"I loved people and parties," said Jean, "the colour and gaiety of crowded rooms, music, laughter, and conversation."

If Jean failed to understand her complex and brilliant husband, in fairness it must be admitted he would have been a problem for Freud.

A sense of humour would have saved him.

When Jean was unable to bear the aching loneliness longer, her mother took her to Marie Dressler.

"You must go to work at once," said that imperiously sentimental woman. "Now that her heart is broken she'll find a little peace."

Paul had few equals in Hollywood. Marie Dressler was one of them.
Sydney Howard dropped in to see Ralph Lynn on the set of "All In" which Marcel Varnel is directing for Gainsborough. Maurice Ostner, the administrative director of the company, is on the right.

Right, Lucille Ball makes a smash hit—and she did well in her first featured role in "I Dream Too Much."

Left, A perfect human mascot. Eleanor Whitney the dancing starlet graces the prow of Kent Taylor's motor boat. Next to him is a glimpse of Elizabeth Russell.

These three pictures tell a sad story—at least it seemed sad to Edward Arnold. Rough luck, sir—very rough!
A CHINAMAN WHO ISN'T
EVERY kind of synthetic foreigner is to be met within the film world, but very few as convincing as the one here described
by E. G. COUSINS

I WAS born in the Orient, and for years I mixed with Chinese; I do not, therefore, subscribe to the general belief that (a) all Chinese look alike; (b) a Chinaman is merely a European with his eyebrows turned up at the corners like Mephistopheles and obscure villainy in his heart.

The latter theory has always been particularly repugnant to me. I can no more accept a European made up to resemble a Chinaman on the stage or the screen than I can take a "blacked-up" white man seriously as a negro.

And, like all rules, this has an exception—Oland the Swede.

I've known a mandarin who looked like Warner Oland and had exactly his deliberate courtesy of manner; I've also known a Chinese professor of philosophy who spoke very much as Oland speaks—not with quite the same ornate phraseology, but slowly, sententiously, with an abundance of imagery, and an underlying appreciation of the absurdity of life.

So strong is the resemblance that I have to remind myself (when remembrance is desirable) that he is a European.

And yet he came into movies as an opera-singer! Precious little chance he has had to sing, it's true, but it was opera that tempted him.

He had been touring in stock companies through America (whither he had gone with his father, mother, sister, and brothers as boy of fourteen), but opera was his first love.

And when he was first offered film work in 1914—at a time when to suggest motion pictures to an artist was tantamount to saying he was a failure on the stage—he only accepted because the company was proposing to film grand opera!

Once in, however, the actor found that the new medium had a fascination of its own; and, although the opera did not materialize, he stayed.

For years we knew him as a black-hearted villain.

In Old San Francisco, Chinatown Nights, The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, Shanghai Express, The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu—through all these pictures his ominous figure, ponderous, malignant, moved and struck terror to our hearts.

Then, suddenly, came the detective Charlie Chan, and we had a glimpse of a different Warner Oland—a man who could be as he was a failure on the stage—he only accepted because the company was proposing to film grand opera!

Here is the "Charlie Chan Code of Fair Play," which is said to be the first formula for murder ever compiled:

(1) The audience must have opportunities equal to those of Charlie Chan in solving the mystery. No special knowledge or clues shall be given to him and withheld from the spectator.

(2) The murderer must not be an obscure character who is seen but briefly in the picture.

(3) The murderer must not be a crazed person, nor one mentally incompetent.

(4) The murderer must not be a servant.

(5) It shall not develop that any detective is the murderer.

(6) The murder must not turn out to be a suicide.

(7) Physical clues must lead to the murderer.

Picturegoer Weekly
(None of your "I saw it in a dream" stuff for Charlie!)

(8) The murderer must not be made to reveal himself by means of any form of hypnotism.

(9) The murderer must have a fifty-fifty chance to outwit Charlie Chan and escape undetected.

(10) Police officials and detectives must not be made to appear stupid.

(11) Charlie Chan must always solve his problems by mental agility, by outwitting his foes; never by physical force.

(12) In dialogue he must never be sarcastic; he must never ridicule.

(13) He is an ideal family man and deeply attached to Mrs. Chan and the innumerable Chan children.

(14) Charlie Chan must always be a regular fellow.

Anyway, this set of rules provides a good part of the reason why Charlie Chan is one of the most popular detectives in the world—not only in America and Europe, but even in the land of his screen adoption.

Warner Oland hasn't yet tackled the task of translating his Chinese fan mail, but he was delighted when Keye Luke, Chinese-born in Charlie Chan in Shanghai, deciphered an epistle from an admirer of Charlie Chan—in Shanghai.

It was in beautifully inscribed Chinese characters, and read:

"Dear Chan Charlie" (as you may know, in Chinese the surname comes first)—"Although 8,000 miles apart, your voice is among us. Our minds are conscious of you. The parts you play make us adore you. I am one of those many admirers.

"Although you are not of the Chinese race, you have expressed in your acting the ancient Chinese civilization. We are deeply appreciative of a man of your race to do anything like that for us.

"Hoping that you will make more pictures of that caliber, not only that it brightens our silver screen, but also a duty to educate the rest of the world.

"Wishing great success,—(Miss) Wang Pi Dack."

That's a pretty high tribute to a man who had never even been to China, and met few, if any, of the class of Chinese whom he represents—for, as a rule, the cultured Chinese do not settle in America—except the diplomats at Washington.

But Warner Oland—or Charlie Chan; they are practically one and indivisible—has remedied that omission.

He and his wife have just been, via Japan, to Hong Kong, and thence to China, where they visited Shanghai and Peking; whether he hopes to become even more Chinese in his next film, I don't know, but I don't see how he can.

And now that he is back he will make three more Chan pictures under his newly signed contract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

These will be the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth of the series—and he has already beaten all records for any motion-picture series. His twelfth is Charlie Chan at the Race Track, which has been temporarily held up by a poisoned foot.

Provided his sponsors keep to the rules they have laid down for themselves and keep faith with the audience, Charlie Chan shouldn't go on solving mysteries in picture after picture for years to come.

And I hope I shall see them all.

Mr. and Mrs. Oland had a great time on the ship returning to U.S.A., playing with the souvenirs they had picked up in China.
Richard Barthelmess is often described as a veteran of the films. Inasmuch as he has been a star for many years, I suppose the phrase is inevitable, but that word "veteran" seems to strike quite a wrong note as far as he is concerned.

It somehow seems to suggest grey boards, quavering voices and long-winded anecdotes starting, "When I was a lad." But there is nothing of the grave and reverend purer about Mr. Barthelmess, believe me!

Indeed, when I descended upon him at the West End hotel, where he has been staying during his holiday in England, I found it hard to remember that this sturdy, broad-shouldered figure with an energy and agility men of his junior height might have actually played lead with Lilian Gish in the first picture of *Broken Blossoms* way back in 1919.

Of course, he started his career very young, but to stand the strain of being a star for so many years without wilting under the effort is certainly a tribute to his physical and mental fitness! It is by no means the easy life some people would imagine.

Naturally, I asked him about the good old days when "mike" was but the name of an Irishman in a funny story, and "Then came the dawn" was as familiar to audiences as the roar of the M.G.M. Lion is to-day.

"We are all rather too apt to treat the old days of the silent film with good-natured superintendency," he said, in answer to my question. "Viewed from modern standards, the silent films may seem rather primitive affairs, but there was something to be said for life in those days.

"For one thing, there was much more romance about the work. The strain was not nearly so great as it is to-day, and there was more of the happy-family atmosphere about the units. Naturally, no industry can exist without financial backing, but now that the industry is so much under the thumb of Big Business with a capital 'B'-or rather two capital 'B's'-it is inevitable that much of its early free and easy camaraderie has gone by the board. Competition nowadays is too keen to allow of anything, but the sternest observance of business rules."

"Do you think that the standard of acting has suffered in consequence of the change to sound?" I asked.

He shook his head in an emphatic denial.

"Certainly not," he said. "Although it is difficult to draw a real comparison, for the two techniques are so vastly different. In the old days an actor had to be much more of a pantomimist than he is to-day. When you have to rely entirely on picture to convey emotions it is, of course, essential to lend more emphasis to your actions than would be the case when the spoken word was present to supplement the story.

"Movement, and plenty of it, was the order of the day," he continued. "In many ways, it was much harder to put things across in the days of the camera, but the sort of the lines they spoke for characters conforming more closely to accepted types than they do to-day. A heroine who was capable of anything rather than pretty in the obvious, round-eyed, dimpled way was as unthinkable as a vamp who did not look sinuous, sly and palpably passionate.

"In those days, the majority of players did not work together and in front of the lines they spoke when working in front of the camera. Dialogue was the last thing they considered and when the talkies came along a small part of them went to the wall. They just could not adapt themselves to the new requirements.

"For my own part, I always made a point of speaking dialogue which fitted the part and tried to lend an inner meaning to my impromptu lines. It was not a matter of intelligent anticipation on my part," he added with a laugh. "I did so because I found that it helped me very considerably in my acting. It would have been impossible for me to play a scene without putting

Richard Barthelmess played the lead in the silent version of "Broken Blossoms" in 1919 so his is a record of which he can deservedly be proud. He tells you here of his experiences and contrasts the screen of to-day with that of yesterday.
Mr. Barthelmess strolled across the room and gazed at the vista of green trees in the Park.

"I am enjoying myself enormously in England;" he said quietly. "The climate suits me splendidly."

"About this play——"

"In fact," he went on. "I played a game of tennis recently with my friend, Clive Brook, and I've never been in better form."

"If you do decide to put on a play over here, I suppose——"

"And everyone seems so friendly," he went on, museingly. "I've run into many old friends."

"Very well," he retorted with as much dignity as possible. "We'll leave it at that. But if you are going to put on a play——"

"Your English climate——" he began.

But I waited for no more. I know when I am beaten, and when a man like Richard Barthelmess tries to lob the weather off on to one, it is time to give up the unequal struggle.

But I should like to know if the screen's most sprightly veteran is going to put on a play over here.

Or is he?
THE beautiful woman who was until recently the wife of John Barrymore has made a very pronounced come-back to the screen as "Dearest," the mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she gave a moving performance. She may be playing in British films at Denham before the year is out.
A Great Surprise

Adrienne Ames has not been seen in romantic company since her return from New York. Consequently the news hawks were greatly concerned when she appeared at the Coconut Grove and other night spots with a stranger, a handsome young chap.

With great enterprise the seekers of truth found that his name was Walter McClure. But their hopes were dashed when another report elicited the information that the romantic one was her brother!

Adrienne further volunteered the information that she is Virginia McClure.

A True Son of Erin

Pat O'Brien, like all Irishmen, wastes no time when he wishes to gain an objective. This actor of Irish lineage returned to his dressing-room to make a quick change of costume to find that his secretary had locked the door and disappeared.

Pat did not call for a pass key. A fire axe hung on a nearby wall. He seized the axe, smashed in the door, changed his costume and returned to the set!

Glorifying Romance

I hear that the famous love affair of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie forms a portion of the story of Sing Baby, Sing, a Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye enact roles which are said to suggest the romantic John and Elaine.

The picture will be previewed in the near future, and then I shall be able to tell the readers of Picturegoer whether the report is true.

Overseas Love!

Mary Carlisle declares that her romance with Paul Mitchell, wealthy Britisher, is very much alive.

Reports reached Hollywood that Mitchell had married an English girl, but an observer in Hollywood and going about with Mary.

So it looks as if Mary is still "tops"!

Odd Footage

Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall are partners in a seaside resort near Santa Barbara, California.

* Herman Bing, noted comedian, first came to Hollywood as assistant to the late F. W. Murnau, noted European director.
* Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are former vaudeville performers, as players on the halls are termed in the States.
* Fredric March contemplates an early return to the New York stage.
* Steffi Duna is the daughter of a wealthy wine merchant in Hungary.
* John Beal is a clever artist.

Jean Parker contributes the feminine touch to a film of the hardy mounted rangers of Texas, "The Texas Rangers."
E. G. COUSINS COVERS
The BRITISH STUDIOS

While we’re on the subject of London Films (and it’s a pretty wide subject, mind you) we’d better have a respectful glance at Miss Marion.

Achievement

Korda has lassoed her, and she’s arrived in England to write the script of the new London Film production Knight without Armour, in which Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat are to co-star.

I have an idea that this script will be a real script—that is, it will be a script from which a director can shoot his film. Besides Frances Marion has too good a reputation and too many successes to her credit to take any chances.

In addition this will be the first British picture in which Marlene Dietrich will play. You can bet your last penny that no effort will be spared to make this as good, if not better, than anything we have so far turned out and worthy to rank with any of Hollywood’s Dietrich films.

In fact we’ve got to do it. When I say “we” I mean Korda and the British Film Industry.

I saw Jack Buchanan for a few minutes the other day, fit and tanned from his stay in America; he is just showing off in This’ll Make You Whistle, the new film which Herbert Wilcox Productions are making and Herbert Wilcox

To See Fair Play
Art-Director Vincent Korda has been combing Holland for months for “atmosphere,” and to get the details of this production absolutely correct; and on the set Alex. Korda has the usual world authority to see that no one does, says, or

thinks anything not strictly in keeping with the period and locale.

In this case the “technical adviser (as he is always quaintly called) is Johann de Meester, a well-known connoisseur of Dutch art, who is also a film-director; so he will at least have a little sympathy with the difficulties of film-producers, which is a darn sight more than can be said for most “technical advisers,” let me tell you.

You remember, you faithful few (actually there’s a few hundred thousands of you, but I like to think of you as a little coterie gathered adoringly about my knees), that when I first saw Charles Laughton in his make-up as Henry VIII, I exclaimed that he was almost more like the famous royal widower than Henry himself was.

Well, he’s gone and done it again with Rembrandt. Laughton thought, when he went to Holland to absorb atmosphere, that the long hair and moustache he had grown for the part would disguise him, and he’d be left alone.

It disguised him all right—as Rembrandt; and admiring crowds followed him about, hoping, I suppose, that their national idol would start to paint a picture on the pavement at any moment.

These are The Three—not Musketeers, but Maxims: Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati, and Anna Neagle; a fine team.

If someone offered to lend you half a million pounds worth of goods to help you make a film, I suppose you’d snootily turn up your nose at it—no?

No. However, London Films have just declined such an offer, though not at all snootily.

A Mr. Katz, dealer in antiques in the Dutch village of Dieren, has lent to London Films a large collection of furniture of the period in which Rembrandt lived, moved, and had his being; to wit, the seventeenth century.

Now it so happened that Mr. Katz is also owner of a few little gewgaws in the shape of six original Rembrandts, and he thought London Films might just as well have these, too.

But, unfortunately, they are valued at up to £100,000 each, and the cost of insuring that packet would have been prohibitive.

True, Rembrandt portraits will not appear in the picture, but it would have been pleasant to have had them sprinkled about the floor, just off-stage, to encourage the players and steep them in atmosphere.

I have a feeling that, in spite of this deprivation, it will still be a good film.

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CARL BRISSON WRITES FOR YOU

Next week the famous Danish stage and screen star who has recently returned to England after two years in Hollywood, begins a series of exclusive articles dealing with his life in the film capital. He gives a vivid description of his experiences and of the many notabilities with whom he made friends. A fund of amusing anecdotes make this a series you cannot afford to miss. Place your order early in order not to be disappointed.

To see whether that great ecclesiastical statesman really looked the dead-split'-n'-image of George Arliss.

Conrad Veidt and Raymond Massey have been signed up for this New World picture to be made at Denham, but I don't know yet what parts have been allotted to them, if any.

And the "jem angle," as they say in Hollywood, is to be provided by Carole Lombard, or Margaret Sullivan, or Dolores Costello Barrymore.

My own feeling is that it is most likely to be Dolores. I believe the two other are too heavily committed in Hollywood.

A Difficult Choice

Sir Seymour Hicks is most thoroughly in his element in the new British Lion production, *It's You I Want*, currently being produced at Beaconsfield.

He plays a gay middle-aged bachelor with a flair for flirtation. He tires of the life he is leading and decides to go to Scotland to fish; but like many another of us, he finds that associations are not as easily broken away from as he imagined.

The title suggests selection, and in this film selection must be frightfully difficult; in fact, I should have to do it with my eyes bandaged, or by the well-known Barry Meech Myno method, for the choice includes Marie Lohr, Jane Carr and Kathleen Kelly.

By the way, I wish they'd give Jane Cockney part on the screen now and then; they're always giving her American roles, which personally I don't think she does nearly so well as Cockney. I heard her recently on what this generation has evidently agreed to call "the wailless" (I was taking a busman's holiday from movies), and thought she was swell.

This is the kind of thing that Seymour Hicks does supremely well, and certainly with three such charming leading ladies his technique as a square of dames should have full scope.

Kathleen Kelly has been coming on a lot lately, and is rapidly developing into a really good bet.

A Famous Hoax

The cast of *It's You I Want* includes also Hugh Wakefield, Gerald Barry, Sydney Fairbrother, Henry Stoker, and Ronald Walters. Ralph Ince is directing it, and that alone makes me anxious to see it, for he always gets an interesting angle into his work.

And now for another of those lightning changes of subject; yet not altogether a change, for it concerns broadcasting, which I mentioned a few lines back, if the printer hasn't dropped it on the floor.

Did you know that one of the greatest successes the B.B.C. ever had began as a leg-pull?

It was Café Colette, which was simply an imaginary Continental setting for a dance band, orchestra, and cabaret show, invented by some bright brains of the B.B.C.

However, the public leapt to the conclusion (as they were probably meant to do) that it was a real cabaret on the Continent, and wrote thousands of letters to the B.B.C., the French Post Office and the tourist agencies, demanding information about it.

Eventually, the hoax was exposed, chiefly because the French postal authorities found that 17,000 letters addressed to "Café Colette, Paris," was a little too much of a joke.

I Spy

Now the whole caboodle is to be filmed, with the addition of an exciting spy story with the café as a background. It just shows you what rumours get about in this business when I tell you that I heard from various sources that the film was to be made in Devonport, in Hackney, and in the North of England.

Patient research, however, reveals the fact that it is to be made by a producer named Devonport Hackney, who comes from the North of England.

He will make it at Wembley; well, the North of England is reasonably accustomed to scoring at Wembley.

Let's hope it will again.
Drama and stark tragedy greeted "Picturegoer's" own cameraman when he visited Worton Hall this week, where the Criterion film "Accused" is in production.

The adventures and misadventures of a young adagio dance-team is being vividly brought to the screen with all the resources which made the same company's previous picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," a noteworthy production.

The leading roles are played by Doug, Fairbanks, jun., Dolores Del Rio, and Florence Desmond, with a fine supporting cast.

Some interesting types have been selected to play the advocates in the great trial scene.

(Above) The strikingly realistic reproduction by Edward Carrick of the interior of the Palace of Justice in Paris, with Doug Fairbanks, jun., in the movable witness-stand.
Above, Dolores Del Rio still further beautifies her lovely features.

Edward Rigby as an old actor and Tony Wynde as a chauffeur, a few seconds before the murder was committed.

We shall see an altogether new Florence Desmond as the blonde seductress in this passionate triangle.

The day's work ended. "Doug Johnson" relaxes for a moment.
The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

Joaquin plucked flowers to lay on the grave of his beloved Rosita.

"Then maybe I do as you say. My brother Joe has a farm. I go there."

"Now you're talking sense," commented Ma Perkins. "Tall Fingers cannot take her. She is not strong."

"Don't worry, Joannie and I will see she is cared for."

Whereby the comfort stole into the heart of Joaquin. With a rope round his neck attached to the old-fashonable familiar, "Oh, this is the gold my brother brought in on a mule to buy fresh meat.

The township was new; sprang up to replace the old-arrivals and the gold prospectors. Where different the single street of dull, timbered buildings from the white walls and red roofs of the adobe Mexican dwellings. Joaquin found them so as he rode on his mule towards the saloon from which what should he kill save for revenge against Gringos, having drunk their fill and ready to pick a quarrel with any man, especially a Mexican.

"Hey, what are you doing with my mule?" shouted Pete, a moustached man with whom Joaquin vaguely remembered to have had business dealings with Joe.

"I'm his friend. It belongs to my brother. I borrow it from him." The crowd round Pete, growing interested and full of menace, unceremoniously dragged Joaquin off the animal. Hastily he appealed to a miner to whom Pete was talking.

"This is my mule. Light my mule. My brother buy it. He is honest man."

"Tie my mule. That's my mule I tell you." A voice from the crowd shouted, "Of course it's your mule, Pete."

Thankfully Joaquin, recovering his balance among the crowd which did not hesitate to reinforce remarks with fists, found Pete stating, "You, this is what you do to the street. "My brother, he will explain," he cried. To no purpose.

Vainly Joaquin stated that he had bought and paid Pete for the mule. The crowd would have none of it.

"You're stretching hemp for being a liar and a thief," Pete stated, "and you Joaquin, or whatever you call yourself, can have thirty lashes and I'll lay them on myself."

With his arms tied to a tree trunk, Joaquin watched Joe, the hempen rope ready to tighten about his neck, swinging above him, speak his last prayer. Presently a whip was swung in Pete's hands and while the rope was being twisted, Joaquin's bare shoulders. Thinking of Joe, Joaquin bore the pain until he was perspiring and he had never knew by whose hands his limp body was placed upon a horse and brought to sanctuary. Sitting under a bush, the light from the fire of a camp fire, scanned a circle of faces and turned to one that had never before had eyes on him, to call a bandit's camp, Three Fingers," he said. "Since you and these men

(Continued on page 22)
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have saved my life, who is leader here?" Gesticulating to his followers to be silent, Three Fingers heaved his powerful torso towards Joaquin. "That is just it, my friend. I am a very fine killer but we have no leader. Americanos have a thousand dollars on my head."

They have two thousand on mine. I did not ask to come here, but since I am here, I am your leader. I want more men, two hundred, three hundred—and the best horses—plenty guns."

"It is good. Then we get plenty gold."

"I want more than gold."

"Sure we will kill men. We will kill them all."

"I'll do what they've done to me. From one end of California to the other they will wish they had never heard of Joaquin Murrieta."

Thus Joaquin, once the peon living under the protection of Ramon de la Cuesta, became the master bandit, the caballero with mous-tache, embroidered jacket and a white horse. From the day when, backed by Three Fingers, he rode to town and with the one word 'Jose,' shot Pete through the heart in front of the saloon, revenge was assured. The reward upon Joaquin's head was trebled. His settlement in Hidden Valley, far away among the pine-clad hills, was more than a mere camp. It was a stronghold with a touch of ancient Rome about its fortifications, a protected training ground for prowess with gun and lasso. Riding bareback, Joaquin's horsemen performed every trick known to the equestrian. The community was happy. The crack of the whip, the neighing of horses, the zoom-zoom of a bullet travelling to its practice mark, were mingled with the laughter of women, the notes of the guitar. Joaquin, adored by his bandits, proved himself a born leader, partly because he knew the art of praise. When Pedro the scout rode to Hidden Valley with news that the rich haciendas were to hold a secret meeting that night at San Juan mission house, Joaquin said at once:

"That is good, Pedro. You are my best spy."

"Gracias, senor."

The San Juan meeting numbered some two hundred of the Mexican nobility. Joaquin, with a vague dislike of robbing those of his own race, was relieving the line of ladies ranged at command by the wall of their jewels, when a pale face challenged him from beneath a mantilla: "Joaquin!"

"Jesuita de la Cuesta . . . Senorita."

"I thought you were a man, Joaquin. You were when you worked for my father. I thought as a peon you showed sparks of greatness. But now you are not even a Mexican. A Mexican has love of God, of country . . ."

"Enough, Senorita. For the moment I cannot defend myself, but some time I would have you understand why I make others suffer. Three Fingers, get your men out of here . . . all of them. Do you hear what I say?"

That night, Joaquin, riding from Hidden Valley, returned to the rancho where he had been brought up and where his marriage with Rosita had been solemnized. The house was deserted, desecrated by the horde of claim stalkers. In a cabin, all that was left to her of home, he found Jesuita before her altar. "Senorita," he pleaded, "I am a Mexican. I do not harm people for nothing. I have to kill for Rosita and my brother Jose. I do not want to be a bandit, but I could not be a farmer. The Gringos would not let me. What else is there? I have to make a living."

"Yes, yes, you have a right. So have we. You fight the Americanos, then I wish to fight them too. My father died trying to defend the Mexican's rights. Let me join your camp. You have women helping your men."

"Not women like you."

"We are all the same now, Joaquin." He knew by the look in her dark eyes that she loved him, but he was neither elated nor responsive. Yet he took a fierce pride in showing her the gay, free life of Hidden Valley, even to her watching Three Fingers sharpening his favourite knife. The accomplishment was undertaken with infinite gusto and a long distribre delivered in the owner's inimitable idiom on the weapon's lethal powers. "I have been wondering whether I should have come here," Jesuita said after Joaquin had turned aside to receive a message from Pedro as to the arrival of the stage-coach from the border, timed for the morrow.

"Why you say this, senorita? Everyone is glad you are here."

"Not everyone. Joaquin, you still love Rosita, don't you?"

"Always, Senorita. For ever."

Jesuita, the daughter of Joaquin's former employer, decided to join the outlaws.
EL DORADO—Cont.

"Do you think Rosita would want you to help and kill her? Realised fighting the Americanos meant quite this. I blame myself. Joaquin, why can't you take your men to Mexico? You would farm there?"

"Yes, but how do I get the money? Stay, senorita, I have idea. The stage coach arrives from the border to-morrow with plenty of gold, so much that soldiers are to guard it. We take the gold, but we do not kill. I order my men, 'No shooting.' There should be enough money for everyone to buy a farm in Mexico. You think this is right, yes . . . no?"

Pleased to have won Juaniita's smile, Joaquin concocted his plans. The coach was to be held up by an induced landslide and the gold removed. On a less momentous occasion, Three Finger's comment on the strict mandate "No shooting" might have been comical. The black-browed bandit made the very rocks of Hidden Valley reverberate to his sacrilegious ejaculation from the door of his coach. "No shooting. That's good. That's very good."

There was a second reason why Joaquin wished the affair conducted peaceably. Johnnie Warren's fiancée was travelling on the stage. Too much kindness Bill Warren had shown Joaquin for him to wish anything but good to Johnnie's bride-to-be. Nothing marred the hold-up in its initial stages. The coach, drawn by six horses and escorted by United States troopers in their uniforms of blue and gold, came into sight at a point where the road was flanked by rocky, precipitous slopes. A torrent of stones and debris made progress impossible. "Whoever you are up there, show yourselves," the driver of the stage shouted. Joaquin, Three Fingers and some dozen troopers came down the slope. Joaquin saw that a girl had left the coach and was standing by the side of the road. He took care to shout: "We only want your gold. The little girl we protect. Now . . . no shooting, please."

Vain forecast. The driver had barely passed the warning to the shore. Three Fingers, itching to respond to a challenge, whipped out his six-shooter. The driver fell, wounded; not dead. Through dry lips Joaquin spoke: "You force us to do this. We do not wish to kill. Already the fight was up.

Outnumbering the troopers, Joaquin's followers made short work of taking charge. In lowering the box of gold from the luggage grid, a valise fell, breaking open its contents spilling at the feet of Joaquin standing close to Johnnie's fiancée. "Say, dress, my wedding veil . . . please be careful," she murmured, and collapsed on the heap of disordered tulle. "She's fainted," hissed Joaquin, hissing over the prostrate figure. "Get some water, Joaquin." He knelt down and towards Juaniita's aide. "No, no . . . look, there is blood . . . this is no faint. What do you say, Three Fingers?" The big bandit looked troubled. "The bullet go right through the stage driver and hit the little girl. I'm sorry, Joaquin."

"That is bad . . . very bad. I drive the coach myself. I take the little girl to Johnnie Warren. Lift her in. Three Fingers ride beside me with my horse." The Americanos, with Bill and his brother to the fore, were playing the wedding march in front of the saloon as Joaquin drove into town. Leaving the horses to continue at full gallop, he sprang from the box on to his horse and with Three Fingers made light work of escape. That evening, mounted on a rock in Hidden Valley, he addressed the crowd beneath him, bandsit and their womenfolk celebrating the successful loot of gold with wine, dance and song.

"Amigos, please. I do not want to spoil your celebration. You have good reason to be happy. I should be happy, too, but I cannot be. I can never be. We fight the Americanos. That is good. But to-day we kill one little girl. That is bad. To-day I hide outside town and wait for good news of her, but there is none. The little girl, she is dead. No. . . . Three Fingers . . . it is not your fault. It is just something that happened. But I know now that what I have done was not right to do. I can no longer be your leader. Amigos, after to-night I go to Mexico where I have no right to command you to come. Yet I wish you all come with me. Will you? Yes . . . no?"

Amid a hundred shouts of "Yes," a throwing of flowers and scarves into the air, amid the deep-throated acclamation of and the eager cries of women, came another sound, the sound of horses galloping towards the entrance to Hidden Valley. Already the look-out man, standing high upon the rocks at its head, had fallen under a Gringo's bullet. Joaquin heard and faced the company of "Three Fingers men! The Americanos have found our stronghold. Get ready to fight."

In Town for the Season

after a winter of hunting, her skin as lovely as a flower

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23
CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE MOON'S OUR HOME

ONE of the best screen comedies since It Happened One Night, Margaret Sullavan disclosures herself as possessed of a warm and giving sense of humour and comedy characterisation, while Henry Fonda plays up to her with equal cleverness and subtlety.

William Wellman directs a great deal to its stars, it owes even more to the polished treatment accorded to it by its director, William A. Seiter.

Out of quite a slight theme which has developed a romance which is one of the best comedies of the cinema. It is full of good lines and well- turned situations, the only trouble is that it finds it difficult to achieve an ending, and consequently when it does come it is rather in the nature of an anticlimax.

Margaret Sullavan interprets the role of a temperamental screen star, Cherry Chenery, with a typically temperamental grandmother who disapproves of her career, but loves her daughter, Kay. The director here is usually expressed in the terms of quarrelling.

Grandmother's idea is to marry her to Horace, a very subdued and dumb childhood acquaintance.

Cherry's answer to this is to run away to Europe, where she intends to meet a man who had sought refuge in her carriage when pursed by a mob of women.

She had thought he was a thief, but actually he was a famous novelist, Anthony Amberton, who had a healthy contempt for film stars—he liked "simple women with small, high chests"—and luckily had never married.

Both had tempers of a tempestuous order, so that their romance developed in a real life rather than a filmed real complex which was stirred by anything with the smell of music in it. Both believing it revives memories of another woman, promptly ran away.

The papers had been full of her disappearance and her grandmother was overjoyed at her return, but would not believe the story of the marriage. The grandmother announce her engagement to Horace.

Meanwhile Anthony is searching vainly for Sarah Brown—Cherry's real name—and is asked by Horace to his engagement-party.

The husband and bride are expected to bolt for it, but learning that Horace is her fiancé, Anthony goes out and helps him.

Cherry announces her intention of going back to Hollywood, but Anthony, with grandmother's assistance, contrives to prevent her, and holds her in his arms—till the next quarrel.

Such a bare outline does not do justice to the plot, which relies on its excellent detail work and character drawing for its effect.

Apart from the stars who hold the stage, most of the time, clever supporting studies are given by popular comedians as Horace, Beulah Bondi as Cherry's companion and Henrietta Crosman as grandmother.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

In three pictures Will Hay has proved that he is one of the best comedies of 1936 and 1937. He has a certain sense of character, and in his interpretation of a broken-down solicitor in this picture he introduces a touch of pathos which makes the part human, even if the exigences of the extravaganza cannot make it very convincing.

As a matter of fact, this is the most serious picture we have had for some time. It has a certain amount of originality of plot, it is well constructed, and William Beaudine has done to it that the gags—and they don't come out of the Ark—are well timed.

It is this "timing" which is perhaps the best of the picture's assets.

Just to let you know that the chief character is Will Hay, the picture opens with him interviewing his unpaid and pert office boy.

As the plot proper develops we learn that the solicitor's name—has a pretty daughter who is brought up by his sister and is in a strange condition that he appears on the scene as seldom as possible.

Thoroughly broke, he go down to see his daughter, who is engaged to the son of Lord Burbank, and disguises himself by making the but and incidentally himself—extremely drunk.

He retires in disorder to his office where he falls down, and introduces him to a gang of crooks as wealthy Americans who wish to unearth their ancestry. Actually, his sister's boyfriend above the bank which they mean to cut through the floor and burgle the premises below.

Getting more money than he had ever had before, Stubbins shows off to his family, but by mischance goes to the office the night the burglary is taking place and falls through the hole in the floor, where he is promptly silenced by the crooks.

Later they convince him that he can get them away because they are the only fingerprint and the best thing for him to do is to hide-out in the country.

He goes to his sister-in-law and there finds some of the gang acting as servants. There is a general hold-up, but Stubbins manages to outwit the crooks and earn the gratitude of all concerned.

One of the most amusing sequences is the hold-up, which takes place on Christmas Eve. As it is taking place a squad of police officers arrive, and taking up their positions outside, break into—a car.

Gina Malo is excellent as the gang's decoy girl, and the American crooks are admirably played by Eddie Houghton and Hartley Power, while Hal Walters is also very good as Nick.

H. F. Malby is well cast as the pompous guardian of Stubbins' daughter, and Graham Moffatt is exceptionally good as Stubbins' office boy.

Barbara Stubbins is quite pretty rendered by Peggy Simpson, and Job Turnbull makes a convincing innkeeper.

Clever character cameos came from Sybil Brooke as a landlady, and Gibb McLaughlin as a butcher.

SMALL TOWN GIRL

There is a formula dealing with a most unromantic little country girl who marries a rich man without love, and eventually makes him feel desperately, that is unfailingly popular.

When it is as well presented and directed as it is in Small Town Girl it becomes first-rate entertainment.

Somehow Janet Gaynor never seems to grow up. Here she is opposite the little unsophisticated country girl with all the old appeal of Seventh Heaven—and still with an accent that is inclined to grate a trifle on my ears.

Anyway, she is exceedingly good and natural, and she could not have had a better partner than Robert Taylor as the rich man who snatches her away from the farm and marries her while he is drunk.

He is cast as an irresponsible young doctor, Bob, who thinks more of his medical work than of his wife. He marries her and runs off to a training camp for a week, finds Lucy desolate, takes her in and cares for her.

At the end of the week Burrows wins his fight, and, having been informed of his winning he goes to see his wife, and to see Lucy. Who after a training camp for a week, finds Lucy desolate, takes her in and cares for her.

Dolly Haas plays the role made by Lillian Gish. She is certainly a pathetic little figure, but there is a feeling of artificiality about her performance, which is supported by her speech, which is a mixture of Cockney and broken English. Arthur Macdonald presents Burrows in a broad, melodramatic manner which entitles you to expect the audience his at any moment as they would the old melodramas. H. B. Cripps interpreted that role in the silent version.

Isabelle's part of Chen is taken by Emlyn Williams, who is to me, a trifle too Welsh for a Chinaman.

There is a certain simplicity and soulfulness about his portrayal, but he has not been able to make it convincing.

The study of a woman of the streets is given by Dorothy Minto. Technically, the production is very good, and the camera work imaginative.

The opening Chinese scenes have a charm of their own and contrast well with the somber and somewhat synthetic Limehouse locale which follows.

Dorothy Haas as she appears in "Broken Blossoms".

Lionel Collier.
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The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet-scented toilet cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

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P.V., 4/I/36.
**REVIEWS**

by Lionel COLLIER

The PICTURESQUE's quick reference index to films just released

**ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO**


WARNER BROS.

Joana Varela

ANN LORING

Juanita de la Cuesta

BRIAN CANDY

Margo

J. Charles MALARCHER

Eric Linden

Johnnie Warren

COLLIER

Carlos de Valdez

Jose Maritza

EDGAR HADDON

Sheriff Judd

CARL FREEMAN

Arthur Vinton

HERBERT Walker

Walter Colton

WILLIAM H. POWELL

Hiram Keller

Directed by William Wellman. For story based on the film see page 20. Pre-

viewed June 6, 1926.

The action is set in the days of "Sutter's Gold," when men went mad with lust of easy money and brutality was at a premium. It is founded on fact and the way it is presented is both realistic and extremely moving.

It was a pity, though, that so much detail was sacrificed to the story of the American invaders becomes a desperate band.

One of the best early outdoor Westerns ever made, and more than just a historical romance, it proved what we can do with simple material.

"Our own Westerner," as one film writer has called the film, is a masterpiece of the genre. It is a pity that so much of the story is sacrificed to the action and that the pace is too fast for the audience to follow.

**THE MUSIC GOES ROUND**


WINNIE SHAW

Winnie Wharton

GORDON HUGHES

Frank Tappan

SUSANNA CORTLYE

Susanna Courtney

WALTER CONNOLLY

Walter Colton

HENRY MILLER

Henry Bannerman

ETIENNE GRADY

Etienne Grady

WILLIAM WYLER

William Wyler

JOSEPH HUNTER

Joseph Hunter

ELEANOR DOWD

Eleanor Dowd

HARRY REED

Harry Reed


Extremely bright entertainment which is not only suitable for all ages but also tuneful and generally very well acted and produced.

Harry Richman, who puts over several song numbers exceedingly well, is cast as Harry Wallace, a Broadway star who has just been sentenced to death of reeharsals, takes an unauthorised holiday and arrives at the town of Adamsville, where he comes across a show boat run by Hector Courtney, an old trouper. He assumes a name in order to take the cast of the melodrama the perfom nightly.

He falls in love with Courtney's daughter, Susanna, and takes her with him to the town, where he is seen at the melodrama, which he has in mind to produce.

He does so and books all the players for his new revue without going to the trouble of hiring Harry's star. She, however, is not quite convinced, and she takes the job with her own troupe.

It breaks Susanna's heart to think that their humble efforts should be the subject for laughter, and the next night they return to the show boat.

Harry pursues his advances and finally Susanna's love for him overcomes her feeling of resentment.

Richman has a marked resemblance, although he can hardly be called a handsome hero, while Rochelle Hudson perfectly, delicately captures the role of Susanna.

Walter Connolly gives a clever study of the owner of the show boat and of the star, Judge Stander is a remarkably strong role and he develops it with sincerity and balance.

Margo, whom you will remember for her work in Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's first screen adaptation, is a model of the popular actress. Her part is an interesting one and she does it with spirit and éclat.

Theresa, who is the daughter of the ex-master of the ship, is a simple, sweet little girl, but her part is a minor one.

**BROADWAY HOSTESS**


WINNIE SHAW

Winnie Wharton

LEW TALBOT

Lew Talbot

ALLEN JENNINGS

Allen Jennings

PHIL REGAN

Phil Regan

TOMMY BLAKE

Tommy Blake

MARGARET SWORD

Margaret Sword

Directed by Frank McDonald. Previewed July 4, 1926.

Winni Shaw, who scored a hit with her "Lullaby of Broadway" number in Gold Diggers of 1933, is starred in this romantic drama, which is not a very startling or original story but is well acted by all concerned. She gives an excellent performance and her songs are put over with the appeal that made "Lullaby of Broadway" so good a success.

There is more variety than dramatic appeal in the story, which deals with Winnie Wharton, an unknown torch singer, who impresses Lucky Lorimer, a go-ahead theatrical agent, with her talent, and is thrust by him into the big money world. She is successful for a time, but when he eyes only for Iris Marvin, an upright society girl, in his eagerness to make money quickly, Lucky opens a fashionable gambling saloon, but when Iris's brother, Ronnie, loses everything, he frames Lucky on a robbery charge. Winnie secretly hands over bail money to a lawyer, but he absconds.

Iris, grateful to Lucky for having shielded Ronnie from the law, uses her influence to get him out. She and Lucky then marry, and later, when he learns of Winnie's sacrifice, he puts her in a show boat.

They perform nightly, and the audience is very much taken with the girl's singing ability, and she becomes a huge success. She returns to New York, where she is arrested for forgery, and the trial is a big one, with many complications.

The combination of Jan Kiepura's singing and the fine acting of the principals promises more than it has achieved. The reason being that both musically and dramatically there is nothing of note.

The story of the romance is well staged with a wide variety of settings.}

**GIVE US THIS NIGHT**


JAN KIEPUA

Antonio Briasco

PHILIP NEWBOLD

Marcello Bonnelli

ALBERTO ROY

Romolo Valli

BENNY BAKER

Tomasso Miceli

FRANCESCO SIDNEY TOLER

First Carabinier Jockey

WILLIAM COLLIER, SR.

The Priest

Directed by Alexander Hall from a story by Jacques Futrelle and Kenyon Morell and Richard Whiting.

The story of the adventure of a young Italian fisherman with a beautiful voice who becomes a success in the United States and who ultimately becomes a cheap opera star. He is sentenced to imprisonment for forgery, but is let free and goes to take part in the opera.

Soon Antonio falls in love with Mary, who has a singing voice, but he silently steals away when he wrongly believes she is betrayed to Marcello Bonnelli, the competitor. He is traced by the police, and in the end, when he appears on the opening night, and his success puts the seal to the affair.

The production is lavishly staged and the romantic atmosphere successfully achieved.

**THE LONE WOLF RETURNS**


MELVIN DOUGLAS

Mike Fenster

MICHAEL CURTIS

Frank Tappan

TALA BIRREL

Lene

Directed by Ray Whitley from a story by William J. Rulke.

Popular type of "Raffles" crime drama, it is rather naive at times, but direction is polished and the suspense and sentiment are kept well in control.

Damon plays the title role in a natural and sincere manner. His part is that of Michael Lanyard, a former crook who, when he learns that the Lone Wolf, who gates atatats a dance when hotly pursued by the police, following a jewel robbery, is in business with Margarita Stewart, his attractive hostess, and, deciding to return, returns the loot. Damon, finding out the location of the wolf, stays back from retirement to catch the Lone Wolf, believes in his reformation, but is threatened by the same lady who, he will not play ball with them, steal Margarita's jewels and pin the blame on him.

Swiftly the Lone Wolf resorts to subterfuge to clear himself, and it is not long before he has the crooks inhabiting the building. Then the picture shows his appreciation of the Lone Wolf's good work by clearing up any misunderstanding between him and Margarita.

As Margarita, Gail Patrick shows to advantage and Thurston Hall makes a creditable detective.

Douglas Dumbrille is well cast as the gang leader, while, in support, two delightful studies are given by Tala Birell and Henry Mollison.

Comedy relief is quite good and the film is well staged with a wide variety of settings.

**THE WOLF'S RETURN**


DANIEL LONNIE

Frank Tappan

HARRY HARRISON

Tommaso Miceli

SARA BISHOP

First Carabinier Jockey

Directed by Alexander Hall from a story by Jacques Futrelle and Kenyon Morell and Richard Whiting.

The story of the adventure of a young Italian fisherman with a beautiful voice who becomes a success in the United States and who ultimately becomes a cheap opera star. He is sentenced to imprisonment for forgery, but is let free and goes to take part in the opera.

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The combination of Jan Kiepura's singing and the fine acting of the principals promises more than it has achieved. The reason being that both musically and dramatically there is nothing of note.

The story of the romance is well staged with a wide variety of settings.
While the gangster element is predominant, this production also allows for some sincere passages of human sentiment and conflict of character. It shows, too, the effect of a gunman's exploits on the mind of an ordinary middle-class woman. Another interesting argument it adds is that fear is a necessary in the making of a first-class detective.

The story deals with Detective-sergeant McCaffrey, to whom fear is unknown, who brings in single-handed, a public enemy, Berger, who, however, escapes on the way to Sing Sing. McCaffrey, whose partner, Walsh, has been an ensuing bank, declares with heat to Walsh's widow that he succumbed because of his timidity. This causes a temporary estrangement between McCaffrey and Sally, a news reporter.

Wounded in a further encounter with Berger, McCaffrey loses his nerve. Thus, when Sally discovers the whereabouts of Berger's hideout, McCaffrey is willing to join her in a single-handed attempt to round up the gang. Recovering his nerve, he dashes to the hideout with his partner and makes another winner of the gang's many murderous attempts.

McCaffrey and Sally become engaged. As the detective, Preston Foster is definitely in character and gives a well-balanced performance.

Jane Wyatt gives charm and intelligence to the role of Sally, while James Gleason is excellent as Walsh.

Dialogue is forceful and the plot well developed.

**HERE COMES TROUBLE**


Paul Kelly puts over the rough stuff with the vigour as Duke Donovan, engineer on a liner, who gets fed up with the derisive wise-cracking as Margie, his man-cuck woman friend, and is caught on the rebound by Evelyn Howard, seductive daughter of Professor Howard, a jeweler in the city.

When an emerald is stolen, Duke is tricked into smuggling it ashore, but he selects the wise to the crooks, and after bringing about their capture, bounce back a more sobered individual into the waiting arms of Margie.

A good performance comes from Sammy Cohen as Duke's dumb partner, while Arline Judge and Mona Barrie as Margie and Evelyn, are well contrasted.

Gregory Ratoff gives an excellent supporting role, as does Halliwell Hobbes.

**SUNSHINE AHEAD**


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**THE OLD DARK HOUSE**

*Re-issue.*


Like most of its type, this eerie thriller is somewhat dated, nevertheless incredible and wholly fantastic, but there is no doubt that this difference—there is expected efficiency and fast action, characteristic, and the direction is quite brilliant.

**LETS CLEAN YOUR TOOTH**

Pore suffocation is the true cause of "muddy complexions," coarse, blotchy skin, enlarged pores, blackheads, etc.

Atmospheric dust, grease from face creams and make-up, choke the pores and enlarge them, preventing normal perspiration and the absorption of oxygen.

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Trelow's Swan Down Complexion Milk is the finest pore-cleanser and skin beautifier. Being a liquid, it seeps right into the pores, flooding out the dead cells and leaving the skin healthily clean. One application left for a few seconds and then wiped off brings away accumulated grease and dirt. Further use closes the enlarged pores and makes the skin clear, smooth in texture.

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MACHINELESS PERMANENT WAVE
WHAT IS THE ENGLISH ACTOR LESLIE PERRINS GOING TO GET A REALLY WORTHWHILE BREAK? WHY MUST HE ALWAYS PORTRAY THE PART OF A DIRTY DOG, WHO ALWAYS COMES TO A STICKY END? THE BRITISH STUDIOS SEEM TO BE OVERLOOKED POSSIBILITIES IN HIM; FOR INSTANCE, WHY CANNOT HE BE HERE FOR A CHANGE?

HE HAS GOOD LOOKS, WEARS HIS CLOTHES PERFECTLY, AND HAS THE SUAVE MANNER AND WITTI-CISM OF THE AMERICAN WILLIAM POWELL.

I WISH THE STUDIOS WOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, FOR WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE ONE OF HIS FILMS I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO SEE HIM IN A HAPPY ENDING, AND IT IS REALLY TOO BAD WHEN YOU ARE A—LESLEY PERRINS FAN.

[A NUMBER OF OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN IN SIMILAR STRAIN ABOUT THIS POPULAR PLAYER—"THINKER."]

HOW THE BLIND "SEE"

I AM WRITING THIS AT THE DICTATION OF A BLIND FRIEND, WHO IS A FILM LOVER IN A CERTAIN DEGREE. THERE ARE CERTAIN FILMS WHICH I "SEE" HE SAYS. THE TYPE WITH MORE DIALOGUE, SINGING AND MUSIC THAN ACTION ARE POPULAR WITH OUR CLASS. WE CANNOT OBSERVE THE FINE TECHNIQUE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND ACTING OR DIRECTING, BUT WE ENJOY THE "TALKIES" JUST AS MUCH AS OUR NORMAL BRETHREN.

NOW, I GET MY FRIEND WHO IS WRITING THIS FOR ME, TO READ THE SYNOPSIS OR STORY OF THE FILM FROM THE PICTUREGOER. THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA AND I AM ABLE TO FOLLOW THE FILM.

I CAN UNDERSTAND THE WORKS OF THE REGULAR WRITERS IN THE PICTUREGOER BY THEIR STYLE OF WRITING; THIS IS THROUGH HEARING THEIR ARTICLES REGULARLY.

OPERA BRINGS TO THE FILMS A CERTAIN BOOM TO THE SILENT COMMUNITY, AS THE PRICES OF KINEMA IS WITHIN OUR MEANS MORE THAN OPERA-HOUSEES. THE TALKIES ARE CERTAINLY A BOOM TO US—BUT I OFTEN THINK OF THE LEAFY SILENCE FILMS WITH PRINTED DIALOGUE WOULD HAVE THEIR APPRECIATION.

WE SIGHTLESS REALLY APPRECIATE THE FILMS WHICH GIVE TO PROFESSIONAL CATERERS FOR ALL CLASSES AND CONDITIONS OF HUMANITY—JOSEPH ERIC RUSCHON (P.P. A. BLIND FILM FEVER), THE GUEST HOUSE, BRAMCOTE, NOTTINGHAM, WHO IS AWARDED THE FIRST PRIZE OF £1 1S.

ACTORS ARE OUT!

A ENTHUSIASTIC KINEMA FAN, I NOT ONLY KEEP MY OWN RECORDS OF FILMS I SEE, BUT ALL CLIPPINGS, CRITICISMS, AND STILLS I CAN GET HOLD OF.

THESE ARE PASTED INTO PORTFOLIOS BEARING THE TRADE MARKS OF THE RESPECTIVE PRODUCTION COMPANIES, TOGETHER WITH INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES REGARDING FILM INDUSTRY, CENSORSHIP, TECHNIQUE, ETC.

MY AVERAGE FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS WAS EIGHTY FULL-LENGTH FEATURES. MY REASONS FOR ATTENDING A FILM ARE DUE TO THE VERSATILITY OF THE IMPRESSIONS IN MY HEAD WHICH I MAKE FROM THE LEAFY SILENCE FILMS. I SEE MANY FILMS WHICH HAVE BEEN A THREAT TO "THE SIGHTLESS KINEMA FAN." TO MAKE UP FOR THIS LACK OF VISION, I HAVE TO REPEAT THE ACTIONS AND PLOT, TO GET THE MAXIMUM SUGGESTIONS.

I HAVE BEEN A KINEMA FAN FOR SEVEN YEARS. IT IS A GOOD EXPERIMENT, AND I HOPE TO TAKE UP SOME KIND OF WORK, WHERE I CAN HAVE A Wiring FROM YOUR NAILS?

[AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR "Rapid Nail Grower"]

Listen! Girls!

He likes to see A Smooth, Flawless Back.

Not a Pimply Horror

What man was ever thrilled by the sight of a pimply back? And how can you wear the latest and most fascinating swim suits and evening frocks if your back and shoulders disclose unsightly skin eruptions? So don't be ashamed of your skin—barrassed—not when it's so easy to have a smooth, flawless skin from tip to toe—radiating health and beauty. All you have to do is to take a teaspoonful of Wex Grape Saline, in half a tumbler of water, each morning. Wex is the newest and most effective health salt, made from grapes. In a couple of days spots and pimples start to clear. Inside a week not a trace it is to be seen. Spots, pimples, blackheads and similar skin imperfections are caused by poisons and waste accumulations which are impoverishing your blood, breaking out through the pores of your skin, and making you look ill. But Wex swiftly cleans your blood of those harmful acids which cause your skin to erupt—in a few days your skin clears, takes on a new youthful beauty. At Boots' Branches, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug, etc. Trial size 7d. Bottles 1/6 and 2/6. Be sure to ask for Wex Grape Saline.

Screen Caricatures

I SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST HULME BEAME'S CREATION LARRY THE LAMB AS THE SUBJECT OF A SERIES OF BRITISH CARTOONS. THE ADVENTURES OF LARRY IN THE IMAGINARY TOY TOWN TOGETHER WITH ERNEST THE POLICEMAN AND THE MAGICIAN WOULD, I AM SURE, PROVE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL AND BE VERY POPULAR.


THEN, WHO WOULD NOT PAY THE PRICE OF A KINEMA SEAT TO SEE CELEBRITIES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS CARICATURED? THE NEWSPAPERS DO IT! WHY NOT THE FILMS—"HARRY ARMS DOUBLE, 16 WALNUT TREE STREET, SOUTHWARK, SUFFOLK.

'Wore Flippancy!'

EVER SINCE THAT HISTORIC OCCASION ON WHICH THE POWELL TONGUE SHOT OUT AT MISS LOY OUR FILMS HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE NOW FAMOUS "THINMANISING" PROCESS. LOVE WITH WISE- CRACK HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF SUGARY HINT, HUMOUR SPANNING SOME OF THE MOST MODERN-DAY'S FILM ROMANCES AND Crooks combine a passion for crooning with their crookery.

IT HAS ALL BEEN A WELCOME CHANGE. WE HAVE ENJOYED THIS NEW KINEMA TOWARDS SOMETHING MORE NATURAL AND SEEING FILM TYPES BECOME HUMAN HAS BEEN GRAND FUN. FLIPPANCY VERSUS SHAKEN MEAN AN EASY WIN FOR THE FORMER.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, A REAL DANGER TO THE KINEMA IF THIS VOGUE OF THE FLIPPANT SHOULD BECOME A FETISH. SCENES OF DEEP EMOTIONAL CONTENT THAT CAN BE SPOILED BY LEVITY AND REALLY GREAT FILMS MARRED BY "THINMANISING." WE DO NOT WANT A RETURN TO BATH, BUT THE TASTE, AND PATTERN NEVER REALLY MEET—MAY GODFREY, 33 MELDON TERRACE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 6.

Grousers, Please Copy!

I FEEL TO SEE WHY SO MANY FILMGOERS ARE DIS-SATISFIED WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT WHICH THEY GET AT THEIR LOCAL KINEMAS.

IT IS LOGICAL THAT A MAN WHO CANNOT BOOK A FILM WHICH WILL SATISFY THE OCCUPANTS OF EVERY SEAT IN THE AUDITORIUM, THEREFORE THE FILMGOER SHOULD SELECT HIS EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT CAREFULLY INSTEAD OF JUST DROPING INTO THE NEAREST KINEMA AND THEN SPREADING ADVERSE PUBLICITY BECAUSE THE PROGRAMME DID NOT SUIT HIS TASTE.

THIS KIND OF FILMGOING IS BAD FOR EVERYONE CONCERNED, INCLUDING THE MANAGEMENT OF THE KINEMA. WHY DO A NON-ADMIRED OF GARBO ALWAYS VISIT THE KINEMA SHOWING GARBO'S FILMS, AND THEN COMPLAIN TO ALL HIS FRIENDS THAT HE HAS NEVER SEEN A WORSE SHOW? IF THIS GENTLEMAN ONLY BOthered TO FIND A CRITIC THAT HE COULD REPLY UPON, ALL WOULD BE WELL.

PERSONALLY, I FIND THAT BY FOLLOWING LIONEL COX I ALWAYS SEE A SHOW THAT PLEASES ME. WHAT DON'T YOU ALL TRY THIS?—C. K. DOUGIBBEN, 21 THORNFIELD, LANCaster.

"Ordinary Love" for 13

FILMS NOWADAYS SEEM TO BE LOOKING FOR LOVE SCENES ALL THE TIME. DO WE REALLY NEED A LOVE STORY? I THINK THAT IF OCCASIONALLY (CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)
It's lovely to be SLIM...

No Drugs: No Dieting

It's easy to dress smartly, to avoid fatigue, and to keep fit if you're slim. How, then, will you check a natural tendency to fatness? Not by drastic dieting, nor by excessive exercise, nor by harmful drugs—when there's a safe, pleasant way. Thousands of smart women, envied for their youthful figures, depend on Beechams Pills. Take Beechams Brand Pills. They turn fat into energy, improve digestion and regularise elimination. In 90 years the original prescription has never been surpassed for Constipation and all its evils.

BEECHAMS PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM

No Drugs: No Dieting

It's easy to dress smartly, to avoid fatigue, and to keep fit if you're slim. How, then, will you check a natural tendency to fatness? Not by drastic dieting, nor by excessive exercise, nor by harmful drugs—when there's a safe, pleasant way. Thousands of smart women, envied for their youthful figures, depend on Beechams Pills. Take Beechams Brand Pills. They turn fat into energy, improve digestion and regularise elimination. In 90 years the original prescription has never been surpassed for Constipation and all its evils.

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**What Do You Think?** Continued from page 28

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

film were shown—without love in it—it would please the older folk and the younger folk too.

I'm sure filmgoers will agree with me that it's rather aggravating to expect to see good acting, "picture" and find nearly a quarter of the time wasted, with the hero or heroine making love.

If we can't do without the passionate love scene, can we not cut a little of it out, and have the more "ordinary" scenes? Perhaps some day we shall—(Miss) P. Green (age 15), 2 Collingwood Terrace, Gourock, Scotland.

**An Eloquent Plea**

Better than Caravaggio, better, even, than the Tattoo at Aldershot, I suggest a picture based upon the history of Windsor Castle could be if well done, by British producers.

Not a blend of fact and fiction, but a straightforward sequence of thrilling events based upon actual happenings in this, the most majestic of the world's royal residences.

The history of the world's greatest Empire is epitomised here. The affections of millions of the world's greatest people, at home and abroad, is centred upon this Royal Home, Atmosphere, environment, tradition: all are typical of Britain at its best. Kings and Queens, Knights and Ladies, form part of the past happenings of the past here as, perhaps, nowhere else on earth.

But if, and when, such a picture is attempted, it must be essentially a worthwhile production, nothing loud, nor garish, nor alien to the spirit and story of this poem in stone, this storehouse of Britain's jewels of race.

I wonder, after all, whether any studio in the world would be quite big enough to produce actors and actresses and a story worthy of "Royal Windsor"—(Mrs.) Gertrude A. Rogers, 35 Villiers Road, Southall, Middlesex.

**She Don't Know Nothin'!**

I have never seen a press review of a studio, rarely visit a kinema more than once a week, and do not write film notes.

I have never met a star, nor do I possess a single photo or autograph.

I have never read a book on film production, and, less than twelve months ago, had never opened a film paper.

I have no gramophone, and though I once owned a Brownie, have never "snapped" a celebrity.

I missed Calvavvale, Bengale Lancers, Evergreen, The Barretts, Blossom Time, Nell Gwyn and Henry VIII; I have never seen Gable (true!), Harlow, Dietrich, Peck, but lately Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sidney, Laughton, Crosby, Karloff, Cantor or Cagney, and I once thought Hedda Gabler was a film star and the Hollywood Bowl a famous antique!

I never entered a film competition before 1936, and yet, since January, I have won two first prizes.

Mr. Edwards is right—ones need luck as well!—"Ignoramus," Wakefield.

**Making Friends**

Yesterday morning I was overjoyed to receive a letter from another schoolgirl from whom I have never heard before.

She lives in Malaya, in Seremban, and I thought you might be interested to hear how our worthy paper circulates.

It is almost thrilling to think that this little girl accidentally saw my name in the Picturegoer, and wrote to me as a result. So I have the Picturegoer to thank for another correspondent!—Kathleen H., Xccll, 38 Lucan Road, Ásghur, Liverpool 17.

**Cheap Vulgarity**

May I say the strongest possible protest against the cheap vulgarity so evident in many of the British made films on view at present? Besides being extremely irritating, the scenes invariably have no connection with the continuity of the film.

Two films rankle. The part of the Frenchman in The Last Journey was unnecessary, apart from the vulgar incidents.

I was glad I was not accompanied by my fiancée at the second film—Two Hearts in Harmony, in which a supposedly star male duo sang a song about "the man the woman go to see when they go to see a man about a dog." I was disgusted.

Another incident in this film was the showing of a risque story-telling by the gigolo when the men at the dinner table and by one of the "ladies" in the drawing-room.

I wonder what sort of thing was appreciated down south—it is not up north—but the cinema manager assured me it wasdeprecated all over the country.

I am no prude, but this sort of thing irritates me.—J. Stevens, 40 Broad Lane, Liverpool, 11.

**Charging Overtime**

With reference to people who stay in kinemas for more than one programme, what about this idea?

A machine could be installed in the box office to stamp the time when the person should leave, i.e., if the programme lasts three hours, it should stamp five hours ahead of the time of purchasing the ticket.

When the person comes out he surrenders his ticket to the attender, and pays extra for any time over and above that paid on his ticket.

Also, when people have to wait in a queue, and then see only half a programme, they surely ought to be charged extra—O. and B. Redwood, 68 Spring Road, I.p.wish.

**Forget Vienna**

I felt I must write and express my feelings as regards a certain unpretentious English film, directed by versatile Monty Banks and starring Charles Farrell.

The only thing I can find fault with is its ridiculous title, Falling in Love, reminiscent of a hundred and one other so-and-so titles.

Let me draw a deep breath before I say a prayer of thanksgiving for a film with a charming natural English atmosphere.

I would like to think that film and show it under the noses of every producer and director in England and say to them, "For the love of Mike, forget Vienna! Look at those scenes, that's what your public wants—scenes in a London park; Trafalgar Square; bus rides in London; boating on the Thames; barges on the river; delightful country scenery.

"Now, scrap your beer-gardens, give your Viennese girls a rest, and look around England for your inspiration."—(Miss) Lilian Bowen, Water Street, Youghal, Co. Cork, I.F.S.

**A Good Recipe**

Here is a recipe for an ideal film dish:

**Ings.**—1 assorted bunch of shallots; 1 Kerala; 1 Frantx Planer; half a Hitchcock; half a Cape.

**Directions.**—To get the best results only the first quality shallots should be used: Laughtons, Loy, Powell, Donats, etc., are most suitable.

Place these into a new story, leaving out any not required and pour over the resources of the Kerala. Then work in the Franx Planer before using the "pan."

Place the lot into an M.G.M. studio, adding the half Capra and half Hitchcock and allowing them to mould, but letting the latter "dissolve" occasionally.

Put into cans when ready and serve hot with cold advertising. Sufficient for ten million persons.—Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6.

**Your Views Wanted**

What you think about the stars and films.

Let us have your opinion briefly.

If you are over 16, you will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published, even if unsigned.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 300 words.

Who's WHO

Charles Bickford

Joan Blondell
Born in New York on August 30, 1909. Height, 5 ft. 4 ins. Blonde hair and grey eyes. Weighs 8 stone 8 lbs. Married George Barnes. Hobbies, tennis and swimming. Property trunk was her first cradle, so that she has been on the stage literally from babyhood. She has played all over the world, she has also been a circus hand, a clerk in a department store—this last for fifteen minutes! She was educated while on tour and in New York. In the latter city she attended the College of Industrial Arts. She left for Australia and returned to New York when she was eighteen, and appeared in many stage productions. Her first screen appearance was in Sinner's Holiday with James Cagney. They had both been in the stage version, entitled Penny Arcade. Her pictures include The Office Wife, The Sleuth Highway, Illicit, My Past, The Greeks Had A Word for It, Blonde Crazy, The Crowd Roars, Big City Blues, Three on a Match, Central Park, Her Reputation, Goodbye, Again, Footlight Parade, Convention City, I've Got Your Number, Gold Diggers of 1933, Havana Widows, Her Was Her Man, Hit Me Again, Dames, Kansas City Princess, Travelling Sales Lady, Broadway Gondolier, We're in the Money, Miss Pacific Fleet, Colleen, Sons of Guns, Bullets and Bullets.

Elizabeth Bergner
Born in Vienna, August 22, 1900. Married Paul Cainer, the director, who is always associated with her pictures. Brown hair and eyes. Hobbies, walking and reading. Famous stage and screen star on the Continent and conquered London with her acting in Escape Me Never. Her films include Catherine the Great, the first she had made for a British company, and The Loves of Ariane, a Continental production. She made her American stage debut in Escape Me Never (1935). Followed the film of the play and As You Like It.

Eric Blore
Born in London, December 23, 1887. Grey hair and grey-blue eyes, 5 ft. 8 ins. tall. Weighs 12 stone 10 lbs. Educated at private school. Married Violet White (deceased), Clara Mackin (1928). He has one son. Went into the insurance business, but after nine years joined forces with G. P. Huntley. He then went to Australia and toured colonies with Merry Makers. Came back to England and appeared on the halls. Toured with musical comedies and acted in revues at the Empire. War service in infantry and Flying Corps. Later was in the cast of The Gaiety Revue and went to Hollywood. His pictures include Flying Down to Rio, Gay Divorce, Behold My Wife, Folies Bergere de Paris, Casino Murder Case, Good Golly, Diamond Jim, Old Man Rhythm, Top Hat, I Like My Life, I Dream Too Much, Seven Keys to Baldpate, Two in the Dark, To Be or Not To Be.

By thinking that "any old lipstick" will do these days, you are merely letting yourself down instead of letting yourself in for something exciting. And, if there ever was a fashion for "hard," exaggerated or exotic effects in make-up, there's none now. Paris, as usual, spoke the last word—and killed all such unpleasant notions stone dead—when her great colour genius, Louis Philippe, discovered the secret of a lipstick that matches the living colour of the blood itself: true to the principle that the only purpose of make-up is to make you look your best!

The Little Gold Box for lips and cheeks 2/-

The famous lipstick 4/6 (selsfls 3/6)

ROUGE ANGELUS

Louis Philippe

SUN ORANGE - ORANGE - SUN FLAME - POPPY - LIGHT - FRAMBOISE - PANDORA - MEDIUM - MEDIUM DARK

The BALDWIN

You can obtain a complete depilatory set for 2/6 or a trial size is available at 6d. Full directions with each glove.

The BALDWIN

Beauty Products
4, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

Huge Success! ZOO

THE NATIONAL NATURE MAGAZINE

Now for No. 2. Just Out! No. 2 of "Zoo," the beautiful new monthly magazine, is just out, on sale everywhere, price 6d.

The first issue was an amazing success—No. 2 is even more thrilling—more interesting—more instructive than ever—it is taking the country by storm—delighting animal and nature lovers everywhere.

Just look at some of the wonderful features to be found in its 62 glorious pages—"War on the Whale," "Jungle Beasts from the Air," articles by Charles Elton, Frances Pitt, L. R. Brightwell and many others—striking pictures—thrilling stories, etc., etc.

No. 1, now on sale, is in tremendous demand—don't miss it—GET YOUR COPY NOW.
GOODNESS knows how long I'd have gone on thinking that good honest baths were enough to keep one free from the sin of perspiration odour. But they are not! Perspiration goes stale so soon, and becomes unpleasant. You don't notice it yourself—but others do. Now I play for safety—I use Odo-ro-no regu-larly.'

Guards freshness—saves clothes
Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a good dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to stop his hands perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her father immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her immediate saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration so he operated. Her da…
World's most popular lipstick
now in a de luxe size!

4/6 value
for
2/6!

Though every woman who has tried it has agreed that Outdoor Girl's sixpenny lipstick is the most amazing value ever offered for 6d., thousands have asked for the same remarkable quality in a larger size and a more luxurious case. Here it is! The Outdoor Girl Lipstick de luxe! Even better value than the 6d. size. It has the same skin nourishing olive oil base to prevent the lips drying and cracking. The same pure vegetable colours which are so indelible that it stays on for nine or ten hours. Its beautiful magenta and ivory swirl propelling case will delight you. And it's as big as the average 4/6 lipstick. Yet its price is only 2/6.

You must try this new Outdoor Girl Lipstick. Get one to-day. Use it. Prove its quality for yourself. And then, if you do not agree it is as good as any 4/6 or 6/6 lipstick you ever used, the makers will refund your money in full.

OUTDOOR GIRL
LIPSTICK de luxe

Obtainable at all branches of Boots The Chemists and the better Chemists and Stores.

N.B. To make the most of your looks you need perfect harmony of make-up. Use Outdoor Girl Face Powder and Rouge—both have the unique olive oil base which nourishes your skin and keeps it smooth, supple youthful and irresistible. The Trial sizes cost only 6d. Send for valuable new illustrated 18-page Beauty Booklet giving full instructions on the Art of Make-up, free to Outdoor Girl (Dept. 502), 32 City Road, E.C.1.

OUTDOOR GIRL
LIPSTICK de luxe

SOUTHALLS

YOU can afford
BEAUTIFUL FURS
by buying direct from the manufacturers. Here is a splendid opportunity of a SILVER FOX OPOSSUM FOR 37/6

★ Write today and secure one— it's a chance in a million. HERE'S WHAT TO DO—just send your money order for carriage paid.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED

ROSS
(furriers)Limited.
42, NEW BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

Banish FRECKLES quickly, secretly, and safely with our new cream while you sleep. Overnight in the privacy of your own home just apply a little Ross's double-strength Freckle Cream, then watch freckles and moles fade and vanish. Your friends will be amazed and your skin will be smooth and supple.

ROSS
(furriers)Limited.

NEW TATTOO
cream
MASCARA

2/6

needs no water to apply
really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—women everywhere— are praising TATTOO, the new cream Mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners, far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply squeeze Tattoo out of the tube on to the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are... instantly dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim; Tattoo won't run or smear! In smart, robustly satin vanity, with brush.

SEND COUPON FOR 30-DAY TRIAL TUBE

To Foster & Rress Ltd., Dept. MI.
38 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

For 6d., enclosed (stamps or P.O.), and 30-day trial tube of Tattoo cream Mascara, with brush.

Name
Address

(Or plates popular colored enamels with 1d. postcard.)

The water looks lovely. You want to go in. Then you fear for your attractive new "perm." Will it be spoiled? It will probably be ruined. For even the best fitting helmets aren't watertight. But here is something that is! The "WATER-TITE" UNDER CAP. It banishes anxiety for cherished curls. "Perms" are kept just perfect when the "WATER-TITE" is worn under a bathing helmet. Hair just cannot get wet. No more limp, straggly ends all round the neck. For not a drop of water can "creep" beneath a "WATER-TITE" UNDER CAP, and never a curl can come out of place. It brings new joy to bathing, saves your patience—and your purse.

WATER-TITE
UNDER CAP

Price

From all leading Stores. 

Underwear Limited. 

Manufactured by 

From all leading Stores, 

Drop in and try it.

C. J. Manufacturers of 

Langham House, 108 Regent Street, London, W.I.

WATER-TITE
UNDER CAP

Price

35
**Lips and Finger Tips Must Match**

From now on perfect harmony between lips and finger tips. Cutex now offers a complete set of Cutex Lipsticks to match and tone in with their nail polishes.

And you'll find the new Cutex Lipstick a grand value — creamy but not greasy — beautifully permanent, goes on easily. And only 2/-. Start this new make-up vogue today. You'll find the Cutex Lipstick and Cutex Nail Polish 1/6 a bottle at your favourite shop. Made in Great Britain.

---

**Leave It to ANNE**

There are beauty problems of the summer as well as of the colder months. If you have such a worry, be sure to pass it to me. I am sure that I can help you. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

All things considered, I am inclined to think that a sun-tan make-up is better than real tan—that is as far as your face is concerned. It is very difficult to obtain that perfect brown without at the same time coarsening and drying-out your skin. There is a perfect sun-tan make-up for every type.

Shall we take the golden-haired girl first of all. I mean the natural golden hair that accompanies a pink and white complexion. First of all you need a liquid foundation that will give protection against the burning rays of the sun. You can get it in a pale golden shade, that makes a good beginning for the sun-tanned effect. A warm tinted powdered and a little cream rouge to even out the colour in the cheeks; Clair is a suitable tint in both rouge and lipstick.

This make-up is delicate and suggests the hue of a ripe peach. It is faintly glowing golden and most becoming to a really fair girl. At night time she should use a warm peach tinted powdered instead of the somewhat darker shade suggested for the day. This will lighten the make-up for the evening.

Platinum blondes are supposed to be out of fashion, but I still see a lot of them about, so it will not do to ignore them in our sun-tan list. In contrast to the pale hair, a really glowing make-up on the darkish side looks well. A good, attractive, gipsy effect may be obtained with a tan foundation cream. With this go mandarin lipstick and rouge to match (very little of the latter and that well smoothed in, or the effect will be (bizarre) and powder in a tan shade.

Brunettes were usually fair in childhood and in consequence many of them still retain the fair skin. This skin reddens and blisters in the sun just as readily as that of a true blonde, therefore needs a protective cream as a powder base. There is a very good one made in sun-tan colour. Over this goes a cream rouge. The one I am thinking of is known as Blonde. All the same, it is most suitable for blondes as well. It gives that clear, transparent tint, always desirable but positively admissible in conjunction with a sun-tan effect. It may be used for the lips, too, and will then prevent sun and strong sea air from drying and cracking them.

This series of cosmetics provides two tints of sun-tan powder. The first should be used if the skin has a yellowish tint about it, but if it is pinky, ochre is a better choice.

Brunettes may decide to tan naturally, for many of them may do it without injury to the complexion. They have the facility for pigmenting and developing a natural protective tan, without the preliminary burning and reddening which is so harmful to the skin.

A famous beauty specialist makes special sun-tan preparations for brunettes who decide to do without the natural kind. For the creamy brunette without colour, there is a complete complexion balm which is really a liquid powder in a face and mouth powder rouge and a lipstick to match, the rouge used very sparingly.

The brunette who has a little colour of her own should begin with I tan-coloured cream and finish with a French rachel powder.

Red-heads are the most difficult girls to advise. Their skins are so delicate and sensitive to light that they invariably freckle. For this reason they need protection. But a decided tan make-up does not suit the average red-head. Nature has stamped her so unmistakably as the type that never tans that an artificial tan make-up looks alien and unbecoming.

At most the red-head's summer make-up should be the tint of a sun-warmed peach. Let the foundation be a cream or a liquid of a rose rachel tint, according to whether the skin is normal or dry. This really intensifies the skin colour, and if followed with a lightish ochre powder gives the warm, summery tint that is so becoming without actually getting near a sun-tan effect. Special red-head rouge and lipstick should be used.

To complete the effect, there is nothing like a sun-tan lotion or cream for arms and legs. It makes them a good, even tan, it is unaffected by the rain, it cannot be rubbed off, looks perfectly natural, and when you want to go all ethereal for the evening, it can be taken off with a cleansing cream.

If you would like to know particulars of any of the special preparations mentioned here, I shall be pleased to send them on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Please be sure to give me your colour in a vague description, but a definite description such as platinum blonde, golden hair with pink and white mid-brown, brunette or redhead. Then I can advise you to your advantage.

**Answers to Correspondents**

M.N. (Oxford). —You need the Darrott heel should to stop those blisters and save your stockings. Price 6d. per pair.

E.S. (Exeter). —Use Rueil bath cubes to soften your bath water, you can buy them with lavender and pine perfumes now.

**Talkie Title Tales**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. E. Harrison, White Hiel, Wood Moor, High Wycombe, Bucks, for —

Dorothy W. Down Our Street

Grand Slam

The Roof

Praizes of half a crown each are awarded to —

Lilian Rayman, 11 Laws Street, Fulwell, Sunderland, for —

Every Night At Eight

Rendezvous

The Clock Strikes Eight

Where's George?

Miss M. Tiffen, Rotherham, Military Road, Rye, Sussex, for —

The Fleet's In

Just For Tonight

No More Lies

After To-morrow

Miss Muriel Howse, 41 Rawcliffe Street, Blackpool, Lancs., for —

Rolling Home

Street Scene

Strictly Illegal

It Can't Happen Here

Harold Caze (aged 14), 62 Pinhoe Road, Exeter, Devon, for —

The Blue Angel

The White Angel

The Dark Angel

Unicorn on Earth

As you can see, the idea of Talkie Titles is to link three of the four talkie titles to a postcard, c/o Picture News, Market House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

**GUY BEACON.**
"NOW...
I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Once she was surprised—delightfully—at the wonderfully exhilarating effect of Palmolive when used in the bath. But now she's only surprised she never thought of using it in the bath before.

Especially when, of course, that rich olive-oil lather has the same beautifying effect on arms and shoulders as it has on her complexion.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment; and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

because though it's smart to tan, it's ugly
to oil; and SKOL SUN LOTION is non-
oily, invisible, does not spoil clothes nor
cake with sand.

because it gives her complete protection against
sunburn, and she can lie out in the sun as long and luxuriously as she likes.

because it is a perfect protection against wind
burn, the enemy of smooth skins.

because it is non-fluorescent—keeps off the
harmful rays of the sun and allows only the
tanning ultra-violet rays to reach her skin.

because she finds it makes an admirable
powder-base.

★ Remember that SKOL SUN LOTION
is a preventative, but, if sun-burning has already
taken place, SKOL HEALING ANTI-SEPTIC
will soothe and heal irritation.

SKOL SUN LOTION
2/- from all chemists

SKOL PRODUCTS, LTD., LONDON, S.W.1
Makers of Skol Healing Antiseptic.
JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke.

In taste and quality the equal of much
dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large;
big enough, however, to last the full 10
minutes—and so conveniently packed.

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6d * 25 for 10d

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

THE 10-MINUTE
SMOKE FOR
INTELLIGENT FOLK

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY' - TIPPED
My Hollywood Story

by Carl Brisson

(Exclusive)

Carl Brisson
See the name PLAYER'S

There is only one genuine Player's "Medium" Navy Cut—Make sure you get PLAYER'S by seeing the lifebuoy trademark on the packet and the words PLAYER'S "MEDIUM' NAVY CUT on each Cigarette
Robert Young says:

GOOD FEATURES
WITHOUT GOOD SKIN
ARE LIKE CHAMPAGNE
WITHOUT THE
SPARKLE

Icilma VANISHING CREAM

You shouldn't be content with anything less than complete loveliness for your skin. It is so easy to achieve with the help of Icilma Vanishing Cream! Softer, lighter, more foamy than any other cream you have ever used, you'll see that Icilma is a better kind of vanishing cream. Icilma, being non-greasy, doesn't sink deeply into the pores, but stays near the surface, smoothing away tiny skin flaws and keeping your skin in perfect condition — and holding the powder evenly and smoothly, too.

In Jars 1/2, 9d. Tubes 6d.

SUMMER DAYS ARE TRYING DAYS FOR HAIR

... BUT you need not worry — just give your hair a weekly Evan Williams Shampoo — this will minimise the harmful effects of over-exposure to strong sunlight, salt-laden air, etc., and keep the hair young.

EVAI WILLIAMS

TANG

It's a pleasure to use Euthymol because its delicious TANG is so refreshing and invigorating. Euthymol's fragrant foam kills dental decay germs in less than 30 seconds. Buy a large 1s. 3d. tube of Euthymol from your chemist or send for a 7-day free trial tube.

EUTHYMOL
TOOTH PASTE

Le Secret de la Femme Chic

"What is the real secret of the charm and elegance for which the Parisienne is so world-famous?" I asked a well-known leader of French Society. "We were at a thé-dance in a fashionable hotel. "Look at them," he said. "What is it you notice first? Not the robe or hat, but the complexion. So well cared for — so soigné. Every woman has such a smooth 'matt' skin, even in this hot and crowded room. Watch them in the morning in the 'Bois' or at the races in the afternoon — it is always the same."

That is why the Matt Finish Powder of Tokalon is the vogue among chic French women to-day. It gives a soft rose-petal complexion that neither wind, rain nor perspiration can spoil. Ensures a fascinating girlish loveliness all day and every day. Try Poudre Tokalon for yourself. The result you see in your mirror will surprise and delight you.

HAVE ALLURING EYE-BROWS
AND LASHES...

Roughly 4d.

COMBREAL
THE PERMANENT TINT

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"It's thanks to LUX," said Fox Films, "that the frocks in ‘King of Burlesque’ looked so enchanting after weeks of wear in the filming."

Quite half the delight of “King of Burlesque” is the dresses. And half the frothy freshness and chic of them is due to LUX. Fox Films know that the most expensive gown lacks glamour on the screen unless it looks dazzlingly new and fresh. Tired frills, limp chiffons — these can ruin a picture. That’s why, after every day’s “shooting” on “King of Burlesque,” costumes by the score were tossed into Lux.

Roya, Wardrobe Director of Fox Films, said, “Lux alone works this magic with costumes. It brings back their freshness in a twinkling, protects fine fabrics and subtle colours, and keeps silks, woollens and stockings new and lovely much longer.”

Keep that “new” glamour in your clothes with Lux magic! Use Lux for your undies, stockings, and everything washable in the wardrobe. Lux is so pure and gentle, so simple to use, so thrifty, too. Sold in packets only, 6d., 4d. and 2d. Try it!

“BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in beautiful frocks, lovely stockings on lovely legs, there’s plenty of glamour in ‘King of Burlesque.’” Roya, Wardrobe Director of Fox Films, said, “Everything washable in the film — silks, woollens, stockings — had Lux care. It keeps that magic newness in things how ever many times they’re worn during the making of a picture. We couldn’t do without Lux here!”
ALL THE GOSSIP

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Denham. I have walked miles round the London Film Studios and seen much. But more of that some other time.


Now it has become the fashion for some people to attack Korda and belittle him because he has had dreams that have not come true. It is the easiest thing in the world to attack and criticise anybody, especially in the film industry. Indeed it is easy to accuse most people of changing their minds whatever their business or profession may be.

But I was of less worth because, having decided to go to Paris for a holiday and having told everybody about it, I change my mind and go to Scotland?

Pin-pricks

And that actually is the burden of all this attack on Korda. He was to have made Cyrano (which, by the way, he has sold to New World Productions); he was to have made several other films which have not materialised.

So what? It is far better to drop an idea or a scheme or a partly-made picture if you don't believe in it, than to go on and finish something of which you are not proud and which is not worth screening.

It would be childish to set out a list of Korda's successes as an answer to these pin-pricks. If he had never made a picture and had just been the inspiration behind the creation of the Denham Studios, that alone would entitle him to a memorable place in the British industry. For it is Korda who has made it possible to compete with Hollywood.

Delivering the Goods

I n addition he has a programme that is certain —as certain as anything can be in the film business—to add honour and prestige to the pictures made in this country; and I, for one, don't care if he changes his mind a hundred times.

I am sure he will deliver "the goods."

By a coincidence there has just come to my desk a cable from the New York office of United Artists, who recently re-issued The Private Life of Henry VIII, in America. It speaks for itself.

"Re-issue bookings of Henry VIII being received most enthusiastically in dozens of key cities throughout America. Loew's have booked this picture for repeat engagement throughout their entire New York circuit of sixty-five theatres. Loew Company feel that combined star value of Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Robert Donat, plus the entertainment value of the picture itself, will have greater appeal to-day than it did when the picture was originally released. This enthusiasm for Alexander Korda's great film is unprecedented."

And that, may I remind you, was due to the expenditure of a mere £60,000 ... and Korda's dreams.

Carl, Man of Glamour

Those of you (and I believe you are in a majority) who hold that a film-star ought to look and behave like a film-star will thoroughly approve of Carl Brisson, whose portrait adorns our cover this week.

Carl is chockful of glamour, and typifies perfectly the he-man star combining brawn with charm.

We have no player who knows the business of being a film-star better than Carl; everything he does is spectacular, and dramatic, and, in fact, news.

When Carl, the Man of Glamour, met Hollywood, the City of Glamour, things were bound to happen. Beginning on page 8 of this week's issue he is giving Picturegoer readers his candid impression of Hollywood and a full account of what he did, saw, and heard there, in his own racy style.

Let me advise you not to miss any instalments of this story; it's good.

Benny's Pittance

If you are struggling along on a beggarly £5,000 a year—or, like a few of us, even less—it will probably break your heart to hear of the plight of Mr. Jack Benny, of America, who figured prominently in Broadway Melody of 1936.

Out of every pound Mr. Benny receives, he has to hand over sixteen shillings to the United States Government.

That sounds extortionate, but it represents the level of taxation among the higher branches of the financial tree—and that's just where Mr. Benny is sitting pretty at the moment.

Benny is at present No. 1 radio artiste of America, and by a new contract which he has just signed he receives £3,000 a week for his single half-hour broadcast.

Fifty-two times that is £156,000 a year; and tax on that at 80 per cent. is £124,800; so all Mr. Benny receives for his labours is a bare £31,200 a year.

Still, as he only works half-an-hour a week, perhaps this may be considered adequate.

False Alarm

E ddit Cantor is another radio favourite who pays colossal amounts in income-tax, but Eddie employs several members of his large family, thereby lessening the incidence of taxation a little.

By the way, the tongues of gossips began to wag in Hollywood the other day—the day after

(Continued on page 6)
Eddie Cantor arrived in Hollywood to work on the script of his next film, *Pony Boy,* and, with the Cantor marriage also on the line, he was determined to make arrangements for a party, to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of their wedding; and suddenly Eddie rushed in, cancelled the arrangements, and hurried his wife away. Gossip-writers, amazed, grabbed for their telephones to announce the end of the Cantor romance, but Eddie was doomed to disappointment, for Eddie, suddenly conceiving the bright idea of spending the anniversary in Hawaii, had booked passages on a boat which left in two hours.

And the Cantor marriage-ties are as strong as ever.

**Hushabye, Lullaby!**

While we are on the subject of radio performances that seem odd that a wisecracker should earn more than a crooner, Bing Crosby has a very reasonable, not to say generous, remuneration, but he can’t command quite such a figure as Benny.

By the way, it was recently announced that an American doctor used records of Bing Crosby’s as a substitute for an anaesthetic in a dental operation.

But this was nothing to a thing that has happened since.

Bing crooned “Cuddles” to sleep...

“Cuddles” is the two-ton Hereford bull that developed mental tendencies throughout the making of Bing’s lastest Paramount picture, *Rhythm on the Range.*

Well, Bing had to croon “W,” and Croon to him.

As Bing crooned along, Cuddles’ chin worked slower and slower on his cud. And, as he reached the end, Cuddles had just closed his eyes in slumber.

**Vice-Presby**

I daresay you think that to pay Jack Benny such an enormous amount of money for such a very little work is the height of foolishness; but you “ain’t heard nothin’ yet.”

Here is the very summit, apex, acme, and apotheosis of folly, capping even the suggestion that the Queen Mary should be handed over to America in settlement of our War Debt...

A New York columnist, Ernest L. Meyer, has nominated Mickey Mouse for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Contending that “Mickey alone could lift the office of Vice-President from the obscurity that engulfed it,” Meyer states that it would be a “shrewd political move.”

The writer continues: “On my travels in distant places the natives looked at me blankly when I mentioned Garner (the Republican nominee), but when I spoke of Mickey Mouse they looked at me like one of the hand to the nearest movie palace to see Mickey Mouse in Mickey’s *Grand Opera.*

**Colourful**

And in Mickey, you would have a colourful Vice-President, who would constantly get on to the front pages with his exploits. He can jump stove lids, dive into chimney pots, glide gracefully on clouds, ride with perfect nonchalance on walruses, bottle-fights, and goldfish, and his jiu-chi dancing would turn Gilda grey with envy.

Well, I’ve heard worse ideas; certainly Mickey can claim to be weaselly enough.

After two days of legal arguments, Walt Disney has won an action to restrain a Sydney firm from using his famous characters, Mickey and Minnie Mouse and others, in the production of toys.

Disney’s counsel argued that Mickey is “abnormally tall, personality” and that “there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in the wide world who did not conjure up Mickey’s pictures upon hearing his name.”

“Thank You”

Talking of *Rhythm on the Range,* in which Bing Crosby and his bull appear, this unit has been on location, and I just heard of an amusing incident that occurred while they were out in the wilds.

The chef of the camp strolled out of his kitchen when he heard several of the cast approaching.

He took one glance at James Burke, the Irish actor, then walked back into his kitchen. A few minutes later, a delicious-looking plate of bacon and eggs was placed before Burke. Burke glanced at them in amazed delight, then looked up and said:

“How did you know I liked them that way?”

He asked. The other went into his bedroom and returned with a card which he handed to Burke.

The card read:

“James Burke of Burke and Durkin, in vaudeville, would like to have bacon and eggs, the eggs well done on one side, the bacon medium; buttered toast, toasted light, trim the crust; coffee later. Thank you.”

Burke tore up the supply of cards when he was in vaudeville and would hand them to waitresses who came for his order. The waitresses would then take them to the chef, who always laughed, kept the card, but followed instructions. This chef once served Burke several years ago and still had the card.

**On Location**

This is location time in Hollywood.

I recently had a letter from a friend who is out with the 20th Century-Fox unit making *Ramona,* the all-colour film based on a novel of early days in pastoral California; and it made me envious.

Seventy miles from a theatre, forty miles from even a barber, Hollywood’s actors and actresses have had to turn to the simple life. And most of them like it.

The company is quartered in the rustic cabins at Warner Hot Springs, where its several hundred members return every sunset and dusty after a long day in the meadows. From dinner time until bedtime the company is at leisure, but must choose simple ways of spending it. Even the city newspapers arrive a day late.

**Routine**

The routine is this:

Pile out of bed at 5.30, half an hour before sunrise. Breakfast and off to location by 6.15. Work until 12.30. Lunch on location. Work from 1 until 6. Back to the cabin by 6.30. The hour between 6.30 and dinner is most prized. A few minutes for cleaning, a bath, and whatever they like.

With Loretta Young, it is resting in her room, as she continues to seek full strength after a recent experience (Fox’s new discovery) for the swimming pool, as do most of the cast. Kent Taylor, Katherine DeMille, Pedro de Cordoba and J. Carroll Naish form a late-afternoon game of doubles on the resort’s cracked and rolling tennis court. Pauline Frederick sits in a deep armchair in her shady porch and drinks jugs of orange juice.

**I Won’t Dance**

Every show up, clean, tired and ravenous at the sound of the old-fashioned supper bell and sets to on hundreds of thick steaks and slabs of apple pie.

After dinner, there is an hour—or two at the most—dependent upon individual hardihood—when everyone cools off and fights the insistent thought of bed. Usually the time is spent at the cinema, the latest picture theatre, watching the rushes of the day before.

Though there are musicians in plenty, as well as partners, and plenty of room in the large lodge house any dances. Everyone has been on his feet for twelve hours and “I Won’t Dance” is the refrain.

It may be hard work, but I’d give a good deal to be there, doing it.

Wouldn’t you?

**Groucho for the Asking**

This location business doesn’t always pan out as fortunately as it did in the case of the *Yours for the Asking* unit, which has been disporting itself by the blue Pacific wavelets on the white sands of Coronado Island.

Alexander Hall was on his way to the location to direct a bathing-beach sequence with George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore, when he ran into Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles, holiday-making on the island.

“We’re just a couple millionaires incor,” Groucho explained, “and it’ll help a poor boy to get along, we’ll do a little background frolic for your scenes.”

So wide-awake fans who go to see Raft, Miss Barrymore, Reginald Owen, Lynn Overman, Ida Lupino, and James Gleason, will get an added touch of comedy by Groucho and his pal Ruggles.

But what will their union say?

**Too Much Love?**

Do we, who are supposed to know what the film public wants, attach too much importance to Love?

My colleague “the Thinker” has recently been bombarded with letters suggesting that this is so.

Readers (and especially the younger ones) complain bitterly that altogether too much footage is devoted to love-making, and too many plots hinge on what novelists used to call “the tender passion.”

They plead for action, and protest that, as soon as Cupid comes on, excitement goes off; they say, moreover—and this is a point worth special attention—that love-scenes are the least convincing of all, being merely the same two players in the same old clinch; whereas when you have a hold-up or a round-up or an arrest or a smash-and-grab raid there’s usually a new twist to it.

So will producers kindly note? And will the rest of you kindly write to “the Thinker” and say what you think about it?
Thrills!

What is the biggest thrill a film-star can have?

Most of us would say that the stars, with their varied experiences and personalities, have everything they want, and can't be thrilled any more; but an inquisitive fellow who has been making inquiries in Hollywood among the stars themselves tells a very different story.

Lionel Barrymore, I hear, considers that one of the greatest thrills is to be found in the give-and-take of a dramatic scene with a fellow actor who understands the value of “timing.”

Norma Shearer plumbs for “the ghostly far-off sound of a foghorn at night”; if she lived where I live, within hailing distance of the Pool of London, life would be one long thrill for her.

Soft rain in the Spring brings Joan Crawford her greatest thrill, but Freddie Bartholomew’s is easier to appreciate—the first dip on a roller-coaster, which is American for “switchback railway.”

Babies

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the veteran contralto-singer, declares that a mother’s first glimpse of her child is the world’s greatest thrill; I wouldn’t know about that, personally, but I have seen some newborn babies I find it hard to believe.

I’d rather swallow Wallace Beery’s—“landing on a fog-obscured aerodrome”—so long as I don’t have to experience it.

William Powell’s thrill is a little easier for most of us to experience, even if we don’t agree that it’s the greatest possible; he chooses “a suit that fits just so.”

To Jackie Cooper, nothing in life holds a greater thrill than a hunting expedition in the mountains with Clark Gable; and there are probably a good many thousands of boys who would agree with him.

Clark himself owns up to being most thrilled by watching an outsider which he has backed at long odds “bringing home the bacon.”

Rustic

Few stars seem to “talk shop” when admitting their greatest thrill; that is to say, they chiefly find it outside their work; but not so Nelson Eddy who votes for a “true sustained note.”

He must find life thrilling, for his notes are singularly true.

Robert Montgomery is as rustic as Joan Crawford in his tastes; his reply is “the loving of cows in the morning on a farm”; but Bob, of course, being a gentleman-farmer, has never had to milk the darn things.

There is undoubtedly a deep satisfaction in Jean Harlow’s choice, though I don’t know that I should describe it as a “thrill”—waking up to remember it’s a holiday, and then going to sleep again.

She’s human, is Jean. And so is Jeanette MacDonald, who finds her greatest thrill in clearing a hurdle on a high-spirited horse.

Unsociable

Myrna Loy’s reply is a little surprising, but quite typical of Myrna. She says, “My greatest thrill is walking barefoot on a lonely beach.”

Well, it may be all right, but it sounds a little unsociable to me; and what about crabs?

Two leading men refer to the theatre in their answers; Leslie Howard says, “The terrible second before you step out on to a stage”; and Brian Aherne says, “Hearing a friend say of your play ‘Don’t worry, kid, its clicked.’”

Three N.-G.-M. lovelies have widely divergent choice: Madge Evans says, quaintly, “Taking any train anywhere”; Jean Parker says, “Your first ski jump”; and Rosalind Russell declares for “The party after the bores have gone home.”

My experience is that the bores are generally the last to leave.

That’s a pretty good collection of thrills; and now, just by way of having one yourself, read the announcement below!

THE GREATEST FILM STORY EVER TOLD

Next Week’s 32-page Free Film Supplement

An Achievement that Makes History!

The Garden of Babel

T

Hollywood is getting more and more cosmopolitan as the years roll over it, and fortunate is the inhabitant of the movie capital who knows one or two languages besides his own. Certainly Joseph Schildkraut finds it handy; but then, Joseph is what Rudyard Kipling called “a kind of a giddy cosmopolite,” for, in addition to American-English, he speaks German, French, Hungarian, Italian, Greek and Spanish.

He must feel very much at home while working in the Selznick International Technicolour production, The Garden of Allah, for he can speak German to Marlene Dietrich, French to Charles Boyer, English to Basil Rathbone, Hungarian to Tilly Losch (who is Austrian, actually), and a mixture of Italian, Spanish and Greek to their director, Richard Boleslawski, who is a Pole.

That’s what Polish sounds like to me, anyway.

ink and Iodine

Contracts used to be signed in agents’ or producers’ offices; now the venue for engaging film-actresses seems to have shifted to nursing-homes.

Recently Douglas Fairbanks, jun., signed Dorothy Oldfield, a receptionist in a London nursing-home, on a seven year contract. Now his example has been followed by Samuel Goldwyn.

Kathryn Marlowe, a twenty-year-old dancer and singer, was visiting a sick friend in a New York hospital. Samuel Goldwyn, who was recovering from an operation, saw her, was impressed, and arranged for her to have a screen test. The result is that the fortunat girl has been given a contract and an important role in support of Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in Goldwyn’s new picture, Dodsworth.

Much to Goldwyn’s disappointment, he was unable to leave hospital to be in Hollywood in time for the first day’s shooting on “Dodsworth,” to the mountain was brought to Mahomet. Three thousand miles of telephone line connected the hospital to loud speakers in the studio, and Goldwyn was able to listen in from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. to all the familiar sounds.

This is not everyone’s idea of medical treatment, but, then, film producers are not as their men.

THE supplements which have been presented free from time to time with the PICTURES""OR have always created great interest amongst our readers. They value them as an essential souvenir of the great pictures and stars.

Next week we present you with something startling, new, and absorbingly interesting. We are offering you free in every issue of the PICTURES""OR a thirty-two page inset lavishly illustrated in photographs which is something right out of the ordinary. Apart from being double the size of our usual insets, it deals not with a single picture but with many. It can be described as a cavalcade of screen progress from the beginning of films—up to the present day.

The greatest Western drama and Keystone comedies up to the spectacular dramas and brilliantly set romances of the present year. It is a valuable compendium of facts and knowledge which will appeal to the heart of every filmgoer, and which you will keep.

There is romance in every line. Our unique supplement is no mere cut-and-dried facts but a vivid and vital word-picture of the romantic beginnings and growth of the screen and of those who took part in forming the world’s universal entertainment.

Do you know what some of the famous film stars whose names you don’t recall twelve years ago—how they emerged from obscurity into the big lights? You will find out all about them in next week’s inset.

There seems to be a very little connection between deep-sea divers and the film industry, but it was a deep-sea diver who was responsible for helping the screen on its all-conquering way.

Our inset deals fully with men like him who mattered in the early days and who shape the destinies of the film world.

Scenes from pictures which have been mile stones on the road to progress provide another romantic chapter.

We are justly proud of this unique free supplement which is unparalleled in screen annals. The demand will be so great that we advise you to place your order for next week’s PICTURES""OR—otherwise you may meet with the disappointing reply, “Sorry, sold out.”

GUY BEACON.
HAD, after months of negotiation and discussion, I agreed to go to Hollywood, I had little idea of the two years of excitement and hard work that lay before me.

At the time, I had no real conception of what Hollywood was really like: my ideas were inspired by many friends who had been to the screen capital.

Hollywood is probably one of the most fascinating places in the world to visit. But to leave it is no less fascinating, for one’s mind is a mass of amusing and pleasant recollections and experiences.

It is just two and a half years since I sailed from London, and never in all my theatrical career, has which taken me all over England and Europe, have I enjoyed myself as I did working in pictures in America.

The theatre I love, but it is very little different in London, Paris or New York. Show business the world over is very similar.

Hollywood, however, is unique. Here the people seem to speak another language, in fact they appear to belong to a different world. Things are done on a bigger scale and the comfort and luxury in which the people live is apt to give the impression that everybody is a millionaire.

Yet the film industry is little more than twenty-five years old. During that time Hollywood has grown from an orange orchard to be the only suburb of a provincial city which has earned itself the title of "metropolitan," whilst the growth of the cinema has brought riches beyond imagination to thousands of people, many of whom, without its existence, would still be waiting in restaurants, selling shoes or sweeping the streets.

At the time I arrived, I was approached to go to Hollywood, was appearing in a very successful revival of The Merry Widow. It may well have been the success of that West End run which persuaded M-G-M to make a picture of the famous opera, and when that decision was taken I asked to play the lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald.

What a thrill that would have been, and what a chance. It was a role I loved, one which I knew backwards. I also knew what a fine film it would make, and longed to be able to appear in the same role which I had been creating in London for so many months.

But just as everything had been arranged for my departure, and the contract virtually signed, a cable arrived from Hollywood.

"Suspend Brisson negotiations," it read, "Cheverell returned to studio, casting him Merry Widow opposite Jeanette MacDonald."

The London offices of that American firm were very pleasant but the deal was lost and there was nothing further that they could do.

This was a difficult pill to swallow, for I had set my heart on playing in the film version.

But I soon realised that there were other companies in Hollywood, many of whom had already suggested deals to me which would have necessitated my going to Hollywood to work in their studios.

I finally accepted a contract offered me by Paramount, and started my arrangements to leave London a few weeks later.

The negotiations with Hollywood had been kept a close secret, but, immediately the contract was signed, an official statement was made to the press and my actions were deprecated in some quarters.

The British film industry was making rapid progress at the time and there was often resentment felt when Hollywood stole British actors from under the noses of their own studios.

It was, however, a very narrow-minded policy, for hardly any British studios at that time were making pictures which could compete with the more polished product of Hollywood. Nor could they offer artists the opportunities or the salary that Hollywood were paying.

That controversy, however, proved to be very valuable publicity for me, and when I left Waterloo on the Apulia boat train, hundreds of people had gathered to say goodbye.

It was one of the most thrilling tributes I have ever received, and it made me even sadder to have to say goodbye to this country where I had been so happy and so well treated.

There were no kinder people in the world than the British, I felt, as I waved goodbye to this crowd who had given me, a Danish actor, such a friendly reception during the time I had been on the English stage, and now came to wish me luck in a new venture.

America was a country I had never visited, and as we approached New York my curiosity grew. How would I enjoy this strange new world? And would its people like me?

I suppose that second question worried me more than the first, for on its answer would depend my success or failure in Hollywood.

After a hectic five-days voyage, we came within view of that famous skyline, the island of Manhattan. And though much has been written about it, I have seldom seen anything so majestic or so thrilling.

The city of New York from New York harbour is a sight that I shall never forget.

A few hours later we had been through quarantine and had docked at the pier.

And then it was that I discovered quickly what an American welcome meant, and how right my friends had been when they described to me the American’s idea of hospitality.

Paramount had done their work well. My picture was in all the papers. I was hailed as one of Europe’s most successful matinee idols. Representatives of the company were at the dock to greet us and crowds of people packed outside the barriers.

After a hurried Customs inspection which was conducted by the party who had come to greet us, we were driven to our hotel.

Here I found our room a mass of flowers.

Baskets of flowers had been arranged in my wife’s room, and telegrams and cables of good wishes and greeting awaited us from London and Hollywood.

I was overcome by all this kindness, and I took an immediate liking to these warm-hearted people who could show such kindness to strangers they never met before.

But that night, as I tried to snatch a little sleep after our first hectic day in New York, I began to wonder what our arrival would be like in Hollywood, our ultimate goal, if London and New York had accorded me such a reception.

My journey from London was perhaps little different from that of any other film star, but I describe it to show the difference between Hollywood and the rest of the world. That little town is as far removed from London and New York in thought as the South Pole, and it is about as interested in those cities as Mussolini would be in the activities of an Aberdeen minister.

After four days of New York, during which we scarcely had time to sleep, we were finally put on the train for the last lap of our six thousand miles journey.

The train journey from New York to Hollywood is a long and monotonous trip which drags on for four days and three nights.

But finally we were within a few miles of Hollywood, and started to pack our things, uncertain what our fate would be when the train came to a standstill.

Many of the tales that are told of this little town are grossly exaggerated; but after the fuss in New York, I was uncertain what sort of reception we would be accorded.

Above, Carl Brisson in his dressing room at the Paramount Studios. (Right) The Danish star with Victor McLaglen and Jack Oakie in a scene from "Murder at the Vanities."
I did not have long, however, to wait, for with a jerk the train stopped and we were in Los Angeles.

A hot sun shone in a clear blue sky. Around it everything seemed very quiet. The platform was almost deserted, with the exception of a few railway officials and porters.

Surprised, but a little relieved, we got down and prepared to find our luggage, when a little hunchback man sprang out of the shadows.

"Say, are you Henry Hissen?" he demanded, peering at a scrap of paper he clutched in his hand. "Cos if you are, the studio's sent me to meet you." 

Such was our introduction to Hollywood.

I informed him of my correct name, presented my wife, and together we set out with our reception committee by car to our hotel.

It is the usual practice of Hollywood studios to keep artists waiting many months before they are given their first assignment. Some actors have been brought half way round the world and then have had to wait many months before they get their first part. Others have waited a year on full salary and never done anything.

One of my closest friends in Hollywood was a lovely German actress, Greta Natzler, and through her was under contract to the same studio for one year, she was never given an opportunity to make a picture.

But I was informed immediately I reported to the studio, that I would be expected to start work on the Monday morning. And so it was on Monday afternoon.

I had little time to see the town or find a house. In fact, immediately I had unpacked I had to start work on the script of my first picture *Murder at the Vanities*.

I went to the studio early on the Monday morning, and there I caught my first glimpse of the efficiency and organisation that lies behind the American film industry.

The studio itself covered a large frontage. In the centre was the main entrance, closely guarded by a policeman who stopped all unqualified people from entering.

Farther down the road was another entrance with two large iron gates. This was more closely guarded by two more policemen.

Outside these gates stood a crowd of men and women, dressed in every conceivable dress and costume. These were extras who had not been called for that day. Rather than stay at home and do nothing, they elect to stand outside the studio gates in the hope that a last-minute call will go out for more players, and they will be the ones to get the job.

Sometimes a few of them obtain work, but their day's waiting is usually in vain.

Fortunately, the Paramount police were expecting me, and I was immediately ushered into the studio.

Inside I found myself looking on to a large, tidy, and well-kept lawn, bordered on three sides by buildings, whilst the fourth was open and led to the great stages where various pictures were in course of production.

There was an air of activity and efficiency everywhere, and one could see the offices of the executives, writers and directors through the white Venetian blinds.

I was taken to my dressing-room, for I was needed on the set in a few hours. This I found to be a beautifully decked suite with a large dressing-room and bath, and ante-room adjacent.

Our corridor in the buildings might have been in the League of Nations assembly hall at Geneva. On one side of me was the famous German actress, Marlene Dietrich, my room was in the centre, and on the other side was America's most famous vamp, Mae West.

Both Miss West and Miss Dietrich soon proved to be charming neighbours and frequently joined me at lunch.

Wherever I am working and in whatever part of the world I am living, I have never lost my taste for Danish food. Those meals became quite famous round the studio, and many stars would drop in for a light Danish lunch.

Mae West was very partial to the rich food of Denmark, but Marlene was too considerate of her figure. She used to content herself, when she visited me, with a cup of Danish coffee.

Another of my favourite neighbours was little Shirley Temple, who was making a picture for Paramount at the time.

We met shortly after my arrival in Hollywood, and after our meeting Shirley never went to work without banging on my door, putting her curly little head round the corner and saying "Good morning, Uncle Carl!"

During the two months we were making *Murder at the Vanities* I had had little time to see anything of Hollywood that lay outside my studio.

The film people take their work with deadly seriousness, and it is seldom that they go out in the evening whilst they are making a picture.

I used to have to be up at six, bathe, have breakfast, snatch half an hour of exercise and be at the studio not later than seven. And when I got home, I was too tired to want to go out again.

But immediately the picture was finished I set out to have a look at this famous place, though I was soon snapped by Hollywood hospitality, and for three weeks I did not have an evening to myself.

During those weeks, however, I was able to form my own opinions of Hollywood and the stars who live there.

The film colony is a small and very select one. Once you have entered it, it is not long before you have met everybody of note in pictures.

There are, of course, a few stars who are seldom seen in public, and seldom leave their own homes. These include the famous and retiring Greta Garbo, Paul Muni, and a few others. The rest one meets at party after party.

At first I was amazed at the beauty of the women, of the care that they took with their make-up and hair, and the manner in which they dressed. But in comparison with European standards, they were charmingly naive and were almost ready to admit that the education of the American screen actress could not bear comparison with that of her English contemporary.
On the road, Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair, who play leading roles in the picture, snapped taking an "easy" during production.

Constance Cummings with her pet dog "Odin." Please notice we have refrained from calling the picture "Beauty and the Beast."

Noah Beery, Dave Burns, Constance Cummings, and Butler Hixon caught in very serious mood.

The make-up man gives the final touch to Constance Cummings' coiffure, as Hugh Sinclair as a critical spectator.
LESS than six years ago a young Czechoslovakian actor arrived unheralded at Southampton, with the barest smattering of English, a wardrobe of Continental press clippings and a letter of introduction from Reinhardt. To-day he is one of the most popular stars on the screen, basking in the adulation of a feminine following which rivals even that of the Gable himself.

The young man is Francis Lederer, one of the most fascinating personalities who have ever plunged into the Hollywood whirlpool. He has by no means reached the zenith of his career, chiefly because he has yet to appear in a picture really worthy of him. To the film colony he is an enigma, they cannot understand him, and this fact probably explains why his roles never seem completely satisfactory.

It is one of life's bewildering paradoxes that Hollywood, a city of brilliant individualists, should be scared of individuality. Lederer does not conform, and his personality cannot be card-indexed. We shall not see his best work on the screen until he meets with a producer of similar ideals and understanding. For the moment he is a victim of the laugh advertised parties, simply because his inclination does not lead him there. He is not out of sympathy with his associates, but he feels that these huge gatherings are an anathema and that his individuality would be lost in the crowd.

"How can you have a mental contact with 200 persons?" he argues. "These parties have no reason for being except for the sake of politics and publicity. I never have more than three persons at my house at any time. There is no real conversation with more than three.

I am the same breath I would stand up at any time and defend Hollywood. After having been in every important capital in the world and in contact with many persons in every artistic, literary, scientific and political field, I must say, ruthfully, that I have never found any group which is basically more unassuming than the people in Hollywood. They are not arrogant or snobbish. In fact, they are surprisingly unconscious of their talents, capacities and abilities. Out of 100 of them don't know how good they are!

"In general, Americans are very similar to the Russians in their natural artistic qualities. They are endowed, as the Russians are, with a sense of art that comes perfectly natural to them. You see what I mean?"

"Effectively," he adds, "as a child who has all the lovable childish qualities without being aware of them."

"In Prague I used to watch the actors coming out of the theatre, on the street, in restaurants. They had an air. They carried themselves as beings apart—a child is effective—outside a child, in Russia, they come off like a lot a stage hands. Just people. They do all their own business on the stage. They become simple, uncomplicated people until they go back to the theatre.

"It is rather like that in Hollywood. At first I admired marbles. Now I take it for granted." Talking to Lederer is as stimulating as drinking glass of champagne. He is widely travelled, well-read, enthusiastic and intelligent to bear upon any subject in which he is interested. He is inclined very strongly towards intellectualism, which does not mean that he spends his time talking pretentious waddle or prattling about art.

His one absorbing ideal is the promotion of world peace. Now, at first glance, this looks conspicuous. It is simply not done for an actor to think of anything or anybody but himself. Yet Lederer, who is a very practical way for he is founder and president of the World Peace Federation which has 500,000 members in all parts of the world. In between he has been up and down the country addressing social and civic bodies. He has no revolutionary ideas of upsetting governments or any desire to run counter-existing systems. But he firmly believes that war can only be averted by the close cooperation of the peoples of all nations. In connection with this organisation he maintains a suite of offices and a large staff of clerks at his own expense. "Now are you convinced?"

Lederer has been labelled a "matinee idol" and the possessor of that indelible something which the majority of women find irresistible. Yet he makes no attempt to court this popularity and he certainly does not lead the life expected of the ladies' man of popular conception. There is nothing of the wassail-waistled or simpering lounge-lizard about him. Physically, Lederer is a perfect specimen, and he takes particular care to keep fit. He eats very sparingly, is a teetotaller and a non-smoker. Whether making a picture or not he seldom misses his daily half-hour in his own gymnasium.

He lives alone in a beautiful house some distance from the city. A comfortable, tastefully furnished house which stands out in quiet relief to the ostentatious show places of many other screen celebrities. He is an omnivorous reader, and his study is lined on all sides with books. Fiction does not interest him very much; he favours the more solid biographical and historical stuff.

Since going to Hollywood about three years ago Lederer has made five pictures. The first, Man of Two Worlds, in which they tried to turn him into an Eskimo, was probably the least successful, then came Pursuit of Happiness, adapted from the stage play, and Romance in Manhattan, with Ginger Rogers. After this he signed a contract with which director, Jesse L. Lasky, and made his most enjoyable film The Gay Deception.

The picture was admittedly no epic, but it was a light-hearted, pleasant piece of work which allowed Lederer his natural bluff. Lasky and Lederer have a great deal of confidence in each other, and it would seem that the association is likely to prove satisfactory on both sides. Since going to Paris in partnership with Mary Pickford, Lasky has starred Lederer in a romantic comedy called One Rainy Afternoon, which will shortly be shown in this country.

Lasky realises that Lederer has a grand sense of humour and in this picture the emphasis is much more on the comedy than on the romance. The cast includes such names as Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes and Joseph Cawthorn, so you can see that Lasky intends that we shall laugh.

Incidentally, our own lovely Ida Lupino is the leading lady.

Before becoming a screen favourite Lederer built up a big reputation on the stage in Berlin, London and New York. In six years he played more than 200 roles in most of the important theatres in Europe. He made his first stage appearance in a walk-on part in Prague. His roles gradually improved in importance, and he moved to Berlin where he quickly established himself.

He came to the notice of Max Reinhardt, who cast him as Romeo to Elisabeth Bergner's Juliet. It was shortly after this that he came to England and appeared in a play called My Sister and I. His English was so slight that he learnt his part parrot fashion, but, despite this handicap, he was a big success. London became really Lederer conscious during his performance in Autumn Crocus. This play established him as a front rank star, and, after appearing in The Cat and the Fiddle he went to New York, and repeated the success there. Then he began his film career.

Probably his successes in light-romantic roles at these two arrivals has been rather double-edged. Perhaps Hollywood has tipped him after all and does not realise that he was only a "serious" actor of sufficient ability to be chosen as Bergner's leading man. Well, there is still time for somebody to recognise the possibilities of his success. London has not yet understood that is Lederer himself. How about a story battle and a nicely timed walk-out? Many other stars have found a one-man strike extraordinarily effective.

The Romantic Czech

By EDMUND STARR

FRANCIS LEDERER has climbed rapidly to film stardom and has a large stage experience in both Europe and America behind him. Here is a vivid and intimate study of the young man who is one of Hollywood's most fascinating personalities.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

NEXT WEEK

PAUL MUNI is one of those artists who always sink their individuality into the character they are portraying. He lives his roles. Next week he writes the romantic story of his life and career from strolling player to Broadway idol and screen star.
Irene Dunne, one of the loveliest actresses who have ever graced the screen, proves herself to be a Real Person in this exclusive interview by Max Breen

Irene Dunne is a real person: she's also a lovely person, with what we call the "inner light" burning very brightly.

When you meet her the first thing that strikes you is her absolute naturalness. She puts no frills, has no affectations, presents no problems. She is just a thoroughly charming, well-bred young woman, beautifully and always most suitably dressed, with the kind of twinkling sense of humour that makes friends.

And she is an interviewer's joy, because she can answer questions with an intelligent understanding of the interviewer's requirements.

"I hear you were born in a show boat on the Mississippi, Miss Dunne," I began.

"I've heard that, too," she agreed demurely.

"But is it true?" I persisted. (Gosh, how we interviewers have to persist! It gets in the blood eventually, and you never dislodge it.)

"No," she replied.

Well, of course, this is the kind of thing that makes life complicated for the film scribe. Miss Dunne had been officially tagged as show-boat child, and here she was, blandly tearing off her label.

Further investigations seemed indicated.

"Shall we get together and nail down a few lies?" she suggested.

"With all my heart," quoth I, grabbing my pencil and the two old envelopes that serve me for a notebook; and, each with a handful of glass in which ice tinkled musically, we got down to cases.

"Didn't your father build show boats on the Mississippi?" I inquired.

"Not quite! He was a high official in the Government Department of Shipping, and of course the river boats were in his province, including the show boats."

"But you lived on the Mississippi?" I pleaded, grasping at the shreds of my story.

"I'm sorry—the Ohio River," she corrected me sympathetically. "At Louisville, to be precise."

"But you went on board the show boats as a child?" I asked desperately.

"I'd have been spanked if I had," she assured me calmly. "I was a fairly decently-brought-up little girl, and fairly decently-brought-up little girls didn't go on board show boats."

I hate to shatter illusions, but all show boat people were not like 'Magnolia's' folk. I don't know whether there were any cases of miscegenation on board, as there are in the film; there may have been.

"But anyway, there were a great many negroes, and we fairly decently-brought-up little girls didn't mix with negroes—nor with actor-folk either, for that matter."

"Mind you, that isn't to say that I didn't want to, and pretty badly; but orders were orders, and rules were rules."

"And why on earth do you suppose Universal gave out that you were a show boat girl?" I demanded in amazement.

"Oh, I guess they thought it would tie-up well with the film, but I'd rather have the truth known—that my father was a man who had worked his way to a high and honourable position, and we were all tremendously proud of him."

"He died..." she added, and fell silent.

"But you did sing the lead in the opera Cervilla at the age of seventeen, on board the old show boat 'Trimble?' " I suggested, faintly yet pursuing.

"I'm sorry," she said, melting with sympathy, but giving vent to a little tinkling laugh that just matched the sound of the ice in her glass.

"I never sang or performed on a real show boat in my life."

"But this is awful," I groaned. "You're spoiling my whole story!"

"Ruining it," she agreed, a most bewitching dimple coming and going.

"Well, at any rate," I begged, "don't tell me you were never at the Metropolitan Opera, New York? Why, you must have been there! We
I'd when dance, fallen “Temptation” Magnoha but it wasn’t. those agreed, I didn’t hear of. Consequently I’d rather people didn’t think I was in the Metropolitan Opera. (Ok, the cool, calm, pitiless logic of women! Women, I salute you for your cool, calm, pitiless logic, and one or two other qualities, but strictly in parentheses.) How the mistake arose,” Miss Dunne continued, nailing like anything, “was this way. I sang leading roles in operas in different cities, and we used to have in the cast a number of members of the Metropolitan Opera company who were ‘resting’ while the opera was closed. So I sang with the Metropolitan Opera, but never at it. But do you think I can get anyone to grasp the difference?”

“Well, I don’t know what the readers of Picturesque are going to say when they realise we’ve just been plumb lying to them,” I grumbled. “However, Truth is mighty and shall prevail. Please tell me just how you did come to the screen!”

“I got a break,” said Miss Dunne simply, and as if that explained everything; and at my dumb patient look of inquiry she continued, “You see, by good luck I was given the part of ‘Magnolia’ in Ziegfeld’s production of Show Boat on Broadway. And that led to my being signed for Hollywood by Radio Pictures.

“At first it was tough sledding. I thought it was going to be my singing that would get me a break on the screen, but things so seldom pan out just as one expects that it almost is a surprise when they do.

This time there was no surprise. Things just failed, as usual, to pan out as expected. My arrival in Hollywood corresponded neatly with a slump in the popularity of ‘musicals,’ which had absolutely held the field since the introduction of talkies.

Can you imagine how the bottom must have fallen out of her world—a girl whose great ambition was to make a success with her voice. And matters weren’t improved by her first film, Leathernecking, which, frankly—well, maybe it’s better not to be frank. Anyway, it didn’t do Irene a lot of good. And then came Cimarron. That must have seemed like a minor miracle to the girl who, with her chance of world success receding into the distance, had been battling and begging for an opportunity to prove her worth as a straight dramatic actress.

“How on earth did it happen?” I asked.

“Just one of those things,” she replied. “Show Boat was an Edna Ferber story, and of course Cimarron was too.” And that was all I could elicit about it; but if, as I surmise, Edna Ferber was responsible for Irene Dunne’s selection for the role of “Sabra Cravat” in Cimarron, then we owe a debt of gratitude to Edna Ferber, not only for the rare and lovely performance which Irene Dunne was thereby enabled to give, but also for launching on a successful screen career a first-class “straight” player who need never have had a singing voice at all.

But when she has sung from the screen, what a delight it’s been! She has sung in several films before Roberta (in St. George, in The Age of Innocence, in The Secret of Madame Blanche, in Sweet Adeline, and others), but it was Roberta that set the seal on her success as a singing star. That was, of course, a Fred Astaire picture; but it has always seemed to me to be less of a Fred Astaire picture than any of his others—that is, less of a monopoly—because of the fragrant presence of Irene Dunne, and her lovely voice.

“Smoke Gets Into Your Eyes” I’m not ashamed to say it got just a little into mine. Her choice for the leading feminine role in Cimarron as an indirect result of her playing in the stage version of Show Boat was an example of the old Hollywood truth, “One thing leads to another.”

A nother example is this: when a new talking version of Show Boat was first mooted at Universal City, Carl Laemmle was determined to get it right.

He may have had a foreboding that it was to be the last production under his command. Anyway, he took immense care with it, and particularly in the casting.

In the earlier screen version, “Magnolia” had been played by Laura La Plante, who is a delightful comedienne but was badly miscast for the more emotional scenes. This time “Uncle Carl wasn’t going to have any mistakes. He was lucky enough to get hold of Paul Robeson, who had made a world-resounding success by his singing of “Old Man River”; and was what more obvious than to secure the services of Irene Dunne, the original “Magnolia”?

While she was in New York as a very young girl, studying singing, she fell in love with a young dental surgeon whom she met at a dance, and then didn’t hear from him for three months; and all that time she wondered.

And then when he did turn up again he explained that he hadn’t been sufficiently sure of his future to aspire to her hand before, but that things had improved, and please would she marry him at once? She didn’t—she kept him at bay for five years before deciding to give up her career for marriage... and then (oh, the cool, calm, pitiless logic of women) she made a brilliant success of both, although her work is in New York and hers is in Hollywood.

People have said repeatedly “Do you think it’s wise to submit yourselves to temptation by living apart for months at a time?” I think Irene’s reply deserves to be put on record; she says: “Temptation isn’t something that comes from without; it comes from within, like jealousy or suspicion.”

Oh, distinctly, a Real Person!
Carole Lombard

Carole, one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, is leading a return to darker tresses—and, if gentlemen really prefer blondes, looking at this portrait we're almost inclined to admit we're no gentlemen.

This is the way she appears in "The Princess Comes Across"; it's been said of her that her darker hair gives her a sculptured appearance that she could never have achieved as a blonde.

If all the blondes look as ravishing as this when they go brunette, there will be few complaints! Her latest picture is "My Man Godfrey" with William Powell.
VICTOR MCLAGLEN will not soon forget the ceremony wherein he planted an impression of his exceedingly large shoe in soft cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The British player, since his sterling performance in The Informer, is regarded as one of Hollywood's finest actors. Making an impression of one's foot in the forecourt of the Chinese is an honour reserved for only the greatest of Hollywood's actors. But, making an impression on a star is something anyone can do, as will soon be seen.

Vic had scarcely stamped his manly foot into the soft, wet cement, when something 'plopped' against his face. Another something 'plopped.' Vic discovered that the objects were eggs, thrown by a man who was promptly seized by the police. The miscreant claimed that he had worked in a film with McLaglen, had been marked up by the burly star in fight scenes and decided to get revenge.

"Eliza" Crosses the Ocean

Ann Harding is now safe in London, with her beloved little daughter, after an exciting dash over the States to Canada, where she boarded a steamer for England. Ann was pursued by her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, who feared that the star intended to take their child out of the custody of American courts, and place her in an English school. Ann's flight was not unlike that of "Eliza," the young woman in Uncle Tom's Cabin, who fled with her baby across the border, followed by the overseer, Simon Legree, and a pack of yelling bloodhounds. Ann was not pursued by bloodhounds, unless you choose to so term Bannister's American lawyers, but they were there with Harry, and aided him in his search for his child. To continue the parallel, I believe there was some ice in the St. Lawrence River, but not enough to support Ann, if the chase got too close.

Miss Harding now says "pooh pooh," when Bannister's threats are mentioned. Her ex-husband swore out a warrant in Canada, but is not likely to use it.

Soothing Her Nerves

Kay Francis is the envy of other feminine stars, for her portable dressing-room is sound proof. Whenever Kay has a few minutes between scenes she retires to her sanctum sanctorum and enjoys a brief, refreshing rest. Of course she has no monopoly on sound-proof portable dressing-rooms, so soon practically any star of any importance will be following suit.

Bread on the Waters

Usually, in Hollywood, when one lends money, it is never repaid. Clark Gable, however, recently had a different experience.

Near two years ago, the star, whilst driving a country road, gave a lift to a young hitchhiker, who told a hard-luck story. Gable lent him five dollars. A few days ago a youth jumped on the running board of the actor's car as he was driving out of the studio, and handed him back the loan. He was no longer a hitchhiker, for he had landed a job.

Clark is gradually recovering from the shock of getting the money back. Like all affluent Hollywoodites he has had many far different experiences.

A Star's Holiday

One of the chief joys of Irene Dunne's annual spring outing to New York is a little game of hide-and-seek she plays at some obscure country club strictly incognito and see how far she will progress. She disguises herself with dark glasses, low-brimmed hat and enters quietly under an assumed name. Thus far, she has been found out each time by discerning fans.

But this year the star has evolved what she believes to be a complete and unobtrusive make-up that would fool her own mother. She proposes to win the tournament, too!

She Likes England

Marlene Dietrich and her daughter Maria will be separated for the first time next fall, when the motion picture star puts her daughter in an English girls' boarding school.

The German star and her 11-year-old daughter are sailing for Europe as soon as Marlene finishes her role of the heroine in The Garden of Allah. After doing a picture in London for Alexander Korda, she will return to Hollywood to fulfill contractual obligations, but her child will remain in England.

Possibly fear of American kidnappers may have had something to do with Marlene's decision.

What Price Dignity?

I recently visited an outdoor set of The Garden of Allah, which I believe will be one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer have the leading roles.

The location was the desert home of a cynical count played by the debonair Basil Rathbone. Around a table in the patio were seated Marlene Dietrich, Boyer, Rathbone and that fine old British actor, C. Aubrey Smith. The scene was brief, but marked by the excellent acting which we have come to expect from such players.

But, as the scene was finished, and C. Aubrey Smith, dignified old gentleman, who won new laurels as "The Earl of Dorrincourt" in Little Lord Fauntleroy, rose to leave, an assistant director yelled, "Hey, Aubrey!"

Mr. Smith, who is old enough to be the assistant's grandfather, without a hint of resentment, answered the call.

Such is Hollywood, the place of paradoxes.

A British Samaritan

A Hollywood hairdresser believes that British players are just about all right, and Madeleine Carroll is responsible for this impression.

Madeleine, who is doing very well in Californian films, heard that this hairdresser, who attended her whilst appearing in films, needed an operation and had not the wherewithal. So the star started a collection with a £20 note, and after members of the quota had contributed, there was a fund quite sufficient to cover the hospital bills.

The hairdresser has now recovered and is back at work.

Look Out for Sally

Sally Eilers returned from her eastern vacation with a new and unusual hobby.

At the train stop in Gallup, New Mexico, a devoted Eilers fan presented her favourite with the beginning of a fine Navajo collection of blanket "patches." These are bits of fabric taken from the numberless designs and characteristic style of Indian blanket makers.

Sally became so fascinated with the collection on the way home that she began to augment the patches with pieces of every Navajo blanket she could collect after her arrival. Friends who had been apprised of her new hobby, happily hid their own blankets from her immediate presence.

Victim of the Storm

Mary Brian is going in for a little tree-surgery in the back yard of her Toluca Lake home. This peculiar pastime is the aftermath of a wind storm last week that left a little tree was blown over by the wind and crashed through Miss Brian's sleeping porch near her bed.

The star at first intended to hire a regular tree surgeon to cut the tree, but because she was so frightened at the time of the accident, she determined to do the reprisal herself by way of satisfaction.

My prediction is that one or two swingings of the axe will discourage dainty Mary, and she will call in the tree surgeon after all!
Do we have to take them in that order? No, I don’t think so. Let’s be haphazard.

First, then, let’s take the last I mentioned.

Maybe you think with Thunder on the Left and Thunder in the Air and Thunder Over Mexico and Everything is Thunder, we’ve had enough thunder to be going on with for some time, but I think you’ll agree with me that we can make an exception in favour of Edward G. Robinson, who has come from Hollywood to play in Thunder in the City.

This fine actor, who was at his brilliant best in Passport to Pimlico (in which, you remember, he played the dual role of a timid clerk and a brutal gangster), is worth making any amount of exceptions for.

He is here under the aegis of Atlantic Films, whose first production will be Thunder in the City; I hope it will also, eventually, cause a thunder of applause in the West End.

Brolly and Bowler

It is now up to Atlantic Films to restore some of the confidence which has been so badly shaken of late. Alexander Esway is one of the moving spirits of Atlantic.

Esway, a Hungarian (yes, Johnny Jones, “like Korda”—how clever of you!), is a calm, philosophical person who loves England and would like to be a typical Englishman, with a bowler hat and a rolled umbrella.

I hope he will some day achieve this proud status; meantime I wish him success with his films.

Now all these “Lives of” films—what about them?

Well, our old friend Quota is largely responsible for them; you remember very well, no doubt, that the mighty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company has repeatedly announced its intention of making its British product (to appease the Quota) of a quality and on a scale which will reflect creditably on the great name of M.G.M. and the growing reputation of British films.

Whiskers

Maybe these “Lives of” films will fill the bill.

Anyway, they are being made by James Fitzpatrick at Sound City, and the first will be The Life of Dr. David Livingstone, but whether it is to attain the philosophical life with the word “Lives” in the title slung round its neck doesn’t seem clear. However:

Percy Marmont will play Livingstone, complete with side-whiskers. This is a fine part, and although it’s true I have never visualised Livingstone as being anything like Marmont, the latter gave a very good account of himself in Hitchcock’s latest film, Secret Agent, and his interpretation of the great explorer will be interesting to see.

They have done exteriors in Africa and will now reconstruct large tracts of the Dark Continent in Wildest Shepperton-on-Thames.

Overlapping slightly with this will be another Fitzpatrick effort, The Life of William Shakespeare, and you won’t be dumbfounded to hear that Marmont will be Will.

He will also direct half a dozen films for Fitzpatrick, of which the first will be The Life of Robert Burns.

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

The plot thickens in the Hammer-British Lion production “Sporting Love.” Left to right are Laddie Cliff, Eda Peel, Henry Carlisle, Stanley Lupino and Bobby Comber.

A Gesture

No, I don’t know whether he will play Robbie—though I should think the Livingstone side-whiskers would come in handy here; by the way, I wonder if it’s in honour of the Scottish national bard that the Americans call this particular kind of facial adornment “sideburns”? If so, it’s a gracious gesture.

But this doesn’t at all exhaust the list of “Lives of” films this company will make; I hear they are to do Liszt, among others; and Marmont will play in six of them.

And now for Abide with Me, which is (again to quote the Americans) a “low-lifer.”

That is to say, it takes place in East End doss-houses and slum dwellings, and the principal characters will be a broken-down bootblack, a still more broken-down ex-lawyer, a match-seller, an out-of-work violinist, a pickpocket, a cab driver, a catmeat man, and three shipping insurance crooks.

Church and All

This is the second production of U.K. Films, and will be directed by John Baxter; you will no doubt have observed that the general idea approximates closely to his successful Doss House; in fact, many of the original players will be included, but the leading roles will be played by a more ambitiously chosen cast, including...
in London, and has gleaned enough real-life material for a dozen films of the kind.

I could wish that he had made an effort to use "types" instead of character actors; however, if he gets results, that's all that matters. And certainly the character actors will applaud his choice.

Relying on Actors

Speaking of using types, you remember how effective it was in Man of Aran—or, rather, how effective it would have been if they had had a story and some continuity and a little more of the men and less of the angry waves.

Well, anyway, has sailed away to the Shetland Isles to make a kind of Scottish counterblast to Man of Aran, to be called Edge of the World.

Michael Powell is to direct it for the Rock Studios, and has also written the story. I'm glad there's a story.

Powell, too, is relying on actors rather than "types." He has Malcolm Keen, Eric Berry and Niall McGinnis, whom you may remember in Turn of the Tide.

However, I have a comforting sort of a feeling that these players will not be merely puppets, for when the tests were made they were done by sunlight, in the open air, and without make-up. As I write this the feminine members of the cast have not been selected, but I am assured they will have the same ordal.

Well, I know one darling of the fans who wouldn't pass this test; I've seen her without make-up, and believe me, what she owes to the make-up man is nobody's business—except the make-up man's.

Good luck, Micky Powell! Bring us back a pony!

Man With a Flair

Well, then there's John Argyle's next production, which will be Irish—so Irish that it's being called Kathleen Mavourneen. Now try dubbin' that!

John, as you must know if you've been attending all these years, is the young (oh, but very young) chief of Argyle Talking Pictures, who has an uncanny flair for turning out the kind of pictures the Great British Public wants to stand in a queue to see.

He doesn't worry about the American market, which must save him a deuce of a lot of headaches.

This is going to be a musical romance, and many of the scenes will be shot on the Irish coast; and the song which provides the film with a title, as well as many other Irish airs, will figure in it.

And I'll stand in the queue to see it.

Good luck, John Argyle! Bring us back a pig!

A Nasty Turn

O.H.M.S. gave me a nasty turn when I saw the title—I thought for a moment it was an income-tax envelope, and my heart always misses a beat when I receive one of those.

However, it's the not-very-inspired title of the new Gaumont-British film of Army life—which is to receive the blessing and full co-operation of the Army Council.

A few weeks ago a modest little film was got together and has since been shown with considerable acclaim all up and down the country, drawing attention to the horrors and futility of war and the need of peace by mutual agreement rather than by conquest.

I understand that was held up for some time by the intervention of the War Office—and it was low enough that the reason was that the Government was afraid it might prejudice the interests of this great Army Life film, which is expected to stimulate recruiting and imbue Britons with the great spirit of martial ardour that has made the Empsh what it is and so on and so forth ta- ran-ta-RA.

Well, if that isn't Goliat getting the wind up about David, you can call me a recruiting sergeant!

Which I am not.

Anyway, an American director is over to direct it Raoul Walsh is his name. And John Loder is to be Chief Soldier, and Anna Lee is to be Chief Soldier's Girl Friend or Mash, as we used to say when Victoria was queen and militarism was militarism.

Moth Doth Corrupt

However, it ought to be good—oh, jolly good! Because, don't you see, the British War Office is giving it every assistance and full co-operation, not to mention moral support and all the warms of propaganda, all to show that the British Tommy is the happiest, jolliest, luckiest, best-fed, best-paid, best-dressed, most pampered fellow in the world before and during a war.

I hope they'll show a few shots after a war, too, with Tommy turning the handle of a barrel-organ to support his missus and kids; but I'm afraid the Happy Ending will get in the way of that. Pity.

Simple

You see, it's quite a simple matter, nowadays, to get official co-operation for making a film, though it used to be so difficult.

All you have to do is to have an American director.

For instance, you may have noticed a cameraman hanging on to a fire engine, turning away like grim death at the engine raced through the streets to the sound of trumpets.

Was that for a British picture? No, sir! It was for M.-G.-M.'s Piccadilly Jim, for which American Lloyd Knechtel has been shooting "atmosphere" in England.

Later they will reconstruct the engine at Culver City and shoot close-ups there.

And "Looey B." Mayer will hang another British scalp to his well-filled belt.

A Director-Star

And here's a new Capitol film getting under way at Denham—Dishonour Bright. Do I have to tell you that that title was born in the fertile napper of Ben Travers, perpetrator of all the Aldwych farces from time immemorial—or so it seems?

No. I have no hope.

The star of this film, since Ralph Lynn is disposing himself at Islington, is Tom Walls. The director of this film, since Tom Walls has a fancy for directing, is Tom Walls also.

I am all against this practice in principle. In fact, I am so against it that I made a point of being present at the première of the first film, that I am disposed to offer a special prize for optimism to Mr. Walls. I hope sincerely that it will come off.

As usual, he is a philanderer, but this time there is a difference. He finds his carefully-acquired reputation as a philanderer always in danger of being flushed through his naturally quixotic and generous temperament; and, finally, he loses it altogether through not being able to resist the charms of his own wife.

A Spot of Soul

This sounds a little more subtle than the usual Travers farce, for Ben comes perilously near to wielding the slapsickle on occasion. It also suggests, if I may say so, the presence of a little more of that mysterious quality which for want of a better name, we absurdly call Soul—and which never fails at the box office.

Here is the cast for this film—and it's well in the new tradition of First-class Casts for British Films.

Eugene Palette (he of the rumbling voice who are loved in The Ghost Goes West), Betty Stockfeld (who, though it doesn't rumble, is deep enough to do funny things to me), Diana Churchill, a brilliant young stage actress who is slowly but surely making her way to the front in films, Cecil Parker, Henry Oscar (one of our most villainous villains), and Arthur Wontner, whom I am afraid, I always think of as Sherlock Holmes.

Don't worry, I think we'll have a few British films to look at this Winter.
Philippe Martin gives Monique Pelerin (Ida Lupino) the kiss that causes all the trouble.

The first Pickford-Lasky production is now showing at the London Pavilion. Directed by Rowland V. Lee, the picture is a gay, modern Parisian comedy, which depicts, in hilarious fashion, the amazing developments which ensue when a handsome young man kisses a strange young lady in a darkened cinema. Francis Lederer is the handsome young man and Ida Lupino is the strange young lady. Supporting players include Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn, and the Countess Liev de Maigret. Two charming song-hits are introduced: "One Rainy Afternoon" and "Secret Rendezvous."

Philippe takes Yvonne (Countess Liev de Maigret) to the cinema, and so that they will not be seen entering together he gives her her ticket as she passes him in the foyer.

Philippe and Toto (Hugh Herbert) go into conference when Mailot (Roland Young) suddenly descents upon their bachelor quarters and decides to join in their evening meal.
The President of the Purity League (Eily Malyon) denounces Philippe as a menace.

The President of the Purity League is determined not to allow the "menace" to escape from her clutches.

Peterin and his friend (Eric Rhodes) watch Philippe and Monique re-enact the fatal kiss that caused such a commotion in the French capital.
John Mills

This brilliant young British actor who was given his first worth-while screen part in "Those Were the Days," and his first starring role in "Forever England," has become one of the most popular juveniles in British pictures. He added to his popularity by his fine characterisation of Lord Guilford Dudley in "Tudor Rose."
"I didn't look in all my pockets," the man said, as they sat on stools at the sandwich bar. "Good heavens! What have we here? Five hundred dollars!"

"You can't walk about in that suit?" DUKE WINGFIELD. "I'll buy another and find some quiet place to stay." Why not my boarding house? 1845 Wingfield.

"Listen . . . . take this hundred dollar bill. Square things with your landlord. I'll settle things here and meet you there . . . at least I hope so."

B uying a suit without Marie to back him up was an ordeal as the salesman talked of little but the Denning's stable. However, the customer left inconspicuously clothed before engaging a room from Marie's landlady, and a frank nature who talked of keeping antimacassars clean and of rent in advance. "I thought she'd never go," Marie sighed, having assisted at the interview. "You look very nice in the new suit."

"It works. I feel better in it. Did you notice in the 10 o'clock edition that Duke Reed, Denning's chauffeur, was mentioned as the possible murderer? Now I've discovered I've a 'D.R.' in the lining of my hat band. I'm going to Reed's place in Brookline to see if I'm recognised. I believe he lives with an aunt."

"You're absolutely crazy? Police will houndem the place. If you must make this trip, count me in."

"I don't know that I ever counted you in," he protested, thinking how well Marie would be likely to render an emotional stage scene. "It's too dangerous."

"Well, I'm going with you, anyway. Wait till I get my hat." For the first time Marie thought of a world of nightmare he felt like smiling.

Succumbing to a tip after protesting that she had only been in the house two days, that she was sick of reporters and police, and that she didn't know Duke Reed, the maid at the album stuck a card to the door—"Don't be long," she advised. "Mr. Reed's aunt will be back shortly!"

L ooking round a bedroom, they discovered a chauffeur's cap which fitted Marie's companion. The arrival of an old pin-stayed and hand-hair Viking in charge of the Denning case at this juncture, was not exactly what was expected. Marie's name, young man. Who are you?" he rapped out.

"John Smith, he's a newspaper reporter," Marie stammered.

"John Smith, eh? . . . and yours, young lady?"

"Marie Smith. I'm his cousin.""He . . . the names are as good as any others, but how do I know one of you at Duke Reed's? What paper are you on, Smith?"


"I don't believe you. Who's the City Editor?"

"Bill Coleby. You don't mean to tell me you know him," Marie enthused. "Remember the argument at the art gallery? And Mr. Harrison, the managing editor. Do you know him too?"

"You've got me past pat enough," said the inspector allowed. "But I can't waste time arguing about newspapers. The young man seems to have a fair face; fours enough to be a reporter . . . no! You're not going to come on my way to Richard Denning's and you are coming too. We'll see if the butler (Continued on page 2)"
The Inspector spent some time considering the floor in the room where Denning’s body had been found, decided that the murderer had left by way of the window and picked up a love-letter under the sill addressed to Denning, signed “Lotus Bud.” He then sent for the butler. Marie’s companion was asked, moved into the light of the window. The butler stood respectfully in the doorway.

“You name Fish?” enquired the Inspector.

“Yes, sir.”

“You know this man?”

“No, sir.”

“He’s not Denning’s chauffeur?”

“Certainly not, sir. I’ve never seen this gentleman before.”

“Hm. Guess I owe you an apology, Smith, but stick around for a while. Fish: I believe on the night of the murder Mr. Denning had a man in here with him.”

“Yes, sir. He had an appointment after the theatre with some one of the initials ‘F.A.’ It’s marked up on the engagement calendar, sir.”

“You didn’t let this gentleman in?”

“No, sir. It was my evening off. But I was returning here about midnight when I heard someone in Mr. Denning’s room saying something to that effect. ’You keep it up and I’m going to pump a couple of slugs into you.’”

“You would want a quiet hour at Duke Reed’s house, wouldn’t you?” Marie grumbled to her companion as they took a taxi up town.

“We’re lucky to be here,” he answered. “Directly I heard the Inspector say something over the phone about the salesman who exchanged a pin-stripe suit for a customer being at headquarters, I thought it would be a good time to get away from here. I know how I would do it, all about the ‘Seattle Chronicle’?”

“Only because you’ve been telling me, how did you know all about the ‘Seattle Chronicle’?”

“You would want a quiet hour at Duke Reed’s house, wouldn’t you?” Marie grumbled to her companion as they took a taxi up town.

“We’re lucky to be here,” he answered. “Directly I heard the Inspector say something over the phone about the salesman who exchanged a pin-stripe suit for a customer being at headquarters, I thought it would be a good time to get away from here. I know how I would do it, all about the ‘Seattle Chronicle’?”

“You’re been awfully good helping me this way.”

“I don’t seem to have done much so far. The police are too near for comfort. Besides the theatre stubs, didn’t you have a book of matches

In your pocket with the name ‘Yorkshire Arms’ on the cover?”

“If we dropped off at the hotel, mightn’t the doorman recognise you?”

They were consulting themselves with a drink for the fact that the doorman failed to recognise Marie’s companion, when a good-looking young woman in pin AFs from the covers, and round felt hat approached their table.

“Hello, Jitney,” she greeted. “Whatever happened to you last night? I waited for you three hours after we left the theatre.”

“Afraid sorry I left you stranded. I was simply up to my eyes,” Marie’s companion evaded.

The girl was so friendly that it was not surprising that Marie, after a tactful remark, left them alone. The girl in the pin AFs chatted for some time, content with her partner’s evasions until a slight man with a HMR expression further complicated matters by coming up and working the hand of Marie’s companion like a pump handle.

“Hello, Jitney. Don’t tell me you’re going to cut me—no, an old class of mates! Awfully sorry I was so rude to you yesterday. Won’t you introduce me?”

“Certainly. I forgot you didn’t know—.” To cough he felt was his only hope. Luckily it served.

“Of course, I’ve been dying to know Stuart Eldridge, famous author of ‘Dark Menace’. My name’s Irene Lassiter,” the girl said. “What a lot of celebrities one does run into here. Isn’t that Olga Konara, the leading lady? You were simply up to my eyes while I was at the table there? Poor thing! She was very much in love with Richard Denning, wasn’t she?”

She babbed on. Marie’s companion felt a distinct relief that Mr. Eldridge and Miss Lassiter seemed tremendously taken with each other. If only he could see Marie and express to her sentimentally speaking, Irene meant nothing to him. He contented himself while the other two were talking with an air of definite as he dared, of Olga Konara to be quizzed by her male companion.

He was thinking of dancing with Irene Lassiter when he turned from the floor with Stuart Eldridge. In- stinctively he tried to cut in, when an amazing thing happened. Furious, Stuart turned on him: “Get out thou villain, Mr. Ford Adams,” he cried.

Ford Adams! So that was his

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"It’s a lie!" Eldridge flared. "I don’t know what’s come over you Jitney, dragging the Inspector round here."
name. Now to find out his address. Twenty minutes he spent in the hotel telephone box enquiring of different hotels if Ford Adams was on their register. At last he bethought himself of where he was and called up the desk at the Yorkshire Arms. The refreshing information came through: "Yes, sir. Mr. Ford Adams. Room 312."

"Dash!," retorted the 'phone box, Ford took two strides to the reception desk. "Room key No. 312, please," he said to the clerk. "Any mail?"

"No, sir."

Trembling with excitement, he let himself into his room. It was untidy in the extreme, but it was possible to find a suitcase. Out of it fell an opened letter. Eagerly Ford read:

"Dear Mr. Adams, Thank you for all the interest you have taken in my son Kenneth's play, 'Two O'Clock Course.' I know that if he were alive he would be grateful. Yours with love, Elizabeth Orme."

Not very much, perhaps, but with this information it was possible to do what he had wanted for some time, namely, to get in touch with Marie. He found her in her room at 1849 Wingfield.

"Marie, I had to come to tell you that... why, you're beautiful!" She was still wearing the dark clothes she had worn the evening before. The gleaming radiance of her hair, but he was struck with her sweetness and fragrance. "Was the dark lady I left with your wife?" she enquired.

"Miss Lassiter? I don't know her. The last I saw of her was obviously very enamoured of Stuart Eldredge. You... you look wonderful."

"As soon as I'd settled with her, my landlady let me have my trunks. I shan't forget I owe you the money."

"Don't worry about that. I've found out my name's Ford Adams, anyway."

Ford Adams! Inspector Florio's just been here looking for him, according to the landlady. Perhaps it was on account of the note of the appointment with 'F.A.' marked on Denning's almanack. "You've simply got to go after him," he said.

"I've got to get hold of a play called 'Two O'Clock Course,' by Kenneth Denning. That probably clear up the whole thing."

"I believe I remember seeing a copy of the play while the Inspector was looking at those love-letters at Denning's."

"You won't have a chance if they get you." "No. Stay here and wait for me."

Acting on a sudden tremendous impulse, he made a dash for the stairs, retracing hurriedly as he realised that Inspector Florio was on the landing, arguing with the landlady, locking the door on the inside, and urging Marie not to tell the police anything, Ford dashing a gateway by the window, took a taxi to Mason Park Drive.

The house was dark as he climbed over the railings. He remembered Denning's study was on the ground floor and after a short struggle with a hasp locked the window and let himself in.

Light from the flashlamp he had taken the precaution to carry, showed the pile of plays in typescript he remembered to have been on a shelf. The first selection was lucky. Swiftly he turned the pages of Kenneth Orme's play, "Two O'Clock Course," till he saw the lines attributed to the principal character: "All right. Go ahead... but I warn you, if you keep it up, someone's going to put a couple of slugs into you."

Staring fascinated at the written words, Ford failed to see the man who had followed him in by way of the window standing behind him. A spurt of flame, a crack of a bullet, and Ford remembered, instead of nothing more, everything. The purpose of his visit to Boston, every detail of the pregnant half-hour spent in Denning's study, stood revealed in startling clarity.

A bullet grazing the temple had given back what a bullet grazing the temple had taken away.

"And you mean to tell me, Mr. Adams," Inspector Florio asked, "that when the butler heard you threaten Denning you were speaking lines from a play?"

"Certainly. Kenneth Orme's play, stolen by Stuart Eldredge and titled 'Dark Menace.' I came to Boston to interview Denning to secure royalties on Kenneth Orme's behalf."

"I'm convinced Denning by reading the passage mentioned and others, that 'Dark Menace' was actually 'Two O'Clock Course.' Denning handed me over five hundred dollars on account. A shot was fired. I saw him fall, heard another shot and remember nothing. Till I found myself walking towards Mason Park, wearing Denning's hat."

"It's a lie!" Eldredge flared. "I don't know what's come over you, Jim, dragging the Inspector round here... and this girl!... Marie Smith. What has she got to do with it?"

"Nothing; except the police think she knows something about me. Can you deny you shot at me when you came an hour ago to Denning's study to get the last copy extant of Kenneth's play?"

"I... not, what have you been buming in the grate? MS. if I'm not mistaken it was on a warm night for a fire, Eldredge." "Excuse me a minute," Eldredge muttered. From the next room shot rang out. "It's not suicide. It's murder," the Inspector announced. "He's shot himself in the body."

"His gun hasn't been fired. There's a woman making for the fire escape. Get her."

In the grip of the Inspector's assistants, Olga Konar, the star of "Dark Menace," was arrested. "I was in love with Denning. I killed him trying to get back my letters to him. I bribed his chauffeur, Duke Reed, to drive me to Mason Park Drive, crack up the car, and disappear."

"That's a question I want to ask," Ford said to Marie as they left the Yorkshire Arms.

"If it's what I think it is, he replies is 'Yes,'" she answered.

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CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS

FURY

Besides providing an outstanding example of mass psychology, this tense, grim story also gives Spencer Tracy a fine part, to which he brings that intelligent and sincere interpretation which has brought him into the forefront of character studies.

The theme of the picture deals with lynching laws in America and is unfolded in a grim and relentless manner which holds you throughout. It is very strong meat, however, and may not be quite to the liking of sensitive stomachs.

The plot is quite a simple one. Joe Wilson, working hard to be able to support a wife, has succeeded in getting a comfortable little business going and sets off to collect his fiancée, Katherine, who is teaching in a small western town.

On the way he is arrested on suspicion of being connected with a kidnapping case and one of the bills past as ranching is found on him. He is put in prison during investigation and while there the townspersons get out of hand, attack the prison and burn it down.

Katherine hears of his plight and arrives just to see his agonised face looking out of the prison window.

After his death has been officially announced he is found innocent.

His two brothers plan to avenge themselves on the people who initiated the lynching when suddenly Joe walks in—he had escaped by a miracle and his one thought is revenge.

Spencer Tracy brings complete sincerity to this transformation of character—the peaceful, honest, easy-going lover to the unbalanced, revengeful killer.

From then on the drama grimly pursues the theme of revenge and in doing so introduces one of the best couples scenes it has been my luck to witness.

Joe's scheme of action is for his brothers to take legal action against the lynchers whilst he remains apparently dead. The suspects are arrested on a charge of murder, and a new trial is held. It is sufficient to prove their complicity and refute all the perjury of witnesses who had tried to protect them.

The one thing wanted is definite proof that the victim is dead. I do not propose to give away the upshot of the trial nor the subsequent action of Joe, since there is a strong element of suspense which would be lost if you were told it beforehand. In addition to the strong condemnation of lynch law, which has grown to alarming proportion in America, there is the pathos of the love story and the brilliance of individual character drawing.

Fritz Lang, the famous German director, who was responsible for such masterpieces as Die Nibelungen and Kriemhild's Revenge has brought out the full dramatic force of the unusual and poignant story. He has on occasions reverted to somewhat hackneyed symbolism, such as the contrasting of hens cackling to the gossiping of women, but generally his work displays that pictorial expressiveness and grasp of essential detail for which he is famed.

Sylvia Sidney gives a restrained and strong study of the girl whose happiness is shattered by her fiancé's treachery. She takes the change from light-hearted gayety to intense misery with a feeling that communicates itself poignantly to the audience.

A very good performance comes from Walter Abel as the barrister retained by Joe's brother to bring the murder charge against the people recognised in the film.

It is difficult to single anyone else particularly from a cast which is remarkably good throughout, but particular notice is due to Edward Ellis as the sheriff.

Crowd handling is exceptionally effective and the picture as a whole an outstanding example of screen craft.

CEILING ZERO

Civil aviation is being more and more frequently used by producers as a background for a story, but I have rarely seen it used more effectively than it has been in this highly emotional drama.

You can pick faults in the production. It is sometimes over-emotionalised and there is a tendency to the theatrical in some of the more melodramatic situations, but as a whole it is gripping and interesting in its development of the character of the title, a man who is trapped in transcontinental airways.

Some of you may find it a little too taxing, but if you like your entertainment "strong" you cannot do better than see Ceiling Zero.

It is the sterling work contributed by Pat O'Brien as the head of an airline, that holds the picture together. O'Brien is a simple, inescapable study of a man who has a high sense of duty but is ready if necessary to sacrifice himself for friendship.

His bosom friend is James Cagney, a skirt-chasing, unreliable daredevil who has the merit of being an exceptional pilot. O'Brien employs him in spite of threats of dismissal from head office.

Incidentally he does not know that his friend had had an affair with his wife before he married her two years ago.

The plot concerns itself with the amours of Cagney with a young girl employed by the firm and also with the workings of a big central airport, which has to carry on despite the human drama which is taking place in its environment.

The climax comes when Cagney seems ill in order that he can be with his wife, and lets his friend, Tex, played by Stewart Erwin, take over a flight for him. The weather conditions are terrible—ceiling zero—that is, no break anywhere in the bank of cloud and fog.

Tex's radio goes wrong; he crashes and is killed.

In his remorse Cagney takes up a plane to attempt a flight which the chief has cancelled. He, too, crashes, but not before he has wirelessed valuable information about the faults in the device for clearing ice from the leading edges of the plane's wings.

That is the story in very bare outline, character drawing and vivid detail work make it human and living.

Howard Hawks' direction is polished and his continuity is smooth, with events well dovetailed and no "loose-ends" left to clear up after the tragic denouement.

James Cagney is excellent as the hairy, conscienceless pilot who at last realises what his attitude has cost his friends.

As Tex, Stuart Erwin is thoroughly likeable with just the necessary touch of comedy which points the tragedy.

June Travis is charming as the young girl on whom Cagney fixes his wayward affections, while Isabel Jewell is excellent as Tex's wife.

Special mention is due to the acting of James Bush in the small part of a radio-telephone operator. It is a fine piece of work, especially in the emotional sequences when Tex is flying blind and in danger of crashing at any minute.

Another interesting minor part of an aviator made likeable and likable by a crash is taken by Gary Owen and it gives further emphasis to the dangers of all-weather flying.

The settings of the airport are full of interest and give a vivid idea of the workings of modern equipment.

Generally an unusually good picture of its type.

THE LADY CONSENTS

There is such an air of incredibility about the behaviour of the characters in this triangle drama that one is not at all sure of the great deal of interest in their matrimonial troubles.

Herbert Marshall is cast as a happily married man who one day kisses a girl, and finally falls in love with her and lets his wife divorce him.

Later, of course, he discovers he loves his wife after all and by sacrificing himself gets his second wife. He is able to make her divorce him and so be reunited to the one he really wants.

His is a devastating character which never seems to be able to make up its mind which woman it does want.

Marshall plays it in the rather stylised manner which he has adopted of late with plenty of low murmured words of endearment spoken in his tradition.

Ann Harding, in a dual role, has the "suffering-silence" role as the first wife to which she has been typed and from which I devoutly wish she would divorce. After all, she can smile very charmingly when she is allowed to.

As the young lover continually proposing to Ann Harding and being just as frequently rebuffed, Walter Abel is sound, with plenty of the virile dash of the older man.

She sets out to get her man and succeeds, but one feels that Ann Harding could not have married her if she had behaved in a more rational manner.

The fact that the performance comes from Edward Ellis as the doctor's father. He is a credible and likeable character who sides with the first wife, which wholly vitally brought about, which helps to reunite the pair.

As the lover continually proposing to Ann Harding and being just as frequently rebuffed, Walter Abel is sound, with plenty of the virile dash of the older man.

The production is technically good and there are one or two well-handled situations giving atmosphere. It is the plot as a whole, not the detail work, which is disappointing. Its general effect is to turn open marriage into something approaching a farce, and it fails to enlist any real sympathy on that account.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA

Rather obvious and slowly developed revenge romance from a novel by Maurice Dekobra. It is extremely well acted, and the settings are varied and colourful, but somehow one never quite gets interested in the characters or their fates.

The story deals with Lady Diana Wynwood, who, whilst visiting Venice, meets a mysterious Italian, Count Angelo Ruzzini, with whom she falls in love. She steals some pearls for him to gain his hand in a Turkish general, and learns that the Count's mission is to revenge his sister's death at the hands of the former.

(Continued on page 20)
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Sixteen full-page art plates; pages and pages of pictures; articles by famous stars; a pageant of holiday fashions, worn by Ginger Rogers and other beauties of the screen; the news and gossip of Filmland; all about the Autumn releases and... a long true love story of somebody you've watched on the screen. Don't miss this feast of film entertainment on Wednesday next, July 15th.

**Between Sets... A REFRESHING WASH WITHOUT WATER**

Just a few light touches with a Cologne-scented One-da Wafer... Dust and perspiration vanish... you are fresh, comfortable, clean, again. What a boon for face or hands at tennis, dances, or in train or car. 6/- & 1/3 FROM HAIRDRESSERS CHEMISTS ETC.
The plane also is carrying Miss Hawkins, a governess, accompanied by her wayward pupil, Waldemar Fitt, a truculent Russian, brother of the philanderer, a gangster and a detective. Following the force, landings the gangster gets tough, but Jack, aided by Waldemar, is more than his match, and the plane retakes the air in time to make a sensational landing on the runway. Needless to say, Jack’s good work is rewarded by Felice in the customary manner.

Fred MacMurray is breezy and virile as Jack, and Joan Bennett exudes attractive Felice. Zasu Pitts gives her stylised characterisation as Miss Hawkins while her charge is very well played by Bette Davis.

The rest of the supporting cast make their parts vital to the development of the plot. It is an example of sound team work.

Technical qualities and the aerial work are extremely effective.

...IT HAD TO HAPPEN


GEORGE Hartz ...Bette Davis
ALISON SUTHERS ...Enrico Scaife
ROSLIND RUSSELL ...Beatrice Newton
GERALD WALTERS ...Gustave Koenig
ARLINE JUGO ...Miss Sullivan
ADRIENNE MARON ...Vera
ARTHUR HOWL ...John Polley
EDWARD MILLER ...Mayor of New York
PIERRE WATKINS ...District Attorney
GEORGE IVING ...Foreman of the Jury
FUNERAL DIRECTED BY ROY DEUTSCH, FROM A STORY BY MARY MILLER.

PIERRE WATKINS

Directed by Roy Deutch, from a story by Mary Miller.

While basically this is a "poor boy makes good" type of story, it is so different in its treatment as to be a happy thing in its impact on American political and social life, that you overlook that.

Recently Ruth’s treatment is exceedingly bright and full of human touches.

Bette Davis as the Irish Jig decides that his masterly is being nearly ruined in the attempt.

Bette, who is also extremely good as the wife of the man whom Raft is trying to suppress and with whom he falls in love.

Bette, perhaps, to believe that anyone so cultured and refined as the character she interprets could be a pupil for the report of an Italian, but the acting makes it as plausible as possible.

As the villain of the piece, Alan Dinehart is well in character, and Leo Carrillo adds some excellent comedy as the Italian’s friend and constant companion. The action is exquisitely presented and the comedy touches are well pointed.

...MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK


PAUL GODFREY ...Mr. Cohen
DOROTHY ROGERS ...Violet Fabelle
RICHARD WURST ...Jack Cohen
JOAN DAWSON ...Grace Cohen
MICKEY BRADFORD ...Jack Cohen
LEONARD BARKER ...Seth Cohen
BARNEY LIVY ...Lex Cohen
EDWARD MORTON ...Ted Cohen
KEITH TRAFALGAR ...Mrs. Cohen
GEORGE MERRITT ...Mr. O’Connor
DOROTHY ROGERS ...Violet Fabelle

Directed by Mitchell Leisen, from a story by Dorothy Rogers and Frank Mitchell Dasy.

While in no sense a "super," this human little picture in its unperturbed way is more deserving of public applause than many which rank in the former class.

While delightful in the sincere simplicity of its plot, it is notable too for the sensitive performance given by Paul Graetz in the title role—a part, incidentally, which caused Hollywood to take notice of Mr. Graetz.

The story tells of Jake Cohen, a self-made business man, who grows rich by mastering the art of being the head of the Empire Stores. His sons, however, have so organised the business that the Old Man has to let them take care of it. After the death of his wife, who has shared all his troubles and his glory, he finds it "a walk to go tramping the road."

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

There is a love story running through the plot, and an absurd Abie’s Irish Rose ending. We could have been spared the latter.
Mansfield, Mike, Zulu, Jean, dramatic. Laura, Johanna, Wilson, Campbell, Pilot, Annie, Djikki, McCord, Vivian, Mother

passengers, Swale, Ouke, scientist, Briggs, used

Andre, with Gregory, an

Matt, Stuart, Lionel, Robert, Irene, plenty and apprehension for something seek his of

park, chorus from

Directed, Burgess.

Carrol, George, There

As As

Past, wante to

man's

B.,

assembled

to

prize.

Frank, reporter, and

Jean, Munroe, a dramatic critic, and the, police, find their time busily occupied hunting down a mysterious killer who goes around bumping people off in the vicinity of

Peter, Fortune, an author of crime, plays, invites suspicion by his eager nature, and it is not long before 

Gordon, plans on him and arrests him after a desperate struggle. Fortune's motive apparent, to reverse the roles of local producers whom he holds responsible for the death of his brother in a film.

Acting generally is quite good, as are staging and camera work.

**ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND**

Columbia. American, "a" certificate, Strong

Victor, Jory, Dr., Norman, Foster, Andre, Stewart, Lawrence, Westman,

Directed, Anthony, Renavent,

Wren, 

Q.

Qu. 

Well quite developed story which has a rather skethy romance incidental to it but relies mainly on its own invention, and even from the famous French penal settlement.

With all not altogether convincing, it has good atmosphere and an adventurous tang in it.

The story shows how Steve, an international spy, is caught and sent to Devil's Island. His friend, Dario, with the help of Johanna, Steve's daughter, with whom Dario is in love, plans his escape and manages to get him away with a fellow convict.

Stevens, Andre and Dario, part, arranging to meet at Cayenne. Andre gets there first and seeks out Johanna.

When Dario arrives, he realises that Andre loves Johanna, and sets him ashore to peruse in the jungle, but in the process of doing so, he is kidnapped, and the novel is that Andre, and Johanna, in the excitement of it all, falls in love with each other.

Stanley Andrews is fair as Steve.

**CALLANT DEFENDER**


Western drama. Runs 55 minutes.

Charles, Campbell, Plage, Joan Perry, Barbara McGraw

Hart, Edward J. Le Saint, Campbell, Jack, Arthur, Siegel

Al., Bridges, Sally Smith, George, Westman, George, Connors, Jimmy

Directed, by David Seaton, from a story by

Pioneering story dealing with the war between cattlemen and homesteaders, plans and details and adequately acted by a cast headed by Charles Starrett, who is new to Westerns but puts up a virile performance.

Well set and actionful, it should be particularly pleasing to juveniles.

**ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE**


Tom Brown, Bill Enright

Margaret, Foley, Wera, Engels, Barone Bartisita

Ina, Marg, Ivan, Lebedeoff, Barone Bartisita

Love, Dorothy, Peterson, Mrs. Foster, Wadsworth, Arthur, Foster

Directed, by William Nigh, From a story by Scott Darling, Songs and plain, "J. J. Furlong.

Somewhat conventional comedy-drama dealing mainly with the reactions of a girl and her family when they get wealthy by holding the winning ticket in a sweepstakes.

It does, however, succeed in being human and it introduces its very own brand of romance and crime.

The action is very hectic and the whole thing is generally well set.

Marion Nixon puts in a good performance as a script girl at a studio, and Tom Brown is distinctly likeable as her lover, Bill, who finds it difficult to get her away from her family.

As continental crooks who try to obtain the winnings, Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels are well cast and the family is excellently represented by Lucien Littlefield, Pat Pinckney, William Janney and Carol Tevis.

**UNDER PROOF**


Betty, Sydney, Vivian

Tyrell, Davis, Dudley

Howard, Foster, Michael

David, Horse, Dr. Walton

Cuomo, Lola, Richards

Gov, Middleton, Bruce

Stevens, Leopold, West Delaware

Henry, Longhurst, Inspector Holt

Robert, Wray, Mike

Aldo, Harry, Watson

Johnny, Peter, Pug

Pete, Caracter, Tolan

The Devil's sharp-shooting


P. O. Walker, weak story, dealing with five people who take shelter in a deserted house which, unknown to them, is used by smugglers as a hide-out.

It is an attempt to emulate the American gangster comedy, but it is played in a way which is absolutely boring.

The acting is adequate, but no more.

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**DANGEROUS**

**THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR**

**IT HAD TO HAPPEN**

**MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK**

** THE EAGLE'S BIRD**

**TWO IN THE DARK**

**ABSOLUTE QUIET**

**THE INVISIBLE RAY**

**A FACE IN THE FOG**

**ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND**

**CALLANT DEFENDER**

**ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE**

**UNDER PROOF**

What the asterisks mean—

*** An outstanding feature.

** Very good.

* Average entertainment. Also suitable for children.

27
Read why this well-known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

Hollywood... the Coconut Grove... and Warren Williams, out for the evening—with you! Would your lips be soft, tender, and appealing? We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one, no lipstick... and the third used Tangee. “Like all men,” he confessed, “I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!”

Tangee’s colour-change principle brings out your full natural colour. Tangee can’t give you that “painted look” because Tangee isn’t paint! If you prefer more colour for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee Lipstick, 2/6 and 4/6. Trial size, 6d. Also the new 6d. Tangee Creme Rouge, and Tangee Powder in the latest shades... Naturelle, Peach, Light Rachel, Rachel, Ochre and Sun Tan. Or send 6d. for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-up Set offered below.

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Please send Miracle Make-up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).
Mark shade [ ] Flesh [ ] Red [ ] Light Rachel (natural)

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ADDRESS: ___________________________

BLOCK LETTERS P.R.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Would You Follow Fred’s Fleet?

A Reader’s Impression of the Famous Comedian

I DON’T know whether this picture could come under the heading of a reader’s letter, but if you cared to publish it, I am sure it would amuse the many Fred Astaire fans there must be among Picturegoer readers.

I admire his acting, singing, and dancing immensely, and would follow any fleet if he were in it! —Nellie E. Peace, Welling House, 32 Belgrove Square, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Just English

Your correspondent, Mr. H. J. Reynold’s, attitude towards the filming of religious subjects and the portrayal of idealised types of humanity reflects a national characteristic. We are a notoriously unemotional people, but underneath have a deep respect for religion and the higher ideals of life.

Most of the films we have seen have been the box office attractions of a highly commercialised art, and, having unconsciously absorbed Hollywood’s standard, most of us do not regard the kinema as a suitable vehicle for the subjects mentioned.

We instinctively recoil when offered a picture like Cecil de Mille’s King of Kings. In a neighbouring district this film was withdrawn after showing for three days, although advertised to run for a week. Dawn, the story of Nurse Cavell, likewise did not meet with much success.

No, Mr. Reynolds is not snobbish or priggish—he’s just English. —W. Jeune, 15 Knighton Road, Forest Gate, E 7, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Showmanship Wanted

Kinema managers complain that they have no influence over the choice of entertainment for their patrons. That may be true in respect of bookings, but there is much that managers can do to make entertainment more real.

I remember some time ago seeing a film with a very touching theme that ended in a manner to make the audience think. But there was no opportunity for this before the final portion of the film disappeared from the screen, there was a wall of hot music to accompany a trailer of revue film. The manager of that kinema was certainly unfit for his job.

At another kinema I saw a similar impressive film. When the film was over there was a wait of two or three minutes in darkness, after which the lights were switched on in sections. The manager appreciated the fact that the audience wanted a few minutes of quiet reflection before losing an impressive atmosphere to make way for lighter entertainment.

There is a difference between having your entertainment chuckled at you and served up with the niceties that make you think your tastes are being studied. —R. D. White, 9 Kimberley Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6d.

Let’s See Them Play!

I read about the pet hobby of the other star playing tennis.

Well, I just wonder, why they are never shown to us doing so on the screen. At least as far as I remember, I never saw a film displaying the white game.

It’s such a popular sport, however, that certainly numerous film fans would be excited to watch their favourites on the court.

I’m quite sure that, on seeing the stars in possession of a fine backhand or service, a great many filmgoers would be stimulated to improve their style, or, on the other side, what a comfort to those who don’t excel at the game, to see that their beloved “Jean” or “John” misses the balls too!

I’m not a very keen player myself, but I would like to get now and then a tennis-sequence in a picture.—(Mrs.) Lotti Reinhard, 30 Ensingerstrasse, Bern, Switzerland.

In Praise of Pies

We are told that kinema audiences are getting more sophisticated and cynical and that any film that contains passages of our lives during the last twenty-five years are beneath our notice. Well, I wonder if we are any more grown up now than we were in those days—because, to one of our kinemas a film was shown of the “custard pie” class.

We Keystone Comedy complete with Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, and a host of old timers that used to make us laugh with such a film we were all sorry when the last pie had been thrown.

I had a chat with the manager, and he said that he had been besieged for more old-time films than any other film. —J. E. Hill, 190 Victoria Avenue, Hull.

A Picturegoer Game

If space can be found in your wonderful little weekly for this letter, it may be useful to a few parents this summer.

Over the Easter holidays I was faced with the task of taking my small niece and nephew on a long train journey.

Now, everyone knows how soon children tire of window-gazing,” so for a few days before we were due to travel, I racked my brains for various games, etc., to keep them amused, then I thought of a bundle of 1854-35 Picturegoers which I had stored up, and knowing what a picture enthusiasts these kiddies were, I decided to make a game for them concerning film stars.

I cut out all small photos from "Just Released" page, removing names and giving a number instead, at the same time making an index of the names for checking.

The game proved a great success.—(Mrs.) M. Green, Hopkin Cangeford, Ludlow, Shropshire.

Kinemas and Charity

Under the Sunday Entertainments’ Act, the kinemas of Hendon contributed, during the quarter ending March 31, 1936, (the latest official figures available,) the huge sum of £1,086 13s. 5d. for allocation among the approved charities. Of this amount, over £923 was given to local nursing associations, hospital, relief to the unemployed, and other benevolent committees.

Such a large sum contributed from the Sunday takings incidentally means a large attendance every Sunday evening at the local kinemas; and thus proves the need for the opening of these kinemas on Sundays.

Again, this munificent gift to deserving objects cannot be equalled here by any other means, either in amount or ease of collection plus wise distribution.

(Continued on page 30)
She's a modern sports girl... She's out in the sun and the wind... She has a lovely complexion...

She uses...

GLYMIEL

Lilac blossom FACE CREAM

6d per tube.

TIME, LADIES—

FIVE MINUTES PAST FORTY!

When the hands of Time point to five minutes past forty, it's time, ladies, please, to reconsider your beauty regime. If, during the past years you have been inclined to be slack about your beauty treatments, then you face the forties with dismay. For beauty tolerates no neglect. Wrinkles, grey hairs, a middle-aged "spread"—these are the penalties inflicted. Let's try to put the Beauty Clock back and regain lost loveliness. It can be done, you know.

WAR ON WRINKLES.—First-aid for faces for Forty-Odds. Let's banish those tell-tale wrinkles and that unbecoming middle-aged sallowness. Get an ounce or two of Mercilized Wax from your chemist. Mercilized Wax is a special oxygenated wax that is recommended in all high-class beauty salons for removing unhealthy skins and it does its work imperceptibly, absorbing the outworn outer skin with all its blemishes—revealing the fresh, young complexion concealed beneath. A wax treatment of this kind takes years off your age. Just try it. Smooth a little of the wax over face and neck nightly. Hands, too, if they become wrinkled and discoloured with age, may be treated similarly. While you use the wax it works its magic. It banishes wrinkles and blemishes, restores age-worn skins to youthful loveliness. A ten-day treatment suffices in normal cases to show a marvellous improvement, but if your skin has been long neglected, you must persevere a little longer to obtain the results promised.

FOR FADING HAIR.—Hair that lacks lustre and loveliness, tresses that once could be called a crowning glory and are now faded and streaked with grey—that's the next problem presented for solution. And it comes in the form of a beauty shampoo—Stallax, just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules of Stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water and used to shampoo the hair in the usual way will revive lack-lustre locks, enhancing their colours, bringing out the hidden lights and shades, making them gleam with unsuspected beauty. Stallax is a waving shampoo too, and is ideal for blondes, brunettes, red-heads or silver locks. It makes home-setting easier, waves keep in place, curls ripple with new beauty and need re-setting less often.

BEAUTY'S SHADOWS.—At five minutes past forty, beauty is apt to be shadowed by an increase in the growth of what might formerly have been but a few straggling hairs on upper lip and chin. These blemishes can be removed painlessly, inexpensively, if you use Sipolite. Just get half an ounce from your chemist. Mix a little of the smooth paste with cold water, apply to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries, see them vanish. Sipolite retards re-growth, too, and is so mild in action that it cannot injure the most sensitive skin.

Valerie, Lady Brongham and Vanx

W'hile a keen cricket enthusiast, is usually to be found at Lords for the Eton and Harrow match. A CALIFORNIAN POPPY enthusiast, too—says she prefers it to expensive foreign perfumes. It's less obtrusive. More genuinely distinctive.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY

Perfume

1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 9/- and trial sizes

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Choose the right kind of ribbon to match your lingerie, from this folder... Post coupon below NOW!

To J. & J. CASH LTD. (Dept. R.K.S.), COVENTRY
Please send me a FREE copy of Cash's Ribbon Folder containing actual patterns.

NAME

ADDRESS

29
Who's Who

Mary Boland
BORN in Detroit, Michigan, on January 28, 1888, she followed in her father's footsteps by taking up acting as a career, appearing in many stage plays including in the role of the Czar in 'Czar of the Indies.' She started as a tragedienne. She stands 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and weighs about 9 stone.

Chili Boucher
BORN in London on September 12, 1910, she has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and worked as a typist and later as a mannequin in a West End store before being "discovered" by Max Roser, who introduced her to films. She changed her first name from Chili to Dorothy after some time in films, and later reverted to Chili. She married Harry Milton in 1929, and has appeared on the stage with him in "Lavender and Open Your Eyes"; other stage work includes "Magnolia Street."

John Boles
BORN in Green ville, Texas, on October 27, 1900, his early ambition was to become a doctor, but the war interrupted his studies, and he joined the Army. After the Armistice he taught French and voice production to pay for his own singing lessons, and many disappointments was offered the lead in the musical comedy, "Little Jessie James." Other starring parts followed, and, when Gloria Swanson saw him in "Kitty's Rissette," some time later, she immediately signed him to appear on the screen opposite her in "Don Giovanni." Standing 6 ft. 1 in., he has brown hair and grey-blue eyes and weighs 13 stone. He is married to Marcellene Dobbs, and they have two children, a boy and a girl.

Bill Boyd
BORN in Cambridge, Ohio, on July 5, 1888, his parents died while he was quite young, leaving him to make his own way in the world. He became, among other things, an assistant in a department store, a basket salesman, and an oil driller before getting a job as a film extra in 1919 in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Toll of the Sea." He was later engaged to Dorothy Sebastian, and was formerly the husband of Eleanor Fair, from whom he obtained a divorce. He is 6 ft. 1 in. in height and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

What Do You Think? Continued

The foregoing figures should help those who need statistics and arguments when pleading for the opening of their local cinemas on Sunday evenings. - Lewis Tapp, 5 Montague Road, Hen don, N.W.4.

Esperanto?

The language has conquered much, yet there still remains—despite commendable effort in a bi-lingual direction—one big superstition: "Esperanto is a language 
a few special kinemats in this country screen them, but even so, the fact that the majority cannot comprehend other languages makes them little short of useless.

Movies have a mass appeal, and the average "I can" cannot be expected to exert expert linguist.

But why is not a real step taken to give us something in the nature of a universal screen language?

There is Esperanto, and, though I am not an adherent of Esperanto, it is common knowledge that this international language invented by Dr. Zamenhof in 1878 has an alphabet consisting of but 28 letters, is easily learnt, its rules surprisingly simple, spelling phonetic, and vocabulary small.

Come, talkie producers, isn’t it worthy of consideration—Robert Loch, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films. Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 ts. 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 and cannot exceed 150 words.

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GLAZO Ltd., Dept. P.22, 217 Bedford Avenue, Slough. I enclose 6d. for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover.

Indicate shade of polish preferred

□ Shell □ Flame □ Natural □ Colourless

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WELL YOU SEE GLAZO NEVER THICKENS IN THE BOTTLE. SO IT GOES ON SMOOTHLY AND YOU DON'T GET STREAKING.

Glazo does not streak, that is one of the many reasons for its increasing popularity. Glazo does not thicken in the bottle—it is always the same consistency. The special oil contained in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep your cuticle soft and pliant.

“GLAZO” TALCUM POWDER

“GLAZO” RAIK DE COLOGNE

“GLAZO” CREAM TOILET SOAP

Two of the famous

BEAUTY AIDS

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Prices apply in Gt. Britain & Northern Ireland only.

TOO MANY “PERMS” RUIN YOUR HAIR

Both your purse and the health of your hair demand that permanent waves should not be too frequent. The question is, how can you make your “perm” last longer? The secret is this, keep your hair and scalp in good condition, and your waves will automatically stay in. Try it; all you have to do is get a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic from your chemist, and brush a little in every day. (Every bottle carries a money-back guarantee.) Lavona Hair Tonic will restore all the hair nutrient that “perm” heat dries out; it checks dandruff—the cause of weak, falling hair and baldness—and carries revitalising tonic ingredients right down to the roots of your hair. Not only does your “perm” last longer, but it also gains a wonderful new lustre and beauty. You don’t know how lovely your hair can be till you’ve restored its health and vigour with Lavona Hair Tonic.

JESSIE MATTHEWS'

Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

In all popular shades everywhere. Per Jar 1/-

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER

POWDER-CREAM

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Perfectly turned out Curls!

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from Chemists and Hairdressers

33 PERFECT "SETS" IN A TUBE

LUSTRSET

HIGH GLOSS for Dry Hair

MEDIUM GLOSS for Greasy Hair

Cameline Ltd., Welsh Harp, London, N.W.5

July 11, 1936
“What a difference—when I used the right sun-tan shade.”

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.

COOPER and HANFORD Fan (Kens.)—(4) Wallace Ford, b. 1899, England, 6 ft., brown hair, grey-blue eyes; married Martha Halsworth; hobbies, sports and reading. (2) Robert Cummings, b. 1912, 5 ft. 11 in. (2) Howard Law, b. 1919, 5 ft. is his height. His first film was made in 1939, which he made under the name of John Cox. Yet, he is acting in Thirteen Hours by Air. (3) Release dates: Gentleman of the Night, 1935. (1) Pictorial 20th Mar. 1936, Millions in the Air—April 5, 1936.

Petrie (Ilford).—The release date of Royal Romance is not yet fixed.

D. H. (Manchester).—All the music in The Dark Angel is incidental and not purchased.

K. K. K.—Boris Karloff is of British nationality.

K. R. (Limhouse).—Photograph of Gone Raymond obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each.

R. H. (Clacton).—(1) Chief players Follow the Fleet—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Harriet Hilliard, Randolph Scott and Astrid Allwyn; and in Romance of the Maghrib—Francis Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Arthur Hohl, Jimmy Butler and J. Parrell MacDonald. (2) Music Follow the Fleet, I’m Putting on My Eggs in One Basket, We Saw the Set, I’d Rather Lead a Bohemian Life than Face the Truth Yourself Go, Get Thee Behind Me. Here Ain’t I, Where Are You?

Two Film Fans (Manchester).—Ben Lyon, James Hall and Jean Harlow appeared in Mary Pickford’s latest film, Dark Horse.


Dorothy (Herne Bay).—Fredric March’s latest film is Mary Queen of Scots for Radio Pictures.

M. P. (Erks).—We published a supplement on Mary Pickford in the Oct. 19, 1935, issue, but it is now out of print. Centre spread of this film, April 27, 1935.

Two Picturists (Suffolk).—(1) Barry Mackay is in his twelfth and is married to Natalie Hall. (2) No, John Mills has not got any children. (3) Grete Meehem, blonde hair, blue eyes.

S. D. (Birmingham).—Photograph of Dick Powell obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, see above.

M. G. H. (Scotland).—Grace Moore sang “I’ve Got a Secret” in the film Heaven and Earth of Song.

Patrick Fanning (Kingsland).—(1) Herbert Marshall sustained a leg injury during the shooting of his latest film. (2) John Barrymore and His Band appeared in Radio Pirates.

L. B. and A. K. (York).—Noel Madavan took the role of Douglas Fairbanks in the film What Price Crime, he was a sociable, and had black, brown eyes, was educated France and Switzerland.

E. C. (Newcastle).—(1) Levette Young, b. 6, 1912; married Grant Whithers (m. 1931); (2) Contemptuous, Oct. 22, 1935; married Marquis de la Falaise.


Mildred, Lady Oranmore and Browne

“I had thought all sun-tan shades unbeatable—coming to me I tried the Dark Brunette shade of this new Pond’s Face Powder. It gives me the true natural shade of my skin—and beauty.”

True sun-tan loveliness for you now!

Is your tan dull—or is it too red? Or is it too pale? And have you discovered, too, that the sun-tan shades of powder you have tried only make you look yellow and old?

Take Lady Oranmore’s advice—try Pond’s Dark Brunette, the sun-tan shade of Pond’s Powder.

Why can it give the true lovely sun-tan shade when other sun-tan powders fail? This why:

Until recently, all powder shades were made without a thorough knowledge of skin tones.

But now Pond’s have analysed the skin of 200 girls to discover exactly what tints give blonde skin its clarity, brunette skin its creamy tone, sun-tanned skin its sunny glow.

And these beauty

FREE—Pond’s Powder: Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P.170-1, Pond’s, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, for FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond’s Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Sun-tan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME.
ADDRESS.

MAZING FACTS were revealed when over 200 girls were complex-ion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of blue; that lovely brunette skin contains green! With this knowledge Pond’s blended in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

All readers interested in the LEN BERNON CLUB should write to the secretary, May Snow, 31, Battersea Park Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11.

The Henry Edward British Film Club welcomes new members. This Club exists to support all British films and stars, and the Cinematographe Hiberniol Fund, and is entirely self-supporting. All the British Stars are members, and meet the members of the Club, who are entirely lovely ladies, is held in the Bush House. There is a very popular social side to the Club, which includes fortnightly Club evenings, a Rambling secretarial for the Stars, Dramatic and other jolly functions. All particulars from Hon. Secretary, 32 Amersham Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.1 on receipt of stamped addressed envelope for reply.

The Myrna Loy Fan Club.—Readers may have particulars by sending an addressed envelope to Nellie Buckingh, 6/6 International Film Club, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackburn.

No. 268 (New Series) Vol. 6 July 11, 1936.

Editor: Mrs. H. W. Green, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.


Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.


On Sale Every Thursday, 2d.
Pimples on Back & Shoulders

Cleared in 3 Days

What man was ever thrilled by the sight of a pimply back? And how can you wear the latest and most fascinating swim suits if your back and shoulders disclose unsightly skin eruptions? To swiftly rid yourself of skin blemishes just take a teaspoonful of Wex Grape Saline in half a tumblerful of water every morning before breakfast. Wex is a high-class effervescing health drink which thins the liver bile and quickly clears your blood of the harmful acids and toxins which are causing your skin to erupt. Within a week, every spot, pimple or other skin blemish vanishes—literally like magic." Not only that—your whole system responds with fresh energy, health and vitality. Get Wex in the handy holiday pack or larger sizes at 1/6d. and 2/6d.

Handy Holiday Packet
Six complete doses for 1/4d.
Each dose in a separate envelope for your convenience, and it saves you the trouble of packing a bottle when going away. From your usual chemist: Boots branches, Timothy Whites, Taylors, etc.

Even lovelier now!
The gleaming brightness of her hair she owes to Nestlé Colorinse, which she uses after every shampoo.

Each natural hair beauty can be yours by using Colorinse. It makes beautiful hair even more beautiful and restores to drab and faded hair its lost colour sheen.

12 lovely shades from chestnut or hairdyeer. If in doubt as to what most suitable shade suits a cutting of your hair and write to:
C. Nestlé & Co., Ltd.
6 South Holton St., London, W.1.

Hats off to the Sunshine
Yet always perfect waves
Sunny days! Days of sport and the open-air life! Days when "perms" and precious curls are much tempted to go unruly. But a quick "comb through" with Amami Wave Set keeps order in every strand. Try this delightful non-oily, non-sticky, non-powderly lotion to-day! And all for a cost of one penny a setting!

Have you seen the new AMAMI SUMMERKIT?
Wave Set, Sunproof Lotion, and Sun-screen oil convenient ly packed in an attractive bag (in assorted colours) for the Beach.
If you cannot obtain from your local shop, send 3d. to:
Cosmact Ltd. (Dept. SK 14 s), 11 Broad Street, London, W.C.2.

Gentle, nourishing, non-oily, non-sticky, non-powderly lotion ensures a perfectly smooth finish, dry to the touch, and因而 suitable for use under all types of make-up. Contains vitamins E and A, and traces of all the essential minerals for skin health. A complete colourant, it colours your hair a shade darker than its natural one. A ‘ pundits’ product since 1935.

AMAMI

Wave Set
6d. and 1/3 p per bottle

Pimples on Back & Shoulders

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AMAMI

Wave Set
6d. and 1/3 p per bottle

Months of use in a 6d. bottle
Look how smoothly and evenly L'Onglex flows over your nails. Look what a smart, thrilling finish it gives . . . a subtle gleam like liquid coral . . . You can get L'Onglex everywhere in six attractive shades. And you need never worry about cracking, peeling or fading. Yet the 6d. bottle is just as big as the 1½-bottle of many other nail polishes, and it lasts months.

L'Onglex
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
6 SHADES—also CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER
BRITISH MANUFACTURE. 6d.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU
TRADOS. The Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER (Patented). If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with TRADOS Model 25 Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupations, your nose will become perfectly normal. The Adjuster can stop whilst you sleep, quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Model 25 is highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Gentle, precise, firm, and perfectly comfortable. Write for free booklet and testimonials.

LYNLEY
Queenly beauty on the screen

Kay francis has the same superb beauty

and in private life

**Leave IT to ANNE**

If you have a beauty question that you find difficult to answer, let me answer it for you. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter if you wish for postal reply.

HERE is many a holiday that has been spoiled by a corn. Feet come into the limelight much more on holidays and they are also used much more, so it is only reasonable and wise to see that they are good to look at and good for service before we go away.

There are several ways of getting rid of corns. If you have seven and sixpence to spare then you probably do best by going to the chiropodist. For this sum you can have both feet put into comfortable order. But if it is just one or two corns that need attention, one of the proprietary corn cures from the chemist will help you.

Another method consists of soaking the feet in hot water and special foot cubes, or alternatively in a solution of Epsom Salts. These should be added to the warm water in the proportion of 1 oz. to 1 quart. If the corn is not too old it may be rubbed off after several applications.

**Cutting**

The chiropodist works by finely removing the half-skin of a corn. It is wiser not to try this process for yourself, for it is very easy to slip up a sep slippery toe in this way. But I know full well that however much I may say against this practice, there are quite a lot of my readers who will go on cutting their own corns.

Very well, but be scrupulously clean and careful about it, and be quite sure that you are using a proper chiropody knife instead of operating with a razor. You can get quite a good knife for about 4s. 6d. from any of the large stores. Keep this knife solely for its special purpose and sterilise it before each time of use.

Before starting, bathe the feet in warm water and touch the corn with a swab of cotton wool soaked in 10 per cent. hydrochloric acid. This will soften it. Trim off the hard skin with a slicing action of the knife. Do it very finely without cutting deep. Do not attempt to take too much away.

Remove as much of the hard centre as possible with the point of the knife, remembering that it is extremely sharp and that it is very easy to draw blood. When the paring is finished, touch the corn again with pectone, wrap a wisp of lint around it or dust with boracic powder and fix a corn ring so that the stockiness does not come into contact with the pared surface.

Supporting your corn has a dark discolouration about it. This is known as a blood corn owing to the congested blood beneath the skin. This deficiency must not be touched by amateur hands. You must consult an expert.

**Soft Corns**

Soft corns are dreadfully painful. They usually appear where two skin surfaces come into contact. These should be treated each day by touching with a stick of silver nitrate. You may buy this from any chemist. Ask the chemist also to make you up a soothing ointment consisting of equal parts of oxide of zinc and vaseline. Apply this to the toe and wrap it around with a wisp of sterilised sheep's wool. This too comes from chemists.

Some soft corns should be treated professionally. These are corns with a yellow opaque skin and there may or may not be an abscess present. Do not touch such a corn in any circumstances. The hard skin under the foot, which makes walking painful, should also be finely brushed with the chiropody knife. If it isn’t painful let it alone. This skin often forms a protection when the arches of the feet tend to drop. This skin should never be allowed to become really thick. The simplest way of dealing with it is to treat it with a pumice stone after the bath. In this way it never becomes excessive or troublesome.

Toe nails need to be manicured as carefully as finger nails. To do the job comfortably, place your foot on a cushioned rest slightly higher than your chair.

First of all file the nails. An oval shape tends to cause ingrowing toe nails. The nail should be slightly longer than the toe. Finish with an emery board to smooth off rough edges so that they cannot spoil your stockings. It is so easy to start a ladder with a rough nail.

When you have finished the nails of one foot, place it in a ready filled foot bath of warm soapy water, while you attend to the other foot. When you put in the second foot, dry the first one, and give a generous application of cuticle cream, and gently push around the nails with the shaped end of a fresh orange stick. Leave this foot and come to the other. Then carefully remove the cuticle on the first foot. Do this carefully and not too much at a time, for if your toe nails are accustomed to this treatment, the cuticle is very easily inflamed and made sore.

When it has gently been pressed back, give the foot a good dose of talcum powder. If you like coloured toe nails, apply the varnish. The brightest of all the more attention do you call to your feet on the beach. If they are not as good looking as you would wish, choose a delicate pink. If you use a brighter tint, see that it matches your finger nails. Give the nail two applications and take the tint right to the edge.

**Talkie Title Tales**

The weekly prize of a half guinea is awarded to H. Thompson, 55 Summer Street, Walkerhill, York.

Unearthed Hour
Rich Man’s Foam
Breach of Promise
Hush Money
Prizes of a half guinea each are awarded to

Miss P. Hurst, “Lynwood,” Sa Church Hill Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex, for —

The Richest Girl in the World
Kidnapped
If Had to Happen
Poor Little Rich Girl

Miss E. Harding (April 13), 24 Jellioe Road, Tottenham, N.17, for —

You’re Telling Me
The Devil is a Woman
Mother’s Mother
In Person

Mrs. E. Hayman, Angley, No. 3 Bath Road, Ventnor, I.O.W., for —

Woman Wanted
In Approval
The Man Who Changed His Mind

W. Foreman, 58 Clifton Road, Paignton, Devonshire, for —

Brewer’s Millions
Millions in the Air
Too Many Millions

As you can see, the idea of “Talkie Title Tales” is to reward the title holder in order to make a short story.

Address entries to the publisher

**In Pictures, Markitt House, Bow Street, W., 1.**

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

Guy Beacons.
TIDY HAIR
comes naturally
with a
GENUINE
'HALO'
Regd.
REAL HUMAN HAIR NET
SOLD BY
Boots

CHEMISTS
Also sold by Hairdressers, Drapers and Stores, etc.
If unable to obtain, please write direct to:
STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
Carshalton, Surrey

MEANS EVERYTHING FOR
THE HAIR

WANTED
Attractive girl as demonstrator for famous beauty preparations. Experience not necessary but must have exceptional looks and personality. Not over 25. Apply, enclosing recent photograph, which will be returned, to "Demonstrator," c/o PICTUREGOER Advt. Dept., 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

6 REASONS WHY
S U-CAN ARE BETTER

Su-Can have no unsightly knots, but a sewn loop that is quickly and easily detachable, does not ruck or cause friction.
The roll pad is smaller, more comfortable and gives added absorbence. And the waterproof protective back ensures complete protection. Yet Su-Can cost no more than other towels. You want the utmost value—so why not try Su-Can next time?

PRICES:
1/2, 1 1/2, 2 1/2, and 3 1/2 (in cartons of 12)
Also in 6d. packets, in 14d., 1 1/2d., 1 3/4d. sizes

THE IDEAL SOLUBLE HYGIENE

COUPON—To Miss Haynes, 168 Old St., London, E.C.1. Please send me Free samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels
NAME
(If Block Letters)
ADDRESS
S.S.

id. stamp sufficient if envelope unstamped

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JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6d * 25 for 10d

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
"THE PICTUREGOER'S" GREAT PRESENTATION for every reader

Below is a reduced illustration of the superb 21-piece Tea Set.

GREAT PRESENTATION CASH-SAVING OPPORTUNITY
Six lovely Silver-Plated Tea Spoons sent with your Tea Set

Would you like a Set of Six handsome afternoon Tea Spoons sent to you with your 21-piece Tea Set?

These Tea Spoons are A1 quality and Sheffield-made. Each spoon is beautifully plated with gleaming Silver and on each handle there is embossed a handsome decorative design that enriches the spoons and gives a touch of distinction. The spoons are superbly finished with a clear mirror-polish.

We will gladly include these six superb Tea Spoons in your parcel if you wish—as long as supplies are available. The small amount you are asked to send extra for these Tea Spoons is shown on your Presentation Voucher on the opposite page—it is a very special price, only possible through special arrangements.

This unique cash saving offer is entirely optional and is being made specially to applicants for the Tea Set.

When filling in your Reservation Form and Voucher be sure to indicate if you wish to take advantage of this Cash Saving Offer and to enclose the necessary additional remittance with your completed Voucher when you send it in.
Here's Thrilling News! This week, to celebrate its ever-increasing progress and popularity “Picturegoer” announces a great new Presentation to every one of its readers. You are invited to accept a magnificent 21-piece TEA SET—a masterpiece of the potter's art that will give you a thrill of pleasure when the whole set, with its smart lines and handsome finish, is gleaming on your table. This is the only opportunity that will be provided for you to participate in this great Presentation. The Reservation Form on right below will not be published next week. Apply at once.

Here is a Presentation that will be universally popular. This Tea Service is something extra special. It is just the kind of Tea Service which the woman who is proud of herself is looking out on special occasions. Every piece is made by a British potter—modern—beautifully designed and fashioned in high-grade semi-porcelain. Each piece is embossed with artistic fancy moulding trimmed with coral red and is further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

The complete Set comprises 21 pieces, which include six cups, six saucers, six plates, bread and butter plate, sugar basin and milk jug.

As a special surprise in this great offer the “Picturegoer” has arranged a special additional Presentation of a Set of Six Handsome Silver Plated Tea Spoons. The supply of these Tea Spoons is limited and this additional offer is open only to readers who qualify for the Tea Set. Details are given on opposite page.

Your VOUCHER IS ON RIGHT.

In order to make it as easy as possible for you to get your Tea Set your Presentation VOUCHER is in your hands now—it is actually printed on the right. There is nothing to do over that quality according to the simple directions given.

Do This Now! The very first thing to do is to fill in the Reservation Form on right below. This reserves your 21-piece Tea Set in your name and MUST be sent to us at once. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY with the Reservation form. Be sure to indicate whether you wish a Set of Silver Plated Tea Spoons to be reserved for you as well.

On receipt of the Reservation Form “Picturegoer” Weekly will set aside in your name your 21-piece Tea Set (and Set of Teaspoons if desired), ready for dispatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately upon your completed Voucher is received. You are asked to keep your Presentation Voucher carefully and to affix to it 6 tokens, “Plain” series, from 6 separate issues of “Picturegoer Weekly.” You can begin this week with Token No. 1 which appears in the bottom left corner of the back cover of this issue.

Remember—all you send for your Tea Set with your completed Voucher is 4/3. which includes carriage, packing and insurance against breakage, etc. What a Presentation! You'll be sorry indeed if you miss it.

If you wish the Set of 6 Tea Spoons included in your package, you are asked to send in 2 tokens in addition to the nominal amount of 3/6, making 6/3 in all.

Apply at Once! The only way to make certain of your 21-piece Tea Set is to fill in and post the Reservation Form on right Reserving your Set Right Away. Remember this form will NOT be published again. This is a once and only opportunity which you should seize without delay. Post Reservation Form to-day.

N.B.—Keep Voucher Carefully until You have Qualified

"Picturegoer Weekly"

Presentation Voucher

For 21-piece Tea Set


Important. Tokens you are asked to cut out from six separate weekly issues of "Picturegoer Weekly," and affix to space below. Use gum or paste, NOT pins.

1 4
2 5
3 6

P.O. Number... Value... Date...

Give your name and address on the back of your P.O., cross & Co., and make payable to "Picturegoer Weekly." Write clearly below in block letters.

Name... Address...

Simple Directions

Your Reservation Form below must be posted at once. This reserves your Tea set in your name. Be sure to indicate whether you desire to accept the special offer of a Set of Six Handsome Silver Plated Tea Spoons, for which you should send in 2 tokens in addition to your Reservation Voucher whether or not you have accepted this Special Offer.

Above is the Presentation Voucher. To qualify, cut out the token "Plain" series from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "Picturegoer Weekly." Do this with 6 separate weekly issues. Tokens eligible are the "Plain" series. Applicable may continue from No. 1 in this issue. No other Series of Tokens Will be Accepted. Having collected 6 tokens from 6 separate weekly issues of "Picturegoer Weekly" complete the Presentation Form and send it to the address shown on the Voucher and you will receive your 21-piece Tea Set for 4/3, including carriage, packing, insurance against breakage in transit, etc., to the address given on the Voucher. If you accept the special offer of 6 Tea Spoons also, include the additional nominal sum of 3/6, making 6/3 in all.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. Do not send loose money. Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "Picturegoer Weekly" and cross it A Co. Upon receipt of your properly completed Presentation Voucher, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your Tea set will be sent to you without delay.

You may quality for more than one Tea Set and so Set will be awarded to more than one family of the same family living at the same address.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charge that may be levied.

Cut Here.

Send No Money With This Form

"Picturegoer Weekly" 21-piece Tea Set

Reservation Form

This form reserves your name a Presentation 21-piece Tea Set, and, if you wish, 6 afternoon Tea Spoons.


In accordance with your special offer, please return, in my name a Presentation 21-piece Tea Set. I have also indicated below whether I desire to accept your Special Te Spoon Offer.

You must cross out below section not required.

(1) 21-piece tea set.

(2) 21-piece tea set and set of 6 tea spoons.

Note.—You may send this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a half-penny stamp. Do not enclose any cash or correspondence.

Reader’s Signature...

Address...

This Special Reservation Form must be received by NOT later than FIRST POST THURSDAY, JULY 25th. Picturegoer, 18/7/36.
MINUTES TO WAIT—SO

Mine’s a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

IN TINS
30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/-

IN BOXES
15 for 6d * 25 for 10d

THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE
FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK
This darling of the fans is likely also to be the darling of ten thousand troops who will be her fellow members of the cast of the new Gaumont-British film exploiting the British Army. She is to play a sergeant-major's daughter, opposite John Loder.
Is coarse skin spoiling your loveliness?

Does your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost any woman’s skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Jean Parker’s skin looks! Her skin is flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with Lux Toilet Soap. And you can do the same! Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap has a quick-acting beauty lather that dissolves these scales, clears away coarse skin and reveals the smooth young skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Sold at all grocers, chemists and dealers, 3d. a tablet. (This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.)
ALL THE GOSSIP

THIS week, while paying a high tribute to showmanship, we can also claim no mean showmanship ourselves in presenting to you with this issue of PICTUREGOER the finest free supplement ever issued by a film magazine. This is a proud boast, and we are proud to be able to substantiate it.

The fascinating story of the greatest film organisation in the world, told enthrallingy in articles expressly written by the head of M.-G.-M. in this country, and illustrated by photographs specially sent from America, is presented to you in thirty-two pages of photogravure.

This magnificent free gift, exclusive to PICTUREGOER, in addition to the unbeatable value that PICTUREGOER readers regularly receive for their 2d., must surely explain (if explanation were necessary) why PICTUREGOER is the most popular and successful film magazine in the world.

The Best Publicity

PICTUREGOER has a remarkably loyal public, which is increasing by leaps and bounds; and we cannot pretend to be surprised at that, for we follow the principle laid down by Addison: "Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

Many a showman has discovered to his benefit that the best publicity obtainable is word-of-mouth publicity.

But this is not confined to show-business; ask any successful business man what he considers his best advertising medium, and—if he is honest—he will answer: "A satisfied customer."

There is (fortunately for us) a great deal of kindness among the people of these islands, which makes them unwilling to keep a good thing to themselves.

And when some hundreds of thousands of readers begin boasting to their friends about the marvellous value that PICTUREGOER offers, you can imagine the rush there will be for future issues—and the number of regular readers who will bear with dismay the dismal answer, "Sold out!"

The moral is—place a regular order with your newsagent. It's safer.

New Stars

Stars are the ammunition of the film industry—and certainly the munition factories of Hollywood have been keeping the studios well supplied with camera-fodder during the last twelve months.

I have just been glancing at the official lists issued by the Hollywood studios, of names which have been actually starred in America for the first time since July, 1935.

And I use the word "star" in the strict technical sense of a player whose name is billed larger than the title of the film.

Here are the new-fledged stars, classified by studios.

Paramount have promoted Fred MacMurray, Jan Klepura, Gladys Swarthout, and Madeleine Carroll.

Radio have made one solitary appointment to stellar rank in a twelvemonth, and so have Universal; Radio's is Lily Pons, on the strength of one picture, I Dream Too Much, and Universal's is Edward Arnold.

Tone's Rise

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have starred Jack Benny (solely on account of his success in the importance of "Good Morning, Mr. Knight"), E.leaning Paley, and Ben Lyon.

Western have promoted Barbara Stanwyck, and M-G-M have rewarded two players with stardom—chiefly for their work in These Three; Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea.

It has been expected that Franchot Tone, who (Continued on page 8)
Breakfast can wait! Carole Lombard and Preston Foster in a scene from "Love Before Breakfast."

(Continued from page 7)

has made an amazing leap forward in popular favour in the last three years, would be starred by nature as a matter of fact he has been, but not by his "home" studio, M-G-M.

His elevation took place while he was on loan to Columbia; and Columbia have (very intelligently) listed stars of two other gifted players — Jean Arthur and Peter Lorre.

Lucky Loan

Twentieth Century-Fox have done the same thing for another M-G-M. player as Columbia did for Tone—raised her to stardom while she was "on loan"; the lucky girl is Rosalind Russell.

Other Twentieth Century-Fox "promotees" of the year were Warner Oland (who has had it coming to him for a long time), Edward Everett Horton, Jane Withers (who has thus joined the extremely select band of genuine child stars, of whom the other two are Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper), Rochelle Hudson (one of the most appealing of the studio’s younger bunch), Claire Trevor, Irvin S. Cobb, and (at last, and not a minute before it was due) Jean Hersholt.

And, to complete the list of studios, at Burbank the Warner Brothers have lifted into the seats of the mighty Pat O’Brien (George of that name was already a star—for Twentieth Century-Fox), Gene Raymond (a popular choice), and Jean Muir.

Whence?

It’s interesting to note where all these new stars come from.

Of the whole twenty-seven (with the permission of the Dionne Ladies, I am counting them as one, since they are starred only as a team), only three were stars in other branches of the entertainment profession and came straight to films during the year; two of these—Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout—were Metropolitan Opera stars, and Jack Benny was a very big personality in radio. Practically the whole of the other two dozen were players who had been in films for some time, and had gradually qualified for their present high place.

The Dionne Ladies were the prominent exception; they had not been anywhere for any length of time, and only qualified by arriving in a party.

This advent of twenty-seven new stars to the firmament rather more than maintained the supply, for twenty names had dropped out of stellar billing since the previous year; so we are seven stars to the good.

Vanished Twenty

However, in connection with the vanished twenty, it’s only fair to point out that some came to Hollywood for only one or two pictures and then returned by pre-arrangement to other spheres of activity; the rest have reverted to "featured player" status.

Ben Bernie (who figured only in Thank Your Stars) went back to the stage and the "air"; Noel Coward came to London to play in his own one-act play; Jimmy Savo returned to vaudeville; Tim McCoy became a circus star—the first important new name to get on to the circus bills for years.

Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore had made comebacks to stardom the previous year, but failed to stay the course.

Marcel Chevalier came to England to play in The Beloved Vagabond; Ramon Novarro came to do a stage play in London; and Richard Barthelmess went to New York to play on the stage in The Postman Always Rings Twice, and thence to Elstree for a film.

Richard Arlen came over to play in The Great Barrier at Shepherd’s Bush, and Tulio Carminati came to feature in The Three Maxims. That accounts for eleven out of the twenty who had dropped out of American stardom by this time last year.

Come-Backs

The other nine are made up as follows:

Randolph Scott, Lee Tracy (who blotted his copybook while on location in Mexico by making a violent political speech from his balcony), Dorothy Wack, Sally Eilers, Chester Morris, Aline MacMahon (but she is headed for stardom again), Henry Hull, Claude Rains, and Guy Kibbee.

As against Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, two old-timers retained their stardom, who had made a triumphant come-back the year before: Lawrence Tibbett and Adolph Menjou.

This list, of course, does not take into account the numerous American players who have star billing in America for films they made in England.

This class includes Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Phillips Holmes, Fay Wray, Noah Beery, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Vinson, Madge Evans, Richard Dix, Robert Young, Nils Asther, and Constance Cummings; and two "Brittishers" whom the Americans have come to regard as their own—George Arliss and Elissa Landi.

Then there are three from this side of the Atlantic who have had their first star-billinging in America, but in European-made films—Conrad Veidt, Harry Baur, and Robert Donat.

No, I hardly think we need fear any shortage of star material for a while.

High, Wide, and Handsome

And yet, strange as it may seem, there has lately been a certain slowing-up of the supply in one department—that of outsize leading men.

The tendency towards six-foot heroes who have to turn sideways to walk through a narrow doorway has been less marked during the last year; it’s a throwback, of course, to the muscular h-e-men of the early cowboy films, but nowadays a candidate has to know something about acting as well.

You can appreciate the demand when you realise how many six-feet heroes have leapt into favour during the last year or two—Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Michael Whalen, Randolph Scott, Henry Fonda, Patrick Knowles, and Ian Hunter.

And some, less well known, but making a strong bid for your favour, are Barton MacLane, Dick Foran, Warren Hull, Gordon Elliott, Craig Reynolds, Dick Purcell, and James Milton—six-footers all.

It looks like a big year for big men.

On the Cover

However, they needn’t all be handsome, as we witness the case of Spencer Tracy, who shares this cover with Sylvia Sidney this week.

Here we have two players who establish conclusively the important principle that you needn’t be either an Adonis nor a Venus to make good in films.

His worst enemy would not accuse Spencer Tracy of being handsome; and classical beauty

Our Beautiful Presentation Reader

There are cups, six saucers, six plates, bread and butter plate, sugar basin and milk jug.

Irresistible! That is what you will say when you see this tea set on your table, and to think that it is so easily obtainable! Turn to pages 2 and 3 and see how simple the Presentation Reader has made this glorified Vostoration. Be sure to send in at once the form which reserves one of these Tea Sets in your name. There is not a minute to lose. This is a once only opportunity. The Reservation Form published on pages 2 and 3 will appear again. So hurry! Turn to the Presentation Reader’s Announcement on pages 2 and 3 and act to-day.
is a quality to which Sylvia Sidney would certainly not lay claim. But they both have interesting faces, and likeable faces; and they know how to make those faces reflect what they are thinking without "making faces"—a very difficult art; and they know how to exploit their own individual qualities to the full—Tracy his rugged masculinity and Sylvia her frail physique combined with a driving inner force.

In their first film together, Fury, they both have a chance to take full advantage of their gifts; and Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney are not the kind of people to miss any chances.

The 'Skeeters Won

Last week I was telling you about the daily routine followed by the Twentieth Century-Fox Ramona unit on location at Warner Hot Springs—and, if you remember, I envied them aloud.

This week I had a letter from the director, Henry King, which suggests that all has not been as halcyon as it seemed.

The first attempt to make technicolor night shots for Ramona, he tells me, ended in the precipitate flight of more than 200 movie workers.

The technicians and players, headed by Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Katherine DeMille and Pauline Frederick, were lining up for a moonlight shot in an open area close to Lake Henshaw.

Scores of great lights were concentrated on the set when suddenly a deluge of mosquitoes swarmed on the scene, clouding out the brilliance of the lamps.

Every insect in this most lush of all California sites flitted about the lights, causing a hasty and undignified exit by the movie makers.

"We pulled switches and beat it as fast as we could," says King. "In all my experience of making pictures I never witnessed a phenomenon quite like it."

Trouble in Texas

Ramona, however, is not the only production to have suffered recently from location difficulties.

Snow has stepped in to harass King Vidor's troupe of film players making The Texas Rangers on the plains of Texas and New Mexico.

A storm hit Gallup, New Mexico, 7,000 feet above sea level, and forced the company to wrap up cameras and stay indoors for three days.

Meanwhile in St. Mary's Hospital, Gallup, Fred MacMurray, playing the lead, battled against a throat and lung infection caused by swirling dust storms the week before.

Vidor, too, was in bed, also suffering from an affected throat, which was caused by the silt stirred up in Wildcat Canyon by the hundreds of horses being used in portraying battles between the Rangers and several tribes of Indians.

A Lad With Punch

I've been hearing very well lately of husky young Fred MacMurray, whom you will find figuring on our centre-spread this week.

He's rapidly qualifying for the title of fist champion of Hollywood—and the energy and enthusiasm he puts into those fights makes him a favourite with everyone except his opponents.

Averaging a fight a picture, Fred has become so accustomed to combat that he automatically looks for the fight scene whenever a new script is handed to him.

He certainly got a whole long way ahead of his average in The Texas Rangers, the new Paramount frontier spectacle which he recently completed.

The company went on location to film an historic battle scene between Indians and Texas Rangers, the original of which took place on the Texas plains in 1876. The battle got under way when Governor James Allred of Texas directed the first scene by long distance telephone, and it was far and away the toughest of MacMurray's many tough battles.

It Takes Nerve

Fighting on horseback, as he must do in The Texas Rangers, is a new form of combat for "Champ" MacMurray. He has been a horseback rider most of his life, but not until he reached

Gallup did he ever fight Indians. This did not dismay him, however. He milled through a band of 250 yelling and whooping Navajo and Zuni Indians with all the aplomb of an old-time Ranger.

MacMurray's work in the fight scene won Director King Vidor's praise.

"It takes a lot of nerve to mix it with those Indians, even if it is only supposed to be a movie battle," Vidor said. "The bullets may be blanks, but even blanks can hurt at close range."

This didn't seem to worry Fred, though. He deserves a lot of credit for the way he did the close-action battle scenes. And Oakie, too, for that matter. I'd pick them any time if I were a Ranger captain and had to fight Indians."

Three to One

Whereas the bulk of MacMurray's previous movie battles were hand-to-hand affairs, all the fights in The Texas Rangers are with guns, except for an exciting fist encounter with Nolan. MacMurray engages in the Indian battle, in frontier riots and stage-coach hold-ups for the rest of the time.

This rising young man's most difficult battle up to now was in The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, wherein he engaged three hillmen with what dire results.

He fought Ray Milland in The Gilded, encountered bank robbers in Car 99, captured gangsters in Men Without Names, punched several different people in Hands Across the Table and The Bride Comes Home, and engaged in a terrific brawl with Allan Baxter in 13 Hours By Air.

He even had a fight in The Princess Comes Across, which he just finished before going into The Texas Rangers. His only fightless picture was Alice Adams, but the Ranger film will make up for that.

The Mild West

But it is by no means unanimously agreed that The Texas Rangers is a mild picture. The Last of the Mohicans, for instance, declare that the Wild West is wild no more. Strong hands that grasped a six-shooter now cares a guitar. Voices that once scared the bad man now croon sadly that "the days of the West are through."

And what of the dreaded Redskin? According to a dispatch from Hollywood, he, too, has fallen a victim to civilisation. The unit shooting exteriors on location for the Mohicans film found it necessary to take a rover scout with them to initiate the Indian extras into the mysteries of woodcraft and the art of starting fires with flint and steel and by friction!

Worst of all, consternation was caused one day by a bonneted chieftain riding up to the director and declaring bitterly, "Lookit, boss, I'm dam fed up with playing Indians; I'm gonna quit!"

GUY BEACON.
GLANCING BACKWARD

By PAUL MUNI

One of the screen's most famous character actors who will be seen soon in The Good Earth, tells you how he won fame in New York and Hollywood.

My parents were strolling players in Austria, where I was born. Before I was five years old I had accompanied them to such countries as Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Russia.

We came to America when I was about seven and I will never forget our arrival. The joy of my father and mother at the new land was something long to remember. We settled in New York for a few years, where I went to public schools. From there we went to Cleveland. Always, my parents were connected with the theatre. They thought and talked of nothing else. As a consequence, I absorbed the lingo of the stage and something of its history.

My father was a producer in a very small way. A rather sad, idealistic man, he managed and acted in his productions. My mother was also an actress.

I first appeared on the stage when I was in the second year of high school. There was nothing remarkable about that I can recall. One of the actors had departed suddenly and I took his place. The play was one of the strangest that an Austrian Jew, but seven years old, could possibly produce. It had the cheerful title of Two Capes at Breakfast. It was all about a lodge in which a stage father and his wife conspired to collect the benefits due to each.

I was the president of the lodge. I wore long pants, a beard and a high silk hat. Walking on the stage I swung a cane nonchalantly. My father was of the old school of the theatre. To him all was sacred in the world of make-believe, and he saw no humour in a fourteen-year-old boy in such a role.

My mother was horrified when I refused to take off the long pants after the play. For who would consider the president of a lodge, or an actor, in knee pants?

My father had mapped another career for me. I was to be the world's greatest violinist. His income from all his theatrical adventuring was never more than forty dollars a week. Out of that amount he spent at least six on violin lessons for me. "Some day, when you become a great player, I shall buy you a Stradivarius." He would listen quietly while I made discordant music. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he would say, while my arm became tired.

I had no especially strong desire for the stage until I had impersonated the lodge president. From then on, it was the all-absorbing interest of my life. As the months passed, I no longer cared for the violin. Finally I told my father. He listened without saying a word. Boy-like, I did not realise that I had stricken him to the heart. Without a change of expression he took the violin and broke it with his hands.

The years may have given me much or little; but never the power to oblate that scene.

We never discussed the violin again. My father wanted to become a great musician. The stage was his second love. I did not return to school, but played different roles under his guidance. He was kind and helpful.

My youth was against me. There were few juvenile roles in my father's repertoire. I was soon given character roles and among them were many "old men's" parts.

My father said to me, in Yiddish, the equivalent of, "If you must be an actor, be a good one—don't be a ham." Life was not easy for him at this time. We played many shows each day. He was musician, actor, stage carpenter and prompter.

I spent ten and twelve hours a day in the theatre, making up for different roles. I had hurt my father too much to gain his complete approval, though now and then he would smile at one of my make-ups.

When another brother became a professional violinist, my father felt easier towards me.

My mother did not at all approve of my ambition to become an actor. She would often say to my father: "know, the boy cannot act." My father would seldom make comment. My mother's antagonism toward my career became so acute that we hardly spoke to each other for two years.

Though we were always very poor, my father had that passion to see his children get on in the world, so deeply inherent in the Jew. But, to his credit, he did not think of commercial careers for us.

He died from over-work and worry when I was still a young fellow.

The family disbanded after my father's death. I went to New York. In that city and its environs, I played in burlesque and vaudeville.

For ten years I wandered about the country. The experience made a deep impression upon me. My roles were many and varied.

I had then, as now, a diffidence which verged on shyness. By an odd twist of life, I had chosen a profession in which this quality was out of place. Inculcated from my father, no doubt, was a deep yearning for something fine in life. I had also absorbed the Yiddish folk lore, the hopes, the dreams and the frustrations of my people. But neither in the early days, nor afterwards, have I ever been made conscious that I was a Jew.

Always was I proud of my heritage. It was a reverter and not an arrogant pride.

With this background and long years of training, I became associated with Maurice Swartz in the Yiddish Art Theatre. Maurice Swartz was a splendid artist. As usual, I played many old men's parts, in which my years of "making-up" helped me greatly.

The fame of our little theatre spread over New York. Sam Harris sent for me. He wanted an actor to play the part of an old man in We Americans. When I appeared before Mr. Harris, he walked away in disgust, saying, "Why, he's just a kid!"

The man who had taken me to Mr. Harris had faith. He insisted that the producer give me a tryout. I was given the role.

Later, when George Abbott was about to produce Four Walls, he talked it over with Sam Harris. When another man in the office suggested that I be used in the play, Harris put in: "Why, Paul Muni only plays old man parts!".

Such is the irony and the danger of too much concentration in the theatre.

At this period, as before, I did not consider "getting on" in my work. The role of the moment was sufficient for me. It took all that I had and if time were left, I would spend it in the theatre.

Later, I had a chance to appear in Humoresque. I could play the violin and, as I was still quite young, the role was considered ideal for me. An appointment was made for me to meet Miss Laurette Taylor, the star of the play, in the office of George C. Tyler, the producer.
As she was to appear as the mother of the young violin player chosen, she had insisted on the interview.

Miss Taylor was ten minutes late, when I started to leave the secretary said, with astonishment: "Aren't you going to wait for Miss Taylor?"

"No," I replied. "I did not ask to see her—she wanted to interview me."

I may have been considered independent, when I was really diffident at meeting such a famous woman.

In the same manner I avoided appearing in the film, when in 1927 first came to Hollywood I protested against being made a star. Blended with the fear of failure was that of being made ridiculous.

My arrival in Hollywood was one of complete confusion.

It was a world in which films were made like so many sausages in a row. Projected literally into a factory, when I protested against this and that scene in a film, I would be told in a superior manner, "But you're in pictures now. They're not like the stage."

With all my years of intense training ruled out so casually by some parasite of the emotions, I hardly considered films as my proper medium.

Hoping for the best and deciding to put all the tewrour and technique which I possessed into each role, I was finally rewarded with what the cinema critics considered an excellent film—"I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," Turned out of the same sausage machinery as the others, it had the fundamental quality which united all hearts. It was thus a good film and a good box-office.

The story of a soul in pain had survived the machine. I was given new hope.

It is not a very difficult matter such film.

In my optimism I am reminded of the story of two young boys, one a pessimist, the other an optimist. Into the young pessimist's stockng at my Christmas went roller skates, a knife and a horn. Into the young optimist's stockng the parents put a horsehoe.

When the boys were down to breakfast they were asked what Santa Claus had given them. The pessimist replied, "Oh, I got a pair of roller skates that are no good, a knife that's too dull to cut, and a horn that won't blow."

"And what did Santa Claus give you?" the beaming optimist was asked. "Well," was the joyful reply, "he gave me a pony, but it got away."

And so, no matter what I find in my Hollywood Christmas stockng, I will always feel like the boy whose pony got away.

Much can be done in films now and then, perhaps more by accident than design, an excellent film appears.

At present, in spite of all its claims, the film is more limited than the stage. Its audience contains many more millions. Therefore, the player must be more obvious. He must try to reach the man of the world and the six-year-old child.

It would not be possible at the present time to film "Tobacco Road" with the masterful, even genius-touched acting of Henry Hull. When I saw the performance of Mr. Hull in this play during the last New York season, I came away with a feeling of awe at what sincere artistry could accomplish.

Henry Hull is none of the things which he portrayed in the pittiful southern character. But he crawled into the very heart of the man and gave what was left of his soul.

Perhaps only in Russia are there groups of actors capable of being compared as a whole to Henry Hull. But we are growing, and the fact that such a play can run so long in New York is an excellent sign for the stage, and, I hope, the screen.

It is the humorous aspect of Hollywood which always intrigues me. More than anywhere else, the millionaire of to-day may be the down and outer of to-morrow. One member of a family may be affluent while others are penniless. Those in want make first claim on the more fortunate. George Jessell tells the story of a destitute brother meeting one quite wealthy at a preview.

"I see you're wearing a new necktie," he exclaimed, "while I haven't even got a baby grand piano."

And there was the actor who returned to New York last winter after ten years in Hollywood, who told how terrible the film city had turned out to be. "One works his heart cut," he explained, "and at the end of a few years all he has is a lousy fortune."

The same actor at the end of twenty years on the stage might have been making the rounds of the theatrical agencies in New York, with nothing but some high-class actors in America. Among them are Walter Huston, Lionel Barrymore, at his best, and Walter Connelly. Such men have had years of stage experience.

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The average successful film player is little more than a peacock who struts before admiring and unthinking audiences. The story in which he appears and the manner in which he does it, possibly, slightly less profound than himself.

He generally builds a distortion for a home, located always among his fellow players, people who think and talk like himself. The little room might have been copied from a De Mille move set, following three periods, and arriving at none.

That his fellow players are of such terrific sturdiness which must be combined with a Rachel, a Bernhardt or a Duse.

They wither when the wind of public favour fails to blow upon them, the film player's allure, and not his ability, may attract the millions. If Rudolph Valentino were alive, Sir Guy Standing might be placed behind the little room.

It is an industry in which too often a handful of sex appeal takes the place of great ability.

Finding worth-while material is a problem for producer and actor. My own studio has been lenient enough to give me the choice of story. This would seem all that an actor would require. On the contrary, it is only the beginning. After the story is chosen, it must be prepared by a dozen different people, all with different ideas. I am an aggressive person, and after weeks of battling with more turbulent individuals, I sometimes find myself competing against the very one who made my firm a financial proposition to let me do it. They saw otherwise for a time. Finally they allowed me to play in it.

I came into films with the desire to earn money. It was the supreme motive. My contract calls for two films a year. I could as easily appear in two more and earn twice as large a salary. But that I do not wish to do.

There is a certain loss in all success; a loss for which I cannot find a simple life and my wants are few. My wife and I have been together for fourteen years. We are happy in each other's company, and we still find luxury in a sunset, which is rather inexpensive.

Neither I, I am very concerned about universal acclaim. I often go to see films in which there are widely celebrated players who receive praise from all sides. Knowing defineable limitations, I realise all too well that if the public can be wrong about them, it is quite possible for them to be wrong about me.

I have two regrets so far as my work goes—one is that I have never been able to play a role to my complete satisfaction, and the other is that my father did not live to see the boy who gave up the music achieve in some slight measure the chimeras of success in an art to which he had devoted all his life.

My mother is no more. She was a kindly, and sometimes stern, critic of my screen efforts. In coming from a preview, she said: "Son— you are a very clever boy, I always knew that you would succeed as an actor."

"Why, Mother—don't you remember telling my sister she was a nice girl?"

"You are mistaken, son; it must have been one of your aunts—for no one ever had more formidable memories than I."

She paused for a moment, then said with conviction: "You're my son."

We rode on in silence. Finally I saw her stop.
Tangerine-coloured gauntlet gloves with purse to match form perfect accessories for Ginger Rogers' dark blue blister crepe dress.

Heavy natural-coloured linen lace makes up this summer frock taken from the star's personal wardrobe. The linen, which is used to bind the collar, the short puffed sleeves, the hem, and the narrow belt, is further carried out in the sandals.

Are You Ginger Rogers' Type?

Interesting pocket treatment features the navy blue crepe street dress on the right. These pockets are crescent-shaped and gathered on the collar and cuffs are white crepe trimmed in bands of braid in two shades of blue. A cluster of multi-coloured flowers trim the piquant little heart-shaped hat which is of fine straw in a blue to match the gown.

A piece of summer sky describes the voluminous blue crepe cape worn on the left with a simple white formal dress made on classic Grecian lines. Ginger Rogers' next film is "Never Gonna Dance," in which she will co-star with Fred Astaire.

A black lace frock strictly tailored spells smartness and is as new as Ginger's latest dancing step. The black lace is contrasted by the crisp white pique collar, jabot and cuffs. The accessories are black patent, her hat of the modified fez type, of heavy ribbed silk, draped with wide-meshed veil held on top by a flat decorative bow of white.
ALL interviews do not pan out exactly as anticipated, as is proved by this frustrated attempt to interview Nancy Carroll by Max Breen

POLICEMAN'S lot," melodiously sang W. S. Gilbert with the help of his buddy Sullivan, 

"is not a happy one—ha-pee-one."

Well, I've had precious little experience of policing, except the kind that deals with the ebony-hued natives of various furin parts. Still, I should think they have their good moments as well as their bad; come to that. I wonder what Gilbert (and/or Sullivan) would have thought about the interviewer's lot?

Usually it's swell, but just now and then it's so exasperating you could quit—if the pay were not so good.

And sometimes, but not very often, it's the oddest mixture of the swell and the exasperating, and then you don't know what to do about it.

Interviewing Nancy Carroll was like that. Hearing she was in Town, and knowing she was an intriguing personality, I telephoned her at her very swaggar hotel in Park Lane. I'm not telling you which, not because I grudge it a little free publicity (it's a most excellent hotel) but for a reason which will become apparent if you have the patience and tenacity to read on.

As I say, I telephoned her, and as I say, I went on telephoning her—for days. But do you think I could catch her? No sir.

Either she had given strict instructions at the desk not to disturb her until she gave the word "Go," and then forgotten to give the word "Go"—or else she was out. Or both.

Usually I fancy it was both.

However, after developing a bad case of telephone ear, at last I had speech with her. An intriguingly interrogative voice, she said: "Sure, I remember you." (A lie, but what a charming lie!) "Don't you want to come over here and have a little lunch with me to-day?"

I went over.

"Suite 436," said the desk. "No reply, sir—perhaps you'd better go up."

I went up. "I think Miss Carroll must be down in Suite 364, sir," said the chambermaid.

I went down. And a blue-eyed, red-headed vision, beautifully tailored, emerged and closed the door gratifyingly behind her, as though concealing an illicit still or a coined bank. "Why, I do remember you," she said, with transparent surprise. And we became friends.

Yes, it's as quick as that with Nancy Carroll; I suppose it's the full measure of Irish blood in her veins. One glance at you, and she sizes you up, and she's either friends or not friends.

For my part, I found her as refreshing as an oasis, as elusive as a sunbeam—and as vague as a mirage; with the prettiest profile in London.

We sat at a table overlooking Hyde Park, and I began to do my stuff.

"Tell me," I said, "why have you sneaked in on us like this, without letting anyone know?"

"Picked herring?" murmured a waiter, reverently.

"No picked herring?" she said, not at all vaguely. "Well, you see, I just thought I'd come, and came, and there it was. I want lots of hors d'oeuvre, please."

"So do I," I agreed. "It's too hot to eat. ...

How do you pronounce your real name?"

"La Hire—just as spelled," she informed me. "I suppose really it ought to be Eef, but... Oh, I want some of those shrimps in white stuff—like clay, you know?"

"Parfaisement, madame! J'ai!" and three waiters went scampering away due north, east, and south, searching devotedly for shrimps in clay.

"And do you—?" I began.

"You will drink, m'sieu?"

We considered seriously and deliberately the matter of drinks, but this momentous question settled, I returned to the attack.

"And do you?"

I began, watching out of the corner of my eye a trio of men of assorted ages, shapes, sizes, and colouring, who were making their way purposefully over to our table.

"Hullo," they all said, "fancy seeing you!"

"Well," said her flushed friend. Nancy explained. "We're not intruding?" said Interloper One, with the intonation that anticipates the answer. "No," and muting the action to the intonation, they all sat down and ordered drinks.

While the talk was in full spate, I passed her a brief biography of herself, and a pencil.

Beginning with a discussion between Interlopers Two and Three, she crossed out "one of twelve children," and wrote, "since divorced," after the name of her second husband, and said she was going to buy a car.

"I know a top-hole place to buy cars," Interloper One observed, producing a card from his pocket as suddenly as an Arizonian poker player producing an ace of spades.

"Oh, thank you," she said eagerly, and I could see he had practically sold her a car.

"Are you staying long here?" I ventured.

"I'm looking for a flat," she said, and before the words were out of her mouth Interloper Two had produced another card, that of some friends of his who would be willing to let their top-hole flat. I expect she's living in it by now.

"You're looking artfully well," I mentioned, intending artfully to discover whether a diet of shrimps in clay was responsible.

"I feel a mess," she said frankly. "I've got to find a beauty-specialist."

This time a card was flipped out in a manner which reminded me of Bret Harte's line in his sleeves, which were long, he had twenty-four packs.

"I wish you'd try this woman," said Interloper Three fervently, "she's top-hole."

Yeah, I'll bet ten per cent, he wished it. ...

"What are your immediate plans?" I enquired, clutching desperately at my interview which was rapidly becoming a Sales Convention.

"Well, I'm going to drive to Scotland," she began, and my instinct told me that her three acquaintances had interests in hotels, guest-houses, and garages stretching from here to John O' Groats. And my instinct was right.

Suddenly someone mentioned Carl Brisson—in connection with his enormous white car.

"Oh, do you know Carl?" Nancy Carroll exclaimed. "He's here—upstairs. His suite's next to mine. Let's go right up and see him."

We went up, but Carl wasn't in.

"Oh, that's too bad. Do you mind waiting a minute?"

She went into the room from which she had first emerged so stealthily, which was darkened, and passed through it into another, suggesting I should wait in the first room.

When my eyes became used to the gloom, I descried a large-eyed child of ten in bed.

"Hullo!" I said. "Not feeling so well?"

"Measles," she explained. "but the doctor says I can get up for a little while on Monday."

Nancy returned just then, arranged pillows, embraced her offspring, and led me out.

"Measles?" I said sternly.

"We smuggled them in through the Customs, I guess," she said penitently, a devastating dimple coming and going. "The hotel people didn't want us to stay here, but I pointed out we couldn't have our measles in the street; so I took another suite for myself upstairs."

Now you see why I didn't name the hotel; if I did, there would probably have to be all kinds of fumigations and things, greatly inconveniencing the management and Miss Carroll. "And I've just discovered I was due for lunchnoon at the Savoy at one o'clock," Nancy continued, "and now it's three-fifteen, so I'm afraid I'll have to run away. Au 'voir!"

Charming person. I'd like to interview her some time.
Carl Brisson took a daily dip in this swimming pool in his Beverly Hills home, which became a popular rendezvous for stars.

AMERICAN girls, I found, have an extraordinary inferiority complex when they are with Englishmen, but seem to prefer their company to that of their own men. I could only presume that this was due to the fact that Englishmen are invariably better dressed and more considerate to their partners than are the men I met in Hollywood.

The niceties of European life were singularly lacking. Good music, though to be found in abundance on the radio, is very rare, except during the two months when symphony concerts are held in the open air in the huge Hollywood Bowl.

Food and good literature are almost unknown and unrecognised, though the food that is eaten in California is most healthful, being mostly composed of salads and vegetables.

Music and literature, and other elements constituting what they call "culture" is usually purchased en bloc to give the effect of a cultural background, but is little appreciated.

The restaurants are spotlessly clean, but the food has a similarity everywhere, and only in a few of the most exclusive places is there any appreciation of fine, or well cooked food.

The male Hollywoodians made an interesting study also. They were disarmingly frank and kind, but their clothes were so startling that it was several weeks before I could accustom myself to their attire.

White, yellow and brown shoes are common and are worn with blue trousers, probably a yellow or green open-necked shirt, and a tie so brilliant that it would be visible for miles.

At first such flagrant disregard for style left me breathless, but I soon grew to appreciate the informality and comfort of the dress in California, when I got used to the bright colours.

Unfortunately, however, people in Hollywood have not learnt to draw the line between informality and immorality.

Whereas a man will probably be very smart and comfortable if he wears white sports trousers during a hot afternoon, he looks completely out of place if he dances in that attire during the evening.

Yet artists think nothing of escorting a girl, beautifully dressed in some lovely evening gown, in grey or white trousers and a sports coat.

I had not been in Hollywood long, however, when I received my first real surprise. On picking up the morning paper I was horrified to see that Greta Garbo had the previous evening tried to break into Greta Garbo's house.

The front page was decorated with a huge picture of me, and beneath it a vivid story of how I had endeavoured to break into the star's home with the intention of killing myself in her drawing-room.

The fact that I had neither any intention of paying a visit to the glamorous Miss Garbo, nor of doing away with myself, did little, however, to curb my annoyance on reading this silly story.

Of course, Greta Garbo's name had been frequently linked with mine in the papers before. The part I played in discovering her and helping her when she was still comparatively obscure, was well known. Those stories, in fact, had gone further, for we had been rumoured in love, engaged, and even married.

It was natural, therefore, that the local newspapers should consider that my first act on arriving in Hollywood would be to call on Garbo, and when this fantastic story came to their attention, they pinned it on me.

Actually, though I met most of the stars during my two years in Hollywood, in spite of our friendship in Sweden, I never saw or even spoke to Garbo whilst I was in America.

I later heard the truth. The police had arrested a man trying to gain admittance to the house of Marlene Dietrich, and a smart reporter had decided to give me the credit—but at Garbo's home.

My wife and I soon decided that we would be happier if we moved out of our hotel into a house. Hotels of a certain class in Hollywood are prohibitively expensive, whereas houses with garden and swimming pool can be rented for considerably less than an hotel suite.

So, after much searching, we found a beautiful house, which had only twice been vacated by its owner, who was a wealthy collector of old furniture. She had gone to Europe to find more pieces for her collection, and wanted to rent the house for a few months.

The only previous tenants she had had were Ethel Barrymore, the famous American actress, and F. G. Wodehouse.

But I had an reason for wanting to move out of our hotel, for not long after we had moved there, I discovered that one of my neighbours was Jeanette MacDonald, the M.-G.-M. star, whilst living in another suite above was Maurice Chevalier.

And throughout the morning these two would rehearse the songs from The Merry Widow, whilst I had to sit and think how near I had been to playing my favourite stage part on the screen.

As the rehearsals progressed Ernst Lubitsch, who was to direct the picture, would run from one room to another. Then he would drop in at our apartment, exchange a few pleasantries, and continue his work.

When we had moved, however, I discovered that our neighbours were still inclined to be musical, for only our garden wall separated us from Grace Moore.

Her songs, however, I listened to with pleasure and without the sad significance of those lovely melodies which Jeanette MacDonald sang—"1005," as we named our new home, since it was number 1005 Benedict Canyon Drive, soon became an open house to everyone. Immediately we were settled, we endeavoured to repay some of the hospitality which had been shown us during the first few weeks of our visit, and my wife's parties, being given on Danish lines, and new to the film colony, soon became quite famous.

But we had many amusing garden parties, some of which were attended by as many as two hundred people, we found that informal dinners were more pleasant to arrange and more appreciated by the people who came.

Many of our old friends from London were in Hollywood, and Constance Collier, Frank Lawton, Evelyn Laye and many others would often come in for dinner and drop in for a swim.

I remember one dinner we gave, however, most vividly. We had invited Mae West as our guest. At that time she was having a great deal of trouble with a gang of crooks, one member of whom had been arrested for stealing her jewellery.

It was a famous case and received a great deal of publicity in Hollywood at the time. Mae West had been held up, but in such a sinister way that it did not take long for the police to realise that her chauffeur had been an accomplice in the robbery. He was arrested and had to stand trial.

The gang, of which he was a member, thereupon threatened to take Mae's life if she appeared in court and gave evidence against the man.

Her attitude was truly courageous, however. She openly admitted that if someone did not testify she would be sentenced to jail, America would always be over-run with crime.

On the evening of our dinner party I was taking no chances that this gang would avail itself of the opportunity of finding Mae West away from home and unprotected, so I called the police, and department and had the house surrounded.

Throughout dinner we had police walking...
round the house, whilst Miss West's own private bodyguard never let her out of sight.

Of course, she arrived and left in her huge black bullet-proof car, a car originally built for a Chicago gangster, but only used for serving Mae West in good stead during the difficult period. She was a most amusing guest and had a fund of good stories which she told during dinner. I was very flattered at her kindness in accepting our invitation, for at that time she was naturally unwilling to be outside her own home more than was absolutely necessary. Not only was she naturally anxious to escape personal hurt, but she was well aware that should anything have happened to her, it would have cost her millions of dollars, not only in the loss of one of their biggest stars, but also because her picture was still incomplete.

Mae West was not the only film star who was threatened by gangsters. At the time of this occurrence, there was scarcely a star of importance who did not have a bodyguard, and even now, the houses of most of the important stars and especially those who have children, are guarded day and night.

There is always a watchman posted outside the houses of Marlene Dietrich, and Bing Crosby has his family guarded as if they were royalty.

I used to pity these people, and felt grateful that I was not a victim of this awful blot on American civilization.

My pity was not long lived—or, rather, it turned to self-pity—for I found myself in the same boat.

One morning there was a strange letter in my mail. It bore no address, and was written on plain white paper, placed inside a simple envelope. It was very formal and might have come from some provincial solicitor.

"We are well aware," it read, "of your present income, and your financial standing. We are also aware that you have a son. It would be a wise precaution to see that nothing happens to him, and we shall be pleased to give you the protection that you need. It will cost you twenty-five thousand dollars, which you will place in small bills in a bag, and leave at the top of Laurel Canyon. It would be very unwise and extremely dangerous to refuse."

At first I was inclined to treat the matter as a bad joke. At the same time it was true that my son Fred was living with us, and if this note were authentic, it would be very foolish to ignore it.

On talking it over with my wife, we decided that though it was probably the work of some crank with a very exaggerated sense of humour, we did not dare take any chances.

So we took the note to the police, who immediately arranged to have an empty bag taken to the place named, and carefully watched. No one, however, made any effort to pick it up.

As a result I was even more convinced that the whole thing was a bad joke, but I still did not propose to take any chances with the lives of my family or with my own.

I obtained a licence to carry a gun from the police, and thereafter whenever I left home, or went to the studio in the morning, I travelled, armed like a Chicago policeman.

In addition I employed a bodyguard in the person of a friend of mine, Duke York. Duke was one of Hollywood's most interesting characters. Heavily built, he had done about everything a man could do.

At that time he was earning his living in the precarious profession of stunt man. He had to do the things which the stars are unable to do whilst making pictures. To his lot fell the task of falling out of blazing aeroplanes, or tumbling off galloping horses.

But in spite of periodic visits to hospital, he seemed to thrive. It was an uncertain livelihood, and weeks might go by without his earning a penny. Yet in a few days he would make a huge sum.

In spite of the hazardous things that Duke used to do, his most original achievement was to be married on the stage of one of Hollywood's most important theatres.

At the time that the wedding took place, Duke was appearing in a small part in a stage show at Graumann's Chinese Theatre.

Syd Graumann has always been famous for the list of the nature of his stage presentations, and he employed a great number of people in his spectacles.

Duke fell in love with one of the girls in the show and proposed to her. She accepted and they decided to get married immediately. The cast soon knew about it, and the ears of the producer. Here, he immediately realised, was a chance for one of the biggest stage attractions he could produce.

He offered the young couple five hundred dollars if they would allow the ceremony to be performed on the stage and during a performance.

Realising how useful such a sum of money would be to start their marriage, they agreed. The day before the wedding Duke telephoned to say that he would be unable to be present at the wedding, as he had engaged in doing a lot of newspaper ballyhoo the evening for the wedding arrived. The theatre of course, was packed. Catch headlines about the "First marriage ever solemnised on a stage," etc., had brought a large and curious crowd to the theatre early.

The show was slightly changed, and appropriate music had been arranged for the occasion. A clergyman was found to officiate, and at eight o'clock, with as much pomp and ceremony as they could stage in the confines of the theatre, Duke married his young bride.

The ceremony was a great success, but the marriage soon went the way of most Hollywood matches, and ended in divorce.

Duke was a great help, though. He came to live in the house, and though we were never molested, he gave us strong moral support.

Curiously enough, however, I was to benefit by that marriage. If it had not been a silly joke—for I soon took such a keen interest in reviving the routines that I became quite a crack shot. I would often go down to the police range and practice with the Los Angeles police. And in so doing I made many good friends.

It was on these occasions that I used to get an interesting insight into the workings of the American police system, and the nerve and skill of many more than that force.

In England the gun plays little part in law enforcement, but in America it is the all-important weapon. Petty thefts and robberies, the gun goes before the policeman, and is often used before and after questions are asked.

As a result the police have to be deadly accurate with their revolvers, or they would be hit before they could get their man. I have often had the edge of a playing card, standing many yards away, with a service revolver.

In England this became such a pleasant sport to me that it became one of my favourite sports in Hollywood, and some months later the police paid me the honour of making me an honorary Lieuten at. I was presented with badge and insignia of office, a tribute seldom shown to anyone who is not an American citizen.

NEXT WEEK

My early friendships—I toss a coin for a song—Hollywood hospitality—The studio My future plans.
If only someone had told me about Odo-ro-no

You see, I was one who thought that good honest baths would settle this perspiration odour business. But the plain truth is — they don't. Directly I found that out, you can be sure I started using Odo-ro-no regularly. Now — not even my worst enemy can accuse me of perspiration unpleasantness.'

Guards freshness — saves clothes
Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—a hot evening dancing may spoil a dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too. Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to keep his hands from perspiring while he operated.

His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved safe, she began to use it — and now it has its place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both checks perspiration and prevents it smelling.

Odo-ro-no

★ Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also. Use coupon.

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Address

PREVENTS underarm perspiration and saves dresses 1/6 Also larger and smaller sizes

2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO
1. INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.  
2. REGULAR (or 'red') Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator.'

Your skin needs special care on holiday

Be generous with your vanishing cream before powdering and the sun won't make your skin dry and rough.

When you powder your face, powder your neck too, so that the sun won't give you an uneven tan.

Keep your complexion lovely with Gwen Radcliffe's beauty hints

When you're away on holiday, you go all out to get a lovely golden tan. But don't be careless and spoil your complexion. I'll tell you how to tan becomingly and yet keep your complexion safe. Use a vanishing cream that will protect you against the drying effect of the sun. Snowfire Vanishing Cream is my choice. If you always use it before powdering, it will keep your skin soft and supple. It will prevent clogged pores and blackheads, too.

Your skin is more sensitive when you're sunburned, so use Snowfire Face Powder. It is silky soft, and can't clog pores. And its secret ingredient, 'Mattex' makes it so temperature-proof that your 'matt' look lasts. For fair girls, there is Naturelle and a Peach shade—either of which should be mixed with the Sun-Tan colour when you get tanned. Brunettes can choose between Rachelle and Deep Rachelle, and change over to Sun-Tan after the sun has been at work.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream is in 3d. cases, 6d. tubes and jars and 1/3 jars. Snowfire Powder is in 3d. cases and 6d. boxes. (Keep in F.P.A.)

★ The Snowfire beauty expert ANNE ARLEN will give you advice on beauty problems. Write to her at 19. SUNNYDALE, DERBY, and remember to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply.

Snowfire VANISHING CREAM & FACE POWDER
BEBE, BUNNY, BABS and BEN

One of the pleasantest families in Filmland is visiting our shores, and is here described intimately and entertainingly

By E. G. COUSINS

Little Barbara Lyon, then, is, as pretty as a picture, and looks like her mother's, kissed by the Californian sun, and also (I've been lucky) once or twice by me. But then I knew Babs when I could almost have carried her round in my sock (I take a tolerable big sock).

That was back in California, when she was just a little round squalling caterwauling nothing, and if I'd offered you ten bucks you'd never have believed she'd grow as lovely as her mother. But she is, every bit; dark (almost black) curly hair, that keeps doing Shirley sort of things round her temple, which sounds appropriate enough, but is distracting to watch.

Also, you'd better believe she's got a microphone voice; she's been talking into the mike along with her Mamma) from Los Angeles before she left, and you could actually hear what she was saying, which isn't so usual when kids talk into the mike.

The great thrill came when the conductor on the train said: "I heard you on the radio, Miss Barbara!" Not the biggest stick of candy in the world would have been as good as that.

When I last saw Barbara, three years ago, she was what is technically known as 'a bit of a handful,' but very promising.

Now she's grown into an armful, and still making promises. But very discerning—oh, very.

For example, Clifford Mollison, in a completely transforming Harry Tate moustache, which he managed quite skilfully, wiggling it agilely from ear to ear, was dismissed scornfully as "Just Uncle Cliff hiding." (Clifford, by the way, is a particular friend of the family, having played opposite Bebe, you remember, in A Southern Maid for B.I.P. at Elstree.)

Let me tell you something symbolic about Babs. When I first met her, after three years' interval, she thought of a trick. It reminded me of Shirley Temple's remark about her duck in Curly Top—"My duck does a wonderful trick; my duck lays an egg..." Well, could you lay an egg?

Barbara's trick was a wonderful trick too. She had one. She caught hold of my two index fingers and walked solemnly up my person until she stood on my shoulders, having trampled hard on my middle en route.

And there's the symbolism. She'll be trampling hard on hearts before very many years—though not on mine, thank goodness. I'll be fossilised by then.

So much for the head of the family. Now what about her mother?

Well, Bebe doesn't change much. She's still the slim, graceful girl who married Ben Lyon in Hollywood six years ago. I remember tongues wagging at the time. "I give it three years," said the wiseacres, knowing what Hollywood does to marriages.

Just how wrong they were you can only know if you know the Lyons. I have seldom met, in Hollywood or out of it, a couple who were better matched, more devoted... or more independent.

"Where's Ben?" I asked Bebe.

"Oh, he's around," she said with that lovely confidence of the young wife who knows she has her husband's love. And she's quite right. Ben is around.

Ben Lyon has four great loves in his life: Bebe, Barbara, golf, and flying. I'd like to bracket those last two, only it's rather difficult, as one's in the air and the other on the ground. Incidentally, Ben's been amite worried lately because his golf's been a bit in the air, and his flying's been mostly on the ground, while his work (he likes to work in motion pictures once in a while) has been beneath the sea.

He hopes to put in a spot of flying while he's over here; of course, he's had his certificate in the States and been flying for over ten years; he flew the last time he was in England, too, but his British licence has expired, and he'll have to reapply before he flies again.

As for his being Beneath the Sea, that's the title of the latest film Ben played in before he left Hollywood; we should be seeing it before long.

Bebe has been out of motion pictures for quite a while, to my sorrow—simply because she's been too busily engaged "elsehow."

That's all right for the inhabitants of those United States, who have a chance to see her on the stage, but it's a bit tough on you and me.

However, she is now making amends for that by touring round Britain with Ben in their stage act, which has been a great success in America.

"Debe sings, and I fool around," Ben told me; but that's Ben's style—casual. There must be more to it than that, because they've got good box office in the country, beginning with Dublin and including the Palladium, London.

I wish them success, because they're what are known in America as "folks"—friendly, likeable, sincere.

Film stars are supposed, of course, to be charming to every one; but these two go a little farther. Remember they hadn't been over here for three years—yet on arrival this time they greeted by name all kinds of people they had known only casually.

That's pretty good.

I tried to discover whether they're going to do any film-work this trip, but their plans are too hazy at the moment, so I'll be through with this stage tour, anything might happen.

Three years ago, Bebe was inclined to stay over here because of the kidnap peril in the U.S.; but she tells me that's no longer the menace that it was.

"Since the law was passed making kidnapping a capital offence," she told me, "people are scared to try it. Even removing a child from one room to another is technically kidnapping, and is punishable with death."

"It certainly makes life a lot easier for mothers."

And mothers like Bebe make it a lot easier for picturegoers and theatregoers, so everybody's happy.

NEXT WEEK

A THRILL FOR TEA TIME

It's on pages 2 and 3—the Picturegoer's wonderful new Presentation to its readers—a beautiful 21-piece Tea Set. It can be yours if you post the Reservation Forms on pages 2 and 3 at once. Hurry!
Doctor's Amazing Discovery Brings Back Youth To Faded Wrinkled Skins

A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only have the causes of wrinkles been found, but how they may be removed. Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh, clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth, unwrinkled skin of youth.

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now obtained from carefully selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin they make it fresh and young again. These are the astounding results of research made at the University of Vienna under the leadership of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. The sole rights to the Professor's discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocal,' is to be found only in Crimea. Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, wrinkles were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—tonight! You can use the lipstick, the very same lip-stick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter. Start on having in the stars' dressing-rooms. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 6d — smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

She always relies on Camelia

Your teeth date for a strenuous final or a happy-go-lucky knock-up need never be broken if you rely on Camelia. Safe, quick, and completely INVISIBLE.

Sparkling Nails for a week from just one coat of AMAMI PERFUMED NAIL VARNISH

One coat of Amami Perfumed Nail Varnish will give you glistening, sparkling nails—a smooth and even brilliance that lasts unsplotted for a week. You will find that a 6d. Bottle will last for months.

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Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—tonight! You can use the lipstick, the very same lip-stick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter. Start on having in the stars' dressing-rooms. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 6d — smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

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The Vogue of the Jumper

The following pattern will appeal to all our readers, both old and young, who like to make their own clothes.

HERE has been a great movement of late in favour of the crochet jumper, and more than a few stars have given proof that this can be a trimly chic garment for informal wear. Although the crochet jumper is so attractive and serviceable, it is by no means difficult to make, and readers who follow carefully the instructions given below will be able to supplement their wardrobe with comparative ease.

Materials Required
2 balls each Anchor Tricoton F.469 (Geranium), F.471 (Grey).
6 press studs.
1 clip to match jumper.
1 red buckle.
Milward’s “Phantom” Crochet Hook No. 11.

Measurements
Bust, 34 in.

Tension
6 rows and 5 d.c. with 1 ch. between = 1 in.
This jumper is worked in vertical strips, 2 rows of each colour alternately, the thread being carried from one stripe to another.

BACK.—When working into ch. throughout jumper only front half of each st. is lifted. With F.471 commence with 89 ch.
1st row—D.c., ch. 1, inc. 1 ch., into 3rd ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * to end of row, 2 ch., turn.
2nd row.—Miss first d.c. of previous row, 1 d.c. into next ch., * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * to end of row. Join on F.469, 2 ch., turn.

3rd-6th rows—Same as 2nd row.

7th row.—1-d.c. into 1st d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. (this makes an increase), work in pattern to end of row.

8th row.—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows twice more, break off F.469 at end of 12th row. Join F.471, make 41 ch.

13th row—1-d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * along ch., continue in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

14th row.—Work in pattern, join F.469, 2 ch., turn.


87th row.—Join thread on ch. past 21st d.c. from end of row, 2 ch., work in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

88th row.—Work in pattern, ending row on ch. before last d.c. (leaving 1 d.c. and 2 ch. at end of row).

89th row.—Join thread, 2 ch., turn, work in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

90th row—Same as 88th row.

Repeat last 2 rows once more. Work 6 rows without decreasing. Break off thread.

RONT.—With F.469 commence with 89 ch.
1st and 2nd rows—Same as back.

3rd-8th rows—Same as 2nd row.

9th-16th rows—Same as 7th-14th rows of back.

17th-32nd rows—Work in pattern.

33rd row—1 s.s. into 1st d.c., 1 s.s. into next ch., 2 ch., work in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

34th row—Work in pattern; when lifting next colour s.s. into side of one of the rows of pattern to avoid having a long stretch of three d.c., repeat last 2 rows 3 times more.

41st-63rd rows—Work in pattern.

64th row.—Work in pattern, ending row with 1 d.c. into last d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into ch., 2 ch., turn.

65th row.—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows twice more.

70th row.—Same as 64th row.

71st-88th rows—Work in pattern. Break off threads.

89th-94th rows—Same as 87th-92nd rows of back. Work 8 rows without decreasing. Break off thread.

SLEEVE.—With F.471 commence with 33 ch.

Work in pattern for 6 rows.

7th row.—Increase at beginning of row, work in pattern to end of row.

8th row.—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows 10 times more. Work 23 rows without increasing.

52nd row.—Decrease at end of row.

53rd row.—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows 9 times more.

72nd row.—Same as 52nd row. Work 8 rows without decreasing. Break off thread.

Work other sleeve to correspond, commencing with F.469 instead of F.471, working 8 rows before commencing increases and finishing with 6 rows instead of 8.

COLLAR.—With F.471 commence with 73 ch.

1st row—Work in pattern.

2nd row.—Increase at beginning and end of row. Repeat last 2 rows 8 times more. Break off thread.

BELT.—With F.471 commence with 192 ch.

1st row—1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row—1 d.c. into each d.c. of previous row, increasing at end of row (to increase work 2 d.c. into last d.c.), 2 ch., turn. Repeat last 2 rows once more.

5th row.—Work without increasing, 2 ch., turn.

6th row.—Decrease at end of row (to decrease insert hook into 2nd last d.c., then into last d.c., thread over pull through all loops on hook), 2 ch., turn.

7th row.—Work without decreasing, 2 ch., turn. Repeat last 2 rows once more. Break off thread.

With F.471, work 1 row of d.c. along shoulders and neck-line of back and front.

TO MAKE UP.—Machine stitch under-arm seams of back and front, allowing 1 stripe for seams, extending to 2 stripes at waistline for shaping and graduating to 1 stripe again at lower edge. Join under-arm seams of sleeves. Overlap front shoulders to back about ½ in., but do not join shoulders. Insert sleeves, allowing ⅜ in. seams. Sew collar to neck edge (front only). Fix clip on collar. Sew fasteners on shoulders and sew buckle to belt. Make tabs of ch., with F.471 to hold belt. Work 2 rows of d.c. round sleeves.

1st row—* 1 d.c. into each of first 2 stripes, 2 d.c. into next stripe, repeat from * all round.

2nd row—1 d.c. into each of d.c. of previous row.

Abbreviations
Ch., chain.
D.c., double crochet.
S.s., slip stitch.
St., stitch.
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Conlowe underwear!

What is your favourite shade for lingerie and slumberwear — and your favourite style? The Conlowe range is so wide that you are fairly certain to find in it the exact colours and models that you love to wear. Both fabric and finish, for all their delicacy, stand any amount of wash and wear.

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Don't make a burnt-offering of your skin. Sun-bathe as much as you like, get that delicate tan which is so attractive, but don't get burnt. And you won't if you apply CRÈME MAURESQUE SUNTAN, made by the makers of the famous La Reine des Crèmes CRÈME MAURESQUE SUNTAN is packed in beautiful silver topped blue jars, prices 1/3 and 3/3. After applying the SUNTAN use La Reine face powder, OCRE NATUREL, 6d., 1/3 and 2/3.

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It Tints as it Rinses

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Cuticle Cream 1/- 1/6 and 1/6
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Vareen Ltd., London, W.11
HOLLYWOOD is glad that the Fredric Bartholomew controversy is ended. An agreement recently concluded provides that the boy shall live with his aunt, but that a home in Hollywood shall be provided for his parents and his two sisters, who all, of course, are supported by Freddie's earnings in the films.

The battle was rather awkward, so far as it affected the boy star's career. Americans and British alike winced at the thought of a child taken from his mother. Due to conflicting stories, it is impossible for me to be sure as to who is right and who is wrong. The British actors' colony appears to believe that Miss Myllicent Bartholomew is in the right. Whether they will hold the same view now that Freddie's parents are established in Hollywood, and given a right to see the child, remains to be seen.

Freddie is a fine boy, and a talented actor, but he must do his best, for young Billy Mauch, who won fame in Anthony Adverse, is a dangerous rival.

A Brother's Troubles

Billy Mauch, by the way, cannot afford to be too complacent. Warners have cast the boy actor to play one of the leading roles in The Prince and the Pauper, whilst his twin brother, Bobby, who used to be Billy's "stand-in," will have the other leading role.

Whether Billy will play the "Pauper" and Bobby the "Prince" is hard to say, for the Warner studio tells me that the script is as yet incomplete. In any event, Billy will have to gaze at his brother with a speculative eye!

A Careful Mother

Marlene Dietrich plays exotic roles on the screen, but she is very careful that her little daughter, Marie, does not see her in any parts that are too daring! I understand that Shanghai Express and Desire are the only Dietrich films that Marlene's child has ever seen.

Clever Chap

Those who know Herbert Marshall will agree that this English actor is astute. When he arrived in Hollywood he decided to be himself, without ostentation of any kind. His reason is that he knew the movie-going public can sympathise with, and even admire, a woman whose conduct is fantastic, but, on the other hand, the public never has sympathised with a temperamental male star.

And as Herbert never has liked being temperamental, he was well satisfied. He feels that there is too much strain attached to being temperamental.

Her Baby Rules

Evelyn Venable will make her first screen appearance when the arrival of her baby, Dolores Venable Mohr, in The Holy Lie at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Miss Venable had offers from three other studios, but decided upon the role in The Holy Lie because it was to be made at the Twentieth Century-Fox Hollywood studio. Twentieth Century-Fox makes most of its films at its great Westwood studio, but quite a number are made on its Hollywood lot. Evelyn's home is near the Hollywood studio.

"I'll go home every lunch hour and see the baby," she told me. "She's only six months old, and I could not bear to be away all day."

Evelyn is a Hollywood celebrity, but she also is a devoted mother.

A Hungry Dog

A drieame Ames bought a tremendously large mastiff for a watchdog. She was assured by the former owner that the animal was wary and very reliable.

The mastiff had acute indigestion for four days in succession, whereupon Adrienne discovered that the "ferocious" animal had been going from door to door in the neighbourhood, begging food!

The actress returned the mastiff and bought a pappy little terrier whose barking makes the walking dog when so much as a bird passes by!

Changing Parents

Joan Bennett has asked the California courts to change the name of her daughter, Diana Bennett Fox, to Diana Bennett Markley.

When film stars re-marry, the children have to change their allegiance. Adrienne Ames, after she married Stephen Ames and Bruce Cabot, had her daughter adopted by each new husband.

John Miljan married Victoria Hale, divorced wife of Croighton Hale, and both Croighton's sons now legally belong to Miljan!

So that's Hollywood!

"Mickey Mouse" Speaks

Carol Trevis, the girl who says the lines for Minnie Mouse in the animated cartoons, will be seen as well as heard on the screen. Her "baby voice" drew her the role of "Tessie" in Sing, Baby, Sing, the musical special now in production at Twentieth Century-Fox.

We all hope that the little girl gets a hand in the movies.

Mother's Song

Ann Sothern's mother came to her set the other day to give Ann a singing lesson. In the course of the tuition, the elderly woman sang a few notes herself, and the entire crowd of people on the set came over to hear her.

The young actress explained with pride that her mother was Antoinette Yde, one of the greatest concert singers of her day, and forced her slightly embarrassed parent to sing again for her appreciative audience.

Daring Child

Barbara Stanwyck's four-year-old son, Dion, saw his "Mummy" acting before the cameras for the first time in his life in a fight scene.

The boy was so excited that he interfered, and wanted to join in the mêlée. When he was told he must not fight he said: "Why should I fight with our chauffeur all the time?"

Barbara's offspring is a real "he man!"

A Home-maker

John Qualen, the miracle father of quins in The Country Doctor, recently had an amazing experience.

It seems that John, decorated with a beard for work in another picture, was walking toward the studio café when suddenly out of a tree came a blackbird.

The blackbird swooped down, seized John's "fake" beard and promptly flew back to his tree.

A few minutes later, an emergency squad with ladders found the beard, nicely entwined among twigs—a perfect nest in the making!

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He-Men Still ATTRACT

One of the foremost portayers of he-man roles, Richard Dix with Margaret Callahan and Jed Prouty in "Special Investigator."

Spencer Tracy in a dramatic highlight from "Fury."

In "Hell Ship Morgan" the tough characters, Victor George Bancroft, and how for the love of Ann Sothern's example of nature in the seldom mild.
In spite of the tendency for pictures to become more and more psychological in their themes, there are still many which exploit the "strong man lover" theme and star those virile heroes who held pride of place in the silent days. Here we give you some examples of old and new favourites in films which definitely exploit masculine virility.

Pat O'Brien, if anything, is tougher than James Cagney in "Sealing Zero." This poignant scene depicts his efforts to get in touch with the latter, who has gone up on an unauthorized flight in impossible weather conditions.

Cagney may be small, but his masculinity is titanic. Here he is with Erwin and June Travis in sealing Zero," an epic of the air.

Can Fred MacMurray take it? He can, as this shot from "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" proves. That he can prove it is evidenced in the same picture. On the left, trouble is brewing in the same film, between him and Henry Fonda over Sylvia Sidney.
STILL they come, and still we expect more of them; and still, I think, we shall get them.

I refer, of course, to the American stars who are flocking to our shores, sometimes to the benefit of British films and sometimes not.

It depends so much more upon the directors, and the stories, and the producers, and the cameramen, and the general conditions, not to mention a spurt of & s. d., than upon the stars themselves.

But bless you, my children, no one seems to grasp that except you and me; and, bless you again, they won't take any notice of us, because we're not being paid eight thousand a year as technical advisers.

Anyway, let's have a look at the latest arrivals.

Here we have Henry Fonda, who arrived one day and started work the next; and Edward G. Robinson, whom I met about half an hour after he arrived in London.

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

complete cast of a film, especially a large and important feature film like this, until the finished remains are thrown on the screen.

Romantic Drama

One hears names, of course. I've been hearing quite a lot of names, for instance, for Fall of an Empire, the Julius Hagen production which is featuring Dolly Haas (an important figure in British films after her personal success in Broken Blossoms) and Richard Barthelmess, who is said to have taken the part because of his admiration for Miss Haas' performance.

Here's the cast list to date: Frank Vosper, Denier Warren, Brian Buschell, Joyce Bland, John Turnbull, Evan Thomas, Lynn Harding, Henry Oscar and George Merritt.

Maurice Elvey is directing as well as producing it; it's a romantic costume drama, and, as I believe I mentioned before, is based on Baroness Orczy's best-selling novel, "Spy of Napoleon."

Funny thing about British costume pictures, they all seem to be either high, successful or the most awful flops. I hope this one will come down on the right side of the fence. There doesn't seem to be any safe betwixt-and-between area for it to land in.

Julius Hagen is usually remarkably successful in striking the public taste; I have every hope that this one will click loudly.

Not for Anna

And now, just by way of rubbing in my colleague Guy Beacons remarks about Alexander Korda last week, let me point out that it isn't by any means only Korda who announces future production activity and then for some reason or other changes his mind.

Almost every producer does it; only Korda announces more, and the fault-finders overlook the fact that he achieves more.

The latest volte-face (Portuguese for back-somersault) has been gracefully performed by Herbert Wilcox.

He announced recently (and I gave the announcement my blessing in these columns) that the next subject for Anna Snaggle would be a film about Lady Hamilton, and that he was negotiating for the services of a famous Hollywood star to play Horatio, First Lord Nelson, her one-eyed, one-armed, single-purpose boy friend.

Just by way of a change for British pictures, the whole of the script had been completed and all the arrangements had been made to get under way with production at the new Pinewood studios at Iver, Bucks.

Clash

Now, however, Mr. Wilcox informs me that he has heard from the Warner Brothers in Hollywood (who own the rights of the play The Divine Lady) that they are thinking of producing a film based on the life and adventures of Lady Hamilton.

Definitely a clash.

"Okay," said Mr. Wilcox in effect; "why don't we get together and make a joint effort?"

But that couldn't be done, so the Wilcox film will not be made.

Instead, Anna is to star in On with the Dance, a back-stage story with settings in Soho, Paris, and Budapest; and Tullio Carminati, who latterly teamed with Anna in The Three Maxims, will be a stage impresario.

Well, I wanted to see Anna as Lady Hamilton; but I'm being very brave about it. But I believe Wilcox has acted very wisely.

Killer Robinson

Now to return to Robinson, Edward G.

He's here to play in the first Atlantic Films effort, and perhaps he's lucky in one respect—that his director has come along on the same boat.

Rumour

Fonda is playing opposite Annabella in Wings of the Morning, in Technicolor, at Denham, for New World Productions.

At this you very rightly ask: "But what about Laurence Olivier, who was to have played opposite Annabella in this?"

Well, the truth is that he wasn't. He never was. He was only spoken of in every corner of the film world (which has innumerable corners) as being the most likely candidate for the job.

And I, heaven forgive me, hearted to rumour, and snatched at a break of "this one knoweth" and "that one saith."

That isn't my idea of a rhyme. It's Rudyard Kipling's. Anyway, Fonda's elected, and with him and Annabella are Leslie Banks Pat Noonan, Dorothy Dewhurst, Philip Frost and D. J. Williams, with John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, giving his own impersonation of John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, singing Irish songs in a tenor voice.

And there will be others; oh, bet your boots there will be others. You never know the cost of a film, especially a large and important feature film like this, until the finished remains are thrown on the screen.
ARISTOCRAT WANTED

The Thunder in the City which is about to roll is caused by an American financier (Edward G., of course) arriving in England to conquer the City of London.

However, he also encounters the daughter of a peer, and you can imagine that there is quite a clash of wills, temperaments, purpose, and everything else; in fact, the stage is set for a first-class romance.

It is almost superfluous to add that this film will be made at Denham.

I don’t know yet who is going to play the part of the aristocratic heroine, for the good and sufficient reason that they don’t know themselves, see?

Pity Atlantic Films couldn’t have got together with Tudor Films, who are just launching their first production, too. They’ve got a heroine, but so far no hero.

They are now calling their film Because of Love, but I hope it won’t be a case of “all for love and nothing for reward.”

You will probably sink to the floor in a swoon of utter amazement when I tell you that Gitta Alpar is to play the part of an operatic star.

Still, as this is undoubtedly what you think, it’s probably the kind of part she plays best.

Along with Gitta are Laurence Goldsmith, H. F. Maltby, Bruce Winston, Vera Bogetti, Clarissa Selwyn, Wynn Weaver and Dorothy Boyd.

But no hero. However, they’ll find one. He’s probably lurking about somewhere, having a quiet cocktail with the heroine of Thunder in the City.

A Bad Habit

It’s interesting to pick up the little habits and eccentricities of film-directors. Thornton Freeland has a cute one; he gets biffed on the directing.

You remember I told you when he was directing The Amateur Gentleman some well-meaning but ham-handed galoot on the set dropped a handy little chunk of iron on Mr. Freeland’s head, busting it open?

Well, just as he was finishing Accused, he was sitting in his favourite spot under the camera (a pretty intelligent place to sit when you want to see what the camera sees) when the cameraman’s sleeve got caught in the lever that raises and lowers the body, and the camera tilted forward on to “T” Freeland’s head and crowned him king-pin of the studio as neatly as if it had been done with an axe.

This, the snowed-in settler in Oregon remarked when a donkey fell down his chimney for the third morning in succession, is getting monotonous.

Picture poor little June Clyde sitting patiently at home waiting for her beloved “T” to be brought home with his head bandaged.

Anyway, she ought to start a campaign for short sleeves for cameramen.

Speaking of American directors, I hear that Glyn Tryon, who was brought over from America to direct the Annabella picture Wings of the Morning, is no longer directing that film.

Now, I remember Tryon very well as a whirlwind comedian in the silent days, in such films as Black White Sheep, Painting The Town, Hot Heels, Hero for a Night, The Gatecrasher, The Kid’s Clever and How to Handle Women, but I don’t know much about him as a director.

But don’t worry about Wings of the Morning; I remember a production not so long ago when the American director had a difference of opinion with the Hungarian producer, and resigned, and the producer carried on directing the film, and then hands over direction to the film editor.

And every time I came on to the set there was an atmosphere of gloom, and I wondered how that film could ever be a success.

But it turned out to be The Scarlet Pimpernel.

GOING UP

Here’s a full passenger list for the Shetland Islands, where they are going to make (as I told you last week) Edge of the World, which is expected to be a Scottish Man of Aran, only better.

I was one of the few critics who didn’t go completely loopy over Man of Aran; I thought it represented a shocking waste of time and money, and completely misrepresented the islanders, and said so.

I hope Edge of the World will be better.

Niall MacLean and Belle Chrystal are providing what in a Gracie Fields picture would be called the cutes. I haven’t seen Belle in a worth-while part since Huddle Wake, in which she was excellent.

Then there are Frances Reid, John Laurie, Finlay Currie, Hamish Sutherland (kind of a foreign name), Eric Berry, Campbell, and George Summers, and Michael Powell.

What? says you. Michael Powell? says you. But I thought he was directing the picture, says you.

Right! I says me. He is, says me. But he’s also playing the part of a sea-captain, thereby saving one care for the Shetland Isles, says me.

And also he wrote the story, so I’ll say he’s a good investment for the company.

By the way, he expects to employ some of the islanders as “types”; this may give rise to a new sport—“Picking the Actors” and, as they’re apparently not going to wear any make-up this should keep us busy.

I’m looking forward to Edge of the World; it’d better be good.

THRILL OF THE YEAR FOR FILM LOVERS

Every Picturegoer reader will rush to get “Picturegoer Summer Annual,” on sale this week. It’s the biggest thrill of the year for all film lovers. There are no fewer than 100 sparkling pages, teeming with wonderful stories of the stars and by the stars, too—enthralling articles by leading personalities of the screen—pictures—scores of them—including beautiful art plate portraits! And a full-colour portrait of Helen Vinson on the front cover! "Picturegoer Summer Annual" is packed with surprises. You simply must read "The True Love Story of a Famous Star"—you will be enthralled by "Glamour—Yesterday and Today," by Lionel Collier. And here’s a big treat—a wonderful feature entitled "Is This a Woman’s World?"—by none other than Mary Pickford! Another exhilarating article is written by lovely Jeanette Macdonald herself! She declares that "There Is No Modern Man"—will you agree?

Remember, "Picturegoer Summer Annual" is on sale everywhere now, and it’s only sixpence. The demand has already been tremendous—make sure of your copy by buying it without delay.
Cela tries to tell Joan their real relationship, but is prevented by her father.

"I've had enough of it."  
"Have you been quarrelling with Joan again?"

"It's all my own fault. I behaved like an idiot. I came here to-night meaning to ask Joan to marry me." Then I saw that fellow, David Eastman monopolising Joan. I'd been an old man before I had a chance to dance with her even. I should have kept my temper. Instead of that, I said things—"

"Don't get so agitated, Richard. The battle isn't lost yet. Besides, I'm going to fight for heaven's sake don't you."

"I'd look like a sap running to his sister to help."

"That's Joan's knock. Don't go, Richard. Come in, Joan."  

That, after all, it was Richard, not Cela, who was to render first-aid in a difficult situation. The tall figure behind Joan was a doorway, with its unquestionable air of breeding, the thin, clean-shaven face with its intense forehead, belonged to only one person—Cela's acquaintance of the previous morning. So long had she expunged the word "surprise" from her vocabulary, that the shock was even greater at finding herself about to approach, the only man she had seen in twenty years, capable of touching the romantic chord.

She was duly grateful to Richard, who, by at once congratulating his rival, diverted talk from the women.

"And you'll be my maid-of-honour," said Joan, and for now, she urged when Richard had gone.  
"Don't look so terribly surprised."  

"Mr. Eastman was a little surprised himself. I'd like to speak to him a minute alone, if you don't mind."

"I'll join you in a minute, Joan. Your sister's right. We ought to get to know each other."

"I don't know what you must think of me," David said. "I know I didn't sound happy this morning, but do realise it was because of Joan's youth. I feel it's the wrong man for her. I do love her."

"But that's only half. Does she love you?"

"She says so, and I must believe her. Charge it up to my vanity, if you like. The quick smile, so redolent of Cela's indefinable charm, convinced her. She loved this man. Joan did not. She loved Richard Torrence.

"Forgive me if I don't feel that your marriage should take place," she said firmly. "If I find 'right,' I shall tell you; it's David's". David cemented her feeling for him for ever by saying: "I wanted you to be my friend, Cela. It was the most charming enemy a man ever had."

Two days later Cela was acknowledging that making war on Joan's wedding had been a mistake. Clever tactician, she manoeuvred for a first engagement in surroundings more familiar to her than a smart restaurant. As dinner hostess to David and Joan, Cela chose the quiet house in Westchester, where she was accustomed to retreat from the home of a singularly selfish and dominating father. For a symbol of
Feel fit... on Milk

When a hot afternoon or a hard-fought game has made you tired and limp—remember that Nature's true energy restorer is cool, delicious milk. Milk does more than temporarily stimulate—it restores your fitness and vigour. It is rich in proteins and vitamins, is light and easy to digest. Champion athletes know the wonderful sustaining power of milk!

Drink at least a pint a day.
The velvet glove she gave Joan a treasured necklet, asking her to wear it. After dinner the steel hand betrayed itself. Celia deliberately turned the conversation from bridal preparations to books—David's books.

"I didn't know you wrote. Why didn't you tell me?" Joan demanded.

"Only a man's enemies talk about his books," he gravely assured her.

She insisted, pulling a long face when she discovered him to be the author of "Taboos and Fetishes" and "Primitive Anthropomorphism," both of which treatises Celia had read. But though she hardly knew how to pronounce "anthropomorphism," Joan was intellectual enough to know that Celia was being unkind.

"You're trying to make a fool of me," she accused, with tears only just below the surface. "Well, I'm a fool, but I'm not going to let you know what you're driving at, Celia. I'm going home."

Useless for them both to plead. Pale underneath hardly necessary make-up, Joan snatched up the charmingly girlish flower-pot that accompanied her semi-period frock and hurried to fetch her wrap.

"Don't go this way," "Celia pleaded, scarcely a triumphant victor, as she followed the girl to the hall.

"I can't bear to think I've hurt you.

"Why don't you run to David? He'll sympathise."

"Joan, you don't know what you're saying."

"No? Then take this. I can't ever wear it. Since my engagement you've done nothing but interfere, and I know why. You never had romance in your own life and you don't want anyone else to have it."

"No romance? How little Joan knew." Standing by the French window, Celia failed to see the limousine, in which David was humouring Joan's request, snaking down the drive.

He saw instead her last meeting before the war of 1914, with Michael—Michael, the nobody of a bank clerk, whom Celia's father, in the running for a governorship, had told to leave the house.

Oh, why had father been such a selfish snob? Why the night she, his daughter, had left a dance early to visit Michael's home, had they been shadowed? Shuddering after twenty years had gone by, Celia could see father's detective being struck at by Michael for playing havoc with Tom; could see the detective bring out his gun and Michael trying to seize it.

What happened after that night, between her father and Michael, Celia never quite knew. She only suspected that her father had engineered Michael's getaway to France. "Find Michael. You must find Michael," in those days, had been Celia's only cry.

Father's answer, made after he had fully understood the importance of his daughter's entreaty, had been to decide on a trip to Europe with Paris as objective.

Could Celia ever forget that moment? After August 1914, when a stretcher case was brought into the Paris home, turned hospital, and she recognised in the prostrate silent figure in starched uniform, Michael."

No, forget, when driving away from Paris with her fatherless child, how baby John was described on the passport as the youngest "Miss Whitaker."
"Well, she's the best judge of that. Don't try and interfere."

"I'm going to tell you why. She's the daughter of a friend of mine."

"Can't she be a model like you?"

"She'll have to, because I'm going to tell her that she's my daughter. She's under age and can't marry without my consent."

"Celia, you wouldn't dare."

"I'd dare anything to let her have what you made me miss."

"Very well, then. Tell her."

"Not entirely by her father's turn of front, Celia took the advantage of Joan's being in a penitent mood to draw the child to her in the armchair. Even then the words came haltingly. "Joanny darling . . . there's something I want to tell you. I never meant to. Don't hate me for it, please. You see, we're not really sisters . . . you and I are closer . . ." Why did one's throat close at the crucial moment, throttling one's voice into less than a whisper?

James Whitaker was quick to seize the advantage. "Celia, you're tired," he pronounced. "Talk about it in the morning. You see, Joan my dear, your sister hasn't been well for some time, and this particular idea has been growing in her mind. I didn't take it seriously at first, but now . . . better go, my dear. I'll talk to you later."

He hustled Joan out of the room.

Temporarily, Celia was obliged to admit defeat and to prepare a fresh advance. She fell in the more readily, with torn the leaving, her father's order to spend a few days away from home. The moment she entered the lounge hall at the Westchester home, Celia realised that father was also capable of hiding a steel hand. Eccles, who for over twenty years was accustomed to precede her mistress on all journeys, was in Canada visiting a brother. Celia could not expect to see her, but neither was she prepared to see two utterly strange faces instead of the temporary helpers who had been engaged.

"Mr. Whitaker hired me," said the elder of the two women, adding: "It's no good giving any instructions to the chauffeur who brought you here. He has his orders, too."

I see. Very thoughtful of my father planning to keep me prisoner in my own house. Put bluntly, the situation amounted to that."

"Celia," said the chauffeur. "About a telephone and under continual surveillance, was beginning to feel desperate when a visit from David saved her.

"Where sight of him sharing her sofa, even though her father made a third, was encouraging. They talked of irrelevances. Taking James Whitaker's hint, David said they must be going. Must hope go with him? But no. At the door he said: "I've left my cigarettes," and came back for the case, which he must have purposely slid under a cushion. "Get Eccles," she whispered, and hardly knew if he had heard, so quickly did he rejoin father at the door.

Almost too good to be true, within twenty-four hours, Eccles, having been summoned by telephone, put in her appearance after travelling from Canada by air. Her white hair, dignified form, and emphatic manner, had put to Celia's renewed offensive. She arrived at James Whitaker's home to find, as she had half expected, the entire house, with David and the bridesmaids, rehearsing for the morrow's ceremony.

Wearing one of the classical gowns she affected, Celia perhaps had never looked lovelier than when swept by her father into the study for an explanation.

"I know, you didn't expect me, father," she admitted, "nor Eccles. You see, I needed her to dismiss those two nurses of yours. I wish you could see them now she's finished telling them what might happen in a court of law if they continued being jilted."

"Celia. You'd better have the truth. I'm on the rocks financially. If Joan doesn't marry David. . . ."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. You can have any money of mine, if that'll help, but I can't have Joan unhappily. Now, Eccles is here to prove Joan's my daughter. . . ."

This time Celia was interrupted. Joan, white-faced, tearful, knuckled and flung herself into Celia's arms.

"Darling, now you're home. I've come to tell you I can't go through with this. I don't love David. I love Richard. I'm going to him."

"Darling!" said Joan, lovely as before, a bride should look on her way to the altar. "Something's been wanting to ask you for a long time. Was it true what you said that night about not being my sister? Now you and David are married, I thought I could ask."

"Of course. There was nothing in it: only my way of bringing you and Richard together. Head up. Remember, no more tears."

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**LM — Continued**

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p. 367
ONE RAINY AFTERNOON
MARY PICKFORD has gone into production with Jesse Lasky and this represents the first film they have made for U.A.—and a very amusing film it is, too.

It belongs to the category which is often called "nonsense" pictures—that the plot is delightfully unworly and things just happen in the most unexpected but nevertheless witty way.

I am not going to attempt to tell you the story, because it is not the plot but the illuminating detail work and the quaint touches which make it really good entertainment.

Briefly, it deals with a young unknown actor who has a small part in a film, gets dumped by the Morality League and so finds himself followed by false and a very pretty little wife. The latter is an exceptionally good one and each and every member of it adds his or her share to the success of the whole film which has been cleverly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

Francis Lederer as the actor who gets known as the "menace" through one tiny little kiss in the dark, is at his best and shows to more advantage than he has done hitherto in American films. He sings the song of the title delightfully.

As the little girl who is kissed and creates a fuss only later to realise that she liked it, Ida Lupino gives an ingenuous and attractive performance.

And as the woman whom the actor had meant to kiss but who had inadventently done the wrong thing, a newcomer, Countess Liev de Maigret, is particularly seductive. The gameness of the young woman is heightened by the presence of Hugh Herbert as the actor's friend and a prompter at the theatre.

Very good use has been made of his calling, which he continues to practise even outside the theatre.

As the manager of the theatre, Roland Young has not a big part, but he makes his every line tell.

Other excellent studies come from Emile Rhodes as the fiancé of the outraged girl; Joseph Carroll as her father; Donald O'Neill as a judge—and that, as the court scene is a really clever piece of foiling—and Mischa Auer, as a singer.

The song that urges the actor to kiss his neighbour is "Secret Rendezvous" and definitely catchy. Production values are excellent, both camerawork and settings being of first-rate quality.

SECRET INTRUDE
So the rich man's son makes an honest woman of the pretty little servant. That basically is the theme of this melodramatic and very obvious romantic drama.

But it would not be fair to judge it hastily on its theme, for if you can ignore its conventionality, there are plenty of good characterisations and clever acting to keep you entertained.

For instance, Loretta Young is winsomely a attractive and discreet as a little servant girl who loves and secretly marries a wealthy man's son. She is a woman of more than one side and brings the actor to his wife rather too often, but she does present a natural and human character.

As her lover Robert Taylor is apt to be somewhat stereotyped, but his attractive personality comes over well enough.

The villain of the piece is rather novel. He is the butler who has amorous designs on the servant and spends all his time, when he cannot win her, in plotting to get her thrown out and dishonoured. He does succeed to a point when, having found out that she is about to become a mother, he forces her to confess to her employers. He also holds another weapon—the fact that she has been arrested in a gambling den. It was quite an innocent affair but he made it look definitely criminal.

However, his efforts come to naught when an annulment suit is started and the servant and discovers how his wife had been maligned.

Basil Rathbone plays this part and does so in a way that makes it a veritably meritorious hussel at any transpontine theatre—and what more could any villain ask for?

For light relief we have Patsy Kelly as Ellen's friend and fellow-servant, and she makes the most of the little things she has to do.

A big cast gives very good support, and mention must be made of a Great Dane who nobly protects the heroine when attacked by the well-bred but evil-intentioned butler. There are some good lines in the dialogue, and the setting, which alternate between a town and country house both below and above stairs, are very good.

They help to obviate the old-fashioned nature of the plot.

COLEEN
A very indifferent musical which fails to be more than moderate entertainment in spite of a good cast, lavish settings and generally sound all round technical qualities. The trouble is that the plot is childish and none of the artists has the material with which to make bricks—and even a fine comedian like Hugh Herbert cannot make comedy out of nothing.

He is cast as an "apparently" imbecile heir to a big business who gets tied up with a gold-digger, and the character he presents is so pathetically weak that it is more pathetic than funny.

Dick Powell as his nephew who falls in love with a business girl, Colleen, who successfully runs a dress shop his uncle had bought for the gold-digger, has a song or two to sing but little else. The numbers are not particularly noteworthy.

Ruby Keeler looks charming and dances exceptionally well as the girl in question. She is partnered by Paul Draper who models his tap dancing on Fred Astaire's. He lacks the refined personality and style of that actor and is very weak as an actor.

One of the best performances comes from Joan Blondell as the gold-digger. She does, at least, make a recognisably human character.

Jack Oakie does his best as Colleen's fiancé, which falls for the gold-digger. He has a amusing little song and dance number, which is amusing.

Louise Fazenda shows to advantage in the small role of the business man's wife.

There are two big spectacular ensembles, one at a fashion parade, and one on board ship. They are extremely well done and attractive, and the dialogue is sparkling and that helps to obviate the fact that there is rather a surplus of it.

Ruggles plays the role of Chester Herbert, a down-trodden employee at a glass-eye factory, who after twenty-five years engagement, marries a girl he had not married her before because he walked in his sleep, and did not like to tell her. They go to a rest-cure hotel, and there Chester's sleep-walking pro-pensities get him suspected, both of robbery and murder.

He also has trouble with a big wholesaler to whom he is trying to sell glass eyes. Eventually things are straightened out, and Chester is taken on as chief superintendent to the wholesaler.

Mary Boland is in her element as the "shrewd" gold-digger's mother, and George Barbier is well cast as the domineering wholesaler.

The two leads are both excellent as are the supporting cast and give excellent support to the leads who hold the stage most of the time.

Norman McLeod's direction is slick and he makes the most of the sleep-walking incidents. Altogether a good laugh tonic.

NOBODY'S FOOL
The star is given an ideal role in this hilarious farce, dealing with a couple of country bumpkins whose simplicity is mistaken for cleverness. The action is generally fast, but not General Duller.

Will Wright, a waiter in a small town with ideals for civic improvements, goes to New York, and owing to a mistake in identity addresses the Chamber of Commerce. Before he can be arrested he is whisked off by Hugh Herbert, one of a gang of real estate racketeers, who thinks he will be useful.

He joins Ruby's companions in proving that a three-foot-frontage of a row of houses owned by a gangster, Dizzy Rantz, really belongs to Will's son going to the country. Will is honest in his intentions of giving them the property, but Rantz's gang has other ideas. His simplicity leads them into believing he is a clever but imbecile fellow, and, with the help of a pugnacious natural, he wins Ruby's love.

Edward Everett Horton holds the show as the actor, and does a very amusing performance—not without a real sense of characterisation—as Will.

Glenda Farrell is well cast as the tough but understanding Ruby, while Cesar Romero is very good as Rantz.

The rest of the cast gives everything that is needed in support.

Edward Everett Horton's speech as a waiter in his home town, the picture quickly transfers the action to New York and gets going at a proper pacer, which is held up at infrequent intervals by a surplus of dialogue.

The lines are bright, and Horton makes the most of them. There is novelty in the situation of a pretty girl's soul being brought to heel by the depth of his unsophistication, and Arthur Greville Collins, the director, has made the most of it.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN
Highly emotional and none too convincing espionage drama in which Herbert Marshall gives a good performance as a matinee idol who becomes attached to the British Intelligence Service.

The story is obvious, but there is action and spectacle of a popular order which help to cover some of the artificialities.

Gertrude Michael is quite good as the heroine. Lionel Atwill is vigorously pugnacious as a German officer. The mixture of accents does not help, and the supporting cast is unremarkable.

London atmosphere leaves a good deal to be desired, but the front-line and sequences in the village and in the country are very well done.—C.K.
Maureen O'Sullivan

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—Maureen O'Sullivan

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Popular screen star tells why he likes natural lips

James Dunn has won the hearts of thousands of women. Wouldn't you like to have the kind of lips he'd want to kiss?

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The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**STARS OVER BROADWAY**

**LADY OF SECRETS**

**KING OF HEARTS**

**DANGEROUS WATERS**

**THE BELOVED IMPOSTOR**

**THE FIRE TRAP**

**KING OF THE CASTLE**

**WHAT THE PUPPY SAID**

**EXCUSE MY GLOVE**

**THE MAN WHO PAWED HIS SOUL**

**ALL THE BROWN WALLET THEY DIDN'T KNOW STRANGE CARGO**

**GIRL IN PAWN (Re-issue)**

What the asterisks mean—

- **An outstanding feature.**
- **Very good.**
- **Good.**
- **Average entertainment.**
- **Also suitable for children.**

**STARS OVER BROADWAY**


PAT O'BRENNER: Al McGillevray

JANE FROMAN: Joan Greer

TEDDY CORNER: OggyClyde

ERNEST COXON: Freddy Figgis

LAYNE WILSON: Al

MOLLY PHIL REGAN: Three Sisters

LILIT: Ida Lupino

EMMETT VOYAGE: Arthie McGlynn

JACK MELTON: Jan King

JEAN MURIE: Nora Pyman

MELVIN FLOWERS: Alexa Milles

MANGUIN FAMILY OF MIVES: Sara Montez (10 years old)

LACI FRY: Clanette

MOLLY MURPHY: Jenny

PATSY FLYCK: The Greek


James Melton, a tenor, makes his first starring role in a musical and this is the story of a singer's rise from obscurity to fame. It treats a somewhat conventional subject but is exceedingly well directed and set and strong in its musical appeal. James Melton may not be a great actor but his personality is pleasing and his singing excellent. He plays the role of Jan King, a young hotel porter with a beautiful voice who is found by Al McGillevray, a resourceful agent down on his luck. He is Jan up on a contract and keeps him until he is trained sufficiently to appear in public, but is so eager to cash-in that he cannot wait until Jan is ready. This reaches the operative standard. Success in cabaret and on the radio soon goes to Jan's head, and he neglects his work and becomes Ali's rival for Nora Pyman, an unsuccessful aspirant. Ali is honest to admit that his rapacity is the primary cause of Jan's downfall and the break-up of his relationship, and he makes amends by paying for him to be trained in Italy. On his return, Jan scoops the Metropolitan Opera House, and his triumph restores the old partnership, also making possible Ali's marriage to Nora.

Pat O'Brien is good as Ali and Jean Murie supplies the love interest with charm and sincerity. A Broadway cabaret star, Jane Froman sings blues songs in her solo capers, and the comedy in the hands of Frank McHugh is well cared for.

The direction is sound with the limelight focused on the new star and detail work is intriguing. The final sequence—an operatic duet on Aida is outstanding.

**LADY OF SECRETS**


RUTH CRAFFERTY: Celia Whittaker

OTTO KURGER: David McPherson

LOUISE ATWELL: Mrs. Whittaker

MARIAN MARSH: Joan Lloyd

LLOYD SULLIVAN: Michael McPherson

ELISABETH RIDSON: Mrs. Whittaker

JEAN BAYT: Aunt Harriet

ESTHER DALE: Ecles

For story freely based on the film by Marjory Collins and Lawrence Waldman.

Rather a commonplace and heavily emotional mother-love story which is redeemed by the acting of a strong cast and competent direction. In it a sensitive woman, who cannot shake off the sorrow of an early love affair, which resulted in the death of her fiancé, the possession of an illegitimate daughter, and the ruthless censure of her father. When Joan, her daughter grows up, a rich sister—meets womanhood, she marries with Richard. Then O of a pique agrees to marry David Eastman, a mature newspaper man.

Celia, however, determines that Joan shall not ruin her own life, as she had hers, and, in spite of the opposition of her father; she brings Joan and Richard together without revealing her secret. She then marries David. As Celia, Ruth Chatterton gives a well balanced performance and puts sincerity into her emotional scenes. The only fault is that the rendering of David and Lionel Atwill is well in character as the aggrieved father.

The conventional nature of the plot is partly concealed by the good detail work and the delicate stressing of the mother-love angle.

**KING OF HEARTS**


WILL FYFFE: Bill Saunders

GWEN GIRL: Evelyn Sauls

MARGARET DAVIDGE: Mrs. Saunders

RICHARD DAVIDGE: Sir Patrick

AMY VERNES: Mrs. Ponsoby

RICHARD PONSoby: Robert Ponsoby

RONALD SNIKE: Unnamed

JOHN GEORGE: John

GOOCH WITTMER: Elaine

RAY LUCLOW: Reggie

ELIZABETH MOSS: Janet

SYLVIE GROVE: Quinton Downer

IAN THOMPSON: The Earl

Directed by Otnele Sellars and Walter Tennyson.

Will Fyffe appears to full advantage in this variation of the Cinderella story which is both romantic and a domestic angle. The famous Scottish comedian is cast not as a typical artist, but as a musician employed at the London docks, who has a daughter May, employed in a teashop. She is in love with Jack Ponsoby, son of wealthy parents, and he with her, but the snobbish Mrs. Ponsoby hopes to kill their romance by getting May dismissed. Her mean action, however, only results in throwing them together, and as a last resort she pays Bill 100 to stop the marriage. He goes to the White Scott accepts the notes, but turns the tables on Mrs. Ponsoby by using the money to further their love. It is only fair to add that Mrs. Ponsoby wisely accepts defeat with good grace.

Gwen Gill is attractive as May, and Amy Veness is excellent as the snobbish Mrs. Ponsoby.

The cast generally gives good support and the production as a whole is well staged and photographed.

**DANGEROUS WATERS**


JACK HOLT: Jim Marlowe

JAMES ARMSTRONG: Howard K. Jordan

GRACE BRADLEY: Grace Grenouille

CHARLEY MURRAY: William Robinson

DICKSON: Hubert H. Harriman

DOWNEY ROBERTSON: Bill McPeek

EE GARDEN: Miss Deering

Directed by Marion Gower and Hayes McCrorry.

Rather mechanical plot with plenty of rough stuff put over effectively by those two stalwarts Jack Holt and Robert W. Seegar.

The story deals with Jim Marlowe, a first officer, who distinguishes himself by saving his ship from fire, foiling a mutiny and finally, as the captain, is deprived of promotion through being technically responsible for the explosion of the British submarine cargo, the cause of the fire.

His two friends, Dusty Johnson, a third mate, and McDuffy, an engine man, both try to come to the rescue of Jim, but are captured by a French privateer and are not killed, and the captain proprietor arrives to offer him a contract.

Grace Bradley makes an attractive heroine and Charles Murray some home humor.

The highlight is a fire at sea.

**THE BELOVED IMPOSTOR**


KEEVE RAY: Mary

FRED COBWEBB: Tom

GERMANY ARSEY: La Lumiere

EMMIE ELLIS: Herbin

ERNEST OLIVER: Charles

FRED GROVES: Jack Harding

TOMY DE LUNGIC: Gabrin

SYDNEY CULVER: Horace

GEORGE CULVER: Horace

DOLLY GALVIN: Manager of Cabaret

BENJAMIN HOOPER: A man

JOHN MURPHY: A man

BOMBERDERS BILLY WELLS: Policeman

BRUNO BARNARD: Policeman

FREDERICK BUSY: A man

TOM WYATT: A man

Gwen Farrar: Ball Singer

LAWRENCE HAVEN: The Cabaret Trio

Directed by W. Victor Harman from Ethel Mannin’s “Dancing Boy.”

His adaptation of Ethel Mannin’s book runs less apt to become wearisome. It has touches of humanity and the theme has possibilities which have not been exploited.

George, a waiter, fancies himself as a star. It is true; he has run away with his billet in a seaside town, and goes to London, where he meets Mary, a girl who had attracted him at the seaside, and pretends that he is well off. She soon discovers his deception and gives him a room in her lodgings. She works as a waitress in a cheap eating-house, but while he continues begging her to give him her luck, he goes on doing so.

Finally he succeeds in getting taken on at a cabaret where he falls for the charms of a French singer, La Lumiere, and deserts Mary. La Lumiere soon turns him down and losing his temper, he attacks her and believes he has killed her. He goes to Mary, who comforts him. In the morning they discover his fright was not warranted, and the cabaret proprietor arrives to offer him a contract. I liked Rene Ray’s performance as Mary. It is sincere and is given its full value of pathos and human feeling.

From Conyngham is fair as George. One of the picture’s main defects is the introduction of turns which only succeeds in holding up the plot. The final murder sequence is effective, but it is spoilt by the consequent anti-climax.

**THE FIRE TRAP**


NORMAN FOSTER: Fyfie

EVELYN KNAPP: Betty Marshall

HARRY MCLINTYRE: Archie McPhee

OSCAR APPEL: R. A. Rawson

HERBERT CORTELL: Commodore Burke

Directed by Rossen from同的 seven play by Charles F. Royall.

Nornan Foster can generally be relied on to put up a good performance and he is suitably aggressive here as Bill Farnsworth, employee of Cedric McIntyre, an unscrupulous insurance assessor, who becomes friendly with Betty Marshall. By a strange coincidence, Betty’s guardian, Rawson, and Mc- Intyre are planning a fire at Rawson’s warehouse, and when Bill gets to know too much he is invited to the Rawson home.

He quickly becomes McIntyre’s rival for Betty, and soon discovers full particulars of the fire-raising scheme. He is powerless to prevent the plot from being put into operation, and to add to his troubles, Bill is trapped in the blazing building; but he manages to rescue her in the nick of time and sees that McIntyre and Rawson get their just deserts. A big reward comes his way, and this enables him to marry Betty.

Evelyn Knapp does well as Betty and Sidney Blackmer and Oscar Appel make a convincing pair of crooks.

(Continued on page 34)
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33
Jean Must in "Star Over Broadway"

The plot is conventional enough but the fire sequences give it added zest and popular thrills.

**KING OF THE CASTLE**


June Clyde and Billy Milton both give good performances in this unpretentious romantic comedy which contains a fair share of slapstick but they are unable to make much of the trite story.

It deals with Monty King, a clerk employed by Treliss & Co., who reserves his daughter of Henry Bean, wealthy American representative of his firm, from a watery grave, and10.2 the rival of the asylum Sir Percival Treliss, his boss, for her hand. Sir Percival and Bean decide to get rid of Monty by sending him to America but he gets wise to their plot and turns in his job.

At this juncture, Fullen, a butler, recognises Monty as Lord Drone, the missing heir to a castle and estate, and he, Monty, and Marilyn then set to work to substantiate his claim. Brokers' men make their task difficult by commandeering the castle, and putting up for auction the desk containing evidence of Monty's noble birth, but they buy it in the nick of time, and with it a happy ending.

Claude Dampier is amusing as Fullen and the supporting cast gives a good account of itself.

**WHAT THE PUPPY SAID**


This sentimental study of a foundling puppy is simple and rather naive but it has an appeal for dog lovers and juveniles.

The picture opens with a collie being discovered in a park with a litter. Woggles, one of the puppies, is passed on to a rascally dealer, is bought from him by a wealthy woman, but is cast adrift when she discovers that his pedigree is forged. Finally Woggles comes to rest in a family who cordially disabuse his young mistress' affections by a feud between her father and a young neighbour with whom she is in love.

The director by becoming melodramatic tends to spoil the simplicity of the theme, which is its main charm.

**EXCUSE MY GLOVE**


Conventional story which introduces Len Harvey, who, while no great actor, has a very good sense of humour and gives a good display with the gloves.

The plot deals with a bespectacled country youth who is taken up by the manager of a fair ground booth and becomes a champion.

His progress is beset bycarded promoters and all the usual paraphernalia of stories of its type. Archie Pitts is broadly drawn as the manager but Betty Ann Davies is weak as the heroine.

Good comedy support comes from Bobby Comber and Wally Patch, and Arthur Finn is sound as the crooked manager.

Sets are adequate and the fight climax between Len Harvey and Don McGorndale provides an exciting finish.

**THE MAN WHO PAWNED HIS STARS**


Edward Arnold gives an extremely good performance as a lawyer in a story which tells at the lax of a lawyer and of the law.

It is mechanical in development and is none too convincing. On the verge of bankruptcy through his wife's extravagance, Frank Rico, hitherto scrupulous lawyer, acts as co-respondent for a client wishing to obtain a divorce for his son. He is surprised in the hotel bedroom by his wife, who. finding an affair with his stockbroker, uses the incident to divorce him. Frank continues to love his wife and desires to have his marriage to the stockbroker, but the daughter, Judith, will have nothing to do with her father. The stockbroker, believing his wife has a lover, asks Frank to arrange a divorce.

The Rodneys marry, and then, unknown to Frank, Judith becomes the wife of a lad still at college, whose mother employs the lawyer to arrange yet another divorce. In court, Frank admits his action in the case was a "frame-up." He is struck off the rolls, but wins Judith's affection.

Dorothy Revier is fair as Miss. Rodie.

**SERVANTS ALL**


Rob Winton. Williams.

**EXTRA I TIME**


Directed by F. Alexander.

Out moded humour, dull dialog, the handling makes it impossible for the cast to give any worthwhile entertainment out of this story dealing with life above and below stairs.

**THE BROWN WALLET**


Directed by Alexander Hall from a story by the late Stanley Aimon.

**GIRL IN FAWN**


Directed by Jimmy Weldon.

**STRANGE CARGO**


Directed by Lawrence Huntington.

**THEM WHO KNEW TOO MUCH**


Directed by H. Smith.

A very old-fashioned, conventional farce with unoriginal jokes and characters in an indifferent manner. The cast is handicapped by its material and is unable to show to advantage.

I refrain from any obvious wisecrack on the title.

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Turn to pages 2 and 3, post the Reservation Forms for the Picturegoer's thrilling new picture, "A pretty young lady - one-piece Tea Set. This is a once and once only opportunity. The Reservation Forms will not be published another week. Don't delay. Turn to pages 2 and 3 and act to-day.
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Mrs. Norman, of Tolworth, is a happy woman these days. She might well be, after all she has been through. "I feel I must write to you," says Mrs. Norman, "about the way I have recovered from ulcerated stomach and gastric trouble."

"For years I have suffered, tried many things, but nothing relieved the pain. I had a bad attack of gastritis last October, and was very ill. I got my husband to bring me a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to try; after two doses I got relief. Since then I have had a dose before retiring each night, or whenever I feel discomfort. Immediately I feel better. I recommend your powder to all sufferers."

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WA THIS SHAKESPEARE'S PUCK?

OPINIONS differ violently as to the merits—or otherwise—of Mickey Rooney's Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The traditionalists, used to seeing the part played by some dainty little girl, consider the performance a crime. The average filmgoer enjoyed it.

After all, how would the part have been played in Shakespeare's day?—by some dwarf or clumsy boy whose English would have been less understandable to our ears than Mickey's American. What is Puck, anyway, but a malicious little hobgoblin who takes a fiendish delight in plaguing unhappy mortals. He is not a whimsy creation of Barrie any more than he is the "good old English fellow like man" that Kipling makes him out to be in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Mickey's actions, expressions, animal calls and laughter are all very funny, mechanical delivering of his lines not so good.


Why a "Dead" Season?

A number of films for which the public is way too excited are scheduled for release in September and October. In effect, Wardour Street says "We are not offering our choicest fruits during the "dead" season." Why should there be a "dead" season? This is a defeatist attitude for a great industry to adopt.

In recognising the manifold attractions of the "out-of-doors" during the summer months, the kinema should rather produce some of its best fare and compete with these outside attractions. Personally, I feel that comfort is a great place in which to pass away an hour or two on a hot afternoon or a warm evening, and would go more frequently if the programmes were maintained at a higher standard.

A very great number of people visit a kinema only once a week at the best of times. Could not many of these be weaned from their summer-time pursuits for a couple of hours if they were offered the pictures they wish to see?

—E. J. Suter, 2 Abbey Drive East, Grimsby, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Is There an Average?

A famous film critic declared recently that the average film-goer is the person to be catered for on the screen. But is there an "average film-goer"? If so, who is he, or she? Isn't it a fact that the kinema audience, like every other assembly of human beings, is composed of persons with differing tastes, differing expectations, and differing outlooks?

This being so, I often wonder at the popularity of talented actors and actresses who attempt, for instance, to undertake the role of a man, or woman, in love. Romeo and Juliet have for centuries been regarded as the ideal lovers for stage presentation, but who on earth to-day would contend that they behave like "average lovers"? That "King Lear" behoves like the average madman? or that Jan Rydd, in *Lorna Doone*, is the average sweetheart for the average madman? Anyway, on in our national game of cricket, it is true, averages count for a lot, but on the screen—I wonder if they exist at all?

—D. Grant, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Gems of Thought

I always try to get value for the money which I contribute to the cinema box-office. If the film showing happens to be one unworthy of my attention (and this occurs far too often), I curse my eyes and listen to asides from my fellow victims.

It may be that the two following gems would be enjoyed by your readers as much as they tickled me.

"It's Jack this and Jack that, I expect his next one will be called Jack the Wont."—Oh, that will be positively his very last."

Another: "What's the difference between 'A' and 'U'?

"Oh, not much really. I think 'A' films are supposed to be a bit more innocent than 'U'."

—(Miss) E. Hart, 5 Ely Grove, Sea Mills Park, Bristol, 9.

In Praise of Adaptations

Occasionally some member of the intelligentsia isoho to deplor the mutilation of good books in the name of cinema entertainment. The extremely well-read filmgoer is in the small minority, while the "unread" and just average are in the vast majority.

Is it then, so deplorable that we "morons" have adaptations of really good books thrust upon us in the form of intelligent films? I think not. And, in many cases after the showing of a film, the scenario of which has been taken from a worthwhile book, library records show that it has acted as a stimuli to the reading of that particular book.

Personally, I haven't a great deal of time for reading and I feel that these fine films are a boon to busy people; in fact, an excellent substitute for the printed page.

So more good books for the screen, producers; and less grumbling on the part of the literary "highbrows"!—(Miss) Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina, United States of America.

Kinema Grievances

I read the letters recently about local kinemas, and I should like to add my two little "pet grievances."

The first is this: The attendant at my local kinema when she thought I had got to know her too sufficiently well, let me "scram" for my own seat!

Naturally, when one comes out of the bright light of an evening summer evening into the pitch blackness of a windowless hall, one cannot see a single thing for a few minutes. Hence, I grope about, knock ladies' hats skewiff, burn my clutching hands on cigarette ends, sit sometimes in strangers' laps, and generally make a dashed nuisance and fool of myself. I explained that I was a gentle handy and now I am led to a seat in comfort.

And my other grievance is against the person who sits in the last seat of the film. This is a task digging one in the back with his or her knees. This is most annoying, and is, unfortunately, only stopped by complaining to the owner of the knees—and I can never screw up the cheek to do it!

But I would say to those carping critics,

(Continued on page 38)
Points, purses and principles can all be stretched—that's what they were made for: but about the Right Make-up there can be no trifling or prevarication whatsoever! The pitfalls of exaggeration and "cheapness" are too dangerously near—too fatally deep! And now that Louis Philippe, France's colour genius, has made his astounding discovery of the perfect natural make-up, what further excuse, even, can there be? A lipstick that actually matches the living hues of your own blood... your colouring... your personality... is it any wonder that Paris has forever done with all make-up experimenting?

Mrs. Kay's Face

Troubled for 3 Years. But Spots went in a week. Skin now like Velvet.

Would you like to quickly free yourself of those unsightly spots and have that marvellously smooth and soft skin perfection you've always envied?

Do you want to have eyes that sparkle—glorious health, plenty of energy, and a keen mind?

Then take a teaspoonful of Wax Grape Saline in half a tumbler of water every morning before breakfast. Mrs. Kay, who was troubled for three weeks with ugly spots on her face, took Wax, and in two days her face was much better, and by the end of the week the spots had disappeared and her skin was like velvet. She felt much healthier, too.

Wax is a vitalizing, effervescent health drink which quickly clears your blood of harmful acids and toxins which make your skin break out. Wax tones up the four important organs of the body which keep your bloodstream pure and gives you vigorous health—exquisite skin beauty which can only come from within a perfectly functioning body.

Call in at the Chemist's on your way home and ask for Wax Grape Saline. Handy Holiday Packet £1. Also in 1/6d. and 2/6d. sizes.

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Six complete doses for 1/6d. Each dose in a separate envelope for your convenience and it saves you the trouble of packing a bottle when going away.

From your usual chemist. Boots branches, Timothy Whites, Taylors, etc.

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SOUTHALLS
Charles Boyer
BORN at Figesac in France on August 28, 1900, he has brown eyes, brown hair, stands 5 ft. 8 in. in height and weighs 10 stone. He is married to Pat Paterson. After two years at the French Conservatoire he was engaged at the Théatre Antoine, where the famous actor director Gesmier supervised production. He made his debut in Paris in Les Jardins de Murcie, later same year in L'Homme Enchaîné, La Galerie des Glaces, Perrain, Malé, La Bonheur and Le Voyeur.

He then appeared in two silent films before making his first talkie, Barcarole, in 1930, at the Berlin studios of Ufa. After playing in L'Amour he was in the French version of Tumult and Tempest with Anna Sten. He was accepted in the French version of F. P. One, and in French and English versions of The Only Girl with Lilian Harvey. He then went to Hollywood to play in the French version of The Big House and The Trial of Mary Dugan before returning to Paris to appear in L'Epeirere, La Bataille, Lilow and several others.

Back in Hollywood, in 1934, he appeared in Caravan, and his subsequent films include: Private Worlds, Shanghai, Break of Hearts, Mayerling, which was made in France; Sahara, History is Made at Night and The Garden of Allah.

Is under contract to Walter Wanger.

Grace Bradley
BORN in Brooklyn, New York, on September 24, 1905, she has red hair, hazel eyes, stands 5 ft. 2 in., and weighs 8 stone. She was formerly a dancer on the stage, and appeared in The Third Little Show, Strike Me Pink, and many other productions.

In 1933 she appeared in Paramount's Too Much Harmony, and her other pictures include: The Way to Love, Girl Without a Room, Come on, Marines; Six of a Kind, The Cat's Paw, Redhead, The Gilded Lily, Stolen Harmony, She Made Her Bed, Old Man Rhythm, Captain Commanding.

Alice Brady
THE daughter of William Brady, the Broadway producer, and Marie Rene, danseuse, she was born in New York, November 2, 1892, and she was reared in a convent in New York, and later attended the Convent of St. Elizabeth at Mount St. Mary's, in Jersey. She has had much experience on the stage, having appeared in many plays, among the most notable of which are: Forever After and Sour Grapes.

She has appeared in many silent films and since the advent of the talkies, her pictures have included: When Ladies Meet, Dancing Lady, Beauty of Broadway, Hollywood Stage, Stage Mother, Should Ladies Behave? Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen, The Gay Divorce, Ring Up the Worlds, Metropolitan, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Woman Who Dared, False Faces and The Gay Lady.

All her early films were made in and around New York, and it was in 1928 that she saw the interior of a Hollywood motion picture studio.

Micky Brantly
BORN in London on March 26th, 1912, his real name is Michael Comerford. Standing 5 ft. 10 1/2 in., he weighs ten and a half stone, and has brown eyes and brown hair. His parents were Irish, and he himself started his film career at the age of three, and, before talkies came into being, had made over a hundred silent films.

In August 1935 he married Irene Hunter. His more recent pictures include: The Stolen Niece, My Old Dutch, Strictly Illegal, My Brother's Wife, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Merton, and Norah's Law.

What Do You Think? Cont.
who have been brought up to appreciate nothing—go live out East for a few years, it'll open your eyes.

I've had some—Raymond T. Richards, West View, Appleyr Lane, Radian, N. Leeds.

Possibilities
With the advent of audioscopics—the pictures which come out and hit you!—the future is full of tremendous possibilities. Eagerly I await the day when hands will come towards us, pouring out whiskies and sodas, and proffering cigars—thu will movies, talkies, be supplemented by "tasties"!

We shall share banquets with the characters on the screen; we shall find out if the champagne is synthetic; lonely ones in the audience will be able to enjoy inclusion in the love scenes, with audioscopic kisses!

But—shall we have to take part in "racy houses," free fights and gory murders?—A. B. Cook, 28 Taylor Road, Wallington, Surrey

Influenced!
A reader from Singapore recently stated that the movies have influenced the Asiatic women. He does not say if it improves them, or otherwise.

Looking at some of the peculiar pieces of work parading the streets to-day, one can say that the movies have definitely influenced European women.

For instance, if I see a long-coated figure with untidy hair flapping to the shoulder, I know it's Garbo. If she had scarlet lips painted in the form of a gash half way across her face, I suspect Joan Crawford. When lids are languidly over the eyes, probably causing much inconvenienced to the owner, and eyebrows elevated, then I say to myself: "Ah, Marlene Dietrich!"

There is no need to mention what Jean Harlow has done for women, but I feel must be the patron saint of the hairdressing trade. —Rona Lanson, 31 Blatchington Road, Horsham, Sussex.

A Good Idea
At some time or other we have all experienced a waiting period at the cinema, wondering if we have seen all the programme. We sit patiently through the usual testing of the safety shutters: see a trailer for two, waste another five minutes looking at advertising screens, and then the lights go down and we see on the screen the title of a film that tells us we have seen the programme.

We get up and go out much to the discomfort of others whom we have to pass. A remedy, so simple that everybody has thought of it, is to flash on the screen at the end of each film, the name of the film to be shown next.

It would save a lot of bother.—R. D. White, 9 Kimberley Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol.

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What you think about the stars and films.
Let us have your opinion briefly.
£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two best letters, £2 for the three best, and £5 for every other letter published each week.
Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words.
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REAL LIPSTICK NEWS

4/6 quality
4/6 size
but only 2/6

Here is a lipstick, equal in size and quality to the average 4/6 Lipstick, but only 2/6. It's the Outdoor Girl Lipstick de luxe. Produced to meet the demand of thousands of women who have used and been delighted with the sensational sixpenny Outdoor Girl Lipstick. Both have the same skin nourishing olive oil base. The same perfect finish. The same pure vegetable, skin-toning colour, so permanent that one application lasts for ten hours. But the new de luxe model is larger and so even more economical and its beautiful ivory and magenta case is a case you'll be proud to show.

Try this lovely lipstick at our expense.

Get a 2/6 Outdoor Girl Lipstick de luxe from any chemist or store to-day. Use it, see how good it is for your lips, how long the colour lasts, how natural it looks. Then, if you do not agree that it is the equal of any 4/6 lipstick, send it back to the makers and they will refund your money in full. Could anything be fairer? You are the sole judge.

OUTDOOR GIRL LIPSTICK de luxe

Obtainable at all branches of Boots The Chemists and the better Chemists and Stores.

N.B. To make the most of your looks you need perfect harmony of make-up. Use Outdoor Girl Face Powder and Rouge—both have the unique olive oil base which nourishes your skin and keeps it smooth, supple, youthful and irresistible. (Trial Sizes at 6d. Send for valuable new illustrated 18-page Beauty booklet giving full instructions on the Art of Make-up to Outdoor Girl (Dept. 503), 32 City Road, E.C.1.)

SHIRLEY TELLS THE WORLD!

SEVENTEEN entirely new postcards of the WORLD'S favourite Star. This is the good news that Shirley Temple has to tell. Thirteen showing her in Captain January and four in The Littlest Rebel. Shirley as a jolly jack tar, a dashing officer, a grand lady, Shirley twanging a guitar "Way down South" and other Shirleys that will win your heart. On sale to all. Sepia glossy finish, 3d. each, 2s. 6d. doz.

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NEW discovery for the hair

—more luxurious waving
—more brilliant lustre

Do, now, give your hair a chance. From to-day stop shampooing it — use SHAMPETTE instead. It is far better for your hair than soap—cleans as thoroughly, never leaves that dull, powdery look, but makes the lights and colours shine out, and leaves the hair really "helpful . . . ready for rich, soft waves.

Fourpence per packet

"Take out this advertisement and send it, with your name and address, in a halfpenny-stamped unsealed envelope, for a voucher for a free trial 4d. packet of Shampette and two booklets, "How to shampoo and wave your hair perfectly at home."" —Photola (Dept. S.30), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.
(This offer applies in U.K. only)

SHAMPETTE

WHY WE GET INDigestion

When you suffer pain after eating, the trouble almost certainly arises from excess acid. This acid is attacking the stomach, making food ferment and causing distension, inflammation and pain. Unless promptly counteracted it may develop into serious stomach trouble and even gastric ulcers.

The only way of banishing digestive trouble is to neutralise this excess acid, and this is most quickly and surely done by taking after meals a little 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA (powder or tablets), costing only 1/3 a bottle. 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains special ingredients which have been proved by recent X-ray experiments to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. With your first dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia all trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation stops, and the pain is gone! Before you have finished your first mouthful, normal digestion is restored.

FREE: Send postcard (1d. stamp) for free sample. Bismag, Ltd., (Dept. 21/1), Braydon Road, London, N.16.

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FREE: Send postcard (1d. stamp) for free sample. Bismag, Ltd., (Dept. 21/1), Braydon Road, London, N.16.
Let GEORGE DO IT!

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

The Three Bs (Norfolk).—(1) Henry Wilcoxon, b. Sept. 5, 1905, British West Indies; 6 ft, 2 in., brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes, Thelma Todd was dead. (2) Johnny Cashade is the real name of Candy in Ted Flory's orchestra. (3) Photograph of Marion Davies is obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

W. G. (Lambeth).—Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong and Bruce Cabot took the chief roles in King Kong.

J. S. (Scotland).—John Mills is under contract to Gaumont-British studios.

TERRIBLE PUZZLED (Delston).—Elinor Fair took the part of the heroine in The Youngest, 1935, holiday to 'Freddie in 1892.'

TINKLE (Orchard).—Write to Griffith Jones, c/o Gaumont British.

C. O. N. (Gilliford).—(1) Our Gold Medal Contest commenced in June and is finished on July 11. (2) Greta Garbo is to make Camille with Robert Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No further films are scheduled for her as yet. (3) I regret that it is impossible to obtain a back number of this paper of our Publishing Dept, tell you it is out of print.

Robert Young Fan (N.A.).—Robert Young, b. 1907, Chicago; 6 ft., dark eyes and black hair. Betty Hensher... Later film, Three Wise Guys with Betty Furness.

DICK POWELL'S latest film Hearts Divided by Marion Davies.

SAILOR. Write to the film company Metropolitan-Slsherwood re the showing of Mutiny on the Bounty.


V. A. (Dover).—I regret that owing to a change of plans the supplement of Bohemian Girl, as advertised on the back of Riff Raff supplement, will not be published. (3) Ronald Colman, b. Feb. 9, 1931. Latest film Under Two Flags for Twentieth Century-Fox.

We Two (W.12).—(1) The Tunnel was adapted from the novel "Der Tunnel" by B. Kellermann. (2) Michael Bariter sang "Speak to Me of Love" in She Married Her Bus. (3) Richard Dix, b. July 18, 1894. Leslie Banks, b. June 9, 1900. (4) There are four Marix Brothers in all.

N. B. (N. Wales).—(1) Thomas Back took the part of Tom and Pat Paterson that of Carol in Charlie Chan in Egypt (2) Birthday dates: Freddie Bartholomew, 16 years old; Mort O'Brien, b. Feb. 1911; Lawrence Olivier, May 22, 1907; Herbert Marshall, May 23, 1890; Greta Garbo, Sept. 18, 1905; Elizabeth Bergner, Aug. 10, 1899; Ann Shirley, 1919; Ann Harding, Aug. 7 (no year given); Shirley Temple, April 23, 1929; Anna Neagle, Oct. 20, 1898; "Nuns Plane" Aug. 19, 1924; Madeleine Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906; Robert Donat, Mar. 18, 1907.

G. T. (S.E.26).—We have not yet published a centre spread of Tudor Rose.

ANTIDOTES PICTUREGOER (Birmingham).—David Jack Holt took the part of young Flavins in The Last Days of Pompeii. He is seven years old. (2) Basil Rathbone took the part of Pontius Pilate in that film. Lewis Stone did not appear in it.

SCHOOLBAGS (Bill).—John Mills' film after Royal Command: Forever England Car of Dreams. (3) Leslie Matthews' plans re a visit to America are at the moment very indefinite.

Blonde (Birmingham).—Birth date: Rodolph Knight, May 4, 1906; Patsy Kelly Jan. 12, 1906 (no year given).


KARLGE FAN (Derby).—Centre spread of The Old Dark House under the heading of "London."

FAITHFUL PICTUREGOER (Nottingham).—(1) Films reviewed in Jan. 19, 1935; instead of art prints awarded. Niall MacGinnis, Straight from the Streets; "Give Him ... the Stolen Ring; The Dragon Murder Case, two; Bill Doona, Strictly Domestic, Piano, Million Dollar Ransom, The Hot Cat; My Fair Lady, Embarrassing Moment, Fighting Heart; Romance in Paris, Battle of the Sexes; "The Life of a Party, three; No. Film Co.'s, as follows: King of the Khyber, Fox, See America, Universal; Wolf's Talisman, two; Asterisks as follows: Ken, four; Frankenstein, three; Doctor X, two.

INTERESTED (C. D.)—Donald Cook, I Sept. 26, 1902, Portland, Oregon; 5 ft. 11 in. dark brown hair and eyes; 130 lb. Hobo dogs. Latest film Calling of Dan Matthews.

A. R. FAN (Peoria).—Yes, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are starring in Never Gonna Dance. They are scheduled to try. Watch Your Step when Fred Astaire returns from a holiday over here. In the meantime Ginger Rogers will play in Music of the Moon, one of the straight films.

K. D. (Fife).—Yes, Kay Francis as Edward C. Robinson appeared together in the film called I Loved a Woman and Kissed a Song "Home to the Ranges."

B. S. (W.S.L.).—The Marriage of Cats is distributed by General Film Distributors.

FAN CLUB NEWS

Miss Hazel Bailey wishes to inform readers that at The Geneva Club, Dean Street, is now closed, application for membership of the Stage, Screen and Radio Social Club, of which she is now organizing secretary, should be made to her at 29, Grafton Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

The Harry Roy Club has recently published its 14th edition of "Roy Bag," a very interesting little magazine. The membership of this club is now over 900, but new members are still welcome. Write to Cecil B. Cornelius, 172, Cuxton Road, Snodland, Kent, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for full particulars.

When appearing at The Empire Theatre, Glasgow, Jimmy Durante became, at his own request, a member of the Glasgow and District Bing Crosby Fan Club. All Bing


ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY 2d.
HE'D NEVER GUESS!

The most critical of men will approve the naturalness of your complexion and never guess at its secret when you use Trava "Discreet" Rouge. It's indetectable, you see, and matches your own colouring as though it were specially blended for you. It's thrillingly, magically, wonderful in its subtle, beautifying effect.

Now, one rouge for all colourings, absolutely waterproof so even swimming won't spoil it!

From BOOT S, Stores, Hairdressers, Chemists, Marks & Spencer's, British Home Stores, and Wool Worthis, or post free from

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WHY I USE NEW VEET

1. "New Veet" ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
2. "New Veet" leaves the skin soft, smooth, and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
3. "New Veet" is just like a toilet cream—creamy, scented and pleasant to use.
4. "New Veet" avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor, which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker.

So easy to have LOVELY NAILS

THE Easy Cutex Manicure Method is a boon to busy women. With it, lovely hands now can be yours, by these simple steps.

Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser is the basis of the perfect manicure. Use it to shape the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips.

Use Oily Polish Remover to remove old polish. It contains an ingredient that helps to keep the cuticle soft and correct brittle nails.

Next apply Cutex Liquid Polish. It is preferred by fashion leaders the world over. It has a superior lustre and wears longer. Also it is so easy to apply.

Use the Nail White pencil under the nail tips and smooth a little cuticle cream or oil on the cuticle. Follow this manicure regularly and watch the beauty of your nails improve.

CUTEX MANICURE PREPARATION
Made in England.

SEND FOR THIS. I enclose 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit, which includes Liquid Polish in the tint I have underlined; also Oily Polish Remover.

Natural—Rose—Coral—Cardinal
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Address __________________________

REDUCE QUICKLY and SAFELY "THANKS TO GEISHA"

You, too, can reduce quickly, safely and permanently, without starving, dieting or harmful exercises. All you have to do is to take GEISHA (recommended for men and women). Medical Authorities and Insurance Companies will tell you that excess fat is dangerous, imposing a terrible strain on the heart and other organs, and causing palpitations, blood pressure and shortness of breath. Don't run such a risk any longer. Start to-day to regain your slimness of figure by taking GEISHA, the wonderful remedy which has brought new hope to thousands of men and women. Get back your youthful charm and grace, be attractive once again.

Send to-day for Trial Supply 2/- 4 weeks Full Course 10/- No matter how fat you are or what you have tried, if the Full Course does not produce satisfactory reduction your money will be refunded.

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AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER

-Hindes Phleab Hair Curlers and Waves do their work while you sleep. Comfortable and flexible they curve to every shape of the head. Set of five 1/- Hindes make 92 wonderful patterns in waves and curlers.

HINDES

"P-H-L-E-X-I-B-L-E"

HAIR CURLER & WAVE

July 18, 1936
Leaving IT to ANNE

If you have a beauty query that is puzzling you, let me help you. A short note, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, will bring you a quick reply by post. Readers in the Dominions and the I.F.S. should send a postage coupon.

WHAT a bother noses seem to be! They shine; they're too big; they turn up, they're red, and they won't retain powder. These are everyday worries of many of my readers.

First of all I think I should dispose of the plastic surgery question. So many write to ask for an introduction to a plastic surgeon who will reshape a nose that displeases them. Plastic surgery is an art that arose after the war. Certain surgeons developed wonderful skill in reshaping faces that had been shattered. In the whole world there are very few of these surgeons and they look upon their work with the same high ideals as all eminent surgeons do. Which means, in short, that they are not prepared to reshape a nose merely to satisfy vanity. Their work nowadays is mainly confined to reshaping after disfiguring accidents and operations.

There are many so-called beauty doctors who will operate for a large fee, but their methods are another story. This brings us to the conclusion that what cannot be cured must be endured. All the same, skilful make-up and careful hairdressing can do much to camouflage an ugly nose.

Too Large

Let us suppose your nose is too large. Probably on account of its size your chin appears to recede a bit as well. How can we make the nose more retiring and emphasise the chin. The first rule to remember is this: always use a slightly darker tint of powder on the nose, the neck and underneath the chin. On the rest of the face use the tint normal to your colouring.

Keep your lipstick on the conservative side. Let it be as near natural as possible, and make the best of your eyes. Define the eyebrows and carefully make-up the lashes, so that attention is drawn to the eyes and away from the nose.

Practise holding the head very erect, so that the retracing chin is brought forward again. Take care of your hairdressing. Never be tempted into making a knot on the nape of the neck, or a "figure-of-eight" bun. The hair should be softly draped round the face, without covering the forehead and the side fullness should be on a level with the chin. A side parting please, never a middle part.

Keep your lipstick on the conservative side. Let it be as near natural as possible, and make the best of your eyes. Define the eyebrows and carefully make-up the lashes, so that attention is drawn to the eyes and away from the nose.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 99 Roberts Street, Brixton, S.W.B. for:—

Doctor's Orders

Enlighten Thy Daughter

This Day and Age

You're Telling Me?

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:

Miss Evelyn Mitchell, 11 Calderwood Road, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

Young and Beautiful

Toss of Money

Ready for Love

Where Is This Lady?

D. Ashford, c/o W. Smith, 32 Prefect Street, Islington, N.1, for:—

Three Little Fugs

The Moon's Our Home

The Lone Wolf Returns

Hell in the Heavens

W. Collins, 16 Charley Street, Lower Broughton, Salford, 7, Lancs, for:—

Get Off My Foot

Penny Two

Don't Be Personal

Popeye

Miss Alice Turner, 3-5 Effingham Street, Park, Sheffield, for:—

Demselves Alone

Flirting with Danger

Some Faraway

Behold My Wife

As you can see, these 10 "Talkie Title Tales" are in line there are four talkie titles in order to make a short breath.

Add your entries to the one postcard c/o PICTURESQUE, Martlet House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACH.
DEIGNED TO LIVE IN
AND LOOK SMART

THE days when fashionable
women hardly dared to move
lest their dresses be spoiled
are past. To-day clothes can
be both smart and comfortable.
Look at the illustration on the
right. In the latest vogue it
has those subtle lines of cut
which distinguish it at once
from the "ordinary."

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This is just one item from a wide range of
Summer Fashions which Holbourne
(Fashions) Ltd. have created to be at once
thriftly and chic. Among them you are sure
to find the one you are seeking—and it can
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this is sent to you in perfection or refund
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A famous milliner
invented this
for you...

NOTHING spoils an expensive "perm"
 quicker than sea-water. Every woman who
bathes knows that. Bathing helmets can't stop
it. They aren't sea-proof. Water always gets in
at the nape of the neck.

That's why a famous milliner invented the
"WATER-TITE" UNDER CAP. He did
women a marvellous service.

Wear this cap under your bathing helmet
and, no matter how long you stay in the water,
your hair will be kept just perfect! It will be
kept dry. Cherished curls will be as curly as
ever. Lovely waves will be immaculate.

Never has so small a sum bought women bathers
so great a boon as the "WATER-
TITE" UNDER CAP.

Water-Tite
UNDER CAP

From all leading Stores, Drapers,
and Sports Shops.
Manufactured by
C. J. UNDERWEAR LIMITED, Langham
AMBROSE EASI-FIT

Truly a beautiful Corset, this perfect support for medium and full figures, gracefully modelled and delightfully free from pressure or constraint. A lovely Tea Rose fabric, trimmed lace, and fancy bow, with six silk suspenders. Sixteen rustless Flexo supports and cross-over bands add a velvet soft figure uphold.

PRICE 6d.

For sizes 23 to 30 in., 1/- deposit, 2/- monthly, (50 to 35 in., price 11/6; 37 to 42 in., price 12/6). Terms for these 1/- deposit, 2/- monthly. Balance 2/- monthly for sizes 33-36 in.


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AMBROSE CORSETS ASSURE GRACEFUL SLIM LINES!

AMBROSE NU-STYLE

Under your perfect-fitting dance frock, your tailored outdoor wear, and your workaday clothes alike, you will find this Corsette ideal. Allows free-cut movement, yet provides complete support. Prove for yourself the freedom allowed by the patent self-adjusting back and the support given by the deep underbelt, net bra- siere, and durable Pink striped coutil.

Sizes: 30-46 in. bust.

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Sent to you on approval for 1/-; balance 2/- monthly.

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Just fill in the coupon for the Bargain you want and enclose FULL NAME (Mrs. or Miss) AND ADDRESS and Postal Order for amount of deposit and postage. Oversize full cash only. Please cross P.O. or P.O. in ink. Write very plainly and post without delay.

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Please give Hip and Height for D.R. 121.

D.R. 121


As each garment is specially made for each customer, there will be a short delay in delivery.

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Sent on approval for 1/- deposit; balance 2/- 6/- monthly. Postage 6d. FULL PRICE 9/6 ONLY.

SPECIAL SHOE VALUE

A.S. 193. A stylish three-heel Corset-ette Shoe, made on good fitting last. Covered medium Spanish heel; neatly stitched on vamp and facings. Medium toe; guaranteed leather sole. Offered in Brown Suede, Black Suede, Black Glace, Blue Glace. Sizes: 3 to 7 and half sizes. Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/- monthly. Postage 6d. FULL PRICE 9/11 ONLY.

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Please send me, on approval, garment as requested, at present Bargain Price stated above. I enclose the necessary deposit, together with postage and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the stated monthly instalments. If I return the article unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit.

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In the most unexpected places

The Lifebuoy Trade Mark on the packet and the name PLAYER’S MEDIUM NAVY CUT on each Cigarette is your guarantee that you are getting the genuine Player's Medium Navy Cut. See that each packet and Cigarette is so marked.

The illustration above shows a retailer's cottage premises on the mountain road Thornhill, between Cardiff and Caerphilly. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

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PLAYER’S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES — PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED — IO FOR 6" 20 FOR 11½" 50 FOR 2"
Wonderful THRILL for “Picturegoer” readers

THE PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL

HERE’S the thrill of the summer season for “Picturegoer” readers—“PICTUREGOER SUMMER ANNUAL”—just out.

A hundred wonderful, all-photography pages for only sixpence! You’ll be delighted when you see it—vivid, appealing—packed with wonderful pictures including double-page displays and whole-page portraits of favourite stars that you’ll look at again and again... facts about your favourites—what they link, do, wear... things that will surprise you!

LOOK at just a few of the fascinating contents.

“THERE IS NO MODERN IAN” — Jeanette MacDonald writes or opinion of the male.

MARY PICKFORD says: “IT’S WOMAN’S WORLD” — but OLORES DEL RIO and EDWARD ROBINSON have their ideas about art.

“MAKING UP TO TYPE” — Dick Dorm tells how you can look like your film-star type.

MAY ROBSON, Filmland’s Grand Lady, discusses the most important thing of all—LOVE.

WHAT THE STARS WEAR ON OLIDAY. Fascinating seaside modes. THEY USED TO HAVE LEGS. Hy they are hidden now!

HIGH COST OF HEALTH. How undue combat sickness.

BOB MONTGOMERY on the Outer Life.

WHY YOUNG STARS WON’T MARRY.

FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS of every Girl and Gallant Men. Reviews principal Autumn Films—there’s a set of Filmland news and views on every page.

The demand for this huge Annual is tremendous. Everybody wants it. Look for the beautiful cover with an illustration of Helen Vinson in full colour. Don’t delay another moment, get your copy NOW.

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HAS anyone offered you a bite of scrumptious, crunchy CREST yet—the very latest mouth-watering masterpiece in chocolate-coated butter-and-almond candy? Someone's bound to very soon! But you needn't wait for that heavenly moment, because they're selling it everywhere at the absurd price of only 2d. a bar!

CREST is the name in everybody's mouth!
ALL THE Gossip

COLOUR! That's the subject that is beginning to absorb the attention of picturegoers as completely as sound absorbed it when the films first found a voice.

In looking ahead, even six months or a year, we cannot ignore the fact that colour will play an ever-increasing part in the planning of programmes.

There will be a difference, however, between the coming of colour and the coming of sound, in fact, two main points of difference.

One is that colour will cause no such financial upheaval as was caused by sound, because colour films can be shown on the ordinary projector; in the Great Talkie Debacle, thousands and thousands of pounds-worth of apparatus had to be scrapped.

Also, I think that the popularity of colour is coming less suddenly, and therefore not nearly so many companies will be caught napping with unsaleable film on their hands.

Excellent in Parts

Another point of difference is that we shall be spared a repetition of that transitional state which was represented by the "part-talkie."

That was a horror! You would pay to see a talking film, never noticing that the all-important phrase "all-talking" was not mentioned, and the film would be an ordinary silent one accompanied by very tinny music.

Suddenly, during a close-up in which the players were afraid to move an inch for fear of getting out of microphone range, they would blare out cracking remarks which assailed one's ears like a broadcast in a tropical storm.

The part-colour picture has been tried, of course; one of the most memorable examples was "Disraeli," in which the Royal Levee scenes the very end were done in very creditable colour.

Firsts

But it would only work when placed at the end; B.U.P. introduced a colour-sequence into "Radio Parade" of 1935, and followed it with scenes in black-and-white which let it down with resounding thud.

Fortunately, we got over the "part-colour" stage quickly and comparatively painlessly. It must now be either all or nothing. And before very long, I predict, it will be all.

"La Cucaracha" really started the ball rolling with the New Technicolor, and "Becky Sharp" allowed it with the first actual dramatic use of colour.

Then came "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" as the first outdoor all-colour picture; and the other night I seized an opportunity of seeing "Dancing Pirate," which is the first all-colour, all-singing, all-dancing musical extravaganza.

Bottle of Nonsense

I am not going to attempt to review that gay, frothy, sparkling, bubbling, beautiful bottle of nonsense here and now; that will be attended to in our review pages in due course.

I will only say of that nonsense that I am ever so glad that this medium has a great future - a great future - not only for specialised productions of this sort but for any sort of object.

But - let me emphasise this - colour will not and alone.

Sound did, for a while, on its novelty value; but audiences are growing more discriminating.

I had an example of this the other night when I saw the Technicolor short, "The Fiesta of Santa Barbara."

This was essentially a subject as rich in colour potentialities as "La Cucaracha" or "Dancing Pirate," to which it was in several ways akin; but instead of photographing an actual fiesta, a fake affair was concocted in the studios, dragging in a great many stars and featured players in a slipshod, makeshift manner that reflected little credit on anyone concerned - except the colour cameraman.

A Welcome Arrival

Any new invention must suffer from such attempts to capitalise its novelty value; but they generally bounce back and hit the producer who threw them.

But the genuine colour film with a story and adequate production will, I feel sure, meet with a warm welcome on its own merits - that is, on sheer entertainment value.

Hollywood seems to feel sure of it, too, for plans are afoot to make eighteen of the next year's productions in Technicolor.

True, this does not sound much in a total of 500 feature films; less than 4 per cent. But it will serve for a beginning, for the snowball will grow, and grow, and grow.

And, in a few years perhaps, there will come a time when the old black-and-white films will be dragged out from their decent obscurity and exhibited for our amusement and (occasionally) admiration, as we exhibit a silent film to-day.

The Colourful Desert

The next great attraction in the field of colour will be the Selznick International production "The Garden of Allah," which we should be seeing shortly.

It has taken eight months to make, and Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, the highest salaried stars to play in a colour film, are featured in it.

Then there is the second attempt at colour of Henry Hathaway, who directed "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

He has been in Alaska, making a preliminary survey of locations for "Spawn of the North," to feature Carole Lombard and, possibly, Cary Grant.

The film will be a saga of the rushing salmon streams near Prince of Wales Island, and it is intended to photograph the Aurora Borealis in colour.

(Continued on page 6)
On the Cover

Just imagine, for instance, how brilliantly Molloy on the Bounty would have lent itself to colour filming—the uniforms, the blue of sea and sky, the green and gold of the island paradise. And Charles Laughton's current picture, too—Rembrandt. Our cover this week gives a good idea of how Laughton looks while working in that film; and it also suggests that we are losing something very well worth having by seeing the picture in black-and-white. Still, Laughton is always well worth seeing in any medium—and so is a London Film Production.

It may be, however, that when the colour studios at Denham get into full swing, British production will lead the way in this new and all-important field.

Much will depend on the success or otherwise of Wings of the Morning, now being made there by New World.

Stars Must Fall

One thing about colour films which is distinctly reminiscent of the coming of talkies is the way in which established stars will come crashing and spluttering to earth.

Instead of the sound engineer, their arch-enemy will be the colour-cameraman.

According to Sam Kaufman, the colour make-up specialist who has been working on The Garden of Allah, the peril lies in the fact that colour make-up must be applied much more sparingly than the ordinary kind; and this means that a great many players whose make-up at present mercifully conceals their blemishes, will fail to stand the test of colour films.

Here, of course, is a repetition of the case of the silent film players whose voices did not please the microphone, and the stage-players who could not deceive the camera.

In time, of course, colour make-up will be perfected so as to conceal all blemishes, for science can do anything.

Blushing Barred

Meanwhile, however, according to Kaufman, the following types of players are ineligible for colour pictures:

1. The player who blushes easily, especially in love scenes.
2. The actor who likes his drink and comes to the studio with bleary eyes. They'll photograph a distasteful pink.
3. The actor who stays up all night, and develops circles under his eyes, which will show as lavender.
4. The victims of high blood pressure whose faces turn crimson after a hearty meal. They'll have to stop eating lunch when working in a natural colour film.
5. Anaemic players who are highly susceptible to changes in temperature, turning pale when cold and becoming normal when warm.
6. The romantic players with deep scars, spotty complexion or livid birth-marks, which the new thin make-up will not hide.

A Scholarly Book

Since writing the above, I have come across a book which has almost made me sorry I spoke.

Not that I have had reason to alter my views; but the book of which I speak is so scholarly and erudite and scientific that I feel like a toddler among Titans.

There are plenty of you, I believe, to whom a hundred feet of film going through the camera is of greater interest than a thousand feet upon the screen.

To these I say: "Beg, borrow, steal, or (as a last resort) buy a copy of 'Colour Cinematography,' by Major Adrian Bernard Klein, M.B.E., A.R.P.S., an acknowledged expert on a highly technical subject."

Ten Half-crowns

It's published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall at 25s. The price is steep, I know, but once you've bought it, it's yours—which I always think is such a good excuse for buying things one can't afford—and it's not a book that can get out of date, being based on first principles and historical fact.

I predict that it will be regarded as a standard work.

It contains a historical summary (dating from 1672!), and chapters on the Theoretical Basis of Colour Films, Additive Processes, Subtractive Processes, Beam-Splitting Systems, and so on—doubtless an open book to the expert and enthusiast, though it made me wonder a little dizzily why a colour film ever got on the screen at all.

There are many diagrams and illustrations, and I have a feeling that when I get down to reading it from cover to cover, I shall know a great deal more about colour films than I do now.

However, I defy it to make me enjoy Dancing Pirates any less!

Two for Fred

At last the blow has fallen for Astaire fans, and I'm not a bit surprised.

Fred the Nimble has announced definitely that he will limit his future screen activities to two pictures a year—and I believe he will stick to it.

The reason is not any fear that fans will grow tired of him; he has too great faith in the loyalty of his followers to frighten himself. No, it's simply a matter of physical capability.

When preparing a film, Fred works harder than most stars do when actually before the cameras. For instance, he has recently completed eight weeks' work in perfecting the dance routines which you will see in Won't Dance, in which he and Ginger Rogers are co-starring for Radio.

Too Strenuous

Fred explains that two pictures of the type he makes require more physical work than four important 'straight' films.

"Even working every day of the year," he says, "it's impossible to sandwich-in another production."

That's the time-factor. The physical factor is even more decisive—a programme so strenuous would most certainly overtax the not-too-robust Astaire frame.

So it's no use arguing: two a year it is—and we may consider ourselves luckier than that.

And, from what we have been hearing of possible changes in partnership, Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hoctor may have to share-out those two films between them.

Songs from the Films

The month's releases of H.M.V. records contain, my colleague Lionel Collier tells me, two well-rendered songs from Give Us This Night. They are on B.8442, "My Love and 1" and "Sweet Melody of Night" and the singer is Webster Booth. The tunes are rather conventional, but the vocalist makes the most of them.

James Melton on B.8444 sings "Where Am I?" and "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" from Stars Over Broadway. The latter is a very good hillbilly, but the meaning of both is somewhat harsh.

Tunes to Waltz to

Another excellent hillbilly is Blazin' the Trail and is played by Ray Noble and his Orchestra on B.D.5072. On the other side the same orchestra gives an orchestral arrangement of "Where Am I?" from Stars Over Broadway.

But if you want to waltz there are two first-class numbers on B.D.5076: "My First Love Song from Queer of Hearts," and "Would You?" from San Francisco, both played by Roy Fox with vocal refrain.

On the "hot" side there is All My Life, from Lauging Irish Eyes, played by Fats Waller and His Rhythm on B.D.5077, and on the reverse side The Cabin in the Sky, a contrasting slow fox-trot played well by the same orchestra. Both have vocal and piano interludes.

There is a conventional air about Robins and Roses, played by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra on B.D.5078, and Eddie

Above: Frank Lawton, Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan in M-G-M's "Devil Doll."


Within fifteen minutes, Miss Powell had an audience of more than a hundred. “So long as they’re not near enough to steal any of my ideas,” Eleanor observed, “they’re welcome.”

A Minor Mystery

I am rather worried about the fate of Henry Wilcoxon, who is playing a subsidiary character in The Last of the Mohicans. This talented and hefty young stage actor, having been completely neglected by film producers in this country, went off to Hollywood on a fine Paramount contract, and played leading roles opposite Claudette Colbert in Cleopatra and Loretta Young in The Crusades. Then he came to England to play opposite Anna Sten in A Woman Alone—which has not yet been seen. And now he’s back in Hollywood, playing a supporting role in a film made by Reliance. What’s gone wrong?

Something New

I may seem difficult to introduce anything new to Hollywood, but Patric Knowles has done it. His innovation is the gramophone-record invitation. Patric recently held a house-warming in the house he has taken on Toluca Lake, and to every guest he sent a small gramophone record on which were recorded the voices of Knowles and his wife, requesting the presence of the guest at the party. Errol Flynn, who has been working with Knowles in Warners’ The Charge of the Light Brigade, went one better. As soon as he received the record he had one of his own made, which began: “Mr. Flynn regrets he will be unable to attend,” and went on to give a large variety of reasons. And then Mr. Flynn went to the party.

Swing Music

What is this “swing” music? I confess I have been as bothered by this phrase as I was with the expression “torch song” when it first became legal currency. And now that the words have been explained to me by two of the principal exponents, I feel almost as wise as ever.

The twins, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, two Paramount composers who between them have a baker’s dozen hits to their credit, described the new music as “sweet-heat.” “By this,” they explained, “we mean ‘hot’ jazz built on a structure of ‘sweet’ or melodic music.” “It’s this difference, more than anything else, which sets ‘swing’ music apart from the jazz which has held the field for the last ten years.”

You may be surprised to hear that the best-known “swing” composition, “Music Goes Round,” is “essentially a melodic composition which played in ‘ballad’ or slow tempo, and which has revealed itself to be surprisingly packed with ‘sweet,’ full melody.”

Looking Back

One of the most poignant aspects of film-production is the reconstruction of “old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago”—especially when such events have occurred within living memory; perhaps the memory of those who are taking part in the film.

For instance, stage-hands and others who actually remembered the great earthquake of San Francisco were present when the San Francisco earthquake scene in M.-G.-M.’s San Francisco was shot at Culver City recently.

This was done on the thirtieth anniversary of the disaster that brought terror and death and destruction to the great Pacific port on a fine morning in 1906.

The scene was the interior of Lyric Hall, San Francisco, at the moment in the early morning when the first tremblings of the approaching disaster manifested themselves.

In this scene were Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Holt, and Margaret Irving, and before it was “shot” the company took a ten-minute “break” in memory of the catastrophe which had taken five hundred lives, thirty years before.

Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, and Bette Davis in a “Lay off that girl” moment from The Petrified Forest, now showing at the Troc, London.

Extra Cheap

Recently I told you also about Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles dispatching themselves in the background as “unpaid extras” while the stars for the Asking unit was on location.

This week I heard of a case which is even more curious. When Director Joseph Santley viewed the film of a football game sequence filmed for the novel A Woman Alone, he was the most surprised man in Hollywood.

For in the crowd of extras watching the game, he discovered none other than—Jean Harlow! Miss Harlow had two hours off between scenes, so she went on a tour of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. On the “back lot” she found the football game in progress, so she mingled with the “extras” to catch it as it was filmed. As she was in make-up, no one discovered her playing the role of an “extra” until the day’s rushes were projected upon the screen.

So watch for an excited brownette bawling in the background—and that’ll be Jean.

Free Show

Well, it’s nice to get something for nothing—and apparently Eleanor Powell’s neighbours agree with this.

Roofs of buildings near Eleanor Powell’s Los Angeles hotel have suddenly become popular since the actress began her try-outs of new dance routines.

Every morning, before reporting at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Miss Powell tries to get a few of her dance numbers for Born to Dance, at the court-room at the hotel.

The very first day, some workmen, repairing the roof on a neighbour building, happened to see her. Somehow they found out who she was, and that started the roof rush.

GUY BEACON.

HAVE YOU RESERVED YOUR TEA-SET? ONLY FIVE MORE DAYS!

You have only another five days in which to reserve and thereby make sure of the magnificent twenty-one-piece Tea-Set that PICTURES GOER WEEKLY is offering to every one of its readers as a celebration of its ever-increasing popularity.

Already very many thousands of readers, determined not to miss this wonderful opportunity, have sent in their reservation forms and started to qualify.

If you haven’t already done so, complete the reservation form, which appeared in last week’s Pictures Goer, and post it at once.

This lovely modern Tea Set will give you a thrill of pride. Every piece, superbly made by a British craftsman, is beautifully designed and fashioned in high-quality semi-china of a delicate ivory shade and embellished with artistic fancy moulding trimmed with coral red and further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

The set consists of twenty-one pieces, which include six cups, six saucers, six plates, bread-and-butter plate, sugar basin, and milk jug. And—as a special gift—and additional present for readers who qualify for the Tea-Set—there is the opportunity to secure a set of six handsome Silver-plated Tea Spoons.

Picture this really beautiful china and plate as it will grace your tea table when you are entertaining your very special friends. Imagine how they will envy your possession.

So now, whilst it is still in your mind, fill in and post the reservation form from last week’s Pictures Goer. That will reserve your set.

Remember, you send no money with the form—but POST IT NOW.
JUGGLING
with
LIFE

THE famous comedian who has been seriously ill but is now fully recovered, tells you in his inimitable manner of the ups and downs in his stage and screen career. His latest picture, Poppy, is pre-viewed in this issue.

by

W. C. FIELDS

Above, a recent studio portrait of W. C. Fields and (left) with Baby LeRoy with whom he appeared in "It's a Gift!"

CAME by the stage quite naturally. I had an uncle who was a Swiss Bell Ringer. He dressed like an actor, and was always hungry. He came to our house each day in time for meals. One time he hurt my mother's feelings by not eating the crust of a pie she had baked. He claimed that people who ate pie crusts caught measles easy in Philadelphia, where I had the bad luck to be born. My mother never forgave him and insisted that he set a bad example for her little son, Willie. Later, when I got the measles, she blamed it on him.

My father's real name was Dukinfield. He came from England just in time. He often spied down on the kitchen, watching my mother bake pies. He was one of those men who would waste a whole week to raise a bunch of onions. When I was twelve years old, I saw him step on a rake. This wouldn't have been so bad except that the teeth of the rake were pointed upward. The handle of the rake flew up and cracked my papa on the forehead. I laughed. At once there lit upon me the rage of a proud English Dukinfield. My father chased me from home, where I have been ever since.

I did not know what else to do the next day, so I stole three apples from a grocer's basket and began to juggle them. Right away I knew that I had found my life work. I juggled those apples until I got hungry. Then I went by the grocery store again and got three more.

When I was sixteen years old I got a job on an ice wagon. The man I worked with was Bob Fitzsimmons. He was not the fighter, so far as I know. Mr. Fitzsimmons was slow to action. On hot days he would deliver the ice in buckets. I taught him how to handle the ice with a flourish, and juggle it on his shoulder. Fitzsimmons was so pleased that he did most of the work.

I often helped Mr. Fitzsimmons collect money for the ice. Soon we juggled the collections. Finally one day the man we worked for asked us if we could use the team and wagon, and a load of ice. He explained that he would like to make a little money for himself. So we let him have the whole outfit, and I was a vagabond again.

Mine was a harum-scarum life for the next few years. I never go to bed now without stretching myself in the warm white sheets, remembering the old-time pains in my knees from sleeping in cold places.

By the time I was eighteen I could juggle anything I could get my hands on. And I got my hands on plenty.

Finally, after working three months as a signalman on Coney Island, I stole fifty dollars and went to get a job in a New York burlesque show. To make good impression, I spent forty dollars on a pair of black and white checked trousers, a pair of bright tan shoes and a coat as loud as the talk of an actor on Hollywood Boulevard. We rehearsed in the show so long that I soon had to hock the pants. Then the show went broke, and I slept in Union Square.

In the back of a burlesque side show. An old-time actor, now a famous movie fellow, asked me where I was staying. "Union Square," was my proud answer.

"Why, " said the fellow, "you'll never get anywhere until you make a more careful note of your environment. You should sleep in Bryant Park, that park back of the library. It's a second Street. It's high-toned, and it will be nearer your work."

I rented a room in Union Square to six poets, and moved to a larger bench in Bryant Park, where I remained for one month, praying each night for the success of an actor who had given me his first real lesson toward getting on in the world.

When the first pay day came I found that my salary had been cut from twenty to thirty dollars per week. Soon we went on the road, and ended up at People's Theatre in Cincinnati. A critic who had not seen the show in that city, gave me an excellent notice in the Cincinnati Enquirer, saying among other things, "if this young man is not shot some time before the audience gets used to him, he is liable not to be heard of in the show business." I took the notice to the owner of the show, and demanded a raise. He promised me a dollar a week more, and fired me in five days.

In the lives of all great men, there comes a tremendous decision—in the words of the immortal bard, they rush in like saps where wise men fear to tread. I was no exception. When listening to the noise of the Seventh Avenue elevated, and counting the holes in my pockets, I there and then consecrated the rest of my days towards being just a simple clown.

While strolling nonchalantly along Fourteenth Street the next evening I came upon a strange-looking man who was organising another burlesque show. As he had once been an editor and could not read very well, I perused aloud for him the clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer, and as I read I added much not in the script.

He was so impressed that he gave me a job at 50 dollars per week, actual money every Saturday night.

To those who would scale the peaks of happiness I would say that there is none such like obtaining real money from a show when one is young. Love may fade into dust, and friendship into borrowed money, but the joy of a real pay day with a show remains.

My decision in Bryant Park brought results. My first large salary of 125 dollars a week was given me some months later in San Francisco. They paid me all in silver. I had to go to the theatre to rehearse, and it was too heavy to carry in my pocket. Like all jugglers, I had a girl. But I was afraid to trust her with so much money. I met a pawnbroker with a diamond ring that he said was worth 125 dollars and that diamonds were the same as money anyhow. The girl borrowed the ring, and I haven't seen her to this day. I would not have minded that so much, but she took the ring with her. The next week I did not know what to do with so much silver either. So I had it hauled to the depot, where I bought a ticket back to New York.

AFTER I told William Morris about all the heavy money out West, he booked me at Koster and Bial's Music Hall, where the best foreign artists performed. Dinner was served to the audience in boxes, so Morris put me on before they got hungry. A German theatrical manager saw me in my tramp juggling act, and engaged me to go to his country. I was not quite twenty years old at this time. I might add here that I began to wear a tramp costume because I did not have the money at the start to buy the spangles and close-fitting tights I saw the burlesque queens wear.

Over in Berlin I went to a small suburban theatre, and saw a midget juggling seven balls with ease. And here I had been glowing because I could juggle five. I did not say a word to anyone, but practiced for weeks until I could juggle eight.

For the next thirteen years I toured the
July 25, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly

The star's performance as Micauber in "David Copperfield" was one of the highlights in that outstanding picture.

world many times, and was unable to speak any language but English. My pantomime and juggling were a passport everywhere.

At last I hooked up with Flo Ziegfeld, and remained in his "Following more years than I care to remember. Ziegfeld spent fortunes on comedians, but never liked them. Why he tolerated me for so long, I do not know.

I played with many troupeers at this time, among them Joe Jackson, Bill Ritchie, Nora Bayes, Bert Williams, Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, Ed Wynn and Sam Hardy. Many of these have since gone down the long river, among them the many-sided Ziegfeld himself.

Whenever Ziegfeld had a mood, which was often, he took it out on me. One time he warned me to remove all liquor from my dressing-room, forgetting how much he had in his quarters.

"Do you know you can be arrested for having liquor here?" he said to me. That night, two policemen knocked loudly at the door of my dressing-room. Feeling that Ziegfeld had put them on my trail, I had the prop boy hurriedly remove all the liquor that some juggler had stowed within my quarters.

When I finally opened the door, I heard one of the policemen say, "Would you like to buy a couple of cases of good Scotch, Mr. Fields?"

He was the only policeman I have ever hugged.

After parting with Ziegfeld I played for sometime in George White's Scandals. Later I appeared in Poppy. It was in this play that the critics discovered I had a speaking voice, though I had spoken for years in Ziegfeld shows. Poppy was made into a movie under the title of Sally of the Sawdust. I played my original role on the screen.

Nothing happened so far as my screen career was concerned, and I returned to the stage. The depression was on. I induced the producer of the show to allow me to run it on a percentage for the players, in order to keep them working. This attempt failed, and I decided to enter films.

I motored to Hollywood, and remained a year, without an offer for a film producer. In desperation, I went to a well-known producer and offered to write, direct and act in a film for nothing. Being one of those men who new exactly what the public wanted, he refused my offer.

After being idle for eighteen months and dancing on the edge of fifty years, I received word that the Harriman Bank had failed in New York. A quarter of a million dollars, my life's savings, went with it. I had met the great banker, and had laughed at his jokes, thinking of course that by being friendly with him he would let me in on something. He did. Harriman laughed last.

I was feeling much lower than the stars, when I met Marilyn Miller. She wanted me to play a part in her next film. It was my bad luck to reverse many film precedents. I made good in the picture. Months passed before I got another offer—for less money.

Like any other man at my age who had lost a quarter of a million, and who could look about Below, in 1928 W. C. Fields appeared in a new version of "Tilly's Punctured Romance," in which Chaplin and Dressler had originally featured.}

the shrewdest men in films—Mack Sennett. I wrote, directed and acted in four short films for him. One film paid for itself three days after its release. Sennett shared my belief that a comedian should do what he thinks is funny, and not vary in reaction to the reception of his films. Mack is a master of comedy, and while we had the usual hectic moments of disagreement, I still consider him the most important of the great masters of comedy. In fact, Sennett's gift ranges beyond comedy. He is a great satirist.

It seemed to me that the road would be silver and gold, and I was riding a bicycle in the last scene of a film, a truck hit me, and broke my leg. I heard it snap and many things went through my mind. I suddenly recalled what my friend, Dr. Harry Martin, had said, that he had held his head perfectly straight with both hands when someone had accident happened to him. So I cautioned everyone to keep away from me and immediately held my head with both hands until I reached the hospital, fifteen miles away.

When my doctor, H. J. Strathern, arrived, I still held my head. The doctor gave the nature of my accident to the newspapers in Latin. They paid no attention to it; otherwise there might have been great rejoicing had it been noticed about that I had broken my neck.

When I left the hospital I had to carry my head braced, in an upward position, as if I were counting the stars. The driver had told me that a highball would not be good for me, but I disagreed with him. So with eyes gazing at the heavens, and a highball in my hand, I bounced all the way down a long flight of stairs. I am happy to state that my head remained on my shoulders, and that I spilt no part of the precious highball.

After these small difficulties, everything became more serene and Paramount signed me to a long-term contract. I have appeared in about eighteen films for this firm, the most memorable being those in which I played opposite the redoubtable star, Baby LeRoy, a sterling two-year-old actor worthy to be the descendant of Gargantua.

Once, in a film, when he playfully put my best watch in molases, I, as playfully, booted him across the room. He did not think that scene was in the film, and I heard him mutter what sounded something like "You son of a — as he darted toward me. I had to run for my life.

I had been told before I started to work with him that he had bitten his mother's thumb off. I later found this to be untrue, but imagine a two-year-old who can gather about him such a reputation!

"Why don't you give him an understudy—another baby about his own age?" I asked the director.

The director trembled as he answered, "My God—I couldn't do that, Bill, he'd eat it."

Baby LeRoy is now a young man of about five, and, of course, I would not want him to know I had written about him. Our paths may cross again and I would fear to make him mad. For if he is like he was in the old days—if he gets in a temper—not even Joe Louis would have a chance with him.

When the feud between us became serious, everyone said, "Poor Baby LeRoy." Nobody ever thought to say, "Poor Bill Fields." After several pictures with that stubby baby I needed all my strength to get through my recent illness.

Like most men, perhaps, I have more vices than virtues. But one habit I learned, which became my ruin in my sickly and imminence, that of reading. Somewhere Edward Gibbon said that he would not exchange this habit for all the wealth of India. Neither would I—until it was offered.

I was quite a young man before I learned that Shakespeare was not another juggler. When I did learn who he was I studied on so used many words strange to me. I bought a huge dictionary and carried it with me many times around the world. Whenever I came across a new word I went to my dictionary. It was through my own efforts and the love of reading which I acquired, that I can now look upon life with a more mellow and tolerant attitude and agree with George Meredith's "Juggling Jory":

"I've studied men from my topsy-turvy Close, and, I reckon, rather true. Some are fine fellows: some right scurvy; Most, a dash between the two."
ANNABELLA, who makes her English-speaking debut in the new all-colour picture, Wings of the Morning, discusses her attitude to life with

Bruce WOODHOUSE

HE young widow in the decorous dress of the 'eighties stood at the head of the wide staircase. Slowly and sadly her eyes travelled from right to left as she gazed for the last time at the home she loved so well.

With a quiet and tragic dignity she descended the stairs to pass for ever from the home she would know no more. Then the cameras ceased to register, lights went out, and Annabella, the young star of the new all-colour film, Wings of the Morning, then in production at Denham, was through for the day.

I approached her with a diffidence born of the knowledge that my conversational French was of a type liable to cause offence to the League of Nations. However, I need not have worried, for the little French star has of late made marvellous strides in her English. Indeed, she now speaks our language with a grace that many an American may well envy!

"Yes," she agreed in answer to an observation of mine. "That is a very sad scene. But what would you? Life unfortunately cannot be all sunshine and laughter; and although my part in the picture has plenty of gaiety, it also has its sad moments.

She looked so preternaturally solemn that I exclaimed: "Playing that scene certainly seems to have depressed you!"

Her brown eyes suddenly sparkled. In her severe Victorian costume with its tight sleeves, long skirt and demure bonnet she looked like some dryad who had incautiously allowed herself to be dressed by Mrs. Grundy.

"It is these clothes!" she protested. "Dresses like these are enough to destroy anyone's joie de vivre. How our great-grandmothers must have suffered, poor things!"

"You like plenty of freedom in dress?"

"Of course!" she ran a hand down one tight-fitting sleeve.

"Now, in another part of this picture," she continued, "I have to dress as a boy, and that is much more to my taste. Then I can run about in freedom and feel gay, but in these clothes it would be impossible. I wave my arms or jump about and, voila! the dress is no more!"

"I wonder," she added, "if the girls of sixty years ago ever spoilt their clothes in that way."

The picture that Annabella conjured up of staid Victorian misses flinging aside their croquet mallets to frisk on the greensward regardless of seam and gusset was certainly an engaging one. But I was, perchance, more concerned with the present time.

Seeking to bring the conversation back from the Elegant Eighties to the Thrusting Thirties, I said: "So you thoroughly enjoy having to be a tom-boy?"

Annabella nodded.

"When you are feeling happy inside yourself it is nice to be able to give some vent to the feeling. And," she added cheerfully, "as I usually have plenty of work on—what is the word?—location to being shut up inside a studio. Out in the open air with the sun shining and the countryside looking bright and fresh it is so much easier to work really well. The surroundings seem to help one so much."

It is not unusual for French girls with a fondness for strenuous outdoor pursuits, but Annabella is most emphatically an exception. Denham being so near the river, she and her actor friends, Jean Marais, to whom she was married in October, 1934, devote as much free time as possible to rowing and swimming.

They have taken a delightful little house on the Thames at Bray, a few miles from the studios, and the only thing which could possibly keep Annabella from the water for long would be if our English summer set in with its typical severity! Her vitality and enthusiasm are quite amazing.

From her earliest days the girl who soared to stardom through her performance in René Clair's Le Million has been keenly interested in pictures.

"When I was quite a little girl," she said, "I was a great film fan. I filled my bedroom with photos of all the great stars of the day, and every picture was not only autographed but bore a delightful personal greeting."

"Did you have much trouble in getting all those signatures?"

Annabella laughed.

"Not a little bit," she assured me. "You see, to save trouble and expense, I wrote them all myself!"

It was not until she was eighteen that the chance of which she had dreamed for so long suddenly materialised.

Her father, M. Charpentier, was entertaining a group of friends at his house in Paris. Among the guests was a film producer, and when the latter asked casually if Annabella thought of following a screen career, her father promptly proceeded to tell him all the things about her that he considered to be deficiencies from the point of view of the screen.

Now, one of the major tribulations in the life of every producer is the horde of doting parents who will go to great lengths to convince him that their offspring are bound to make Greta Garbo look like an incompetent extra if only they are given a chance. Intrigued by the candid personal criticism of M. Charpentier, the producer insisted on seeing Annabella. Then, just to prove that her father was wrong, he gave her a small part in his next production.

That all happened in 1930. Since then, Annabella of the light brown hair and brown eyes has gone on from strength to strength.

The reason of her success is not hard to find. Allied to a natural sense of acting is a sunny, happy disposition that enables her to make molehills out of mountains.

Life is a joyous thing to her, but unlike many people who find happiness, she delights to share it with others. And it is just this rare ability to awaken enthusiasm that has helped her to stardom and popularity.

Next Week

GERTRUDE LAURENCE, the accomplished stage and screen actress who recently scored so big a success in the West End when starring with Noel Coward in his successful season of short plays, "At Eight-Thirty," has been unveiled in the new picture, "Rembrandt," at Denham.

Next week Miss Laurence has many interesting things to say concerning her film experiences. She is always interesting and her views on the world of films are well-worth reading.
Franchot Tone prompts Jean Harlow in a dialogue rehearsal for a scene in their new picture, "Suzy," in which Cary Grant is also featured.

Shots with Our Candid Camera

(Above) Benny Bartlett, the juvenile appearing in "The Texas Rangers," fancies himself as a cameraman, and proudly exhibits his work to fellow-members of the cast, Jean Parker, Fred MacMurray, and the latter's wife, Lillian La Mont.

Tom Walls directing his new film, "Disgraceful Bright," and right, a compliment or two for Diana Churchill, who is featured in the picture.

They're all sun-worshippers in the Jolson family! Ruby Keeler, Baby Al—not forgetting the great Al himself—taking a well-earned holiday.
CONCLUDING MY TWO YEARS IN HOLLYWOOD
BY CARL BRISSON

MY "FIGHT" WITH MAX BAER

The famous Danish star has many interesting stories to tell of film celebrities. Bing Crosby and his wife, Max Baer the former heavy-weight boxing champion, Mary Pickford and little Ida Lupino are among the celebrities of whom he writes in his concluding instalment.

As all the pictures that I made in Hollywood were musicals, it was natural that the earliest friends I made in the studio were Harry Revel and Max Gordon. This famous team of composers have written probably more popular songs than any other living man. Many of their early melodies have lived for years, and most of the songs which have made Bing Crosby so famous were written by Gordon and Revel.

Once, when I was about to start a new picture which was nearing readiness, Harry Revel asked my opinion of a new song that he had just written.

That song was "Love in Bloom."

Of course, immediately I heard it I implored him to let me use it. It was one of the loveliest melodies I had heard and I knew that it would be an instantaneous success.

But Bing Crosby had also heard it and was also anxious to use it in his next picture. In fact, we were both so anxious for the number, there seemed to be no way of deciding who should have it.

So we agreed to toss a coin for the privilege. I called heads, but unfortunately it fell tails and Bing secured a song which was not only to prove one of the most popular of the year, but was destined to become one of his greatest hits.

Many years on the stage and in the ring had taught me how to be a sporting loser, and I knew that there would never have been a word of regret or disappointment from Bing had he not had the lack of the throw; and somehow that flip of that coin seemed to cement our friendship.

We had met shortly after my arrival in Hollywood, and I had immediately taken a liking to this quiet, unassuming singer, who, in spite of overnight success and a quick trip to fame and fortune, had never let his success overrule himself.

I never knew Bing forget a friend, however unimportant, or pass an acquaintance without a cheery word. In fact I always like to remember him as the one man who never had to buy himself a new hat when he became successful—at least not because they no longer fitted. But Bing was a demon for hats. He was seldom without one and though he might be working in his shirt-sleeves in a broadcasting studio and a hot afternoon, he would still wear a hat.

Bing Crosby was without exception one of the most informal and carelessly dressed of my friends, and sometimes when we went to the races together, people would refuse to believe the man in the slouch hat was their favourite crooner.

At the time that I met him he was beginning to take a great deal of interest in racing, and had already started his own stables. So the two of us would frequently go down to the Santa Anita races during the afternoon and would later have dinner with Mrs. Crosby—one of the lovely Dixie Lee—and her three little sons.

Sam Coslow had been assigned to write the music for my second picture, All the King’s Horses, which I made with Mary Ellis.

I knew that it was vital to find a good theme song to run through the picture, and a melody by which the film could be remembered, though I had no doubt that Coslow would soon find one.

A melody came to me one evening, however, which I felt would be ideal for our purpose. So I hurried down to the studio next morning and played it to Sam. He liked it, and with the experience of a musician he put it into shape; and so the famous song, "A White Gardenia," was born.

This actually was not my first effort at song writing, but it was certainly more successful than anything I had previously written, and it became a huge success in America, and later spread to Europe.

Another friend I made in Hollywood was Max Baer, one of the greatest clowns and best fellows I ever knew. Max and I had one thing in common, a love of boxing.

He confessed to me that I had been his hero from an early age, and that he had always wanted to plan his career on mine, and use the prize-ring as a stepping stone to the stage.

After his fight with Carnera he had signed a contract with Paramount but had never made a picture for them. He had, however, appeared in the M-G-M film, Everywoman’s Man.

After his last defeat, however, he gave up boxing and is now leading a band. He has put away a small fortune and unless he is very foolish should never have any more financial worries.

Before I left for Europe Max and I were discussing launching a Dude ranch somewhere in California in partnership. Here people could get away into the fresh air and enjoy fishing, riding and leisure, without the interference of the activities of a big city.

Max was the ideal guest at a dinner party, for he was such a perfect comedian that your evening would be a guaranteed success. The last time he came round he had the rest of the party in convulsions.

One evening the two of us had been asked to be guests of honour at a boxing display in aid of a local charity.

Max was to give away the prize and referee, and was sitting in the front row by the ring-side.

Seeing a chance to make fun of me, Max announced to the crowd that I was in the audience and that he would have me come into the ring. But whilst I was climbing up, he started to mimic my actions so that he had the whole place laughing at me.

I watched for a moment, then started to reign a boxing match. Being the good sport that he was, he of course did likewise, but he went further: he let me hit him on the chin.

Then of course he dropped, and let me almost count him out.

But I knew Max was kidding, and I also knew that he would probably jump up and show he could box as well as clown.

So, availing myself of the good nature of the crowd, I quickly hurried over the ropes and dashed down the gangway to the dressing-room.

The crowd were then in an uproar, yelling, applauding and booping.

It was a great stunt and went well. But though I should have loved to spar with Max, I could not afford to do so on that evening, for I was starting a new picture next day, and dare not get a black eye which might jeopardise the start of that film.

Max took it all in good fun in spite of the papers next morning which came out with headlines:

"Actor Gives Baer K.O." "Maxie makes mistake with ex-champ."

It was only a little after this that we decided to move from our Beverly Hills home and find something which had more of a country surrounding. In many ways "1005" was a little big and being in the heart of Beverly Hills did not give us much of a chance to use the hills when we wanted to go for a walk.

We were fortunate enough to find a place in Bel Air, up in the hills and overlooking the ocean. But our neighbours were as friendly and hospitable as they had been in Beverly Hills.

Above: Bing Crosby (right) is an enthusiastic horseman and owns a big string. With him is his trainer, Albert Johnson up on Bing’s huge two-year-old, Kyan, which already stands 17 hands and is still growing.
productions of their own and rival studios without leaving their own homes.

Owing to our many friends in London and on the Continent, we soon found that our new house was becoming one of the first rendezvous of many distinguished European visitors, most of whom knew us in London, or who had letters of introduction from mutual friends.

One of our best friends was the late Lord Byron of Vimy who often came to see us during his recent stay in Hollywood. But hardly a week went by without some calling on us with messages from home.

Whoever and however we entertain, however, my wife and I have refused to assimilate the extraordinary Hollywood custom of giving huge parties for no reason. We frequently invited a few personal friends to dinner, but did not care to have hundreds of strange people running about our house on the pretext of meeting some European guests.

One of our most charming friends in Hollywood is Mary Pickford. Mary is one of the astutest women in America. She has an amazing brain for figures, and as well as being a great actress is a fine business woman. To-day she is a partner of Jesse Lasky in one of the most progressive companies in Hollywood. In addition she

reach the road, which completely encircles the house.

Mary was a charming host to all of us. I found that two old friends in the persons of Ida Lupino and Francis Lederer were on the programme with me. They re-enacted a part of their film, One Rainy Afternoon, of which Miss Pickford was a co-producer.

But before we started the broadcast, I witnessed an almost more interesting ceremony.

A new bridge in New York had just been completed and Mary Pickford had been asked to open it. As she was unable to leave Hollywood, however, a specially leased telephone was secured to New York, and by the touch of a key Mary officially opened the bridge by electricity.

During the broadcast I sang a few numbers, some of which Mary had requested specially. Then we went on into dinner, and a mighty good meal it was. The dining-room in Pickfair is white and the chairs are decorated in light blue. It was a wonderfully restful room and probably the most attractively furnished dining-room in Hollywood.

After dinner we went at last and talked till quite late. Naturally Miss Pickford was interested to hear about Europe, although she has frequently visited London, Paris and other continental cities herself.

A few weeks later we were able to reciprocate her kindness when she came to dine with us. That evening we just had a few intimate friends, and Mary, who was escorted by Phillips Holmes. Then we had a real dinner meal and many of the dishes, which are never found in America, were new to our guests.

After dinner we went down to my playroom or billiard-room and played ping-pong. Mary Pickford proved herself as apt a ping-pong player as she was a business woman. It was a delightful evening and I was sorry when everybody had gone home. But few actresses have the charm or the ability to face life that one finds in Mary Pickford. For when her days as an actress were over she immediately turned to some other occupation to keep her talent employed.

But we have finally packed up our many belongings at last and said au revoir to our friends in Hollywood.

I have found these two years interesting and fascinating, but two years is too long a time to be away from the stage.

Fortunately, the moment that I announced my intention of returning to the footlights, I was swamped with offers. My many good friends of the theatre had evidently not forgotten me, because I deserted the stage for Hollywood.

But in spite of offers to go to London, to Australia and elsewhere I am going to remain in America, for I have still one ambition to satisfy.

I have travelled all over Europe and I have played in the British provinces and have often appeared in the West End, but I have never played on Broadway.

So when I was offered the chance to play the lead in Romberg's new musical show, Forbidden Melody, which is to be produced in New York, I did not hesitate to accept.

As the show does not open till the autumn, it gave me the chance to come home to London and Denmark for two months. Then I shall return to New York in August to begin rehearsals on my new show.

Perhaps after that I shall come back to London and return to the stage there. Whatever I do, however, I shall return to Hollywood.
DIAMONDS in the DUST

HollyWood, the land of promise, is glutted with lovelies. Why casting directors suffer from tired eyes is here graphically described

By MAX BREEN

Fox Hills, Calver City, and Universal City—you grow accustomed to angels.
From every country in the world, every city of note—it sometimes seems from every town and village—they are drawn by the irresistible magnet of motion pictures.

Through prosperous times and bad, in quiet days and hunting, these beautiful girls continue to flock to filmland, rejecting all advice and blind to the grim warnings that strew the path like skeletons in a desert—the hard lot of the tens of thousands before them who have come, and seen, and been conquered.

There is a curious obsession which all these people have, and without which they could not stay the course. Although every girl knows that multitudes have failed, she knows with equal conviction that it will not happen to her.

Only one in many thousands can reach the top. She knows that—it’s dined into her by the Hays Office—but she also knows that she’s the one.

Raoul Walsh, who directed Mae West in Klondike Annie, has been spending his spare time in making some calculations on the subject. And he says that when a girl comes to Holly-wood "on spec," to be a screen star, the odds are a million to one that she will fail.

"When a girl hits Hollywood the odds are 100 to 1 that she will never obtain work of any nature," Walsh declares. "Some people insist that the odds are nearer 1,000, but 100 is impressive enough.

"But supposing the girl or young man does succeed in obtaining work. Then the odds against ever becoming known at all are 2,500 to 1. These are the odds against becoming a featured supporting player. The odds are at least 10,000 to 1 against stardom. The extra lists change little from year to year. Those who manage to enter the lists stay as long as they can. The turnover is small.

"So when I figure the odds are a million to one I am being conservative. If there were any way of reaching accurate figures the chances against stardom undoubtedly would be found to be larger rather than smaller."

Still, Gladys and Maimie and Gretchen and Carmencita and 'Toinette and Katinka and O Mimosa Sam come, and hope, and hang on, and grow slimmer and more discouraging as the sunny, empty weeks glide by.

But the aspirant won’t go home and confess failure to the folks who have either given her a send-off with bands or said "I told you so," as the case may be. She would die first.

She must get a job. And, sooner or later, if she’s young enough and good-looking enough, she does—usually at some occupation where beauty is an asset and brains are at a discount.

In short, she becomes a waitress in a cafeteria, or a drug-store clerk (which is not a chemist’s accountant, but a dispenser of ice-cream sodas,) or a millinery assistant, and if she turns out to have any intelligence at all—though so far she has not exhibited enough to keep her out of Hollywood—she may attain the dizzy heights of stenography.

And, whatever her job, she might as well be a thousand miles from Hollywood.

The Spanish jade in the cash-and-carry store, who sells you sliced rye bread wrapped in celophane, slips a jewelled dagger between your ribs every time she flutters her long lashes. I defy you to count your change correctly in the presence of the devastating dimpled Dane in the cinema box-office. A Hawaiian girl in the market on Santa Monica Boulevard plays a native melody on your heartstrings as she serves you with avocados and puffed rice.

They are amazing, these girls. They are the pick of the world’s pulchritude, and they know it. And, poor moths, they have come flying too near the candle for comfort or profit, and not near enough to blaze up in that tiny shower of sparks, flame, andizzle that is the life of a star.

Hollywood never takes what is under her nose. She will send to Patagonia, to Etruria, to Tasmania, to Cochín-China for stars, rather than go out into her own front yard and clap her hands, which simple act would bring running all the loveliest Patagonians, Etrurians, Tasmanians, and Cochín-Chinese who have been hovering eagerly, perhaps for years, for a chance to become Goldwyn Girls or even "straight extras."

But there they remain, diamonds sparkling bravely in Hollywood’s dust, and meanwhile the casting director, surfeted with so much beauty, sends for plain little, wise little Sheila Hayward.
SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

CLARK GABLE is not a bit soft, as Allen Pomeroy, former American collegiate boxing star, discovered. During prize ring sequences in "Cain and Mabel," in which Gable plays opposite Marion Davies, Clark had to box Pomeroy, who is reputed to be "plenty good."

The two men fought toe to toe, and Clark knocked the celebrated boxer out. Later the star discovered that he had broken a rib. Hollywood is not surprised, as Gable is rated as a very athletic young man.

Perils of Hollywood

Charlie Chaplin and his beloved, Paulette Goddard, who may, or may not be married (no one except Charlie and Paulette apparently knows), were involved in a traffic accident on a Hollywood street.

The star's automobile stopped at a traffic signal, and was hit by a car behind them. Two youths in the other machine promptly fled. Later it was discovered that the car had been stolen. Charlie and Paulette were shaken up.

Nevertheless, Charlie declared that Paulette insisted upon keeping a dinner date before consulting a physician.

The two players suffered no ill results from the mishap.

Poor Marlene

Beautiful blonde stars are susceptible to accidents, even as you and I. As Marlene Dietrich, starring in "The Garden of Allah," was entering a mimic train, used in the film, an actor slammed the door of a railroad coach, injuring the fingers and foot of the German star.

The company continued work during Marlene's absence.

You never can tell what may happen, when you are a star in the movies.

Reel and Real Love

I wonder how film fans will like seeing Franchot Tone playing opposite his wife, Joan Crawford, in "The Gorgeous Hussy." Walter Abel, star of "The Three Musketeers," was originally assigned to be part, but bowed out, possibly because Joan desired to have Franchot with her in the film.

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, played in "Mary of Scotland," but were never in the same scenes. Freddie, in this film, made a move to Katie Hepburn. If he had said sweet nothings in this picture to his legal and ballad, it is problematical whether the fans’ reaction would have been favourable.

So Joan and her husband as lovers will present problem until the verdict of the box-office is rendered.

Robert Taylor, who is very devoted to Barbara Stanwyck, is her leading man in "His Brother's Wife." Possibly the fans will be well pleased.

A New Fad

Handprints for screen stars has hit Hollywood and players are being swamped with demands for facsimiles of their palms and digits by admirers.

Printers ink and a small rubber roller are being added to the equipment of star's secretaries to be used in making prints of the players' hands. The present fad continues to grow, however, photostatic copies of the originals will have to be made for mailing, as making hundreds of original prints requires too much time.

A Frightened Star

Katharine Hepburn and her manager drove to Santa Barbara, about 100 miles north of Hollywood, to see a preview of "Mary of Scotland," in which the glamorous actress plays the star role.

Unfortunately, the identity of the star was discovered, and the fans swarmed about her so much that she drove away from the theatre, sending her manager to check the preview. He secured the audience's reaction, and reported to the star.

So Kate drove back to Hollywood without seeing the picture.

A Modest Actor!

Believe it or not, George Raft never sees a preview of any of his pictures, which probably puts him in a class by himself. The average star likes to sally forth, disguised by dark glasses, and hear the verdict of the fans.

George told me he feels that he can learn little after the picture is completed, for mistakes cannot then be rectified, so he prefers to devote his attention to improving his acting in future films.

Not a bad idea at that!

A Slender Star

Ice cream may be the taboo list for many Hollywood beauties who must watch their calories, but, thanks to dancing, that does not apply to Ginger Rogers.

Ginger tells me she keeps her lovely figure by the dancing that has won her fame. Through dancing rehearsals, Ginger often loses as many as ten pounds before the completion of a film, so she can indulge in ice cream and other fattening foods to her heart’s content.

Poor Malibu!

Malibu Beach, a rendezvous of the film elite, which is located on the ocean, a few miles from Santa Monica, is much disturbed because of reports that a tango parlour is to be located nearby. Tango is an American gambling game, which draws a motley patronage of the type which would disturb film celebrities. Many of the players are fans who would welcome the opportunity to call at the stars' beach homes and besiege them for autographs.

The homes of the stars face the ocean, with the back doors looking upon the highway, which, of course, would not deter the tango players.

So the stars, who are wealthy and exert such much political influence, are doing their utmost to prevent the tango parlour from engaging in business.

If the tango parlour does open, I shall undoubtedly have more news for the readers of PICTUKEGOER!

A Nervous Actor

David Niven has one big "phobia" in his life. Being Merle Oberon’s "constant companion," he has been in deadly fear that Hollywood might think that his "breaks" in pictures have been due to her efforts.

But David can now put his mind at rest, for he has been chosen to play an important role in "Dodsworth," as a result of a fine performance in "Charge of the Light Brigade.

So far as romance is concerned, David and Merle Oberon still get along amazingly well, but there is no hint of wedding bells.

He Likes Privacy!

Walter Huston, who played the title-role in "Rhodes of Africa" for Gaumont-British, craves seclusion whilst he is in Southern California.

So that he may not be disturbed, Huston will not have a telephone installed in his home in the San Bernardino Mountains, 100 miles from Hollywood.

The nearest phone is three miles from the house!

Incidentally, Huston and his wife—the former Nan Sutherland, of stage fame—absolutely refuse to live in Hollywood or attend a Hollywood party.

Odd Footage

George Raft has a chauffeur, but drives his own car.

* * *

Larry Crabbe, famous swimmer and film actor, studied to be a lawyer.

* * *

Dick Powell was a lifeguard at a Little Rock, Arkansas, swimming pool.

* * *

John Beal is a clever artist.

* * *

Hoot Gibson never uses "doubles," preferring to do his own "stunts."

First aid to the foot weary—Hollywood dancing girls find relief from their grueling routine by bathing their feet in rose water and glycerine.

The girls, left to right, are Wilma Francis, Katharine Snell and Louise Stuart.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL
In the "The King of Cloves" (previously entitled "Millions") Jane Carr has a chance to display her beauty and talents.

Y ou might not think it to look at me to-day, but seven or eight years ago I was a peer of the realm.

Only a temporary acting brevet peer, of course; still, it was agreeable to sit in the House of Lords ("historic chamber" to you) and witness the picturesque ceremony of inducting a new peer into the House.

The House was erected in the old Gainsborough studios at Islington, before the tragic fire that gutted them; and I remember that we had to work all night on this production, because the set had to be struck in time for the Sweeney Todd unit (silent version, of course) to move in at nine the next morning.

So we worked from nine o'clock one morning until three o'clock the next morning—eighteen hours continuously, except for one hour break for lunch.

The film was Edgar Wallace's Chick; and the title-role was played by Bramwell Fletcher, who later went to Hollywood, returned to play the young priest in The Scarlet Pimpernel, went back to Hollywood again, and has been back in London playing in the American stage play Boy Meets Girl in the West End, with his wife, Helen Chandler.

Eloquent Hands

An d now Chick is being produced as a talkie, and you'd better believe they've altered the story a little since I knew it, for the title-role is being played by our friend of the eloquent hands, Sydney Howard.

British & Dominion are producing it at the J. H. Studios at Elstree, and if the fun they're having with it is nobody's business—until it gets on to the screen.

The "lov" is provided by Betty Ann Davies, with Max Bacon helping. (In the silent version I remember a charming Australian girl named Triby Clark was the heroine, and the vamp was Chili Bouchier.)

Then there are Wallace Geoffrey, Robert Nainby, Fred Conyagham, Cecil Humphreys, Aubrey Matther, Aubrey Fitzgerald and Arthur Chesney.

I expect right at this moment they're having the trouble that usually occurs on a Sydney Howard picture—people forget where they are and laugh at Syd's antics before the director says "Cut!"—and then the scene has to be done again.

So you see it's a bit expensive to be so funny; but it must be very encouraging to him when even the hard-boiled electricians have to laugh.

Dangerous

W hen Sydney is through with this one, he'll start work (for Herbert Wilcox Productions) on Splinters in the Air.

Now, we've seen Splinters, which was an Army sort of a film, based, of course, on the famous war-time concert party of that name; and we've had Splinters in the Navy; but this Splinters in the Air sounds a much more dangerous proposition, and I don't know quite what the proper defence against it may be.

I suppose the correct procedure is to stuff a handkerchief in the mouth and hold one's sides. This will be (as the more intelligent among you, and/or those who have seen previous Splinters films will have guessed) a story of the adventures and misadventures of Syd in the Air Force.

It will, however, depart from tradition in one important aspect. It will be a Musical.

Now keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; there is positively no danger; if Sydney sings, it will not be often or long or loudly.

In fact, I suspect the reason for all the music is to give Stuart Robertson a chance to use his fine baritone voice. On this point I am, as usual, open to correction; and you can bet your boots I'll get it.

Lew Lake, the original splinterer, will be associated with Herbert Wilcox in this, of course; and Richard Hearne will be among those present.

Having a Double

M ost British film companies, I regret to say, have at least one error in every picture they make.

Welwyn Studios, Ltd. (yes, Johnny Jones, another new company!) are dismissing criticism by calling their new film Double Error, which is cunning of them.

Walter Summers is directing it, and he has an interesting cast in Leonora Corbett, Judy Kelly, Colin Keith-Johnson and Leslie Perrins. Three distinguished stage-actors among the four leads, you notice. I wonder if it is generally realised just how much British films do owe to the stage.

The plot ... well, we must always be careful to remind ourselves that there are no new plots; that will save us from the sin of unjust criticism, from which we should all pray every morning to be delivered.

The plot, then, is as follows: two men are cast in the same house. During a brawl, one imagines he has murdered a woman. The other accidentally discovers the woman is not dead, and perceives a way to make a little useful
Harker Crowned

By the way, talking about Stuart Robertson (as I was just now) reminds me that the film in which he last played, the Herbert Wilcox comedy in which Gordon Harker and Frank Pettingill played the leads, has had its title changed from Millions to The King of Cloves—because Harker holds the contract list.

This is a rare and valuable addition to our collection of the “King” of films, which includes King of Paris, King of the Damned, King of Main Street, King of the Bizz, King Solomon of Broadway, King of the Kyber Rifles, King for a Day.

All kings together.

And now for three more, for a bit of a Clash. We are likely to have three troopships, released (or maybe the correct expression is ‘launched’) at the same time. One is the feature film “exploiting” (the word is G.B.’s, not mine) the British Army; they may or may not decide to call this H.M.S. Pinafore, or maybe another H.M.S., but it takes the title of the National’s Hail and Farewell, which sounds short and sweet; and the third is Errol Flynn’s troopship story.

Tommy and His Girl

The Gaumont troopship was done on the quayside at Southampton, with the British India Steam Navigation Co’s troopship Dilsara playing the third role.

A battle of the Queens (The Royal Regiment) acted as extras on the ship; and “extras” on shore consisted in clover, wives, cousins, aunts, daughters, nieces, and any other female relation a British Tommy might be allowed to bring into the Southampton branch of the British Legion.

Southampton must be a town singularly blessed among the towns of hard-up England; for when two hundred women were needed for a scene, the Labour Exchange was unable to supply them, because all available unmarried women were already engaged.

But the way, I think American director Raoul Walsh made a bit of a break.

In bettering-up the soldier-men for their “fine work,” he remarked: “I have always found that members of the fighting services are, by reason of their fine discipline and perfect co-ordination of their physical efforts, the perfect ‘film-crowd.’ If only all our studio-extras had had Army training, how much simplified our work would be!”

I Insist

I think Mr. Walsh might have made it a little clearer that he referred to American studio-extras—as, of course, he must have been doing, since he has had no experience of the English variety.

I hold no particular brief for crowd-people; indeed, I am sorry to see any friend of mine get into the crowd, for it is a dead end, and one that is very hard to get out of.

But I must insist on this point: every American director working in this country with whom I have discussed the question has remarked voluntarily that the British extra has a very high standard of work and of intelligence, giving all that is asked of him or her and a little more, and comparing very favourably with his or her counterpart in Hollywood.

I think Mr. Walsh is due for a pleasant surprise when he comes to handle a British studio crowd.

Calm Voyage

And now for the second troopship.

It has been sailing on the placid waters of the largest sound-stage at the Teddington studios, where the deck of a famous troopship has been reconstructed in faithful detail, and Ralph Ince (another American, but one who has become thoroughly acclimatized) has been directing Claude Rains, Reginald Purdell, and friends and messmates.

The story of Hail and Farewell concerns the lives of three Gaumont-British who are returning from Home leave, which is curtailed to six hours by fresh orders for foreign service.

Besides the comedy team of Hubert and Purdell, of course there is a spot of romance, and this is supplied by two young players who have recently been added to Teddington’s contract list.

One is Bruce Lester; the other is Moira Reed. Look out for these two names; it’s early days yet to decide whether they are or are not world-beaters; but never forget that at this studio on the banks of the Thames they first discovered Errol Flynn’s potentialities for film-work.

So history may be going to repeat itself.

Convenient

In passing, it’s convenient, sometimes, to be situated on the bank of a river.

For instance, when the Warner Bros. First National people wanted half a dozen lifeboats to ornament their troopship, they didn’t build ‘em.

They had them towed up the Thames by tug, hauled ashore, and hoisted on real, genuine, authentic davits.

Film production nowadays is nothing if not real, genuine and authentic.

They have been firing off real machine-guns and riding recklessly about in genuine motor-cars through authentic Canadian scenery (at Shepherds Bush) for The Nothing Tramp.

Hugh Sinclair is playing a leading role in this, and he had an interesting encounter in the studios the other day.

A Reigning Beauty

Nineteen years ago he was a schoolboy at a private school at Ightham, in Kent, kept by a kind clergyman.

He didn’t enjoy it much, because he was opposed on principle to school life, which made it a little difficult for him.

However, he has one pleasant recollection—the clergyman’s daughter, who was at that period two years old and the reigning beauty of the school.

Last week at the G.B. studios Hugh met the clergyman’s daughter again. He married, and so is she. They are both film stars—or rather leading film players, which is what we apparently mean when we loosely use the word ‘star’ in this country.

Hugh, who is distinctly shy, remarked: “Er—you’ve... grown.”

That, after all, was more or less to be expected. The interesting thing is that she has grown into Anna Lee.

And now, when you hear that Anna is First Favourite with the public-schoolboys of England, you’ll know why.

She gained her first practice on schoolboys at the age of two.

In Wolf’s Clothing

I’m looking forward very keenly to seeing Annabella in her first British film, which is also the first British all-colour talkie—the New World production Wings of the Morning.

The little I’ve seen of her on the floor at Denham has whetted my appetite for more.

The male attire she was wearing for her work among the race horses sat upon her as provokingly as did the flying kit she wore in Anne Marie, and will provide a piquant contrast with the very feminine garments she wears as her own grandmother in the prologue.

Attractive

She and Fonda certainly make a very attractive pair. If this film turns out as well as I expect it to, it ought to give British production another useful boost.

They have now settled down comfortably to work in a strange land, and have rapidly recovered from the loss of their director, Glen Tryon, who “bowed out.”

Harold Schuster, who came from America to edit the film, immediately took over direction, and with the experienced help of Ray Rennahan, the expert colour-cameraman who photographed La Cucaracha, Becky Sharp and Trail of the Lonesome Pine, they are getting some good stuff into the can.

And this despite a climate which goes moist on any director who dares to say “Camera!” out of doors.

NEXT WEEK

WHY do girls fall in love with Robert Taylor? Grace Mack gives you the reason and also an intimate study of the star who has sky rocketted to fame in the short space of a year. His fan mail now is about 2,500 letters a week which is a very high average.

The seamy side of London life, depicted in “Abide With Me” now in production at Sound City. Down-and-outs in a doss-house.
"Picturegoer's" special cameraman obtained these shots of Charles Laughton on and off the set at Denham, where he is to play the lead in the life of the great painter for London Films.

(Left) Not necessarily the liquid Rembrandt would have drunk—still, tea is very refreshing.

An alfresco meal taken between sequences. Filming is thirsty work, hence two thermos flasks!

On the "Rembrandt" Set with Laughton

A short conference on the set. As the board indicates, the director is Alexander Korda and the cameraman C. Pernol.
The great painter at work. A characteristic study of the artist.

(Above) A fine study of the star in a scene from the film.

(Right) Another example of the way in which Charles Laughton expresses the character and dignity of the role he is portraying.

(Below) Gertrude Lawrence, who plays opposite Laughton, puts the finishing touches to her make-up in her dressing room.

A striking portrait study, which emphasizes Laughton's impressive make-up.
Jim carried Slinger to cover behind a water trough. From every building shot he was being fired.

I

T so happened that, as a spectator at the annual rodeo at Blue Mountains, Jim Travis was on the verge of being faced with the task more akin to musical comedy than real life—to wit of impersonation. When, indeed, a casual acquaintance in the shape of a somewhat scared little man from the city in loud checks and bowler hat, took a seat in the draped stand beside him, Jim had no idea that he would so soon be called upon to lead a double life.

The approach to this momentous situation was opened up by the rodeo announcer calling upon the scared little man to ride the "Killer," wildest bucking broncho in Arizona. The expression of his round face became almost comical in its agitation.

"I'm feeling kinda ill. Guess it's the altitude," he pleaded.

"Sorry, but the 'Killer' won't take 'No' for an answer."'

"You understand me, don't you, Jim?"

"Sure. Say, announcer, my partner don't want to be bothered with a squirt of a horse like that. Maybe I can get along with him."

To the wild delight of the audience and the complete surprise of the pick-up man, Jim rode the broncho for a full three minutes. Over a glass of beer and a dish of pretzels in the "Green Tree Saloon," the man in checks expounded further reasons for remaining scared. "My name's Travis—Jim Travis—and my uncle's made me heir to his ranch. He won't have me study art in Paris. No, sir, I have to come to Arizona and learn the cattle business from the bottom up."

"Sounds good to me."

"But not to me. Partner, I'm a hundred miles away from that ranch, and I don't intend getting any closer. Now, your name's Jim Travis, isn't it. Travis and Traft; not much difference, is there? How about your taking my place—go to the ranch, show the boys this letter from my uncle, and kid them that you're me?"

"Sorry. I've business of my own to attend to."

"Wait a minute. You saved my life to-day. You oughta do it again. Listen. Wyngdam Watkins, Foreman, Ranch Trail, Flag, Arizona. Dear Windy, this will introduce my nephew Jim. I want him to learn the cattle business and take charge of building the drift fence across the range."

"Say, what is a drift fence?"

"Something cattlemen put across the range to keep rustlers from stealing their herds."

"Does it work?"

"Usually means war between cattlemen and rustlers."

"I know it. It's a confounded trap. I came three thousand miles to build a drift fence and get killed by a rustler. My uncle mentions one in particular—Clay Jackson. From what I can make out, he's the chief."

The name, spoken at random, caused a sudden change in the mind of Jim Travis. He quietly picked up and folded Mr. Traft's letter. "Maybe I can use this, after all." He temporised. How soon can I get going?"

Two things were uppermost in Jim's mind as he drove from the rail- way to the ranch.

He must comport himself as a city dude and he must follow up Jim's remarks about Clay Jackson, moustached ranch foreman, proved helpful to the second point within ten minutes of Jim's climbing down from the buck-board.

Yeah, Jackson's a smart hombre. He and his men got fifty of our cattle last night," he remarked. "He never comes into the open, mind you, on account of the smart guns at his back. Slinger Dunn's one of them. Ever heard of him in New York?"

"Why not have them both arrested?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we're run out of sheriffs. The last one got shot in the brakes—woods, you know, leading to the grizzly finish, and the new one isn't elected yet. If you'll take my advice, you'll stick to the ranch house for a bit."

"I thought my uncle told me to build a fence," Jim protested with a laudable show of innocence.

"Your uncle's a smart guy. Maybe he was right," Windy agreed soothingly. "Now, since most any clothes is liable to stamp a cattle until they're used to 'em, I guess the boys had better fit you out."

Jim decided that to feign ignorance of how to wear the open shirt, broad leather trousers, cartridge belt and scarf, handed him from the bunk-house chest, was a wise move.

He considered, however, that, in view of having to take possible action against Clay Jackson, ignorance should have its limits.

Accordingly his next gambit, when politely shown by Windy how to handle a gun, was to knock a tomato-can off a post at first shot.

"Beginners' luck," he said modestly, enjoying the elixir's astonishment.

An hour later, Windy, working from a roll of barbed wire at the drift fence, was obviously ready to instruct a beginner. Jim thought it worth while to play at vice versa.

Guess you got the idea of wind- ing wire with the pliers foolin' round them pink teas in New York," Windy opined as Jim made deff use of that handy tool with a "Ever tried this way?"

"Yeah, we used to practise string- ing it round the pasture."

"Maybe you'll wish you hadn't learned about fence building when you rustle," Jim commented, surprised that anyone connected with Clay Jackson should be forcing a surly note with apparent effort.

(Continued on page 22)
IS THERE romance IN YOUR COMPLEXION?

Joan’s ‘make-up’ used to give her complexion that coarse, over-painted look, but she didn’t realize it until a kind friend told her. Buty-Tone was the discovery which changed the course of her life. To Jim her new-found complexion proved alluringly lovely... irresistible. To Joan it brought romance... and marriage when the cruise ended. This wonderful Beauty range includes three certain steps to a new and more lasting loveliness for every woman — for YOU.

Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream penetrates deep down into the pores and thoroughly cleanses the underskin on which the loveliness of your complexion depends. In cleansing the pores it eliminates all such “enemies of beauty” as blackheads. Use Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream every night and morning; then lines and wrinkles will never trouble you. Your complexion will always be radiantly lovely and youthful.

Pots at 2/-.

Buty-Tone Foundation Cream is made in two types. No. 1 is a greaseless cream of the vanishing type. Use this if your skin is normal or tends towards dryness. No. 2 was created specially for those whose skins are naturally dry. It contains certain natural oils which nourish the dry skin cells. Both Buty-Tone Foundation creams protect the skin and hold powder and rouge all day.

Pots at 2/-. Buty-Tone Face Powder. The result of scientific blending of the finest and purest ingredients. In seven fashionable shades. 2/-. Beauty Products as illustrated above 2 - each BEAUTY PROPRIETARIES LTD Eagle House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1
Max Factor

These Three Secrets CAN MAKE You BEAUTIFUL!

At his famous Hollywood Studio, Max Factor was advising the lovely Loreta Young on make-up. In the lounge, women waited—famous screen stars, beauty editors, eager for a word with the make-up genius who has brought beauty to thousands.

"I wish all women could know," said Max Factor, as he completed his selection of make-up for Loreta Young, "that the secret of beauty lies in Colour Harmony, and that there are three simple things any woman can do that will make her lovely. To begin, a woman should look upon her face as an artist does a canvas. She must create a portrait so exquisite, that everyone who sees her will say 'Isn't she beautiful!'"

"First she must make her skin alluringly radiant by using powder in a Colour Harmony shade that will accent the individual beauty of her type. After that she must add a delicate glow to her cheeks with Colour Harmony rouge, and for the lips a third Colour Harmony shade. It is the combined effect of these three things that makes a face beautiful."

There is a Colour Harmony make-up that will transform You into a radiant being. Would You like the famous Max Factor personal make-up analysis, and sample of Your Colour Harmony make-up? Also an illustrated book on The New Art of Society Make-up. Post coupon below and these will be sent.

His sister's even better looking!" Windy informed. "A rare pretty girl is Molly Dunn. Got the fighting spirit, too. Guess they inherit it from Grandma Dunn. The old lady's plenty tough."

Reminding himself that he hadn't come to Flag to discuss the merits and demerits of young women, Jim put in a good afternoon and evening's work. By sun-up he was down at the drift fence inspecting for likely damage when he recognised Curly, the youngest ranch-hand, bathing his wrist at the stream. "Hello, Curly. Fence is still up, I see."

"Part of it. It was cut in two or three places last night."

"Maybe the cattle broke through."

"If they were cattle, they were smarter than most. One of them hid behind a rock and shot me in the arm."

"Hum." Jim affected a mild non-chalance. "You get back to caup, son. Windy'll fix you up. I'll have a look round."

To his astonishment, inspection farther down the bridge revealed a girl neatly severing the barbed wire. Jim saw her from a distance on foot and re-mounted his horse before she saw him. Whereupon she made a rush for her animal and executed a flying leap into the saddle. Carrying out the implication of her being a first-class horsewoman, she galloped down the bridge, giving every indication of being able to out-ride Jim. Clearly she had trained. Her mount stumbled and threw her into a waterhole. "Funny, isn't it?" she said, though clenching her teeth and looking up at him from the middle of the pool. Even at this disadvantage, her dark, regular features, and healthily-glowing skin, not only pre-judged Jim in her favour, but served as an introduction.

"You're Molly Dunn, aren't you? You're very like your brother. My name's Jim Traft." "You don't have to tell me," she flared. "If my horse hadn't stumbled I should have taken a shot at you. That's the way you city men treat girls out here."

"Well, our New York girls don't go around cutting wires and shooting cowboys. Hadn't you better let me help you out of the water?"

Subsequently, coming across Windy and the boys at the drift-fence camp, laugher and assisting each other with personal improvements, Jim hoped that the cause thereof might entail another meeting with Molly.

"Big dance at Flag to-night. Celebrating the election of the new sheriff." Windy explained, removing the latter from his face. "All the boys will be there." Accordingly, Jim, obeying the request to park his gun with his hat in the cloakroom, took a look round at the pitch-pine dance floor. Molly, in pin-spot muslin edged with narrow black velvet, throwing up the whiteness of her neck and forearm, resolutely refused to dance with her brother's sworn enemy. Whereupon Jim, cutting in on her partner, Sam, Slinger's associate of the morning, took what the gods decreed.

"Hey, that's against the rules!" Sam protested.

"For your mind. I make my own rules."

"You get out of here, and that goes for anyone in the Traft outfit." A handy throw of an improvised lassoed from Windy tightening round Sam at the critical moment turned what looked like being an ugly situation into a joke. No joke, however, could save Tony, Windy's right-hand man, whom Jim found by the drift-fence the following morning, blood issuing from a bullet wound in the forehead. "As neat a job of creasin' as I've seen," Jim volunteered, bending over the prone figure. Gun's full, I notice. He hadn't a chance to fire. Better rig up a stretcher and get him to the ranch. I'm trailing the tracks where the fence was cut.

It was late evening before Jim, with a strong feeling of distaste for his missed rode up in Slinger Dunn's cabin. Through an uncurtained window on the ground floor he watched Slinger talking to an old lady, obviously Grandma. Slinger had left the room before Jim, hearing someone behind him, turned and saw Jackson and his crony. In the moonlight her eyes showed very dark in her white, set face.

"Why didn't you shoot, Slinger? That's what you came for?"

"Your brother either shot or was responsible for shooting one of our men this morning."

"Slinger was only taking a short cut back from Flag with medicine for my grandmother. Your man wouldn't let him through the fence, so he used his gun. We don't call that a crime round here."

"No?"

"In case you change your mind, let me see you to your horse."

Walking beside her, trying to reconcile a lost interview with a sense of duty, he took the plunge.

"I wish you and Slinger were out of all this."

"I might say the same. The fence will be the ruin of us. There never have been fences round here."

"They won't hurt you, but they will hurt me."

"That's your side of it." She looked so lovely in anger that he kissed her, mounting and making a get-away before she had time to retaliate. For the future, he was determined, completion of the fence should occupy his mind. When.

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Molly was an expert horsewoman and demanded good imported bridle and harness. She convinced him as Slinger's sister.
two days later, the last strands of barbed wire had been tied down into the rocks at the verge of the brake, he felt more at ease, though aware most of the morning that cattle had been losing as if they were being rounded up.

"They'll have a tough time getting any more cattle down the brake. Windy remarked with satisfaction as he prepared to break camp.

"Only as long as the Jackson gang leaves the wire alone," Jim opined.

"Better keep guard here with Curly while I take the boys back to the ranch." By the afternoon the excited looking of cattle not being merely rounded up, but stampeding, echoed throughout the valley. To Jim's practised ear, at least a thousand steer must be being driven to some point in the fence. He had no wish to go there. What would be the use? As well try to stem a flowing tide as turn back a herd of steer being kept on the run by a rustler and his men. Now where else would Jackson be likely to go to celebrate a successful afternoon's work but town? To town, therefore, with the remainder of the ranch outfit. Jim decided to go. Riding fast, he had negotiated a lightly wooded slope, half-way to Flag, when a figure rode out from behind a tree. He recognised Slinger, and pulled up. The man's face was a curious mixture of fear and relief as he said, "Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Go ahead. All right, boys." The boys withdrew to a discreet distance. "I've been wrong about a few things, Slinger," Jim remarked hurriedly. "I never guessed, when I objected to the fence going up, that it would be finished so quickly with rustlers. You're riding into a trap down town, Jackson and his herd were advancing. You're camping your cattle in the saloon when they heard you were coming."

"We figured on that. Mind if I ride with you? You feel that way about it?"

"I've a hundred that you and I bank on it. Let's go."

With a tremendous weight off his mind, Jim gave the order to move. Only thought of the day was the threat Clay Jackson kept too great an exaltation that Molly's brother was no enemy of the law at bay. The single street of Flag, with its square, white-braced houses, was empty as Jim entered it. Counting Slinger, his men mounted to hardly more than a dozen. "Spread out, boys," he ordered after a preliminary survey. Steadily the party advanced. Silence until the saloon was reached, then above the barricaded swing doors rippled a couple of shots. The fight was on. Slinger was one of the first to come out. He was riding abreast of Jim when a shot met him in the arm. Dismounting, Jim carried him to cover behind a water trough. From every swing shot was being fired. "'I'm all right," Slinger gasped. "Have you got an extra gun?"

"I'll re-load yours."

Grasping the weapon, Jim took a lunar of that drug. At the saloon door he glimpsed a brawny man with a small moustache, who shouted a command to a confederate opposite.

"Say, the boss has a mighty sunburned for a city fellow," Slinger was saying.

"Yes? You a fellow wearing a dark check shirt and light vesten?"

"That's so. I shouldn't be surprised if you had a Texas Ranger star about you somewhere. Jim, you seem mighty interested in Clay Jackson."

"He's wanted badly in Texas for killing a ranger, a buddy of mine. Say, it's getting warm here. Think I'll be moving. Keep under the lee of the trough and you'll be all right. See you later."

Brushing the dust from a bullet pitting the ground beside him, Jim headed for the open. He had timed his exit well. Riding down the street, as one who goes when there is still time, was Clay Jackson. Running for his horse, Jim gained the saddle and galloped in pursuit. Half an hour's journey on the road from Flag, Jackson turned into the rough. For only one place could he be heading—Slinger's cabin. With impatience ten times increased, Jim dug in his spurs. Useless, however, to compete with Jackson's mount, which was fresh. There was no sign of the enemy, except his horse, as Jim arrived at the cabin. Flinging the reins over the gate post he went in. Grandma seized his arm. "You're Jim Trailer, aren't you? You've got to get my girl Molly away from Jackson. He's talking to her in the bedroom, threatening to kidnap her and take Slinger away. Guess he thinks we know too much. He's calling Slinger a cattle thief, but Slinger never stole cattle in his life. Jim, an old woman. Can't you help me?"

From behind a closed door leading out of the living-room, Jim could hear Jackson's raised voice of command, and Molly's terrified denials. Above the door was a balcony leading no doubt to the loft. He jumped and swung a leg over the banisters. Just in time. The bedroom door opened and Jackson came out. Leaping to the floor, Jim threw him to the floor. Instantly Jackson was up and delivering a smashing left hook to his opponent. He retreated back to the bedroom. Dizzily Jim followed, steadying himself against the door, which gradually closed. In the intense ensuing struggle, Jim thought he heard Grandma's voice calling out with astonishing vigour for a woman of her years.

"I know I hope which one comes out of that door this afternoon's."

Jim, not Realising that there was more than a dozen men on him, slipped his belt, drew his gun and fired. Jackson was brought down. Instantly he flew up and leaping on his horse he made for the dining-room.

"It's the boss here, cookie," Windy was explaining. "Jim Trailer wearing the familiar checks, wrung Jim's hand. "Uncle's dead and left me this place," he explained. "So I thought I'd come along and ask you to stop here."

"Sorry, I can't. I've got to check out of the Ranger station if I want to come back."

"You figure on coming back? Boys, that's great! I'll make you manager. How anyone can want to live among cattle and potatoes beats me, though.

"Under the pine trees by the lake—Jim's reason for another proposal to Flag bade him good-bye. True to the last, however, Jim did not attempt to tie down her man. "You'll be a long time, won't you?"

"She hazarded wistfully. "Not the way I'll be riding," he assured her.
PREVIEWS

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

AROLE LOMBARD appears in two pictures this week, and in both she demonstrates very fully that she has come right into the forefront of screen stars.

She has a delightful sense of comedy and can handle with equal facility any dramatic section of the star.

In short, she is thoroughly versatile, and all she needs now is one outstanding part to put her right at the top of the tree.

The most intriguing of her two pictures this week is—

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

It is a murder mystery story treated in light comedy vein is no novelty—in fact, it has been rather overworked in this case it has more ingenuity than usual and is notable, apart from its well-developed comedy, for the excellent acting of the star.

Carole Lombard is cast as a Brooklyn girl who, having been strangled in France, comes to life again and to be a masquerade with the help of an English actress and, posing as a Swedish girl, to get a good contract and sail for America.

All the action takes place on board the liner, which is excellently set and convincingly photographed.

When we first meet Carole Lombard, she is "throwing" a perfect Garbo—not only vocally but in gesture and facial expression.

This is the pose she keeps up through the picture, contrasting it cleverly with her own, the little Brooklyn chorus girl.

The romantic element is introduced by the presence of King Maskell, a famous art dealer, who falls heavily for the Princess in spite of her truly regal snubs.

Then there is the double-cross element. A blackmailer who knows that King had served a stretch in prison and also the Princess's real identity, tries to get money from both of them.

He is found murdered in the Princess's suite, and King helps take the body to another cabin.

Travelling on the boat on holiday are five international detectives who proceed to use their individual methods to discover the murderer, which they do with the help of King and, who, with the Princess, are both suspected of the crime.

It is an ingenious denouement, and the red herring trails are not as obvious as they sometimes are. The clevering up of the story brings King's and the Princess's romance to a successful conclusion and also ends her quest.

There is plenty of action and the dialogue is witty.

The star is supported by a strong cast, all of whom know how to advantage. Fred MacMurray makes a virile lover, while Alison Skipworth is excellent as the Princess's companion.

The scenes are exceedingly well characterised by Dallas Dupin, Lumsdun Hare, Sig Rumian, Mischa Auer, and Teteo Konjia, while Porter Hall is very good as the blackmailer.

George Barbier makes a jovial ship's captain, and a sound comedy characterisation comes from William Frawley as King's friend and partner.

William H. Howard's direction is particularly noteworthy in his detail work and for the way it brings out the various characterisations without forcing the comedy vein.

Altogether first-rate entertainment, this.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

In this picture Carole Lombard plays the role of a very shrewish young lady who is engaged to one man but in her heart of hearts loves another. She puts plenty of pep into it and makes it a rather too conversational but nevertheless very amusing romantic comedy.

The wealthy man who pursues her relentlessly and is so sure of winning her that he drives her wild, is admirably portrayed by Preston Foster.

His understanding of feminine psychology is helped by an old business partner who knows all about the sex—because he is a bachelor.

The unfortunate fiancée, whom Preston Foster sends on a business trip to Japan, is well enacted by Cesar Romero. Although he does not show a lot of enthusiasm for the girl to whom he is engaged, one is rather sorry for the treatment that is meted out to him by all concerned.

Janet Beecher is excellent as the heroine's mother, while Betty Lawford is good as the Countess who is trying to catch Preston Foster—and his fortune.

Walter Lang has made a very good job of the direction of this sophisticated modern comedy, and his characters are all convincing in spite of the absurd situations in which they frequently find themselves.

Settings of wealthy homes are lavish and the occasional exteriors are very well photographed.

The picture owes a lot of its entertainment value to the dialogue which is pitiful and to the point and is made most of by the all-round good acting of the cast.

SUICIDE CLUB

This film, like many another, depends greatly upon the mood of the man who plays it. If you are willing to place yourself unreservedly in the director's hands and let him win you at will through the most incredible and romantic adventures, you will probably enjoy it very much indeed.

Here, on the other hand, you sit sourly challenging him to convince you, you will probably dislike it.

I feel, however, that the combination of Robert Louis Stevenson (who wrote it) with Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, and Reginald Owen (who act in it), should be enough to persuade the most cynical to enjoyment.

The plot is a fantastic one, in which they take without warning from one hairbreadth adventure to another.

Briefly it concerns Prince Florizel, whose father, king of a Rutlandian state, wishes him for political reasons to marry a young princess whom he has not met since they were children.

Florizel is given a month in which to decide, and with his faithful friend, Colonel Geraldine, who acts as his chaperon, he goes to mid-Victorian London for a holiday.

Here he almost immediately becomes involved in the transactions of a mysterious Suicide Club, whose sinister president seems bent upon his death; and here also he meets a girl who is apparently the president's accomplice.

It would be unfair to say more about the story, as the whole plot hinges upon surprises; but there are thrills enough to spare, and a generous measure of humour, chiefly provided by Frank Morgan, as Colonel Geraldine.

Robert Montgomery will thoroughly satisfy his fans in the gay and gallant role of Prince Florizel, and Rosalind Russell takes another definite step forward in her career.

As the sinister president of the club, Reginald Owen once more proves his versatility as a character actor, and E. E. Clive as the king, and Louis Hayward as a Young Man With Cream Tarts (which is less crazy than it sounds) turn in very creditable performances.

This is a praiseworthy attempt to put something on the screen that is "different"; and for that reason alone it is well worth seeing.—E.G.C.

POPPIE W. C. Fields's inimitable humour and a delicately unsophisticated, youthful romance form a combination which is hard to beat as entertainment. In fact, the well-propsed ingredients of this simple and refreshingly new story are so well served up that few will be able to resist it.

It is an adaptation of the musical play in which W. C. Fields made his last appearance. He had, of course, been famous as a joker in vaudeville both here and in America before that.

D.W. Griffith made a silent version of it, and here again W. C. Fields scored a success. Although, to the best of my recollection, the picture struck rather an artificial note, and was over-sentimentalised, Griffith, one of Griffith's finds, played the hero.

This talkie version is certainly sentimental, but it is kept within bounds. The direction and settings are so good, and the characterisations so human that it escapes being just unadulterated saccharine.

Naturally the limelight plays with full force on W. C. Fields, and he rises to the occasion, making more of the fact that he was not well when he was making the picture which preceded the illness from which he died; indeed, he is now fully recovered.

As usual he has a series of individual bits which are exploited to the full in his clowning, but he also succeeds, as he always does, in drawing a very human picture of himself.

He is cast as Professor Eustace McGill, a fairground charlatan, who, through forging a marriage certificate with the help of a crooked lawyer, succeeds in getting his daughter Poppy accepted as heiress to big estate.

The lawyer double-crosses him, but it turns out in the end that the Professor is not Poppy's father, and that she is really the rightful heiress.

All very simple and bald when unadorned by the clever detail work and competent direction of Eward Sutherland.

The fairground atmosphere is extremely good and gives a chance for W. C. Fields to put over his usual marketable medicine vendor and thimble rigger.

Small town and rural settings, too, are extremely picturesque.

Rochelle Hudson is charming as Poppy, and the romantic love passages between her and Richard Cromwell as the mayor's son, are sincere and convincingly youthful.

Jyne Overman is excellent as the mayor—yes, even the mayor. Catherine Doucet is also good as the woman who is next in line of succession to the estate Poppy eventually inherits.···

Her role, a one in Dressler-like vein, scores as Sarah Tucker, a kindly spinster, who turns out to be Poppy's only advocate to prove the justice of her claim.

Minor parts are also well cast, and the whole is very creditable entertainment which can be enjoyed by old and young alike.—Lionel Collier
TRUE POISE
another word for that
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F E E L I N G

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**The PICTUREGOER-S quick reference index to films just released**

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS**

It may not entirely escape the conventional, but everything is so well done that every view does not have a flaw. As a tough Texas ranger, Tom Keene is in excellent form, and he is very much of gusto in the battle and fighting and his love making.

Sandy Baker portrays a soft city youth who is sent to a ranch to learn the cattle business, and uses the ranger as his deputy, with a ghastly result, which is anything but costly.

Katherine de Mille is a delightful heroine with plenty of spirit, and all the supporting characters are well drawn.

This is a type of Western which is always welcome.

**LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC**

**TOP OF THE WORLD**

Mr. A. Good. Sheriff Lieut. Sandy's unravels with suitable THE LUCKY

Foster's is a very simple affair with a conventional plot, and it is mainly due to the star's efforts that it goes over.

There is a modest thrill in a dog race finale.

The story runs as follows.

On a yacht off the coast of Betty Schofield takes over his valuable greyhound kennels. Reduced circumstances force her to sell three dogs to Albert Hicks, a friendly bookmaker, but she retains the best, "Our Betty." Prior to the Greyhound Derby, the mill workers, influenced by an agitator, try to force the hand of Mr. Preston, the owner of "Our Betty," to back a strike. Betty is not in sympathy with the men, but she opens a food kitchen to comfort their children.

Following this, "Our Betty" wins the Greyhound Derby, and the prize money is also poured into a relief fund. More still is needed, and when Mr. Preston desires to buy back "Our Betty" as an engagement present for his daughter, she again makes a sacrifice for charity.

An engagement party thrown by Mr. Preston provides ammunition for the agitator, but when they try to storm Preston's home Betty beats them to it and compels them to scatter. Preston, moved by epitomizes the dignity and honor, and affec
dutiful love of a woman is harmony and prosperity restored.

Frank Pettengill is as good as Gray and so is the comedy. A
dreadful, and its success is crowned when he returns to his dressing-room, and Mrs. Sewell, who will He. He gets his
tiie in the story.

GRAVIE FIELD'S is a class in by herself, and she acquits herself in a way which will enthuse her from the start to the finish, making the acting stand out.

There are a large number of suspects, including an ape, but it is, of course, child's play for Charlie to sort out the guilty person. There is a touch of naivety about the whole proceedings, but the entertainment it gives is none the worse for that.

Two clever dwarfs, George and Oldie Gharroz, are worth special mention.

**DRIFT FENCE**


Larry "Butter" Crabe.....Slinger Dunn

Katherine de Mille.....Molly Dunn

Tom Keene.....Jim Travis

Benny Baker.....Clay Jackson

Stanley Andrews.....Harry Kondras

Richard Carle.....Shelby McNight

Irving Bacon.....Wesley Watkins

Herschel Walker.....Haverly

Rev. Wilson.....Rev. Wilson

Off the Levee from...by Zane Grey.

The story is a fine one on the film by Ivan Jeffries, but it has a few flaws.

The film is high grade.

The role of her mother and father is well handled, and the supporting characters have been carefully and logically developed.

Arabella is not always well characterised, Westerner, which, besides action and colour, has a clever cut and logically developed story.
THE CARDINAL

MATHERSON Lang Cardinal Giovanni de Medici crosses swords with General Belmonte, self-serving commander of the Papal Army, over the appropriation of church funds. Belmonte and Giuliano, Giovanni's brother, are rivals for Francesca, daughter of Monterosa, a rich merchant. Giovanni and Belmonte get in the first blow against Giovanni by killing Monterosa, casting the blame on Giuliano, and then confessing to Giovanni, thereby preventing him as a priest from speaking.

With the day of Giuliano's execution drawing near, Giovanni resorts to subterfuge to clear his brother, and by his madness and playing upon Belmonte's cowardice and superstition he forces him to confess. Victory for Giovanni brings with it romance for Giuliano and Francesca.

As Belmonte, Robert Atkina is weak, but the rest of the cast does all it can with the material at its command.

A TOUCH OF THE MOON

JOHN GARRICK....Martin Burnaby DOROTHY BOND....Mona Dappr Joyce Bland....Mrs. Fairbough DAVID HORN....Colonel Platner ARTHUR MACKENZIE....Mr. Dappr W. T. ELWANOFER....Garfield WALLY PATCH....Policeman

Directed by Malcolm Rogers from a play by Cyril Caimson.

There is a certain amount of originality in this romantic comedy and situations generally are quite well handled. There is, however, too much dialogue, and the general effect is stagey and too static.

John Garrick plays the lead as Martin Burnaby, who believes, contrary to the indications of his friends, Colonel Platner and Francis Laverton, that romance exists today. To prove it, he hires a lady in a car one night. She faints, but that is where romance begins, for he soon woos her madly and succeeds in winning her love and making her break her engagement with an elderly American millionaire.

Complicating his fate is Rosalind, his uncle, who is relying on the American for financial support, threatens suicide when he hears the marriage is off. However, Martin plans a little scenario which appeals to the sentimental side of the American's nature, and uncle gets his backing after all.

Dorothy Boyd is attractive as the heroine, and John Garrick puts up a sound performance.

As Colonel Platner, David Horne gives a good character study, as does Joyce Bland, the widow to whose charms he succumbs.

Wally Patch is amusing as a constable, and W. T. Ellwanger is a very dim Yorkshireman.

LUCKY FUGITIVES

DAVID MANNERS....Jack Wyrick (Cly King) MARINE DOYLE.....Aline McLain REGINALD HINCE.....Donald McLain JAMES GRAY.....Sheriff GARLAND B. DAVIDSON.....Majority ARTHUR LADD-WILKES.....Chief of Police DORIS WILSON.....Molly King FRANK BARKWELL.....Coach KELLY PAT CARLYLE Prince Alexis Gregory Timms

Directed by Nick Grinde from a story by Grant William.

Very naive story dealing with a young author who, taking advantage of his resemblance to a gangster, pursues a girl who has got friendly with a bogus Russian prince. He gets rid of him and takes up the rest of the footage trying to persuade the girl to marry him.

David Manners doubles the roles of the author and the gangster—one too satisfactorily. Maxine Doyle is fair as the girl.

There is a reminiscent touch in the production of The Thirty-Nine Steps when the hero and heroine, handcuffed together on a cross-country chase—but on the whole it only provides entertainment for the unsophisticated.

Swell Head

WALLACE FORD.....Gerry McCall DENNIS MOORE.....Johnny Jacobs BARBARA KENT.....Mary Malone D. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Umpire MARION BLACK.....Babe SAMMY COHEN.....Cassey Cohen FRANK MORAN.....The Judge MIKE DOULIN.....Brick Baldwin

Directed by Renie Sturiff.

The same old tale of the conceited baseball player who takes a knock—this time literally so that he is nearly blinded—and then makes a come-back free of bumptiousness.

Wallace Ford is well cast as the hero and Barbara Kent is fair as the heroine.

A good child study comes from Dickie Moore, and Sammy Cohen supplies comedy of a fairly humorous nature.

The whole thing is very obvious in design and the sporting back-ground of little appeal in this country.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE

JOHN BOYD.....Johnny Barclay PAUL KELLY.....Rocky Johnson ROSALIND KEITH.....Emily WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Lient. McNulty CHARLES "Cree" S. SALE.....Grandpa DAVY HOLT.....Raddy IAN JAGGER.....Arnold BAKER ROSSELLA.....Buddy FLORENCE NASH.....Maggie GILLESPIE.....Dawn OSCAR POLK.....Larry Bourn

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke from a story by Arthur Lake and Sherman Roberts.

A dramatisation of America's industrial troubles which is not likely to create a lot of interest this side. It is poor in design, and that, coupled with its strongly nationalistic appeal, render it very much entertainment. Joe Morrison sings on two occasions, but his personality is not strong.

Paul Kelly is more in character as Rocky, and Rosalind Keith is adequate as the heroine.

Chic Sale and William Frawley contribute two amusing supporting studies.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

MAKING A CAD OF CAGNEY

Give Him Better Roles

NOTE that all the critics seem to praise James Cagney in almost every picture he makes. While allowing that his star has "that little extra something," I feel I must protest against this as all the films he has made recently have been the kind that Hollywood turns out in routine-like, precision, and without either inspiration or demanding any particular acting ability.

When Cagney first hit the screen in Enemies of the Public, Larceny Lane and Tape, he was something new and refreshingly different from the usual male lead, but what do we see in the Cagney of to-day? His mannerisms have become stereotyped and his bumptiousness is simply silly now, especially when he is teamed with an actor of the calibre of Pat O'Brien, who always turns in a good performance.

Let Cagney be seen in a worthwhile production again and let us see if he deserves the bouquets he almost invariably gets, but reserve brickbats for the films he is appearing in in the meantime!—(Mrs.) Margaret Allman, 159 MacDonald Road, Edinburgh.

Kindly Ghosts

I wonder why persons imagine that "ghosts" are always feared by visitors and that "haunted houses" must of necessity be places of evil repute? Is not happiness as potent as misery to make an impact upon the world? My reading of the question is that, so far, all "ghosts" exhibited upon the screen have either been gruesome or ludicrous. What a great thing motion-pictures would do for humanity if they could eliminate this utterly false idea.

Why should a British studio not be the first to stage a picture in which a whole company of "ghosts" return to "haunt" the place where their former existence was spent, and to recall scenes and hours of happiness instead of tales of wrong-doing?

Thousands of Britons would revel in the fact that the screen had revealed to them that their homes could be "happily-haunted" instead of being places where the moans and sighs of the departed mingled with the clanking of chains and the vision of nocturnal wanderers is seen bearing their heads under their arms.—H. J. Reynolds, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Un-British

I have never agreed with picturegoers who clamour for all-British films. This seems to me a particularly British attitude.

Our greatness historically is largely due to the periodic influx of new blood from other lands. Without losing any of our national character, we have been able to assimilate the good traits of these invaders and become invigorated by them. Their provocative effect too, has been considered as a benefit.

So, too, I believe, the employment of foreign stars in our British studios is all to the good and likely to help in their universal appeal. It was, after all, the employment of "foreigners" which made American picture prosperity.—F. John, 155 Gladstone Road, South Tottenham, N.15, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Those Awful Puses

My "grumble" about films is a peculiar one—"the too frequent use of a pause in certain parts of the climax of the story—what we hear: "Is he—dead?" "I am his—wife."

I—love him. We know just when the pause is coming: we know just the tone in which the rest of the sentence will be uttered, especially in the first example.

Suspense is all very well, but not when those pauses are long enough to make us want to shout: "Oh! Get on with it!"

Cannot the star catch her breath, sob, or bite her lip after it has served its purpose—provided that the sentence is short? The question: "Is he dead?" "Would sound just as good to me if spoken, for I am still in one breath.

Pauses are very effective in a limited quantity, but please, no pause at every climax in every film—(-V. M. Sandell, "Happy Days" Bungalow, Eccles-by-the-Sea, Lestham, Norfolk, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

In Defence of Norma

I was amazed to read D. R. Bocquet's letter in Leeke's Page to Norma Shearer's pronunciation of a certain word. If every film star spoke as plainly as Norma, I would come over to the cinema knowing more about the film I had seen.

Some of our Oxford accents and Cockney talk is far more aggravating to me than a good many American speeches, although I am English myself.

As to Shearer, she has the best speaking voice on the screen to-day, as well as being the most perfect actress.

I say good luck to her, and may she go on from triumph to triumph. I am eagerly awaiting Romeo and Juliet.

May I take the opportunity of praising the Picturegoer, it is well worth the 2d. weekly.—(M.) Evelyn Luce, 87 Corporation Road, East Croydon, Surrey.

"Season!"

LateIy I noticed a letter advocating "clubs" for regular films. Perhaps readers would be interested in the arrangement made at the "Ritz," Southend.

During the summer months pre-release films are shown at this cinema for the large holiday population, and in consequence increased prices are introduced for the "season."

To enable regular patrons to obtain admission at the out-of-season prices, each copy of the June magazine contained a form which after being stamped at the box-office on three visits over a period of five weeks is exchanged for a special Season Pass entitling the patron to his usual seat at the lower price.—B. W. Bardolph, College Farm, Ampthill Road, Bedford.

Something to Grumble About

In our town there are ten thousand grumblers. The population is ten thousand. They grumble at each other, at the local cinema.

After reading the enthusiastic tributes these last few weeks, I am ready to sob on somebody's shoulder with the weight of our sad lot.

Here is the programme for last week-end:—March of Time—No. 5. Paramount News (not latest edition). Can You Hear Me Mother?—The rest of the programme consisted of "Coming Shorty," two "trailers," and advertising slides, not forgetting an interval of about (Continued on page 30)
With the Big *Yachts

Lady Betty Bourke

daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, inherits her mother's gay Irish temperament and love of the good things of life. "CALIFORNIAN POPPY," however, was one of her own discoveries. Her proudest, too. "A bewitching perfume" is her own description.

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Please send me, on approval, a new Ambron SLENDERFORM Corset at 1/-1. My measurements are:

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Send 1/- Deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/-1 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the Garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit. No measurements and enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postage Order crossed to.

Notice: Full cash only.

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Reudel Bath Cubes

Oxygenate your Bath

6 cubes £1 or sold separately 2 each.

Now obtainable in refreshing pine & fragrant lavender perfumes, as well as the delightful original scent.

FOR MEN: the 'Reudel' Pine Cube has been specially introduced for men. It has a stimulating effect on the skin, causes deeper breathing and has a beneficial effect on the nervous system.

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Euthymol's TANG comes as a pleasant surprise from the first moment of use! It refreshes the mouth and keeps it wholesome. You will enjoy using Euthymol—the dentifrice that attacks dental decay germs and helps to keep your teeth strong, white and beautiful. Chemists sell large tubes with the convenient spring-cap at 15. 3d.

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BECAUSE
They do not tear or break the hair
The variety of shades makes them almost invisible
The lasting grip prevents them slipping

Be sure you get genuine KIRBIGRIPS

Obtainable in Black, Bronze, Silver Grey and Golden.
Made in England by the Patents
KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
George Brent

Standing 6 ft. 1 in. in height, this black-haired, hazel-eyed Irishman, who weighs 12 stone, was born in Dublin on March 15, 1904. Educated at Dublin University, he has had a varied career, having herded sheep in Ireland, worked for two years as a sailor on freighters off the Cornish coast, and spent six months as a blacksmith. He joined the Abbey Theatre company in Dublin, shortly after leaving the University, and was later a dispatch bearer for Michael Collins in the Irish Rebellion. Going to New York he played with stock companies, and managed six companies of his own. He made his first Broadway appearance as Alice Brady's leading man in "Love, Honour and Betray," when Clark Gable was another member of the company. Later he turned his attention to the films and soon made a big name for himself on the screen. He was formerly married to Ruth Lawrence. His films include:—The Rich Are Always With Us, The Crash, So Big, The Purchase Price, Miss Pinkerton, Week-End Marriage, They Call It Sin, Luxurious Lady, Baby Face, From Headquarters, 42nd Street, The Keyhole, Lily Turner, Female, Bureau of Missing Persons, Shimmy O'Keefe, The Painted Veil, Housewife, Desirable, The Right to Live, The Goose and the Gander, Stranded, Living on Velvet, The Sacred Flame, Front Page Women, Special Agent, The Case Against Mrs. Andrews, In Person, Snowed Under and Golden Arrow.

Mary Brian

Born in Dallas, Texas, on February 17, 1908, her real name is Louise Danzler, and she has dark hair, hazel eyes, stands 5 ft. 2 in. and weighs 1114 lb. Her family moved to Los Angeles when she was seventeen, and as a result of her photograph being entered for a personality contest in a local newspaper, which she won, she was given the part of Wendy in the film version of Peter Pan. Her subsequent films include:—The Air Mail, The Little French Girl, The Street of Forgotten Men, A Regular Fellow, The Enchanted Hill, Behind the Front, Beau Geste, Knockout Riley, Running Wild, Shanghai Bound, Man Power, Two Flaming Youths, Under the Tonto Rim, The Big Killing, Forgotten Faces, Varsity, Someone to Love, The Mau I Love, River of Romance, The Marriage Playground, The Virginian, Burning Up, Kibitzer, The Light of Western Stars, Only the Brave, Paramount on Parade, The Social Lion, Blessed Event, Mankato, When the World Gone Mad, Song of the Eagle, One Year Later, Moonlight and Pretzels, Shadows of Sing Sing, Ever Since Eve, Private Scandal, College Rhythm, Monte Carlo Nights, Charlie Chan in Paris, Fog, Everything Happens at Once, Once in a Million, Two's Company, and The Memory Expert.

What Do You Think? Cont.

10 minutes (starting at 9.15. The time from entering to leaving was 1 hour 55 minutes. Prices, 9d. 1s., 1s. 6d. The programmes are like this every week.
    Do we deserve sympathy!—J. Moore.

American Accents

As my favourite film star happens to be an American, I was naturally interested in the three American training ships that visited Portsmouth recently.

But I was more surprised, to hear the difference in the American accent of the naval men from the accent that you hear on the films. Through being a regular cinema-goer, I was always under the impression that Americans spoke with a nasal accent. But having heard a good many speaking last week, I am apt to think that the films grossly exaggerate their manner of speech, especially in newspaper reporter's offices; for example, James Dunn in The Pay Off.

To my idea it sounded terribly common, and I had, after that film, quite a wrong impression of Americans—until last week.—V. Taylor, The First, Chatfield, Portsmouth, Hants.
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And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more. Size of the circular gauge goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon moisture proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with nouse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ballrooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1/- a box.

We offer £50 for the photograph most expressive of personality and charm—those subtle characteristics of Asland's irresistible Compact Perfumes.

Enter this competition now! Just send us your photograph (name and address written clearly on the back) together with a bill for an Asland Compact, which you have purchased in your favourite flower perfume

AND THE £50 PRIZE MAY BE YOURS!

This is NOT a beauty contest. It is a personality competition and personality belongs to young and old alike.

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ALXALIE Compact Perfumes

She always relies on Camelia

WHEN A GOOD GIRL GIVES HER MIND TO IT!

After your boy has seen you home—
are you left sometimes wondering why he seems diffident, hesitating to say he loves you—competing him, perhaps, with the ardent romantic lovers of the screen? Make him a green heart by night using the stars' secret of irresistible allure—their own lipstick, the famous KISSPROOF indelible lipstick, prescribed by the experts in every Hollywood dressing-room. Get it in the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1/-, the smartest beauty aid obtainable. At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

A Marvellous Change

GIRL WHO HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

"For over a year my daughter suffered from anaemia," states Mrs. E. Green, of 50 Dennis Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. "She was pale, weak and languid, had no appetite, and lost much weight. Her nerves were in a bad state, and she could not sleep. Although we tried all kinds of remedies, my daughter grew steadily worse until at last she had to give up her work."

A relative strongly recommended Dr. Williams pink pills, and my daughter started taking them. Soon we could see a definite improvement; her appetite came back, the colour returned to her cheeks, and she regained her brightness. Now my daughter's health is splendid; she sleeps well, is always ready for her meals, and thoroughly enjoys life. In her difference in health is marvellous.

The only way to combat anaemia is to supply the system with new blood; that is exactly what Dr. Williams brand pink pills do, and it is because these pills really do create new, rich blood, that they are so successful in the treatment of anaemia. Try these pills now and notice the quick improvement in your health; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE—Every girl, and every girl's mother, should read the instructive booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free of charge to all who write to M.E. Dept., 36 Fittroy Square, London, W.1.
This LARGE bottle costs only 1/6 (actual size)

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In office, cinema or ballroom, its sweet spell will be unbroken for hours, and the charm of "Evening in Paris" will be all about you. A sheer luxury in everything but price, so use it as freely as you wish in your bath, for your hair, or as your personal perfume. The six standard sizes range from as little as 1/6 to the exquisite Blue Crystal Litre Bottle at 21/-.

There is a complete range of Beauty Preparations all delicately perfumed with "Evening in Paris".


THIRTY (Ibbidulph Moor).—Lorna Dune was made as a silent film with Dennis Wynsham and Bertie Gordon. (2) John Loder, b. Jan. 3, 1898; married Nickelle Chatel.

P. S. (Bris.)—Betsy Grable, b. 1915, Kansas City; blonde hair, engaged to Jackie Coogan.

ROBERT FAN (Ealing).—Robert Montgomery at present making Piccadilly Jim, the film version of the famous P. G. Wodehouse novel, with Ma. 1905; Regional Owen, Billy Burke, and Frank Morgan. Robert Benchley, Ralph Forbes and Phyllis Claire. The director is Robert Leonard.

ASSIA MAE (Mad Waltham).—We published a centre spread of Grey Draper in the Dec. 22, 1934 issue of this paper. Back numbers available from the publishing Dept., 6, Catherine Street, London, W.C.2

SCHOLARSHIP, FAN (Notes).—Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Margaret Grahame, Heather Angel and Ian Keith took the chief roles in The Three Musketeers.

C. E. (Limerick).—(1) Film company Cafe Collets, Carrick Films. (2) Margaret Sullivan commenced work on I Loved a Soldier but had to stop owing to an accident in which she broke her arm. (3) Errol Flynn is scheduled for several films after The Charge of the Light Brigade. First the Green Light with Olivia de Haviland; Leslie Howard originally intended for this film. Then Another Damned with Bette Davis and Jan Hitchen. He has also been offered the lead in a story called The White Rajah based on the life and adventures of Brooke of Santok to Leslie Banks, and will star in the film himself. (4) Michael Curtiz is directing The Charge of the Light Brigade. Spencer Tracy's latest film, Céleste, (formerly Marie Bashly), with Sidney.

S. R. (London).—Laurence Olivier, b. May 22, 1907, 5 ft. 10 in. (1) Robert Donat, b. March 18, 1907; 6 ft. (2) Hugh Williams, b. March 6, 1907; 5 ft. 10 in.

D. B.'s CAFE (Kent).—(1) Werner Oland, b. 1890, Ussy, Sweden; 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair and blue eyes; ed., Boston, U.S.A.; hobbies, tennis, swimming, art; former stockbroker. (2) Jack Buchanan, b. 1921, April 2, 1931; Ann Harding, b. Aug. 7 (10 years given).

S. B.'s CAFE (London).—(1) Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909; 6 ft. 2 in.; 180 lb., brown hair and blue eyes; married, Lill Damita. Captain Blood was not his first film. He appeared in The Maharajah's Bride and Robin Hood, before he got the title role in Captain Blood. (2) Victor Jory is married to a Swedish girl, one child. Jean Hunter, his latest film, The King Steps Out.

REGULAR READER.—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904; 6 ft. blue eyes, sunburn. hair 172 lb. married. Miss Garland, chief girl of the club is to take a keen personal interest in the club.

A branch of the BILLY MILTON CLUB is in course of formation at Romford, and the officers, Miss Mary Cast, 5 Clydeford Road, Romford, Essex, would be pleased to have readers in the Romford district, as well as in London, and many social gatherings, etc., be held.

Those interested in the RICHARD TAUBER-DIANA NAPIER FAN Club please write to the Hon. Sec., 5 Goldsbury, 4 Grafton Place, Euston Square, N.W.1. A magazine is published every month and Miss Napier takes a keen personal interest in the club.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page are the ones 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, Martlart House, Martlart Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Barnardo's Home, purchased a radio for a blind ex-serviceman, rent clothes to the poor and collected silver plate and magazine for the hospitals. Branches of the club are being formed in the U.S.A., Canada, as well as in London, and many social gatherings, etc., are held.

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FOR BITES AND STINGS

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T.C.P. Solution, right away. In a few
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New Antiseptic Discovery actually
destroyes the insect poison in the bite. Heals
scratched Bites, too, wonderfully
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All Chemists sell the handy
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"My skin looked only near blonde—now I know my powder shade was to blame."

THE LADY MORRIS

How can the RIGHT shade do for you?

Do you just miss beauty because your skin looks faded and dull? Then your present shade of face powder is probably wrong. For the wrong shade can make your skin look like that. And it isn’t surprising if you haven’t yet found the right shade. Until recently, all powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones.

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HOW WHEN I TRIED POND’S FACE POWDER, I REALIZED THAT THE SHADE I HAD USED BEFORE-THOUGH CHOSEN VERY CAREFULLY—LEFT MY SKIN ONLY NEAR BLONDE, BUT POND’S RACHEL 1 GIVES IT TRANSPARENCY AND BRIGHTNESS, MAKES IT TRUE BLONDE AT LAST.

FREE — Pond’s Powder: Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post it in a sealed envelope to Dept. P 37/The, Pond’s, Peckiva, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond’s Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME

ADDRESS

WHY not ask me if I am certain that your problem can be solved.

If you would like a reply by post, send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

O you look your best in summer? Have our recent hot summers taught you how to make the best of them, or do you go around looking harassed and hot, with wispy hair and shining nose?

Keeping fresh and looking crisp isn’t a matter of accident. The surest way of achieving it is to begin the day with a tepid bath...A lukewarm bath is better than a cold one. It is cleansing and leaves you with a cooler skin.

Be liberal with the bath salts in warm weather. Choose a refreshing perfume rather than an exotic one. Pineus and some of the herbal baths are specially good for warm mornings. Dry yourself gently—you do not need the invigorating rough towel in summer—and then give yourself an eau de Cologne friction. There is nothing like one of Cologne for making your skin cool and sweet-smelling. The very freshness of it is soothing to your nerves and will start you on your C.V. for the day placed with yourself and tolerant to the world.

You can have talcum powder to match, but if you are liable to perspire very much, it is better to use a deodorant powder. Take care of the underarms, too. Heat.-dress and lack of freshness are unforgivable these days. There are two kinds of control. The one may be used every morning, or, if you are pressed for time, another variety which contains immunity for two or three days.

Some girls suffer very much in the summer from damp hands. Washing with Formalin soap is always helpful, or the hands may be steeped in a dilute solution of any good antiperspirant. Have a foot powder made up and carry a little of it in a box in your handbag. If it is dusted over the palms at intervals, particularly before putting on gloves, it will greatly reduce the trouble. Here is the recipe:

6 oz. powdered starch, 2 oz.; powdered talc, 1 oz.; powdered alum, 15 grains.

To Tan, or Not

The past few years has taught many of us to temper our enthusiasm for that skin-brightening stroke and bad sunburn have taught many of us that a little sun bathing goes a long way. Several doctors have pointed out the dangers of indiscriminate exposure, and at least one has reminded us that too much sun results in premature aging of women.

Those who have lived in hot countries agree with him, and I would add the warning that there is nothing like too much sun for producing a fine crop of superfluous hair.

Therefore, to tan or not to tan is a question which needs serious consideration. If the answer is in the affirmative, then take the doses gently. Above all, aid your skin in acquiring the tan without burning. Sun oil is, perhaps, less used as a specially designed skin oil which aids the tanning process, but also protects against the more potent rays. Some of these creams give the skin a golden hue, while a further tan is appearing.

Whatever your choice, the complexion needs plenty of skin food during the summer, to counteract the drying effect of sun and sea and the long hours spent out of doors. Never miss your nightly massage, and on coming in from tennis, golf, motoring, or even a simple picnic, give your skin a good cream cleansing.

This method of cleansing will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Take a pad of cotton wool soaked in cold water. Squeeze out the surplus, and then sprinkle the pad with a lotion composed as follows: 1 oz. extract of witch hazel and 5 oz. of rosewater. Spread this pad with a lawn of cold cream or cleansing cream and use it on the face with upward strokes of the pad.

Care of the Hair

At the end of a holiday most girls realise that their hair isbrittle, dry, and has lost a good deal of colour and gloss. It is not only lack of attention (and most of us, I am afraid, are tempted to scamp brushing and combing) but also lack of use. Until can only have Pond’s a give us their shades.

Pond’s—There can’t be many us that are blonde or brunet without a streak of red in their hair, but this is the time when it is most easily brought out.

Pond’s—Always use a face powder on a tanned skin. The best plan is to buy a box of good sun bronze powder. Add a little to your ordinary powder and mix will. As your tan grows deeper, add still more sun bronze powder from time to time.

A. N. (Oxford)—Your skin needs toning and it is a very young and firm order. Tallow, of course, is not the right answer.

Answers to Correspondents

M. B. (Colchester)—Here is an exercise that will help to slim wrinkles, provided the thickness is of flesh and not of actual bone.

Place right foot over the left knee. Take the back between you and "wing" it firmly. Work alternately to the right and to the left. Repeat on the other side; take left foot across right knee. Then do this exercise. Get up on your toes and walk three steps. Lower the heels. Walk three steps. Raise the heels. Walk three steps. Do this all round the room, first on the toes and then using the heels. Before going out, put in a reducing lotion.

Pampered—Always use a face powder on a tanned skin. The best plan is to buy a box of good sun bronze powder. Add a little to your ordinary powder and mix will. As your tan grows deeper, add still more sun bronze powder from time to time.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mr. B. S. E.18, B. Blakey, 50 High Street, Woolwich, S.E.18, for—:

"Forgotten Dreams"

Mistaken Identity

I am Suzanne

Regret

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss F. Blakey, 7 Gordon Street, West Harrow, Miss B. S. E.18, B. Blakey and Next Time We Live

Miss K. Remnant (aged fourteen), St. Vincent’s, Bradley Common, via Waltham Cross, Essex, for—:

Without You

Desire

Desire

Desire

Dames

Dames

Miss Dots James, 194 War Lane, Harborne, Birmingham, 17, for—:

It Happened in Hollywood

Dame

Twenty Years After

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four title tales in order to make a long answer story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o Newnes, Marlettie House, Row Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUS BEARDS

34
Not guilty—of
“TIRED SKIN”

Here’s my daughter
come to
fetch us
to lunch.

Barbara,
I didn’t
recognise
you.

Am I in
the witness
box?

You look
lovelier
than I’ve ever seen
you!

I use
Knight’s
Castile
soap now.
May it please
your honour.

Barbara—
im going to
plead my
case now.
Will you
marry me?

A month later

There’s no attraction to compare with a
lovely skin—and none that’s so easy to gain.
City air and city grime can take much of the
life and loveliness from your complexion.
Don’t wait for “tired skin.” Start the simple
Knight’s Castile beauty treatment now.
Knight’s Castile will stimulate your skin back to
natural, glowing loveliness.
Knight’s Castile is specially made for the face! Four-
pence per tablet.

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"HE VERY NEARLY LOST THEM.""—The enamel was nearly worn through when the dentist
told me to change his tooth paste to Odol. Too much abrasive or harshness, he said, can
quickly ruin the strongest teeth and once the enamel goes, everything goes. It appears that
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ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron
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abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly
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and peroxide whiten teeth safely. Odol
contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the
gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean
tooth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your
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and a trial tube of Odol Tooth Paste
will be sent you free and post free.

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for WOMEN a woman designed this
DUNLOP CYCLE SADDLE

“Petronella” of C.T.C. Gazette fame laid
down the lines of it from her experience
of the woman cyclist’s needs. Like all
DUNLOP Saddles it is made of a new plant
waterproof material which can never lose
shape, nor absorb moisture. It is easy,
smooth and comfortable from the start, and
it will easily last a cycle’s life.

FOR YOUR OWN
COMFORT CHOOSE
DUNLOP

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35
I'D LOVE TO GO
... but how can I, with legs like mine

IF YOUR LEGS ARE SPOILT SPORTS, LET ELASTO PUT THEM RIGHT

Her Friend Said—
Take Elasto!

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear; skin troubles clear up; old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal; swellings go down; inflammation and irritation are soothed; rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!
You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumen to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy—which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

You can Test Elasto FREE!
Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

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"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"All signs of phthisis gone."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
"Rheumatism to badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

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“Coming!” If you were her opponent you’d have to bring out your best shots! Often in the sunlight, yet Glenda Farrell never suffers from coarse skin. “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin clear and smooth,” she says. You’ll find Lux Toilet Soap in her home as well as in the Warner Brothers’ Studio.

IS COARSE SKIN SPOILING YOUR LOVELINESS?

Does your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost any woman’s skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Glenda Farrell’s skin looks! Her skin is flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with Lux Toilet Soap. And you can do the same! Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap has a quick-acting beauty lather that dissolves these scales, clears away coarse skin and reveals the smooth young skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Obtainable everywhere, 3d. a tablet. (This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.)

Lux Toilet Soap
A LEVER PRODUCT
THE pair in a scene from “Dishonour Bright” which Tom Walls is also directing for Capitol-Cecil Films at the new Denham studios. The comedy was written by Ben Travers and the cast includes Betty Stockfeld, Eugene Pallette, the American character actor, George Sanders, Cecil Parker and Arthur Wontner.
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JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

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THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED
ALL THE GOSSIP

When the studio lets them loose—Eleanore Whitney, Kent Taylor, and Wilma Francis take a sail on Los Angeles harbour.

A GREAT many readers have done as I suggested in these pages in our issue of July 11—written to my colleague "The Thinker," saying whether or not they believe too much attention is paid in films to the subject of love.

The replies, which have been passed to me, are extremely varied, some declaring hotly and fiercely that any love-making in a film is just a pain in the neck, while others languishingly beseech more of the same pain.

And almost every shade of opinion between these two extremes is represented.

One of the most interesting comments comes from Kenneth Macgowan, associate producer at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios in Hollywood, who has been working on the new Myrna Loy film, with Warner Baxter, Ian Hunter, and Claire Trevor—To Mary, With Love.

Boy Meets Girl

Mr. Macgowan has been making a study of the matter; he has dug into a thousand films for his data, and reports that 97.8 per cent. of them are focused on pre-marital love.

That is, the story covers the period, boy meets girl—boy loses girl—boy wins girl; and it leaves the audience's imagination to complete the story after marriage.

Shut your eyes and try to think how many films you've seen lately that fall into this category. Many of them may be cluttered up with detail, but when it comes down to essentials you'll find that this, as a rule, is the main plot.

"The remaining 2.4 per cent.," says Macgowan, "is composed of historical dramas in which the romantic theme is submerged, broad comedies in which love is used only in deference to certain classes of patrons, and films which deal with problems which arise after marriage."

Ma-in-Law

This last class, he discloses, consists of less than one-third of one per cent. of the total number of pictures produced; that is, less than three in a thousand.

Presumably in this class must be included the mother-in-law films, since in the film world apparently the only problem that does arise after marriage is the mother-in-law!

However, there has been a marked falling-off in this type of comedy recently; producers have evidently realised that mothers-in-law are either so human and understanding that they are not fit subjects for comedy, or else too grim to joke about.

But, joking apart, it does seem strange that such a tiny proportion of films deal with husband and wife.

Granted that the majority of picturegoers are unmarried; and granted that people want to see films about themselves and their own problems; it still seems amazing that nearly all film-stories stop abruptly, in a close-up embrace, at the exact point where the real story of life usually starts.

Married Lovers

Do producers consider that the young men and maidens (especially the latter) to whom love-stories are intended to appeal, have no interest or curiosity in the vast hinterland which lies beyond the wedding ceremony and in which, if they enter it, approximately two-thirds of their lives will be spent?

I believe the success of The Thin Man and Wife Versus Secretary has been largely due to the fact that the hero and heroine were married, and the suggestion that there could be any romance and comradeship and sentiment after marriage presented a novel point-of-view to the majority of picturegoers.

To quote Kenneth Macgowan again, "Some of the most successful films ever made have dealt with the love theme after marriage." (It's a pity Mr. Macgowan didn't specify which.) Upon analysis, this seems perfectly logical. The great struggle of adjustment, once the conquest is over, is a very meaty subject for drama."

There Are Your Plots

I'll say it is!

And it's this fact that prompted my studio to buy the story of To Mary, With Love, which is described as a "post-marital drama of internal conflict."

But is Myrna Loy to be our only married heroine? Why should this be?

I wouldn't mind taking a bet that among the audiences in any average-sized cinema you would find half-a-dozen married couples whose after-marriage love-story would furnish the material for a first-rate film plot—if only it were told.

In the realm of comedy, too, the happily-married couple furnish much more authentic screen material than the nagging wife or the hen-pecked husband.

Kindliness

In silent days, this department of humour was exploited with notable success by Mr. and Mrs. John Drew in a series of shorts which proved that there could be kindliness as well as humour beyond that mysterious milestone, the marriage-altar.

Lately in Hollywood Gene Lockhart and his wife have been doing the same thing, in short films based on the famous American comic strip "Mr. and Mrs...", by Briggs.

The reception accorded to these, by both press (Continued on page 6)
PICTUREGOER Weekly

(Continued from page 5)

and public, suggests that there is a rich vein of pure gold to be exploited here by the far-seeing producer.

By all means let us have love, since that rings such loud and glamorous bells at the box-office.

But let us not stop short at the moment when He and She realize that they mean everything in the world to each other—for that is the point at which The Great Adventure begins.

The Seamy Side

It may be argued that there is no glamour in such films; but this argument won't hold water.

There is a tendency to get away from the obviously-glamorous subjects—the Rutiniian romances, the million-dollar-playground stories, the impossible "she-married-the-Prince-and-lived-happily-ever-after" tales—and to seek the romance and glamour that lies snugly embedded in the seams of life; and to find these it is necessary to turn to the seamy side.

This is being done right and left; and moreover, stars are being found in the least glamorous places.

If you've ever been through Nebraska, in the Middle West, you'll be well aware that among those rolling, aching miles of illimitable cornfields there are tank-towns—not much more than roadside dumps—which are the very reverse of glamorous.

Grand Island is one of these; it isn't any great shakes as a town now; a quarter of a century ago it was even less.

And that's about the time that Henry Fonda was born in it.

On the Cover

About the same time, in an even smaller town in Nebraska, known to a few people as Filley, and to the great majority not at all, was born to a local surgeon and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, a man child, whom they christened Robert.

He grew up to adorn the cover of the Picturegoer this week.

Bob Taylor is an outstanding example of the way in which the town cultivates its material in the most unpromising places.

Filley! A place about as well known, even to Americans, as, say, Fowey is to Englishmen.

This small-town boy grew tall, was good-looking, and filled out into a sizeable youth; but there wasn't a vast deal of glamour about him, even when he went to college in California and studied economics.

And there still wouldn't have been much glamour about him, as a professor of economics, if an M.G.M.-M. talent scout had not spotted him in a college production of Journey's End.

Now his glamour may be assessed by the fact that he receives over 2,000 fan letters a week.

The Small Town Army

But these two stars are by no means alone in having emanated from "hick" towns.

The late Will Rogers, one of the greatest of them all, came from Claremore, Oklahoma.

Fred Stone, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to Will—although Rogers could no more have a successor that Marie Dressler—was born in the tiny town of Valmouth, Colorado.

Fred MacMurray is from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin; Edmund Lowe was born in a ranch near Helena, Montana; Harold Lloyd from Burchard, Nebraska.

Dozens of towns you never heard of have disgorged their material. Greenville, Texas, gave us John Boles; Racine, Wisconsin, contributed Freddie March; San Jose, California, surrendered Edmund Lowe; Mrs. Williams had her baby Warren in Aitken, Minnesota.

After seeing Jean Parker in Sequoia it's easy to believe she came from Deer Lodge, Montana; but who would connect Grace Moore with Jellico, Tennessee, or Gertrude Michael with Talladega, Alabama, or Jack Oakie with Sedalia, Montana?

Accomplished

These names suggest that the screen can take (somewhere it's true) material from the most unpromising sources and invest it with glamour.

All is that comes to Hollywood's mill.

For instance, not long ago the gateam at the Paramount studios was amazed to see a huge buck deer poking his head over the studio gates, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette.

With him was his owner, Mrs. Verne Cover, who explained: "We've been on the stage for a long time, and are staying in Hollywood for a spell.

"We've just dropped in to see if Paramount needs a deer that smokes cigarettes, eats at the table, chews a quid of tobacco, arrives in cars, sleeps in bed in a little room by itself, and wears a hat."

The casting director and property chief held a hurried consultation and discovered that they did need such an animal.

A contract was drawn up, but Mrs. Cover signed it; presumably the deer had contracted writer's cramp signing autograph books.

Freaks Boarded

This town is also, in Los Angeles, a young man named Juan Vasquez, who has been a regular smoker of cigarettes for the past year.

He has now reached the age of twenty-two months.

I understand, however, that he has not been signed up by any studio; perhaps he can't chew a quid of tobacco or eat at table.

As a matter of fact, "freaks" of any sort are strictly barred by the Hays Office, which exercises a strict control over the activities of producers.

It used to be the practice, as it still is in certain sections of the American stage, to sign up Pat's comment, when she showed him that, was: "One more gup and I would have been immortal!"

Just a Scream

Then there is Ross Alexander, who played with her and Pat O'Brien in China Clipper. An advertisement in a Pennsylvania paper describes him as "Hollywood's new scream find."

I hadn't heard of Alexander being in any horror pictures!

Humphrey Bogart, who has always played villains on the screen, was kindly converted into a comedian by a St. Louis paper, which announced, "Bogart enacts the role of a ruthless gangster!"

And oh, how ruthless some of these gangsters can be!

If you come across any such ridiculous misprints (so long as they are not in Picturegoer!) send them along to Beverly Roberts, at the First National Studios, Burbank, California. She'd love to have them.

I feel she ought to have my favourite printer's error, which appeared in an American paper.

With reference to the paper's foreign correspondent, it said "Mr. Snooks has now recovered from his painful illness, and has returned to his cuties in Paris."

Of course it meant "duties"—but he had an awful job convincing Mrs. Snooks of that.

A Few Millions

If you like figures, other than the kind the Goldwyn girls specialise in, here are a few gathered up around Hollywood; and they certainly give a vivid idea of the size of the motion-picture industry.

To begin with, thirty million pounds sterling were spent on film production in the United States last year. Add to this the sum of twenty million pounds, paid in taxes to the government, and it seems fortunate that there are 12,500 kinemas operating in the States, for producers to get their money back.

And then, of course, there are also the kinemas
is that those 
originals are not contributed by outsiders. 

The vision you perhaps have in your mind, of sitting down and dashing off that screen story on your way home from the cinema last night, posting it off to Hollywood, and receiving a cheque for ten grand per return is a beautiful one, but very, very far from the truth.

A New Terror 

There was a time, a score of years ago, when anybody could have his scenario read by the studios—even if it were only five or six lines scrawled on a scrap of wrapping-paper.

Producers were eager for any material they could lay hands on, especially if it didn’t cost much.

Now they find that the six-lines scrawled on the bit of wrapping paper is apt to be much more expensive than the novel by a celebrated author; for a new terror now lurks in those hairless-looking paragraphs which arrive at the studios—Infringement of Copyright.

The trouble is that an author will send a story in, with its setting in, say, a boiler-factory. It is returned with thanks.

But if at any time within the next two years the studio makes a film with a boiler-factory setting, the disappointed contributor, often inspired by legal advice, brings an action for infringement of copyright, and frequently wins thumping damages.

The Great Unread 

Consequently most major studios have a strict rule that no unsolicited manuscripts be ever opened; they are returned to the sender, either direct if the name and address is on the outside, or else through the Dead Letter Office, which has the responsibility of opening them.

If by any chance a manuscript is opened in error, a photostatic copy is immediately made, and filed away to prove, should occasion arise, just what was in the precious document.

Not until the copyright, worth, and authenticity of a story is definitely established will the studios even consider it; a chief source of supply is magazine stories, but there is also a steady stream of material coming to the studios from well-known writers and from literary agents, who can be trusted to weed out the worst.

So, if you have a story, don’t send it to the studios in the vain hope of making £25; turn it into a successful play, and you may receive £12,000.

It has been done.

Good, Clean Fun 

Hollywood is notorious for its practical jokes; so William Wyler, the director, was not altogether surprised to find delivered on his desk a huge batch of letters, each containing some outlandish commercial offer.

For instance, one correspondent wished to teach him how to become a detective in ten lessons. Another wanted to show him how to develop his personality. A third guaranteed to teach him French in a fortnight.

"How to succeed in films," was the subject of another offer; other correspondents wanted to sell him a house, a car, real estate, a clothing-factory, riding-boots, milk-churns, and a collapsible boat.

Altogether over twelve hundred of these letters have arrived—all instigated by some unknown wag who has been covering innumerable advertisements in William Wyler’s name.

Also many advertisers have telephoned to Mr. Wyler in reply to his supposed letters; which is so helpful when he is trying to get on with directing Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in Dodsworth.

However, I can’t say I have much sympathy for Wyler; he plays a mouth organ.

Outsiders Barred 

But I should like to revert for a moment to those stories.

According to the Hays Office, of those 519 features which were produced, 244 were based on originals, 41 on stage-plays, 142 were novels, 3 were from biographies, and 52 came from "miscellaneous sources," whatever that may mean.

That last item is 10 per cent. of the total, which sound pretty big for a sundries account! But let that pass. What I want to emphasise is that the heat wave has been telling a very different story.

Only the houses that can boast "air-conditioning" have been able to attract anything like full audiences; and in such cases they have played-up the temperature rather than the programme; for example, one Brooklyn house recently put up a sign: "Keep cool inside for 10 cents. Also a pretty good Western.

In fact, in some Middle Western States exhibitors have had recourse to the principle of pay-as-you-exit.

No Novelty 

However, this is not the novelty that many people believe.

As far back as 1895, one William J. Holpin purchased the entire motion-picture rights for the State of Georgia (just imagine what that would be worth in dollars and cents to-day!) and at an exhibition held in Atlanta he erected a picture pavilion next to that in which his wife, Papinta, did her mirror serpentine dance.

No one would go in, because no one believed that pictures showing actual motion could be thrown on the screen; they believed, in short, that it was a leg-pull.

So Holpin, "barking" from the front of the pavilion, urged people to come in free and see for themselves; if they didn’t consider they had had their money’s worth, they need not pay as they left.

No one declined to pay; and for the rest of the season business was so good that Holpin could have filled a pavilion twice the size.

Even Papinta, the mirror serpentine dancer, danced in a vain effort to compete with the new attraction.

A Popular Star 

One fixed thing in a changing film-world is the popularity of Ronald Colman.

Other stars wax and wane, but for the last twenty years "Ronnie’s" name and fame have remained almost constant.

There is likely, therefore, to be a great deal of satisfaction at the news that, beginning next week, PICTUERGOER will include a series of three articles, by three different well-known Hollywood writers, about this general favourite.

The first is a life-story of the ex-soldier who, having failed as an actor in England, went to Hollywood to achieve fame and fortune.

The second will deal with his new film, Lost Horizons, and give some intimate and fascinating details of the stars attitude to his work.

And the third will let you into the secrets of Ronald Colman’s great success.

Don’t miss them; I’ve read them—they’re good.

LUW BEACON.
A “MOVING” INTERVIEW WITH GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

BRUCE WOODHOUSE describes his experiences when he visited the studios at Denham to interview the distinguished actress whose versatility is equalled only by her vitality. Miss Lawrence plays the part of Gertrude in Charles Laughton’s latest picture, Rembrandt, directed by Alexander Korda.

Before I could puff out an envious reply, she side-stepped nimbly to the right. Having made me overshoot the mark by some yards, I went quickly into reverse and joined her in the wardrobe store, where she was already trying on a pair of white slippers.

“They seem quite all right,” she was saying, “but are you sure they won’t squeak when I walk in them? That would spoil the ‘take’ completely. They won’t? Splendid!”

The next minute she was off again. Faint, yet pursing, I put on a determined burst of speed, reflecting meanwhile that at Denham rushes are obviously not confined to the projection-room!

Drawing level, I pant ed out another question.

“Yes,” Miss Lawrence replied. “I know many stage people are apt to find the break in continuity rather trying at first. When you have been used to playing a part straight through it may be a little difficult to take it in isolated scenes which are not necessarily shot in sequence.

“However, this does not worry me in the least, for I always make a special point of learning my part in a film straight through. Thus I know exactly where every scene comes in the story and what bearing it has on those that precede and follow it.”

Swerving round three earnest young gentlemen...
who were arguing loudly under one of the big red "Silence" notices which are suspended at regular intervals in the corridor, she passed through a door leading to one of the vast stages.

In a corner, Laughton, in his Rembrandt costume, complete with an outside in moustache, was chatting with Alexander Korda, complete with an even more outside in cigars. They'll be starting work in a few minutes," said Miss Lawrence.

"Good," I replied. "In the meantime perhaps you can tell me..."

I stopped abruptly. Miss Lawrence had suddenly fallen into the clutches of a lurking make-up man who had whisked her away into a corner where stood a mirror and dressing-table, and was already busy with his powder puff.

"For the film," said Miss Lawrence, emerging serenely from a cloud of powder, "is admirable for stage work. In the theatre, the tendency is often to overact rather than to practise that control and restraint which are essential in film acting. Too much emphasis in diction, gestures and mannerisms is a perpetual danger to the stage player.

"When one is fortunate enough to be in a play that is enjoying a long run, one is bound to get on very familiar terms with one's part. Although familiarity in such instances does not by any means breed contempt, it is apt to make one seek to introduce additional bits of 'business' and other new touches from time to time just to save oneself from going stale on the part—and that is likely to detract from the true quality of one's acting."

"What is the best lesson the screen can teach?" I ventured.

"Repose," Miss Lawrence replied promptly.

"Excuse me a minute." She darted away to have some final adjustments made to her costume behind the canvas screen that formed one wall of her improvised dressing-room on the set.

Meanwhile, Mr. Laughton had got ready for the scene and a hectic five minutes was enjoyed by one and all.

After the third retake, and while they were making ready for the fourth, I buttonholed Miss Lawrence, who had escaped from the ministrations of her dresser.

"Look at him!" she exclaimed, pointing to where Laughton was lying back exhausted in a chair. "That's what I call a star. That should give you a good idea of how filming can take it out of you!"

"It is the intense concentration that is so tiring," she continued. "When you are on the set there can be no easing up for even a second, and the mental and physical effort needed when you are straining every nerve in this way is much greater than the uninitiated could possibly imagine."

"But it is well worth it from an artistic standpoint. Retakes may be tiring and trying at the time, but they do give the films one supreme advantage over the stage."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Just this. Whereas the personal equation is bound to play a big part in contributing to the success or the reverse of a theatre-goer's evening, the person who visits a cinema is involved in no such risk."

"Actors are only human," she went on, "and when you visit a theatre it may be your bad luck to find that one of the leading players has—for one reason or another—a very off night. Indeed, illness or some other vital reason may result in him or her being out of the bill."

"And the films?" I prompted.

"The films," echoed Miss Lawrence, "subject their patrons to no such risks. In the finished picture they see every member of the cast giving of their best, for the powers-that-be can choose the most perfect shots of every scene, and by selection produce a completed whole that assuages the public of seeing nothing but the best possible acting."

I scribbled what were intended to be a few helpful notes on the back of an envelope. When I looked up, Miss Lawrence had softly and silently vanished away.

"However, I sighted her in the far distance animatedly discussing some points of business with Mr. Korda, who was still armed literally to the teeth with a gargantuan cigar. Like Aga Khan, I walked warily, stepping over the innumerable cables, planks and other impediments which invariably clutter the floor to trip up the incautious. Then I heaved-to behind Mr. Korda's smoky screen and awaited my chance.

"As the cloud lifted slightly, I made a sudden dash and drew up at Miss Lawrence's starboard side.

"How do you, personally, react to film work?"

"If she was surprised to find that I was still among those present, she courteously showed no sign of it."

"Well, I was rather camera-shy at first, as everybody is," she replied. "I still get occasional twinges of it when starting work on a new picture, but once I get used to the camera crew—and they are so nice and considerate that it is a very short job—I thoroughly enjoy filming."

"Someone on the far side of the studio called wondering how I was to interpret her reply. "Tell me to start work now," she explained kindly. "I must run along. Oh—yes—what makes the best film? Well, personally, I favour big spectacle and big stars."

"Big spectacle," I repeated dutifully, noting down the line. "Now tell me—"

"Tell you what?" said a gruff voice.

For one moment I thought Miss Lawrence had made a most quick change into the honest son of toil into whom I had bumped. Then I saw that she was already miles away on the best film set."

Realising the futility of trying to question Miss Lawrence further, I went over and made my adieux and headed for a long trail that winds somewhere to the sea of mud outside the studio on a wet day.

It is a real pleasure to interview Gertrude Lawrence—they but I should just hate to do so if I had corns!"
What I've Learned
By Directing Women

ROBERT Z. LEONARD, the distinguished director, who has handled most famous artists both past and present, believe in putting himself in the place of those he directs. Below he gives you his experiences on the studio sets.

In trying to pick out rules and regulations as to handling women on the screen or in real life, the same principles apply to all.

By this I mean, in directing Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Constance Bennett, Mae Murray, Corinne Griffith, Marlon Davies, Louise Fayzenda, Polly Moran, Aileen Pringle, Gertrude Olmstead, Fanny Ward, Claire Windsor, Margarita Fischer, Mae Busch, and the numerous other players I have guided before the cameras, I have invariably put myself in their places.

I have found it works successfully.

I learned this as an actor. An actor senses immediately if he is in accord with a director.

When I became a director, I naturally put myself in the position of the person directed.

In handling women, you have to understand how they feel, to win their confidence.

Putting yourself in a woman's place often requires a theoretic assumption of some of their characteristics.

Feminine attributes, even imaginatively conceived, are hardly in keeping with my bulk—I weigh in at well over 14 stone 4 pounds—and naturally in directing one of the stage and screen's greatest dancers of the silent days, Mae Murray, I found my dignity sorely tried.

In trying to show her some artistic point, I once discovered myself unwittingly in the ridiculous position of being poised on one toe with my hands aloft, until an electrician overhead called out, "Whoops, dearie!"

It is a far cry from Mae Murray to Greta Garbo, although a similar incident occurred when I took the latter's first screen test.

I found myself forced into imitating an ingenuous by having to direct her in pantomime. New to America and very young, she could not speak a word of English.

The test required that Garbo be a modern American flapper—if you can imagine that!

Not being able to speak German, the only way I could show her what I wanted her to do was by going through the motions myself.

After watching me for some moments with increasing fright, Garbo ran to where Mauritz Stiller, her mentor, was standing. Exited conversation passed between the two.

Then Stiller came over and interpreted for her.

In effect, what Garbo said was this: "If I have to act like that on the screen, this is no place for me. I shall go back to Sweden."

I recall an amusing incident while making the Demi-Bride with Norma Shearer. There was a sequence in which we had to do some fencing.

I had a slight knowledge of it and when the time came to make the scene, I proceeded to show Norma the few tricks I knew. After bursting and parrying for thirty minutes for her benefit, I paused for breath.

Then she stepped up and informed me, with an arch smile, that she had been acclaimed the star in her fencing class in Canada. When the camera started, she was as dexterous with her foil as any veteran expert.

On one occasion, in trying to handle women, I was really up against it. That was in directing Charlotte Greenwood.

Endeavouring to be perfectly in sympathy with her—even to assuming for the moment her characteristics—my avoindpos put me absolutely at a standstill when it came to doing what is known as "the splits."

Joan Crawford came to me early in her career as a film actress with tears in her eyes. She had been at the studios for almost a year.

She was ready to quit and go back to New York.

All she needed was sympathy, which wasn't hard to give to the Joan (Lucile LeSueur) of those days. Joan was one of the most ambitious youngsters I have ever seen. She would sit on every set for hours, watching and learning.

She can pride herself on being a really self-made star, who attained success through tireless work and brains—minus temperament.

I have never really found "temperament" in the most publicized temperament stars, for the simple reason that a sympathetic understanding can offset most of their differences. I dare say that could be applied to women of all sorts.

The only real temperament with which I ever actually came in contact was in Gertrude Olmstead. I married her to keep her quiet.

There are some women who need no handling. Dear old Marie Dressler fell in this group. It would have been silly to have put myself in her place. She was willing to do anything—and everything she did was perfect.

Directing the same women over a period of years and putting yourself in their places brings to light some humorous contrasts.

I first saw Myrna Loy in the silent days, when she played exotic dancers and heavy-eyed sirens. When she started in The Great Ziegfeld, where she was her own self sweet, she came to me the first day to say, "Don't worry, Bob—I'm not going to dance!"

With the dynamic Louise Rainer, the most difficult thing is to make her believe she does anything well.

She has an inferiority complex and to convince her that she is better than anyone else and she'll believe she's half as good as you say.

We men should keep abreast of the time in handling women. Every man should be careful to keep up with modern style, for a wife is usually far ahead of him. A new style comes out and to a man it seems quite absurd. The chances are that he will ridicule a perfectly excellent new suggestion.

That is why I read every fashion magazine.
Stars of the Milky Way! (Top left) Frances Day. (Above) Jane Carr with her "milk" hounds. (Left) Anna Lee, and (right) Aileen Marson. Seriously, though, they all find it most sustaining during the arduous of film making.

(Above) A delightful study of Betty Stockfeld, who is playing opposite Tom Walls in his latest production, "Dishonour Bright." (Left) A cameraman catches Betty confining lunch with a study of her script between shots.
WHY GIRLS FALL in LOVE
With
ROBERT TAYLOR

It has happened again. You fans have picked a winner and through your concerted acclaim have lifted him right up to the top. This time it is a lad named Robert Taylor. In one short year he has made most phenomenal and dazzling progress. And while he may never achieve the romantic idolatry of Valentino, there is no denying that he has taken feminine audiences by storm.

His fan mail is pouring in at the rate of some 2,500 letters per week. All over the country Robert Taylor fan clubs have sprung up like mushrooms. At the premiere of The Great Ziegfeld in America he was practically mobbed by enthusiastic fans. The upper register stars want him for their leading man. In fact, Robert Taylor is very much the young man of the hour.

A few years ago the same thing happened to a chap named Clark Gable. Overnight, he became the male sensation of the screen. Producers who had searched the highways and byways for another Valentino were puzzled.

Gable wasn’t handsome in any matinee idol way. Rather, in looks, he was what had formerly been labelled a “heavy.” He suggested menace. As one writer in analysing his appeal said: “He has a manner which indicates that while he might kiss a woman’s lips, he might also, under provocation, slap her face.”

In fact, as Ace Willong in A Free Soul, the picture which sent Mr. Gable to stardom, audiences were treated to the somewhat unprecedented spectacle of seeing Norma Shearer receive a neat sock on the jaw from cave-man Gable. Women, apparently, adored it and it started a new cycle in screen lovers.

All of which brings us back to Bob Taylor. He, in no way, follows the original Gable pattern which girls were supposed to be so crazy about. There is nothing cave-mannish, nothing menacing about him. He hasn’t slapped any ladies down. He’s not that type of man.

And audiences wouldn’t believe him if he did. He is handsome in a matinee idol way. He typifies the good old moonlight-and-roses brand of romance. And if you’ll ask any dozen girls of your acquaintance what they think of him, at least eight—and perhaps the entire dozen—will say: “I’m crazy about him.”

Why? Is it merely because he has the sort of good looks girls can’t resist? Or is the taste of the female of the species changing again? I put that question to several Taylor fans. Their replies are interesting as an indication of his appeal.

“I like Bob Taylor because he’s so strictly American,” said a high school girl. “He doesn’t try to put on any foreign airs. He’s natural and charming. There’s nothing of that boastful, tongue-in-the-cheek wise-cracking about him. Personally, I think he represents everything that the ideal young American should be.”

Said Claudine, the cute little blonde who does my hair: “Sure, I’m crazy about Robert Taylor. Who isn’t?” When pressed for a reason, she replied: “Well, I guess every girl has a mental picture of the sort of boy who’d be a perfect date. So far as I’m concerned, he’s it.

“It isn’t so much because he’s good-looking, although of course he is terribly handsome. What I like about him is that he has such grand manners. A girl likes to be proud of the man who takes her out. When he takes a girl out I’ll bet he treats her like she was a princess—no matter who she is.”

“I like him because he looks like he’d be such fun,” said a co-ed. “Usually, I don’t go for handsome men. They’re too likely to be conceited. Bob Taylor never gives the impression of being the least bit conceited. And when he makes love he does it so easily and naturally. He’s romantic without being gooey—if you know what I mean.”

None of these girls had ever seen Robert Taylor in person. The fact that they instinctively hit upon his basic qualities in giving their reasons for being crazy about him would seem to prove that an actor cannot really hide his true personality behind grease-paint, make-up or art.

The Robert Taylor you meet in real life is very much as you would expect him to be—cordial, natural, likeable. In talking with him you have the feeling that his charm of manner is something that he was born with—not something which he takes out on Sundays or for special occasions or something which he had to “learn.”

(Above) Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," and (right) an informal shot of the young actor who is rapidly rising to the front rank of stardom.
GRACE MACK tells you all about the star who has conquered all feminine hearts and has made a phenomenal bid for screen popularity. She gives a consensus of opinions as to the reason for his attractiveness to the opposite sex.

I suspect that Bob has always been popular with girls though he would be the first to deny this. He's extremely modest about things like that which is, of course, another reason why girls like him. If there had ever been anything of the I'm-God's-gift-to-women attitude about him an event like the following could never have happened, that's certain.

Soon after he enrolled at Pomona University Bob went to a college dance—alone. I can imagine how the co-ed's temperatures skyrocketed when they spotted Bob in the stag line and with their eyes they, doubtless, begged him to cut in. But Bob didn't do any cutting in and the reason was, that back in Nebraska, where he came from, they didn't dance in that nonchalance, collegiate way that the Pomona dancers indulged in and he didn't have nerve enough to ask a girl to dance his way. "What's the matter, Taylor? Why aren't you dancing?" a friend inquired.

"This trick dancing is new to me," Bob explained. "I'm afraid to try it." "Tell you what," said the friend. "Get yourself a girl from Sacramento. They're kinda old-fashioned up there. She'll probably dance the way you do." "But how'll I know whether a girl comes from Sacramento or not?" "Ask her, you dope!"

So Bob started in asking girls whether they hailed from Sacramento. If they said "No, Hollywood," or "Pomona," he passed them up and went on to the next. Finally, he found a Sacramento girl and sure enough her step matched his.

Bob is thoroughly American in his tastes. He likes good substantial American food, fast motor cars, and radios. In fact, wherever Bob is, there's usually a radio going full blast. He's crazy about tennis and he likes to dance. He hates to be alone and especially to dine alone. When it comes to dogs and women—he's a bit choosy. With dogs, personality comes first. With girls—the first specification is that she be wholesome and natural.

I like a girl who isn't always thinking about her hair or her make-up,' he told me. I'd like a girl who doesn't mind riding in an open car and letting the wind blow her hair about her face.

He likes a girl with natural eyebrows. Brows that have been plucked to a hairline economy have no appeal for him. And he could never be seen about a girl who is constantly taking out her make-up kit and painting on a new mouth. Neither does he like the girl who is always trying to create an impression of" some things without any thought whatever about the way it made her look. She's real.

But the girl who really upsets Bob's equilib- rium is the one who is always late. "If a girl makes a date for eight o'clock I can't for the life of me see why she can't be ready at eight," he said. "If I have to wait around for an hour while a girl gets dressed, the evening's spoiled so far as I'm concerned."

"Did you ever try walking out on a girl like that," I asked, "just to teach her a lesson?"

"Yes, I've tried that a couple of times," he confessed. "In the end the next day I'd feel ashamed of myself and send her flowers as a sort of apology."

Heredity and background explain every man to a certain extent and it seems to me they go a long way toward explaining Robert Taylor. He comes of strictly American stock. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is the only son of cultured parents who considered such things as an appreciation of good music and good literature an important part of a boy's education. His father was a doctor. the sort of doctor who is an influence for good in the community in which he lives. Bob's first ambition was to follow in his father's footsteps with the idea, eventually, of specializing in psychiatry. But college, of course, came first.

He selected Pomona University (which is about forty miles from Hollywood) because of its high rating and also because of its excellent music department. He had fallen heir to a very fine old 'cell' and he wished to study with the best instructors. The idea of becoming an actor had never once entered his head. He joined the college dramatic club because he thought it would be fun. During his freshman year he was chosen for the leading role in Journey's End which the dramatic club presented at the school.

Following the performance, a stranger came up to Bob and offered his card, and asked if he would come to the M.-G.-M. Studio the following Saturday for a screen test. Bob was particularly impressed with the idea of making a screen test. But the members of the dramatic club thought it would be a good idea to give him a write-up for the college weekly paper and urged him to do it. So he agreed. As soon as the film of the test was developed, studio heads took one look at it and offered Bob a contract. That's how well he screened.

"But I couldn't sign a contract," he told them. "I haven't finished college.

They suggested that if he could arrange to come to the studio twice a week and study under their dramatic instructor, Oliver Hinsdell, until his graduation was finished they would hold their offer open. They wanted this young man.

Bob agreed to do this. But he soon found that the long trek to Culver City each week greatly interfered with his school work and he finally gave it up. Apparently, however, the studio sensed just what potential Bob was and were unwilling to let him slip through their fingers. They promised to hold their offer open until he got around to it. They changed his name on the payroll. It was almost a year later that he was in a position to accept their offer. He was not satisfied until he got pictures out at first. Like most American boys, however, he is enthusiastic about making money. And, as he explained to me: "Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was in for a good business, if I was lucky enough to click, it wouldn't take me long to become financially independent. Also, after I got used to working before the camera and followed the path they really liked it. There's something fascinating about it."

It would have been so easy for a boy as young as Bob is—he's twenty-three, I believe—who's success came so swiftly and so unsought as his did, to have lost his head a bit; to have done a little plain and fancy swaggering. The fact that he has remained modest and unassuming in spite of the adulation that has been showered upon him is evidence of his stability and level-headedness. He is basically well-disciplined. And that is, to a large extent I think, the result of heredity and background.

It is well aware that the lap of fame is a fickle. "And I realise that even though I may have gone up in a hurry," he says, "I could bogobble just as fast."

And there you have Robert Taylor—the young man of the hour. And after having spent several hours talking to him, I'll have to confess that I'm sort of crazy about him, too! Aren't you?

Next Week

PictuReGOER Weekly "War Correspondent" has been visiting the battle front in Wiltshire where British troops and Chinese benefactors have been engaged in fierce fighting during the making of the Gaumont British picture provisionally called "O.H.M.S."

His dispatch from the front line—in itself one of the major stories of war—will appear in next week's issue.
MAX BREEN introduces to you that excellent little trouper, Bessie Love, who scored several successes in the early talkies and is now playing in a British film, "Live Again."

You know how people carry with them an "atmosphere" some more marked than others, but all to a greater or lesser degree?

Some have an atmosphere of distrust, some of friendliness, some of hostility, some of sadness, kindness, suspicion, tolerance, greed ... if you're used to dealing with people you can develop a habit of "sensing" their atmosphere within a few seconds.

This week I came sharply into an atmosphere of friendly, crack.

"Can't you admit the mocking, that Bessie herself was chosen for the important role of the Bride of Canaan.

Never having set foot in a studio in her life, this five-foot nothing of frail finiteness, sixteen years old, found herself a full-blown film actress.

Was she petrifed! Still, it was all so absorbing that she soon snapped out of her nervous tremers, and began with all her might to learn this strange job into which she had been pitch-forked, and to discover what made the great stars of the day what they were—Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Nita Naldi, Mabel Van Beuren, Mae Murray.

Oh, those were grand days in the studios! Days when the whole industry was a Tom Tiddler's ground, open to anyone who cared to exploit it; days when the wealthy and the influential scorned to be associated with the thing, and left it to the far-sighted and the enterprising to clean up a million or so if they felt inclined.

There was a lot of money to be made in those days out of fresh young girls with a natural talent for acting but little or no experience.

And believe me, a lot of money was made out of Bessie Love; she was put into picture after picture, through all of which she spread sweetness and light, leavened by a grand sense of humour.

But it wasn't merely her humour that "got her places"; as a dramatic actress she had a great following.

In those days (not so very long ago, when you come to think of it) there was a vogue for "expression"; film players, like their stage prototypes (and most of them had had stage experience), were expected to "register" emotion, and the film papers were full of pictures of Bessie Love, looking sideways for "Suspicion," casting her eyes up for "Rapture," frowning as fiercely as a schoolgirl might for "Anger" ...

However, that phase soon passed, and Bessie learned the naturalness of manner which developed into one of her greatest assets.

She played in success after success in the silent days; and then . . . came the talkies, sweeping through Hollywood like a tornado, tearing down established reputations, tossing high hopes still higher into the air, to be blown in scattered wisps over a horizon of despair.

A great many well-known Hollywood stars went West; Bessie Love, just to be different, went East, playing in vaudeville in New York, singing, dancing, and strumming her inseparable "duke."

Wise heads wagged, long tongues murmured, "Poor Bessie—she's through," just as they had said, "Poor Mabel, and Mae, and Phyllis, and Clare, and Norah, and Evelyn, and Ivy, and Polly—they're through."

And suddenly heads and tongues stopped wagging, and eyes popped in amazement, for Bessie was back in Hollywood, and it transpired that she had been gaining experience for the great back-stage "all-musical, all-singing, all-dancing" spectacle which M.G.M. were preparing to produce—Broadway Melody.

Well, you don't have to be an old-timer to know that that film, produced in 1929, made film history; and Bessie Love and Anita Page rode to talkie stardom on its crest.

Bessie played with success in a number of other talkies—The Idle Rich, The Road Show, Chasing Rainbows, They Learned About Women, Girl in the Show, Good News, Conspiracy, See America Thirst, Morals for Women ... and then . . .

Well, didn't she say she radiated love? Very well, then. This accomplished girl with success at her feet, talents at her finger-tips, and talkie contracts for the asking, suddenly found that the most important thing in the world was love, and a husband, and a home, and a baby.

She had been firm in her resolution not to become engaged to be married, because you couldn't combine matrimony with a career; and, having met William Hawks, she stuck to her principles . . . and abandoned her career for marriage.

Four years ago Patricia Hawks was born; and until recently, Patricia has been sufficient of a career for any young mother; a charming young person with perfect manners and a tendency to ice-cram round the mouth.

But you can't get the grease paint out of your blood; and petite Bessie Love is no exception to that rule.

Last year in Hollywood, she staged a come-back, in a quicky called Farewell Party, opposite Conway Tearle. In my opinion, if ever a star personality got a raw deal, it was in that picture. It might easily have turned out to be a farewell party for Bessie.

Don't let's talk about it.

Now, after a vaudeville tour in England, she is entrusting her fate to a British film—Morgan Productions' Live Again.

I feel confident about this, because the story gives her a chance to sing, to play, to act, to "do her stuff" as she has done it with such resounding success in the past.

Incidentally, I first saw her playing in a film with a Beery—Wallace in The Lost World— and I shall next see her playing with a Beery—Noah in Live Again.

And I assure you I shall not miss seeing her, for Gloom flies out at the window when Bessie comes in at the door.
F

For ten years the gate men at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios have been familiar with the battered, black sedan, which carried the glamorous Garbo from her home to her work. The only changes ever made in the vehicle were a new set of tyres and a windshield wiper.

A few weeks ago a shiny new seven-passenger sedan drove up to the studio gates. An officer ordered it to stop. Garbo looked out and smiled at the bewildered officer, who stood aside and permitted the car to pass into the studio grounds.

Some person is unknowingly driving one of the most famous cars in Hollywood, the Swedish star's antiquated chariot!

Gable's Fatal Fortune

People who are wealthy always have relatives or friends who are willing to share the burden of riches.

In the case of married masculine film stars, trouble ensues when they separate from their wives. Rudy Vallee discovered this fact when his ex-mate, Fay Webb, attempted to set aside a property agreement.

The case was recently settled by the payment to Fay of a fat sum.

Clark Gable has asked the Los Angeles courts to interpret a settlement recently agreed to by himself and his estranged wife. Gable claims that he understands that his wife intends to enter an action to set aside the agreement, and demand a much larger amount. He wishes to have the agreement held valid, and asks that Mrs. Gable be enjoined from attempting to set it aside.

The star's wife expressed surprise at the action, but had nothing more to say except that she did not contemplate a divorce at the present time.

I predict that we shall have interesting news when this case goes to trial!

Gary is Gallant!

Gary Cooper, now one of our leading stars, does not like the idea of hitting a woman under any conditions, and yet he was asked to do so in The General Died at Dawn. Madeleine Carroll, who needs no introduction to British fans, is the one who is supposed to be hit. Whilst some men would not mind striking certain ladies, very few would desire to hit the beautiful Miss Carroll.

After much pleading from director and studio executives, the scene was taken two different ways—one showing Gary hitting Madeleine, and another depicting him as he merely slaps the lady. It finally proved too brutal, and Gary is willing to leave it in the film.

I believe that we will see the punch on the screen.

A Hollywood Samaritan

A certain film actor drove out to a friend's home, and barely got there before his car broke down. Later his beloved telephoned him, and was willing to join him, but had no car. The host's car was in use.

So the C.F.A. telephoned another friend, and asked him to drive over and pick up the lady. The friend demurred, saying that he and his girl had a most important engagement. Then he asked:

"Where are you now?"

The C.F.A. gave the name of his host, who is noted for lavish hospitality. The friend asked:

"Are there any drinks?"

He was told that there were, whereupon he and his girl friend broke speed records darting over there, and then brought the actor's beloved to the home of the generous host, where all spent a happy and probably hiccuppy evening!

A Timely Lesson

Loretta Young is noted for a very agreeable disposition, but she says that she was not always that way.

A few years ago, when Loretta was still in her teens, she indulged in fits of temper in the presence of her mother and sisters. The family went into conference, and then waited for the next outbreak. When it came, Loretta found a large, gilt star on her bedroom door!

The result—no more temperatments!

Round the Studios

A call at a movie lot frequently develops news of interest to the fans. One of my most interesting trips was to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant in Culver City.

It would be worth while to go back to a bygone day, to mingle with Miss Loretta Young in the costume she wears for "Ramona."

Several large, expensive sets have been erected for Good Earth, whilst some of the Romeo and Juliet scenes have been remodelled to resemble the streets of a Chinese town for the same film. Outat Chatsworth, many miles north of Hollywood, a great farm has been construct ed, representing a myriad of tiny tracts such as are used by Chinese farmers for raising their vegetables. Miles of water pipes have been laid beneath the soil, so that the ground can be kept moist, and the vegetables in proper shape. The cost of this one set is tremendous.

On one of the sound stages, Una O'Connor, playing a kindly keeper of a cheap rooming house, was tearfully telling Jean Harlow that she would have to put her out of her room. The picture is called Swzy. Una gave her usual fine performance, whilst Jean was as attractive as ever, although her platinum blonde hair is a thing of the past.

Interest

Those who believe that Barbara Stanwyck is not interested in Robert Taylor should haven them on a set of His Brother's Wife, in which they play opposite one another. Between "takes" they seem very much preoccupied with each other.

Joseph Calleia has the role of a debonair man of the world, and was very effective in a scene with Miss Stanwyck, which was taken whilst I was on the set.

He told me a funny story. It seems that he is one of four brothers. The other three boys are named John, Louis, and Ernest. His father frequently became confused as to names of his offspring, and, to be on the safe side, would call Joe by all four names: "John, Joseph, Louis, Ernest!"

Just what the father would have done if he had as many children as Papa Dionne, parent of the quintuplets, is hard to say!

Lucky Sally!

When Sally Eilers flew up to Montreal for a holiday, she was not aware that the French-Canadian movie fans there considered it "more blessed than sin" when she was seen.

Used to American autograph hunters, Sally was slightly bewildered when the affectionate French-Canadian fans, with not a single pen in sight, began to pelt her with tiny gifts.

The young actress received several exquisite linen handkerchiefs, bracelets, charms, and, most of all, a large number of religious medals of St. Christopher, the "saint of safe keeping."

Many American motorists, irrespective of their creed, make a practice of carrying a St. Christopher medal in their cars.

Cupid's Victim!

Fred MacMurray, one of the newest stars, who has recently scored success after success in the films, was recently married to Lillian La Mont, fashion model. The young couple flew by airplane to Las Vegas, Nevada, where the knot was tied, thus avoiding delay, as in Los Angeles a wedding cannot be performed until three days after the marriage certificate is issued.

Lillian must love Fred, for he plays a saxophone!
NOT many weeks ago in an article called "Hollywood Comes to Town," which you all undoubtedly read, I bemoaned and bewailed the fact that June Clyde had been allowed to sit so long twiddling her thumbs without a part in a British film.

Actually, of course, if you knew June Clyde you'd realise that the thumb-twiddling bit was a joke, for June is the most active person, who works almost as hard when she isn't working as when she is, if you understand Irish.

And now, just so that I can claim the credit, she has been given a leading role in Land Without Music, the new Capitol production at Denham, with Richard Tauber, Schnozzle Durante, Diana Napier and Derrick de Marney.

Walter Forde is directing this. Walter recently went to Hollywood to find a cast for Soldiers Three, and returned without the film to direct.

He's one of what the studio publicity departments are fond of calling "one of England's ace directors."

In my humble opinion he's about a third of them.

Tauber Will Carol

Just how long the land is expected to continue without music with June Clyde in it, I'm not prepared to say; Herr Tauber, too, may be confidently expected to carol a slave or two.

This is the film which has followed Pagliacci; but Karl Grune's preparations were not ready in time, so Walter Forde has taken the floor first; and Herr Tauber will walk straight into Pagliacci as soon as, or even before, he has finished this one.

So now we have two Capitol productions on the floor—Dishonour Bright, which Tom Walls is directing as well as playing the lead; and Land Without Music. And two in preparation—Pagliacci, and the Ann Harding film.

All these, with the exception of Pagliacci, will be made at Denham, which is a pretty busy place nowadays, with these Capitol films in production as well as Korda's Rembrandt, for London Films, in which Charles Laughton is starring, and Wings of the Morning, with Annabella and Henry Fonda, for New World Productions, and the Edwin G. Robinson vehicle. Thunder in the City, which Atlantic Films are making.

A Full House

Also, Grafton Films are putting the finishing touches to Southern Roses there, and Robert Flaherty has just returned from India to do interiors for London Films' Elephant Boy.

In addition to these, as soon as repairs are completed to the roof of Stages 6 and 7, which were damaged by fire last March, Victor Saville will leap into production of Dark Journey, with Miriam Hopkins and Conrad Veidt, and Lothar Mendes will start work on the first effort of Pall Mall Productions, entitled (at present) Moonlight Sonata.

There are two unusually interesting—and unusual—names in the cast-list of this last one.

One is Paderewski, the veteran pianist, and liberator of Poland, who will play the part of himself—his first screen appearance, as far as I know.

And the other is Marie Tempest, the famous stage actress, who has been one of the very, very few to hold aloof from talking pictures.

You must not, however, assume that it is her film debut; long years ago she played for a now almost forgotten company making silent films, called, I think, Transatlantic.

Sorting Them Out

Don't confuse this with Atlantic Films, who are now making Thunder in the City, or the Transatlantic Film Corporation which made While Parents Sleep, and which was the forerunner of Paul Sokin Productions.

It must be very difficult for a new production company to christen itself these days, when there are almost as many new companies as films.

Talking of new companies, here's another of 'em. It is Hope-Bell Productions, not to be confused, please, with Wren-Bellis Productions, who were going to make a film called Half-mast over a year ago.

This new one is composed of young men who have been at some pains to learn their jobs.

The founder of the company, for instance, by name Norman Hope-Bell, is twenty-two. He has been working for some time at Twickenham.

Then there is Clifford Gulliver, son of Charles Gulliver the music-hall magnate; he has been a sound engineer in the B. & D. studios up to the time when they burned flat, and now he is to have his first cut at direction.

And a third member of the firm is Maurice Fournier, who staged Spread It Abroad in the West End. He'll come of age next year.

Their first production, which will be made at Cricklewood for distribution by Butchers, bears the somewhat equivocal title Love Up the Pole.

This sounds like an Ernie Lotinga vehicle.

And that's just what it is.

'Ware Confusion!

And now here's London and Continental Pictures' first production—The World is Mine.

This is an English version of the well-known Viennese musical comedy, Liebesmelodie, and Frances Day is playing the lead.

Along o' Frances we have Marie Lohr, Hugh Wakefield, Nelson Keys, Morris Harvey, Arthur Finn, Igor Barnard, Frederick Bradshaw, Molly Hamley-Clifford and Charles Penrose.

A darned good cast.

By the way, just because this is being produced at the A.T.P. studios at Ealing Green, don't get London and Continental Pictures mixed up with Franco-London Films, who also did their first good deed at Ealing.

That was Guilty Melody, starring Gitta Alpar.

Okay for Sound

And speaking of Gitta, just for a change let's have a look at another new company's first production.

This is Because of Love, and it's chiefl y because of Gitta Alpar's lovely voice.

This is Tudor Films' initial effort in production, which Columbia are to release. The full cast at Highbury consists of Neil Hamilton, Laurence Goldsmith, H. F. Maltby, Bruce Winston, Vera Boggetti, Clarissa Selwyn, Wyn Weaver, Dorothy Boyd and Gerald Barry.
spy, and Sally Gray is the heroine. Paul Stein is directing.

In Comes Bessie

Oh, by the way, here's news of a new production company. (Yes, I know it's become ludicrous—but what can I do? They *are* all new companies and I have to tell you about them, haven't I?)

It's called Morgan Productions, Ltd.; and it also has a distribution end—National Provincial Film Distributors, Ltd.

The first production is a drama entitled *Live Again*, which has gone into production at the Rock studios, Elstree.

Arthur Maude is directing, Bessie Love and Noah Beery are co-starring, and the cast also includes John Garrick.

You may be surprised to hear that Noah Beery is playing a retired opera-singer in this. You didn't associate Beery with Grand Opera, huh?

Nevertheless, it was his earliest ambition to sing in this expensive branch of music, and he was trained for it. He gave up the idea of it to play villains, but there is quite enough of that magnificent voice left to convince a film audience that he was once a very fine singer.

Old Debbl Booze

In the story he is supposed to have lost his position through vanity and drink. However, he chances upon a young man with a fine voice, and decides to train him, to take the place he himself once held.

He feels that he will be able to "live again" in the boy's success; and naturally he is considerably peeved when along comes a girl and the young man falls for her like the walls of Jericho.

Worse still, the girl is a musical-comedy and cabaret star who suspects that the old man is only exploiting the boy to his own ends, and exerts her influence against Noah's.

This sounds a good kind of dramatic plot, having considerable possibilities of conflicting interests.

Here's the supporting cast:—Vi Cayle, Stanley Paskin, Pamela Randel, Paddy Naismith, and Percy Bush, of the B.B.C., conducting his own orchestra.

Leigh At Last

And now, prepare for a shock. No, it isn't another new production company.

Vivien Leigh is to be starred on the screen.

Walter Reisch has just arrived from Vienna to write and direct a film for London Films, to be called *Triangle*. Well, as far as I know, the title has not been used before, although the situation it represents is a fairly old friend.

Such is fame that you probably never even heard the name of Walter Reisch; but when I tell you that he was the author and director of three famous Continental pictures, you will sit up and take notice.

And when you hear the names of these pictures, you will congratulate Vivien Leigh on having so sure a hand to guide her through the infinite and intricate perils and pitfalls of a first important film role.

They are *Masquerade* (afterwards remake in Hollywood as *Redhead*), *Unfinished Symphony* and *Episode*, which was the biggest box-office success on the Continent last year.

Walter Reisch made the film name of Paula Wessely; I hope he will do the same for Vivien Leigh. But first she will play in the Pommer production, *Fire Over England*.}

Nonsense

Mind you, Korda isn't taking any blind risks in trusting his find to the skill and judgment of Reisch. He knows his man.

When Alex Korda was producing silent films in Vienna, Walter Reisch was his assistant. And now for a spot of nonsense.

Down at Islington this week I found Ralph Lynn, Gina Malo, Claude Dampier and Jack Barty engaged in a riot known as *All In*, which was originally called *Tottenham Corner*.

It was also originally announced as a starring vehicle for Claude Hubert, but I feel that the subject is almost ideal for Lynn, whose brittle nervousness of manner will be at its very best when he is thrown about by some of the toughest all-in wrestlers in England.

When I arrived at the studios they were witnessing it as it purported to be a televised picture of the Derby, which was taken specially for the purpose by Gainsborough cameramen.

I have a feeling that this is going to be one of the funniest things to come out of the Gainsborough studios for some time, and that's saying quite a lot.

Very good team, very good-tempered, thoroughly enjoying the production. As a matter of fact, I've noticed this before about units of which Marcel Varnel was the director.

"We've been on this scene for eleven minutes, and hardly a blow struck," Ralph Lynn assured me.

It sounds almost too good to be true.

Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings in an exciting moment in "Seven Sinners."
Challenged by an Indian colonel to a test of skill at shooting, Elaine makes her first acquaintance with a gun and brings down a chandelier.

Is aided in her deception by Peter ton (Robert Young), a young man with verve and initiative who runs a page column and is in love with Elaine.

In an effort to penetrate the mystery surrounding Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, Freddie (Sonnie Hale) disguises himself as an Indian rajah.

To get newspaper publicity for her vocal and dance act, she Bradfords (Jesse Matthews) poses as the mysterious Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, from India.
Matthews with Cyril Wells in the dance finale of the production.

Elaine stages her act in a cabaret show. Her dancing partner is Cyril Wells.

* * *

It's Love Again

Elaine's audition with Raymond, famous stage producer, takes place in a garden. Freddie and the butler (Ernest Milton) watch eagerly for the great man's reaction.

"IT'S Love Again" is Jessie Matthews' latest picture for Gaumont-British. She has the role of a girl seeking to win recognition of her remarkable talents and does not hesitate to adopt novel methods to achieve her ambition. Needless to say she succeeds, wins fame, and falls in love.
Always one of the most popular of actresses on the British screen, Binnie Barnes is winning still more laurels for her consistently good work in Hollywood. "Diamond Jim," "Rendezvous" and "Small Town Girl" have all added to the reputation of the girl who once worked on a farm near Sevenoaks. Her latest picture is "Last of the Mohicans."
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The Story of the Film

The LITTLEST

REBEL

by

Marjory Williams

August 1, 1916

The sentry with rifle, asked for a pass and, having scrutinised it, inquired where they were going.

on your mind, nigger?” continued the voice. “Why are you standing against the wall?”

“It’s just a wall, sir.”

“Wall nothing! It’s probably a secret room.” The panel flew open. Out stumbled Virgie and Joanna. The rough voice, which Virgie saw belonged to a sergeant in the Union Army, went on: “Men, get inside and ransack the place. Bring the hams—anything there is, I’ll talk to these two youngsters.”

In the drawing-room the Sergeant, occupying one of Mamma’s Hepplewhite chairs, ordered Virgie to take off his boots. She answered by tipping him over, chair and all. “I’ll tan you hide for that!” he roared. On the wide staircase he grabbed her. His coarse fingers plucked at her sticky face. “White, by gad!” he exclaimed. Mamma, coming upstairs from the hall, screamed: “Don’t touch that child!”

“Let go! The brute needs spanking.” Under the sergeant’s push Mamma fell to the bottom of the flight. “Don’t you dare hurt my Mamma!” Virgie screamed. The front door opened as Virgie knelt beside her mother. “Attention! What’s going on here?” came a voice which Virgie recognised. Colonel Morrison stood there, looking angrier than Virgie had ever seen anyone. Instantly he ordered the sergeant to be taken out and given twenty-five lashes. The men were told to put back the things they had taken. Colonel Morrison turned to Mamma, whom he had helped to her feet.

“I can’t tell you how sorry I am, ma’am—young lady. Allow me.”

“I’m not crying,” Virgie declared. Nevertheless, she had to admit that not all the marks left on the Colonel’s clean handkerchief were caused by boot polish.

“Mama, it’s my duty to ask you,” the Colonel said. “A rebel scout is known to be in this neighbourhood. Have you seen him to-day?”

“Just.”

“Would you tell me if you had?”

“Would you expect me to?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“All I can say is, he’s left here, and I pray God he may have got away.”

“I understand. There’s no necessity for my staying here. Good day, ma’am. Good day to you, little girl.”

Virgie curtsied, but couldn’t resist making a face. In days to come she often wished that anyone half as kind as the Colonel would visit the plantation. As General Grant’s battle-line pressed forward, fighting was in the very gates of home. One night, in spite of pouring rain, the lovely colonnaded house, with its rare and beautiful furniture, caught fire and was gutted. Hiding Virgie under her cloak, Mamma escaped to the slaves’ quarters, but worry and lack of adequate shelter, to one accustomed to comfort, took their distressing toll.

It became natural to Virgie to help black Mammy with the house-work between seeing that Mamma’s bedclothes were nicely tucked in and giving her warm drinks for the cough that racked her. Uncle Billy, one of the few whose devotion to the Carys stood the test during a

If one lives at a time of Civil War, even if one is only six years old, moments may come when it's right not to tell the truth. Virgie Cary, being a staunch little Confederate from the firing of the first shot in condemnation of slavery, might have pondered on this queer change of moral outlook, for she was astonishingly mature for her years. Nevertheless, as the daughter of Captain Cary of the Richmond Grays, chosen spy of the Confederate Army, events proved altogether too exciting for contemplation of one's conduct—past, present, or future.

Perfect hostess at her sixth birthday party, seated round the horseshoe table in the big dance parlour of the gracious, colonnaded Southern home, she was quick to learn the methods of war. Her first encounter with Captain Morrison, of the Union Army, took place in the grounds of the Cary plantation, with the aid of a slingshot. The tall, moustached captain, rubbing vigorously at the juncture of his dark blue uniform collar with a sun-tanned neck, looked down from his horse at the diminutive woman in hoop-skirts and frilly pantaloons, in whose bright curls a million sunbeams danced.

“Did you do that?” he inquired, conscious of the restrained titters of the mounted troop behind him.

“Ahl! Is your Daddy about just now?”

“If I knew, I wouldn’t tell you,” Virgie declared. “I’m not afraid of you.” To show her defiance, she walked off singing “Dixie” at the top of her voice. The afternoon was memorable for a hurried visit from Daddy. Soon, as the word was passed among the plantation slaves that Massa Cary was coming through the gate, grooms hurried to take and water his mount. In the house, Mamma ordered Uncle Billy, soft-footed negro, who had grown white-haired in the Carys’ service, to get a meal. Most of all, Virgie knew her adored Daddy wanted his uniform dusted, his boots pulled off, and the sweat washed from his face. She performed this last task herself with gentle passes of the soaked sponge.

“I’m so worried about you on these scouting expeditions,” Mamma said. “If you’re caught, you’d be shot as a spy.”

“It’s all in the day’s march, dear. I must be getting along now. Have you told John Henry to get me another horse? In fact, I’ll take as many spares as we have.”

“I’m sorry. We’ve had to sell all but two for food.”

“It’s all right, dear.” He swung Virgie to his shoulder. “Good-bye, Honey! Keep smiling, and don’t tell anyone you’ve seen Daddy.”

She promised. When, soon after Daddy had gone, one of the piccaninnies came running with the news that the Yankees were on their way to the plantation, Virgie bustled about with the slaves, putting food and valuables away in the room behind the mysterious sliding panel. Virgie liked this room, though it was dark, for its smell of bacon and cider, and its cupboards full of jams and stores. She was helping piccaninny Joanna hide hams when Uncle Billy, obeying Mamma’s orders to shut Miss Virgie in the panel room, accomplished the deed so quickly that part of her hooped frock was caught in the door. She struggled to free herself, but it was useless; so Joanna helped her blacken her face with boot polish in case she should be discovered by the Yankees. Only too clearly they must have arrived at the house. Through the panel, Virgie could hear heavy foot-steps and a rough voice ordering Uncle Billy to bring wine. “What’s
Virgie, thrilled to hear Papa talk so, not less when the Colonel answered: "I thought that would bring you down. The child was grand. I hadn't the slightest intention of whippers him. Let the darkie take her outside while we talk!" Harder than anything, almost, was being sent away with Uncle Billy when one was dying of curiosity to know what was going to happen.

"Was the Yankee nice to you, Daddy?" Virgie asked when given the signal to come in. "He couldn't be nicer than he is, dear," Papa said, with a catch in his voice. Virgie's last trace of dislike for the big man in the dark blue uniform vanished in the hug she gave him.

The full extent of the Colonel's niceness took a good deal of Papa's explaining. Instead of being shot as a spy, Captain Cary, wearing a spare uniform of Colonel Morrison's, which was being mended at the nearby Cartwright plantation, and provided with his pass, was to make a dash with Virgie through the enemy lines to Richmond, so live with an aunt till the war was over.

"There's Colonel Morrison and the Union men!" Virgie cried, pointing excitedly to the two black slaves who were coming through the woods toward the cabin with Virgie in its company, and, as she was promised to smuggle her through the Union Army lines to Richmond, so live with an aunt till the war was over.

"That's Colonel Morrison, the Union Army. They'll take you away," Papa said, "and we'll have to go for Daddy's sake. If the Yankees can't take you, they'll take Daddy, and I'll be left all alone and we'll never see each other again, will we?"

Virgie nodded gravely. "If I have to go, I'll try to tell a lie, I'll tell a great big whipper."

"Right, darling. Now help me with this," said Papa, who was hammering away at the white haired judge, who was sitting in the front of the room, and was evidently satisfied, as he said, "I think I'll have to change my mind, and see if I can't get a donkey for the little girl."

"Don't make me change my mind about the Yankees, he'll be back if you don't," said Papa, "and you'll have to take care of us."

Virgie remembered all the stories she had heard of the Yankees, and said, "I'll do it, Papa."

"If you do, I'll help you."

Virgie's eyes filled with tears. "I'm scared."

"Not scared, you aren't."

"I'm scared."

"You're almost nice enough to be a Confederate," Virgie cried.

The day on which Virgie was taken by Uncle Billy to the White House in Washington was anxious and exciting. For some time they were kept in the prison-room before being ushered in to the President. Years afterwards, Virgie remembered the excitement of the great day, and looked at some papers on them before saying: "And how are you, Miss Virginia Cary?"

"Very nicely, sir." They shook hands, and Abraham Lincoln offered a hand to Uncle Billy, who accepted it after a hurried wipe on his coat. His glance flickered on his face. "I had writing about this case," the President went on, "but just suppose you come over here, Virginia, and tell the story in your own way." Lifting her up, he perched her on the desk in front of him. Virgie decided that, in spite of the beard, she rather liked him. For so big a man, his voice was extremely gentle. He started to peel an apple. It looked deliciously ripe and round, but Virgie knew that it wouldn't do to seem eager for any; she said hurriedly: "Well, you see, the war is over, and we won't be away, but he always used to come home, till there were so many Yankee soldiers round; he couldn't do more than send us a little present."

Munching, Virgie continued: "Then they burnt our house and Mamma and Daddy had to go away."

But little Lincoln was eating a piece of apple himself, and gave her another while she told him how Uncle Billy went away, and how the President was so interested in her explanation of how Uncle Billy and Daddy didn't go far from home, and was put on a lumber pile, crouching on the far side as they passed the Yankee camp fires. "In a moment, there was a portion of apple remained inside on the point of the knife.

"I tell you, sir," Abraham Lincoln inquired, "I tell you, sir."

"Yes, yours, sir. Not long after Daddy got home, Mamma was much worse, and then away they went beyond the Pale somewhere where she couldn't cough any more, Papa said. Then the Yankees came, and Papa and Mamma divided, and Uncle Billy and the Colonel Morrison came. I like him. He has a little girl of his own, you know."

"And in Richmond it was Colonel Morrison who wanted Daddy to take me to my Aunt Caroline in Richmond, so I could have 'enough to eat.'"

"I see, Miss Virginia. Now on this journey you took with your Daddy to the capital, did he write down anything?"

"No, sir."

"Nor stop to look at the Yankee soldiers—unless you want them or look at the cannons?"

"No, sir. Daddy told me we never got to Richmond and anyone asked me what I'd seen I wasn't to tell them—on my word of honour. Colonel Morrison and Papa had a word of honour promise about that, too, and they shook hands on it."

"I see." Having given the final piece of apple to Virgie, the President began to write. "They accuse me," he said, "of solacing myself with pardooning too many people." Virgie's heart contracted. All this long journey, all the long talk, was for nothing; only to be told that Papa and Colonel Morrison couldn't come out of prison. Virgie felt lifted up and a hand gently stroking her cheek. The President's voice was kind again as he said: "Don't cry, my dear. We can't help it."

"I'm writing an order for your father and Colonel Morrison to be set free." The President said. "The Army is only six and comes before the highest tribunal, there is a reward for telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Virgie sought to set upon the just judge the highest stamp of her approbation; but as he wrote on: "You're almost nice enough to be a Confederate"
Wally Hutchinson is excellent as Hennessy, an informer, while not able supporting studies come from Clifford Evans, Patrick Maloney, Tony Quinn, and Fred O'Donovan, as Republicans, and by E. J. Kennedy and Pat Noonan, as members of the R.I.C.

I do not propose to give the story in detail, because it relies a good deal on surprise twist to hold your interest. It is sufficient to say that the romantic element is handled with restraint and is most effective, while the guerrilla warfare of the opposing forces is thoroughly realistic.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Full-blooded melodrama, full of action and thrills, extremely well presented in acting, with the vigour its type demands.

It is based on an essay by Elbert Hubbard, who was inspired to write it by the account of a daring exploit by Lieutenant Rowan, who took a vital message to General Garcia, the Cuban leader who was hemmed in by the victorious American-Spanish war of 1898.

John Boles plays the part of Rowan, with good hard-ship, aided by a renegade American, Dory, and Raphaelita, daughter of a murdered Cuban landowner, made his way to the Spanish lines past and delivered a message from President McKinley to Garcia informing him that an American troops would try to effect a break through.

One of the most dramatic sequents is the arrival of Dr. Krug, who had been commissioned to hold him up—the fort having only been captured by the Spanish the day before.

His subsequent rescue—after torture by the unscrupulous Krug—by the Cuban cavalry provides a fine example of spectacular production.

Wallace Beery has a part which fits him admirably as the renegade Dooley, whose mission is to bring Rowan thinking he had reached the general's headquarters, finds himself in the hands of the Spanish spy, Dr. Krug, who had been commissioned to hold him up—the fort having only been captured by the Spanish the day before.

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"Night and morning I was destroying my own teeth"

"For years the dentist could never find anything to do on my teeth. Then, suddenly, six fillings needed—and six months later eight more! I was wearing away the enamel, the dentist said, with a harsh, rough, abrasive toothpaste. He advised Odol, because the particles in it are soft and fine. Odol is the gentle way to whiteness—the safe way."

**Odol is safe**—particles only 1 micron diameter (a 100,000th")—too gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains perborate...and perborate whitens teeth safely. Odol contains abrasives, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

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**NEW RAPID CURLER**

They produce the most marvellous curls in 15—20 minutes. They slide out easily without disturbing curls. Carola curls last twice as long.

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**OXYGEN BATH**

is a beauty treatment

Imagine it! Your bath a veritable beauty treatment, fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft, supercharged with beautifying oxygen—simply by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and stimulates your skin to radiant velvety health; it holds soap and dirt in solution so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new life and spring-like daintiness!

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**REUDEL**

BATH CUBES

the oxygen bath cubes

6 cubes 1/- in dainty box — or sold separately 2/6 each
**PREVIEWS—Continued from page 24**

**FATAL LADY**

A very artificial murder story set against a background of the opera house and theatre, which gives Mary Ellis a chance to sing several operatic arias derived straight from the classics which she does very well.

She is cast as Marion Stuart, a singing star, who is found dead before the end of the opera performed at her New York debut in opera, breaks down her confidence in a man who she had loved her and interrogation by the police made her lose her voice through nervousness.

We next see her as a touring company, at a small South American town, where she falls in love with and is murdered by the star, and Marion Fontes, who both become her successors. Uberto is mysteriously murdered and once again Marion is under suspicion of being able to help to Paris, followed by the faithful Philip.

She appears in a cafe chantant and later Philip is mysteriously murdered.

Fontes has also arrived in Paris and is suspected of both crimes by David Roberts. Phillips' elder brother, who believes Marion is her husband and has been trying to get her to leave her.

Finally the real murderer is discovered and a romance develops between Uberto and Marion Fontes, which becomes the star.

"Red herrings" are consistently drawn across the track, and the murderer turns out, not only to be the least likely, but also logically, one of the least fitted to commit a crime and successfully cover his tracks.

Mary Ellis sings well and also acts with skill and makes her role as creditable as possible.

As David Roberts, Walter Forde is also good, but his pig-headedness is so overdrawn that one cannot believe, in the romance that he had with the heroine after his brother has been killed.

Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich in "Desire."
M. H. AMERICAN "A" CERTIFICATE MYSTERY DRAMA. RUNS 66 MINUTES.

HISTORIC MOVIES

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I HEARTILY agree with Gay Beacon's few lines on "Castles in the Air." These few facts will show how right he is, and how far English films are behind American.

Have we as great a showman as Samuel Goldwyn? No! Are any of our stars given such publicity as Garbo, Hepburn or Mae West? No! Do we groom film actors or actresses like American? No! Have we as great box-office draws as Gable, Tone, or William Powell? No.

Can we produce such pictures as The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, or Barretts of Wimpole Street, etc. No. Have we many coming stars? No. Our films are full of American stars, so, broadly speaking, we are depending on America. At the same time, pushing out any English talent we might have.

English films will have to be organised in a totally different way before they approach the standard of American films.—C. Burchett, 4 Shelley Road, Hoe, Sussex.

I Dream Too Much

I had a dream and what a dream! I'll tell you all about it, though when you've heard what I've to say, you'll feel inclined to doubt it. Walk up! Walk up! and see Mae West In Merely Mary Ann, and Zasu Pitts It's Helix of Troy. Believe it if you can. Shirley Temple in On the Spot, the two-gun gangster kid, and Garbo as an orphan child. Did I collapse? I did.

Sydney Howard as Sherlock Holmes, Clark Gable in "Our Gang." Laugh if you dare at Robertson Hare on a bareback wild mustang. Marlene as a kitchen maid! Will wonders ever cease? And Mussolini's first big role In How I Sangh' for Peace. Ronald Colman—cowboy hero in The Curse of Custard Creek, and Ramon Novarro starring in A picture every week! The vision fades—but holy smoke! What is that fearful noise? "The night's dance-music played to you By Toscanni's boys.—(Miss) A. Pybus, 5 Hanover Square, Sheffield, S. who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Pitchforked into Pictures

It is amazing to me that any film to-day finds success, so crudely are we pitchforked into the sentimental atmosphere of kinemats. Think of it! We wait in queues whilst news-boys endeavour to sell us newspapers or street entertainers strive to squeeze hard-earned shekels from us. We pass by gradual stages before a box wherein we deposit our entrance fee. We are handed a ticket which is promptly torn in half by a young lady who flashes an electric torch at us.

Having been handed back one portion of our ticket, we are sorted out into "sixpennies," "ninepennies," and "shillings," and are then led to our seats.

From the distance we can hear the monotonous drone of "chocolate and cigarettes," then a tune is played, the lights dim down, and we are expected to live in a world of romance and adventure for a brief spell.

Doesn't the theatre score in its system of advance bookings which so eliminates the prosaic chink of entrance money and minimises that feeling of sheep being graded and tossed into different pens? I think it does.—L. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portwood, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

The Ideal Bank Holiday

Everyone is making plans for August Bank Holiday. If it is at all possible, this is the way I'd choose to spend it:—

A dip in the surf and breakfast at Malibu Beach that million-dollar stretch of Californian coast popular with the movie colony. Then a trip by yacht to Santa Catalina Island, upon part of whose tropic shores many South Sea Island scenes are filmed.

Lunch over, fly back to the mainland and drive to Lake Arrowhead, five thousand feet up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and a favourite week-end retreat with the stars.

After a paddle round in a canoe, have tea amidst the pine and cedar trees.

Wind up the day with a visit to Hollywood's Blackpool—Ocean Park—enjoying all the fun of the fair and having supper at the famous Ship Café, built to resemble a ship with even the waiters wearing sailors' clothes.

My companion? George Brent—Betty Hazzard, Prognial, 35 The Chase, Coulson, Surrey.

Are "Pashes" Dead?

I remember in the old days how thrilled and excited I used to be over Pearl White, Theda Bara or Antonio Moreno in their serial exploits and all for 5 cents (2½d.) in Demerara. I wonder if the younger of to-day gets the same kick out of seeing Greta Garbo or Ginger Rogers?

Somewhere the kids to-day (except that they get highly amused) do not seem to "get a pass," as it were, for some stars, or am I wrong in this?

I have certainly not noticed it in any of my young friends, whereas I would beg, borrow or steal to get a small film cutting of Pearl White, my favourite. I would never miss a part of the serial.—John de Caires, Woodside, Hassoocks, Sussex.

I am inclined to think fans are even more faithful to their stars than they were in our young days, Mr. De Caires!—"THINKER."

Down Under

Seeing your short note in March 28 issue of PICTUERGOER WEEKLY on Miss Mary Maguire, whom Mr. Miles Manders chose to lead in the Flying Doctor, I confess I am willing to bet your pocket handkerchief against my shirt that she is the "goods." The little lady proved her worth in Charlie Chaplin's Revenge, wherein she played opposite Frank Harvey.

Mr. Charles Farrell came to Australia under the impression that he was to be the Flying Doctor, but, as he said himself, he was only knocked around and unceremoniously killed.

(Continued on page 30)
-But see her after seven!

She may be tired out at six o’clock, but see her after seven! Fresh and faultless daintiness, beauty’s greatest charm, is always hers to command. Ten fragrant minutes spent in a bath with a Reckitt’s bath cube in it will revive, refresh and renew her from top to toe. Alkaline water, soft as satin, clears and cleanses the waste of the day from every tiny pore. She steps out lively and lovely, knowing she’s looking her best.

Reckitt’s BATH CUBES

24 each and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 cubes for 1/-

LAVENDER • LILY OF THE VALLEY • VERBENA • ESSENCE OF FLOWERS • PINE

MADE BY RECKITT AND SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON
Joe E. Brown
Born on July 28, 1892, at Holgate, Ohio, of Welsh and German parentage, as the seventh child of the family, he has had a varied and adventurous life. At the age of nine he joined a circus and became an acrobat. Later he was a professional baseball player and then migrated into vaudeville, and when playing in a burlesque show was offered a part in the film "Crooks Can't Win.

He is married to Kathryn McGrath and they have five children. He stands 5 ft. 8 in., has brown hair and blue eyes, and weighs a little over 10 stone. Among his hobbies are whistling, baseball and travel.

His films include: Hit the Show, The Circus Kid, Burlesque, Take Me House, Reputation, Sally, Top Speed, Going Wild, Molly and Me, My Lady's Last, Painted Faces, The Lottery Bride, On with the Show, Maybe It's Love, Song of the West, Hold Everything, Don't be Jealous, Broad-minded, Local Boy Makes Good, Fireman Save My Child, You Said a Mouthful, The Tenderfoot, Elmer the Great, Son of a Satyr, A Very Honourable Guy, The Circus CLOWN, Six Day Bike Rider, Aliki I'ha, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Funny Face and Sons of Guns.

Tom Brown
Tom Brown, who was born in New York on January 6, 1913, is the son of theatrical parents, his father, Harry Brown, being a well-known stage actor and producer, and his mother, known professionally as Marie Francis, a musical comedy star. Standing 5 ft. 9 in., he has blue eyes, medium brown hair and weighs 11 stone.

He has been in many radio programmes and in several stage plays including: Neighbours, Many a Slip and Pardon My Gnome. In pictures in 1929, he has appeared in a large number of films among which are: A Lady Lies, Queen High, Fast Companions, Tom Brown of Culver, Destination Unknown, Hell's Highway, Laughter in Hell, The Ferguson Case, Central Airport, Three-cornered Moon, Two Alone, A Jar of Green Gables, This Side of Heaven, Judge Priest, Bachelor of Arts, The Witching Hour, Sweetwater Annie, Wanderlust, Black Sheep, Gentlemen of the Navy, Freebirds and Doesn't Live Here.

Nigel Bruce
He was born in San Diego, California, while his parents, Sir William Bruce, Bart., and Lady Bruce, were touring the U.S.A. in 1885; he was educated in England and on the outbreak of the Great War joined the Honourable Artillery Company. He was the first member of the company to be wounded and later was gazetted to the Somersetshire Light Infantry, but one of his injured legs failed him.

After the war he was given a small part on the stage by his friend, Aubrey Smith, and made a big impression as a character actor. He stands 6 ft. in height, has blue-grey eyes and is married to Violet Campbell. They have two daughters—Pauline, born in 1922, and Jennifer, born in 1924.

He went into films in 1931 and appeared in several British pictures, including: The Squawker, Escape, Birds of Prey, The Calendar, Love, Camber's Ladies, The Midshipman, I Was a Spy and Channel Crossing. In 1934 he went to Hollywood where he has added enormously to his reputation.

The pictures he has made there include: Springtime for Henry, Coming-out Party, Stand Up and Cheer, Murder in Trinidad. The Lady is Willing, Treasure Island, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Becky Sharp, She, Jalta, The White Angel, Charge of the Light Brigade and The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Virginia Bruce
Born in Minneapolis on September 29, 1910, she is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has blond hair and blue eyes. She is from stone and was formerly married to John Gilbert.


Tom Brown is a handsome and well-built actor, and has been described as one of the leading English stage and screen stars of today.

What Do You Think? Cont.
Mr. James Raglan, the young Englishman, acted the title role.

Helen Twelvetrees' film, Thoroughbred, has just completed its first month at the Mayfair, Sydney, and looks like remaining there. The film centres round a horse, and the thrilling climax is where its jockey is shot during the running of the Melbourne Cup. John Longdon is in this, so you see the English acting fraternity is well represented at Pagewood.

Yet another is Dennis Hoey, the talented actor, who has just finished Uncivilised, a story of a white child brought up by blacks, and then he meets the white girl (Margot Rhys), and then..... Rather like "Tarzan," what?

Cinesound is starting Wilderness of Utopia. The film industry is booming, most likely because of the Quota Act, which is like the British one.

Stop Press! Victor Jory arrives next month to act here for Columbia under Mr. Clarence Badger, who arrives at the end of this month.—Joyce Martin, 8 Parramatta Road, Homebush, N.S.W., Australia.

Ten Commandments
The various controversies and heated arguments that have arisen from time to time about various matters have led me to compile a list of what I consider to be Hollywood's Ten Commandments.

(1) Good plots never die.
(2) Stars may change their mates, but not their type.
(3) The more money spent, the better the product.
(4) Will Hays find a way?

August 1, 1936
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Your Views Wanted
What you think about the stars and films. Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1.1. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting views, and 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, Martlets Corner, Martlets House, Martlets Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Use NURONA and bask in the sun happy in the knowledge that your skin will quickly bronze without burning. NURONA keeps out the harmful burning rays while encouraging a natural glowing tan. Also a soothing application after over-exposure to the sun.

**NURONA SUN TAN CREAM**
Non greasy—pleasant to use.
Also NURONA Sun Tan Cream without colour.

**SOUTHALLS**

If gnat bite victims will seek you out here's a tip worth knowing. In a little T.C.P. Solution at once—it absolutely prevents all swelling or irritation. For T.C.P. actually destroys the insect poison in any bite or sting—there's nothing so quick or so certain. Widely used in the tropics—recommended by Doctors everywhere. So try it to-day! The dainty handbag-size sprinkler bottles cost 6d. only, from Chemists everywhere.

**T.C.P. The Certain Remedy for BITES and STINGS**

**AMAMI WAVE SET 6d & 1/3**

**AND AMAMI SHAMPOOS**
Each Amami Shampoo contains 47 nourishing, beautifying herbs, perfumes and tonics. That is why Amami Hair is so soft and silky, so easy to manage, so attractive out-of-doors and so fascinating under ballroom lights.

Amami No. 1 for Brunettes 3d. and 6d.
Amami No. 2 for Blondes 3d. and 6d.
Amami No. 3 for Coloured 3d. and 6d.
Amami No. 12 for those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo. In two varieties, one for fair and one for dark hair, 6d. per sachet

**Frida Night**

**Friday Night**

**is Amami Night**

**SOUTHALLS**

**You must spend a lot on your nail polish—your hands always look so smart.**

**But Joan/Longlex costs only 6p and lasts for months.**

**I hardly dare put the ring over those lovely nails, Joan. It might scratch the polish!**

**Later**

**Nonsense, darling—it's Longlex!**

**This 6d. bottle as big as many 1½ bottles**

Notice the smooth and even flow as Longlex spreads over your nails. See how enchantingly brilliant they become! With Longlex there's no cracking, no peeling, no fading. Yet the 6d. bottle is just as big as the 1½-bottle of many other nail polishes—its lasts months. You can get Longlex everywhere, in six attractive shades.

**L'onglex**

**LIQUID NAIL POLISH 6 SHADES—also CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER**

**Remove FRECKLES!**

Secretly and quickly while you sleep! Tilson's double-strength Freckle Cream applied overnight banishes freckles. Prove how marvelous this new secret formula is for a month and if you aren't satisfied and delighted with results, your money refunded. Get a jar from Boots or Dorothy White and Taylor, 6d. a month. Treatment lasts away, or send 2/9 for Tilson's Laboratories (P.L.D.) nail remover, 8d. a jar.

Tilson's double strength Freckle Cream on the nail can grow your nails to fashionable length—quickly. While you sleep, Freckle Cream working under the nail stimulates growth, so that you can extend your nails to fashionable length without injury. Try it! Just apply nightly—nothing to do. Absolutely natural—nothing to do. Absolutely natural—nothing to do. Absolutely natural—nothing to do. Absolutely natural—nothing to do.

**Tilson's nail grower**

**Are your NAILS SHORT?**

**Filer Rapid Nail Grower**

**Figure 359**


**Picturegoer Weekly**
YOUR NAILS DO LOOK NICE, HAVE YOU DISCOVERED A NEW POLISH?

IT'S GLAZO, EVERY-ONE'S WEARING IT — AND NO WONDER!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS FASCINATE MEN

DOES IT STAY LOVELY LIKE THAT?

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT GLAZO GOES ON WITHOUT STREAKING — AND THE COLOURS ARE FASCINATING!

Outdoor girls can have soft, lovely hands

The drawback to a healthy, happy time in summer is that sun, wind and sea water combine to make your hands rough, cracked and unsightly—but not if you use Glymiel Jelly. A dab of this fragrant, non-greasy preparation after your hands have been in water makes them and keeps them soft, smooth and truly feminine. This hands men adore! Rub Glymiel Jelly on your arms and legs too before exposure to the sun.

Glymiel Jelly is made from a secret process—nothing but the right formula can give the same results.

Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty so GLAZOEL FACE CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d. a tube.

The lovely smooth lustre Glazo gives to nails is praised by smart women everywhere. Glazo is always the same consistency. The specially designed cap prevents thickening in the bottle. Glazo goes on smoothly without streaking. The special oil in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep cuticle rings soft and pliant.

Polish in 12 smart shades

Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Massage Cream

GLAZO

GLAZO Ltd., Dept. P.29, 217 Bedford Avenue, Slough

1/3 EACH

TRY THE NEW SHADE CORAL, OR SHELL, FLAME, NATURAL, COLOURLESS

DARNOT CUSHION HOSE SHIELD


STOMACH SUFFERER'S HINT for the HOLIDAYS

It is a great mistake for anyone who has endured the pain of indigestion to go on a holiday without a bottle of the famous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder as a standby. Change of air and change of feeding very often play havoc with the stomach sufferer. Nothing robs a holiday of its pleasure so cruelly as persistent pain that goes with you on the prom, the beach, to the "pictures" or wherever you may be, even in bed when you seek relief in sleep that does not come.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is a godsend to stomach sufferers. It brings sweet and lasting relief from the very first dose. The gnawing pain positively melts away through the healing action of this wonderful remedy. No one who knows its remarkable record in curing indigestion would think of going away without a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—that one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Don't be caught unprepared. Follow their example and be sure to see the signature on the bottle and carton as the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is never sold loose.

5/- ALBUM FREE

This album, bound in a grey buckskin material and artfully lettered in gold, is entirely worthy of these fine postcards. The Postcard Album of the Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will be sent to you free with your purchase of six "Picturegoer" postcards for future reference. The album can be used as a record of this objectionable, health-endangering disease which is the cause of all indigestion. New discovery. Send 1/- stamp for postage. PICTU'REGOER. Dept. "B," 85 Newman Street, London, N.B.

HAVE THEM IN YOUR HOME

Start a collection of their portraits today

Why not have your favourite film stars always with you in your own home through the life-like portraits which comprise the famous PICTU'REGOER Sepia Glossy series of Postcards? Upon receipt of your order for one dozen or more of these cards, (2/6) per dozen, you will be sent a 5/- ALBUM FREE

This album, bound in a grey buckskin material and artfully lettered in gold, is entirely worthy of these fine postcards. The Postcard Album of the Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will be sent to you free with your purchase of six "Picturegoer" postcards for future reference. The album can be used as a record of this objectionable, health-endangering disease which is the cause of all indigestion. New discovery. Send 1/- stamp for postage. PICTU'REGOER. Dept. "B," 85 Newman Street, London, N.B.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

TO "PICTUREGOER." SALON, 65 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose for orders not less than one dozen Sepia Glossy Postcards, 2/6 per dozen. Please include with my order your new 5/- Postcard Album FREE. I enclose +1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name

Address

P.O. No. _______________ Amount _______________

* Overseas readers should enclose 5/- extra to cover packing and postage or 10/- if album de luxe is chosen. Cross P.O. / & Co. and make payable to "Picturegoer." PICTU'REGOER LTD., 25 Boughton Works, Chester.

Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be incurred.
Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered in 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 end a stamped addressed envelope by reply. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martinet House, Martinet Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

LJ (Barnet)—Write to the All Star F.G.C., England and America, 29 Huston Road, Kensal Green, W.11. For details of Star F.C. fans club for the stars you mention. (3) Marion Letnic having finished Garden of Allah, seems to us to make Knight's 20,000 Leagues with Robert Donat. (1) Herbert Marshall's latest film Gnads Divinity with Chatterton and Simone Simon.


RUSSEL HARDING.—(1) Tom Brown is the part of Richard Baruth's film in General in the U.S.A. (2) John Mills contract to make one film for Alex Korda, title not yet settled. (3) Art photographs by John Mask, Nov. 1924; Russell Korda—April 13, 1925; front cover with ms Parker, June 22, 1935. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept. 6, Atlantic St., London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, ask free.


BARRAS—The Terminator's latest film, 30 Minutes, with Leslie Banks and John Pertwee produced by William Productions, is Martin to make The Gay Desperado, released by the Twentieth Century Fox.

COOPER FAN (E.12)—Rosalind Russell did not play in The Playing Lingonders On, machine Hungate, played the lead in film and she did play the piano herself. You might try a film company Parama for the print you require.

DOUGHERY (Cheshhire)—Josephine Dunn is the role of Nolan's wife in The Flying Fox.


CURIOUS (Edmonton) — Alice Faye, b. Nov. 5, about 23 years ago, New York; married; blond hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., 115 lb.; was seen in city and walking at least film, Sing, Baby, Sing. Photograph available from the Postcard Sales, 59, Aldor Lane, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, or 6d. a dozen.

GIBRITES (Liverpool) — Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A.; ft. 4 in.; married (a) Jack Poyner (3), (b) Lew Ayres (separated); brown hair and blue eyes. Latest film is I Won't Dance, with red Astaire.

BEARON ADAMS.—Recorded numbers on Broadway Melody of 1939—"I've Got Feeling You're Fooling" and "You Are Lusy Lass and I Want to Dance" by Eddy Powell, M.V. 8939. Same two numbers are sung by Eddie Cantor and his band on M.V. B2729.

FIVE ARMS FAN.—(1) Write to Columbia and request a re-issue of the Better Tea of Columbus. (2) Write to Columbia for silent film released shs. 9, 1925. (3) Photograph of Nell Asther available from the Postcard Sales, address her c/o Paramount. Photograph available from the Postcard Sales.

ANNA and MAE FAN.—(1) Anna May Wong has made a new film. (2) Mae West, see above, not married. (3) Grace Fields, b. Jan. 14, 1903.


FAN CLUB

Boris Karloff Club (formerly the Boris Valito fan Club) is now under present management. All new members are strictly welcomed. Our president, Mr. Valito, takes a personal interest in his club. Here are some suggestions for socials, dances, picnics, lakes, whist dinners, etc. All are invited to join the club. Ask Miss K. N. 162 Croydon Road, Herne, London, E.16. Send stamped envelope for reply, please! Motto—join our club and have some fun!"

P.T.F.S. (The Picturegoer Film Society) is a unique group of Correspondents' Club members. Most of them are over the world who are nearly all ardent digest writers. They correspond amongst each other according to their many other hobbies—a list of which is added alongside each member's name in the Editorial Members' List. All members receive the bi-monthly club organ, also which keeps in touch with all the news and contains the club's complete guide to the best releases compiled by the club's members.

No. 217 (New Series) Vol. 6 August 1, 1936.


The Cubes with the Rare Exquisite Perfume

Three Radox Bath Cubes, in a cellophane wrapper, cost 7½d. at all chemists. Remember, you are not paying for just a cheaply scented water softener, but for the real thing, and this creme beautifying ingredients of Radox, and for a rare, exotic, and costly perfume.

Says JUNE CLYDE

"I have often paid fancy prices for bath salts," writes June Clyde, "but have found many to equal Radox at only 7½d. a cube. After the heavy "cheese" scents of so many bath salts, the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Radox is delightful, and it is really remarkable how this perfume lasts for hours and hours. I find that a bath with a Radox cube in it not only freshener me, but actually invigorates me; it gives me new pep. It seems that the effect of the oxygen is drawn out and the perspiration is put to my use again. For girls who want to make an interesting weight-reducing experiment, I advise this: Get on a scale and see what you weigh. Then take a course of Radox baths; there's a three for just one month. Then step on the scales again and see what I read. My own experience is that Radox is a most valuable aid in keeping the figure in trim."

(Signed) JUNE CLYDE.

No matter how tired out you are—no matter if you feel thoroughly "done up" on the very night of a much-anticipated party or dance—just take a bath with a Radox Bath Cube in it and you'll feel and look like a new person!

When a Radox Bath Cube (greatest selling bath salt in England) is dissolved in your bath water, it radiates three and a half times its own volume of life-giving oxygen. At the same time, Radox impregnates your water with valuable tonic salts. Radox cleanses pores, ridding you of impurities, and blackheads. It soothes tiny blood vessels beneath skin—no more fear of wrinkles—your skin becomes wondrously smooth, firm, and clear—radiantly youthful!

Fatty acid deposits (the cause of fat) are dissolved away. Radox is an ideal way to reduce excess flesh.

The poignant properties of Radox are absorbed through your pores, bringing refreshment and new beauty to your body. You'll feel so exhilarated and rested. An all-over body deodorant, it keeps you enchantingly dainty and sweet for hours.
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

MACLEANS PROVIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d., 1/- and 1/9

If you use a solid dentifrice, try
Maclean's Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—6d. per tin.

Ah! I see you did

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

FEW are born beautiful, but nowadays most of us can improve upon Nature. If you are not quite sure about the beautifying business, let me help you. Your letter should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope if you would like a reply by post.

I WRITE so often of the wonder-
ful beauty aids that come out of
pots and bottles. To-day we
will have a complete change and
think of Nature’s great beauty aid—
sleep. Even yet comparatively
little is known about the process of
sleep. But this we do know. It is
the great restorative and while we
sleep all the wastage of the day is
being made good.

We do not need to be scientific
about it. Your mother will tell you
all you want to know about the
lack of sleep. Look in the glass
after a very late or a very restless
night, and what do you see? Muddy
skin, dull eyes and a furred tongue.

The average person requires eight
hours’ sleep in the twenty-four.
Two hours before midnight are
worth much more than two hours
after midnight.

Do you get the best out of sleep?
Do you fall asleep soon after your
head touches the pillow and do
you jump out of bed, like a morning
alas as soon as you wake?

Or do you take a glance at the
early cup of tea and turn over for
another snooze, getting up in a
dreadful hurry twenty minutes later,
with a dry mouth and hating the
aroma of bacon that comes to you
from below stairs?

If that is the way in which you
quiet anch for day, you most cer-
tainly are not getting full value for
sleep and, what is more, there is
something wrong with you and
your habits.

Dull Eyes

So many of my correspondents write
of heavy eyes and dark circles, in
spite of good eyes that do not need
assistance in the way of glasses. Modern
life, perhaps, doesn’t condone to good
sleep, and I have tried to sort out the
reasons for some of these troubles.

Where young women and girls are
concerned I would put the first one as
going to bed too late.

The wireless, the cinema, an interesting
book, or a pleasant young man to
tell about excellent reasons for
allowing the hours to slip past unnoticed.

I am not so old and stuffy myself that I would suggest early
to bed every night. But there are limits.
Always be ready to sit up for a very
good cause, but make up the lost sleep
next night and other nights, too, when
there is nothing special to do.

Then comes the next class—generally
somewhat older these folks—who go to
bed at a reasonable hour, but can’t get
off to sleep for ages.

These sleepers take the day’s troubles
to bed with them. They re-live the
petty troubles of the office; they go over
the quarrel scene with the other typist as
they would have played it had there
been time to think about it; they worry
out ways and means of getting that
donation or shoes when funds are short;
or they start planning for the future.

Needless to say, they do not jump
out of bed next morning. It perhaps
needs a great effort to switch off your
mind as you turn the radio, and it is
easiest if the thoughts are deliberately
dverted an hour before bedtime. Do a
crossword puzzle, read a book or go
for a walk—anything that is a change.

Indigestion

Another frequent cause of heavy
eyes and dark circles is indigestion,
and incomplete elimination. If you go
to bed with a full stomach and an over-
loaded colon, nothing can give you
undisturbed sleep, which is why you do not
sleep a wink, or if you do it is heavy,
disturbed, nightmarish kind of slumber.

Let three hours of more elapsed after
your last meal before you think of bed.
And don’t be tempted to take a snack
afterwards in case you should wake up
hungry in the night. You won’t.

In spite of careful bedding, you still
have a tendency to indigestion and
liverishness which disturbs your sleep
and makes you wake heavy and sluggish.
Then try a little milk of magnesia night
and morning, or a herbal concoction
with gentian after meals.

See that you get plenty of fresh air in
the bedroom and let your bed be
reasonably comfortable. There is not
much excuse for sagging mattresses in
these days, when really luxuriously
sprung affairs are to be bought for little
more than a wire overlay used to cost
a few years ago.

Don’t Snooze

Whatever you do, be sure to get up at once.
If you really have had a good night’s
rest, jump out of bed with a will. It is none
laziness of you to turn over for another
five minutes. Moreover, the five minutes
do positive harm. Have you ever noticed that
you are much less fresh after that short
interlude than you were when first you
opened your eyes?

If, in spite of good habits and comfort,
you still do not sleep as well as you should,
what of artificial aids?

Drops are taboo, of course. Inducing sleep
by such methods is pure folly, for the more
you take the more you need. But there are
simpler and harmless aids. Herb pillows
have helped many to sound sleep. The pillow
is filled with fragrant aromatic herbs which
sooth the nerves and create a state of mind
suitable for sleep.

Then there are herbal tisanes such as
laxative tea and orange flower tea. These
are pleasant aids to peaceful sleep, particularly
if taken in conjunction with lime blossom
baths. This preparation can be bought in a
pot and added to the bath water at night.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week’s prize of half a guinea is
awarded to Gerald Beard, Park
Road, Gainsfield, Chelmsford, Essex, for—
Rookery Night
A Cuckoo in the Nest
Aftersports
Are These Our Children?
Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to—
Norman Grace, 8 Circular Road, W.,
Liverpool 11, for—
After Office Hours
The Subway Express
The Crowded Road
Get Off My Foot
Miss M. MacNab, 2 Barfillan Street,
Cardonald, Glasgow, S.W.2, for—
Hooray for Love
Twenty Million Sweethearts
No Limit
Whoopee
A Steed, 22 Nelson Street, Bed-
minster Down, Bristol 3, for—
Love Before Marriage
Someone at the Door
Embarrassing Moments
The Interrupted Honeymoon
Trevor Diggory, Holly Bush Farm,
Bradley, near Wrexham, North Wales, for—
Death Flies East
The Ghost Goes West
East Meets West
As you can see, the idea of Title Tales
is to link three or four talkie titles
in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard,
c/o “Picturegoer,” Martlett
House, Bow Street, W.C.5.

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

GUY BEACON.
Have you tried to get a lovely even tan—and just turned lobster-red with painful sun-burn? Don't give up hope—and don't think you have to use lawn oils and lotions, either. No, all that fuss and bother is unnecessary.

Many lovely society women do this: before they bask in the sun they smooth Pond's Cold Cream on their n—occasionally, too, while they are sunbathing. Then, after their sunning, they use this cream again. It ensures that the skin turns golden evenly. And it resupplies the fine oils that the sun dries out, keeping the skin soft and supple.

Remember this, too—Pond's Cold Cream won't stain; it washes out of towels very easily.

* Use POND'S COLD CREAM before and after you motor, or go hiking, or sun yourself in the garden. Also, smooth it on before you bathe in the sea, to protect your skin against the drying, coarsening effect of salt water. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.
For their extra touch of quality—and the certainty of freshness and throat protection—I always smoke

CRAVEN "A"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

The very day I switched to Craven 'A' my throat noticed the difference. I'm sure you too will appreciate a cigarette which is consistently fresh, consistently cool and kind to your throat. Try them, and I honestly believe that Craven 'A' quality will be an eye opener for you.

Holiday Makers Remember...
Wherever you buy your Craven 'A,' at the seaside or in some remote corner of the country, they will always be as fresh as if they had just left Carreras' factory, because they're sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE.

They never vary.
10 for 6d. 20 for 1 -

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"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Once she found how good Palmolive's rich olive oil lather was for her complexion, she didn't need much persuading to try it for her bath. And she's delighted with Palmolive's wonderful power of refreshing - quite apart from getting the same beauty treatment for back and arms and shoulders as has made her complexion so lovely.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment; and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

**Lipstick wasn't made like this for nothing!**

What girl hasn't thought at times: "If only my fiancé would say the kind of things to me those gay, reckless screen-lovers say? If only I knew he was really thrilled and carried away by being with me!" So he will if you make him feel the allure of the glamorous film-stars in you - and you can do this by using their lipstick, the famous indelible KISSPROOF! Hollywood experts put it in the stars' dressing-rooms in preference to all expensive preparations. Be sure and try the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1/- - it's the smartest, most attractive lipstick you've ever seen! At all chemists', hairdressers and department stores. See also the new exotic baton at 6d.

**Kissproof**

NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK

£50 YOUR Personality MAY WIN IT!

We offer £50 for the photograph most expressive of personality and charm—those unique characteristics of Astaire's irresistible Compact Perfumes.

Enter this competition now! Just send us your photograph (name and address written clearly on the back) together with a "bill for an Astaire Compact, which you have purchased in your favourite flower perfume AND THE £50 PRIZE MAY BE YOURS!

This is NOT a beauty contest. It is a personality competition and personality belongs to young and old alike.

Post to (Dept. G), Astaire Ltd., 172, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

Astaire compacts obtained from Boots, Simpsons, all good chemists and hairdressers, price 2/-6d. (double size) No compact genuine without this label

**T.C.P for BITES & STINGS**

Here's good news! T.C.P. Solution (the new Antiseptic Discovery) absolutely prevents insect bites or stings from swelling up and causing pain or irritation. Apply T.C.P. promptly and it penetrates right into the bite and destroys the insect poison before it can harm you. — Splendid for inflamed, swollen, bites, too. Doctors everywhere recommend it as the quickest, surest antidote. Try it and see! From all Chemists, in handy sprinkler bottles, for pocket or handbag. 6d.

**AZLADÉ COMPACT PERFUMES**

**LEGS—What's this?**

Famous film-stars are leg-shy! Read all about it in the dazzling Picturegoer Summer Annual on sale everywhere. One hundred pages steeped in glamour—all for sixpence. 20 magnificent full-page art plates—Hollywood gossip—the true love story of a celebrated star—special articles—a parade of fashions—make-up secrets... Copies are going like hot cakes. Hurry up and get yours.
A woman is as old as she looks—and looks as old as her hair. To-day the secret of youthful hair-loveliness can be yours for a few pence. Its name is Lovalon. It is a harmless vegetable rinse that actually "tints as it rinses." Every woman from 16 to 60 can improve her hair with Lovalon. It works miracles with faded or grey hairs, imparting the lustrous colouring and silkiness of youth. Neither a dye nor a bleach, Lovalon cannot discoulour the scalp or rub off, and it lasts until the next shampoo.

Costs 1/3 per packet of 5 rinses. (Chain Stores sell a 2-rinse packet for 6d.) Good hairdressers use and recommend Lovalon.

---

### LOVALON HAIR RINSE

**It Tints as it Rinses**

FREE BOOKLET FROM MARCUS LESBOURNE, LTD., DEPT. B., 8 GERRARD ST., LONDON, W.1

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### ODOL TOOTH PASTE

Tubes 6d. & 1-2d.

Let's see your Odol Smile!

£5 CASH and 20 other prizes every week for 'SUNNY SNAPS'

Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbury on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the Daily Mirror and Daily Sketch the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbury Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbury Ltd., ODOLanny Snips: Dept. P.F.14, Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, Oct. 3rd, 1936.

Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1/2 oz., or 2 oz., size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1/2 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbury Ltd.; no snap can be returned. Only entries may enter.

Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

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### corot models by instalments

**start your holiday successfully—be perfectly turned out in corot models, and pay for whatever you need by convenient monthly instalments, specially at holiday times in this system a boon, and when you see the delightful collection of models being shown, you will appreciate the advantages of shopping in bond street the practical way.**

**call to-day at the showrooms and choose personally from the new and smart holiday designs, or post the coupon for the latest fashion guide and full details of instalments.**

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### corot

(dept. p. 268)

33, old bond street

6d. monthly cash 2 guineas

**"sun kissed"**

for holiday wear you must include such a model as this; cool-looking linen tailors into a frock with its spotted ted collar, cuts and belt, buttons match the belt.

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### ONE-DA CLEANSING WAFERS

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Directed by
WILLIAM BEAUDINE
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WITH
HARTLEY POWER & GINA MALO

Full of new gags, unexpected twists & rollicking humour!

AT LEADING CINEMAS NOW
WHEN is a serious film funny?
There are several answers to this question. When it is so badly produced as to forfeit all conviction; when it approaches its subject with a pompous dignity that must be a butt for the jokes of the ribald; when it entirely misses the mark at which it is aimed.
But it is probably funniest of all when it is shown at a time long after it was produced, or produced in the style of a bygone day.

HEN, however, to be really funny, it must be deadly serious.

Recently, America has had a grand time with the revival of ancient films by the Museum of Modern Art of New York.

This body, aided by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, has been digging up and circulating through museums, colleges, and study groups, all the old films it could find, with the laudable idea of building up a visual history of the film industry from 1894 to the present day.

Eighty thousand people, it is estimated, have seen these hoary old veterans.

Still Fresh

Some of these, like D. W. Griffith’s Intolerance, produced twenty years ago, are extraordinarily fresh and up-to-date; even such early productions as Sarah Bernhardt’s Queen Elizabeth show unmistakable signs of the genius of the stage players who figure in them.

But others, ranging from The Great Train Robbery of 1903 to the first Theda Bara film, A Fool There Was, are extremely though unintentionally funny.

I remember, not so long ago, attending a film party, of which the star item was the screening of several silent films from the first decade of this century.

A hand-tinted colour version of Mary Queen of Scots was received with a good deal of ribald comment, but the climax of the evening’s entertainment was reached with a very early Continental version of Noah’s Ark, in which, as the producers obviously had only one camel, the patient beast was led up the gang-plank into the Ark twice over!

Solemn Absurdity

The solemnity with which this was done was, of course, responsible for the roar of laughter which greeted it; and the extraordinarily gymnastic ways of conveying emotion in those far-off days were the cause of a good many sore throats before the evening was out.

Not many years ago, perhaps eight—Christopher Morley, one of America’s leading writers, conceived the idea of staging some of the ancient melodramas in a dingy theatre in Hoboken, just across the Hudson from New York City.

These proved successful beyond his wildest dreams; and when he grew tired of the sport, other producers took it up, one of them being Harry Bannister, ex-husband of Ann Harding.

Bannister put on The Drunkard—and took it off after two years so that the cast could have a rest!

A Museum Piece

The Drunkard, one of the most famous of melodramas, was first produced in 1884, by the celebrated P. T. Barnum, at Huber’s Museum in New York; and it certainly is a museum piece. It concerns a young married couple and their child. Influenced by a villainous squire, the young husband takes to drink, and deserts his family.

There is also a faithful friend and his half-witted sister, and a poor old mother—all the ingredients of a first-rate heart-wrencher.

And it is undoubtedly the most amusing of the lot.

There was no need to exaggerate the grotesqueness of the piece; they played it in dead earnest, just as it had been played nearly a century before.

Gingered Up

Now the old play has been filmed; but unfortunately, in the manner of movie producers, its screen sponsors have done a little quite superfluous “gingering up” . . .

They have staged the melodrama in a shabby little old-time theatre; they have provided a modern audience, drinking beer and eating pretzels, and interjecting remarks and “razzberries”; and they have so burlesqued the actual production that it is merely a travesty of what it once was.

I saw it privately the other day, and I’m bound to say I found it excruciatingly unfunny. During thirty-five minutes I had two laughs—one at a remark of the dying mother, which had obviously been interpolated, and the other at a bit of “business” which was certainly not in the original play.

The point was that the piece was supposed to be played by a company of amateurs—who would most certainly not have burlesqued it.

Absurdities

Obviously its sponsors hope it will receive the kind of success which attended Young England on the stage—a riotous acceptance of its flagrant absurdities.

But when the players are so plainly conscious of the absurdity of the whole thing, the audience is robbed of the satisfaction of discovering that absurdity for itself.

To me, the film’s chief interest lay in the appearance, in the title-role, of James Murray.

This stalwart young-looking man filmed his debut in The Pilgrims in 1923, having had no stage experience whatsoever.

Then King Vidor chose him for the role of “John Sims” in his epoch-making film The Crowd—and that was the beginning of a twelve years’ screen career in Hollywood, during which Murray was idolised by the fans.

Could’t Take It

Gradually, however, his engagements became fewer and farther between. The titles of his films, towards the end of his career, grew more and more ominous. Heroes for Sale, Twenty Dollars a Week . . . and, finally, The Drunkard.

Poor James Murray! Like many another

(Continued on page 6)
before him, he "couldn't stand corn." His sudden prosperity and popularity had gone to his head, and he became unemployable.

The Drunkard, made last year, was in the nature of a come-back for him; but the come-back did not develop into a stay-back.

A few weeks ago a body was recovered from the black waters of the New York river; and not for forty-eight hours were the police able to identify the dead man as thirty-five-year-old James Murray, the darling of the fans.

And as a crowning stroke of irony, when he first appeared on the screen in The Drunkard, people round me exclaimed, "Why, it's Dick Powell!"

Penalty

And so James Murray joins the long list of Hollywood celebrities whose success was their undoing.

Jeanne Eagels, Wally Reid, Alma Rubens, Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, Jack Pickford, Olive Thomas, Karl Dane, Robert Ames—all went the pace too fast, and paid the penalty.

Contemplating a list like that, one is inclined to assume that all Hollywood stars are tarred with the same brush of recklessness.

But this is far from the truth.

For instance, I was mildly surprised to hear recently that a check-up on Hollywood motorists showed the film folk to be the most careful drivers.

The daddy of them all is Sir Guy Standing, who believes he drives when it was first considered reasonably safe to sit in a motor-car.

Although he is a member of the Midlands Race Track Association, to which some of the fastest drivers in Britain belong, he has yet to receive his first summons for a traffic offence.

Gary Started Young

Then there is Gary Cooper, who has been driving for nearly twenty years, starting as soon as he was big enough to reach the gear-levers.

He owns some of the most powerful cars in the film colony, and always drives himself, yet he has never had an accident; by the way, he actually did that speeding you saw him do in Desires—in one sequence exceeding eighty miles an hour.

Fred MacMurray, too, has a clean sheet, although he has driven practically all his life.

And as for the women—Carole Lombard, involved in a serious crash which nearly ruined her career (and which happened when she was not driving), now refuses to trust herself to anyone's driving but her own.

Claudette Colbert and Gladys Swarthout, too, are "safe" drivers, but they both envy the record of Carl Brisson, who has driven through practically every country in Europe, part of Africa, and most of the United States, and had neither a crash nor a "ticket."

S.O.S.

By the way, speaking of the exhibition of old silent films, I have just heard that Morley College, the famous educational centre for working men and women in Westminster Bridge Road, London, has had to suspend the operation of its film society because of lack of funds for the reconstruction of its apparatus.

This society has done good work in interesting the College's adult students in film technique and appreciation, by means of lectures, etc., and has also exhibited many classic silent films in its hall, which seats 600.

The society is now anxious to find funds to convert its apparatus from silent to sound, and would welcome any assistance from well-wishers in this respect.

Anyone interested should get in touch with the Secretary, Mr. G. Cottrell, at the College.

Bright Holidays Ahead

Whether it rains or shines, there is one holiday companion you cannot afford to be without—the "Picturegoer Summer Annual." Here is the ideal magazine for those restful hours when the office and the daily routine have gracefully retired—at least temporarily—into the background. One hundred pages packed with interesting articles dealing with the stars at work and play, as well as many full-page pictures of your favourites.

Jeannette MacDonald writes an intriguing article on the modern man—or rather, on the lack of him, for she avers he does not exist! Adam is still the old Adam.

The stories and brief criticisms of twelve notable releases and a long complete story of "Wife versus Secretary," are also included.

"The True Story of a Famous Star" is another of the scintillating articles in this attractive Annual. His identity remains concealed, but he seeks your advice on a matter of heart interest which he tells with amazing frankness.

You will have spent sixpence wisely if you invest in the "Picturegoer Summer Annual."

High Priest

One of the most interesting personalities I have met with recently is Irving Berlin, the High Priest of Jazz, who has been taking a big holiday in England.

Ever since the far-off day (probably before most of you were born) when I first picked out "Alexander's Rag-time Band" with one finger in the treble, I have been wanting to meet its creator; and since he has gone from triumph to triumph, the desire has become an urge.

So we sat for over an hour in the Savoy Hotel, arguing amiably the respective merits and peculiarities of rag-time and jazz.

You probably think I have a colossal nerve to argue with an expert like that; but that's the kind of fellow Irving Berlin is.

He's so modest that you forget he's an acknowledged world-expert; ballyhoo-modesty, he slyly calls it, but that's nonsense.

Three Fingers

"There's a legend," I said, "that when you composed 'Alexander's Rag-time Band' you couldn't read or write a note of music. Is that true?"

"It was true then, and it's true now," he declared. "People are inclined to make out that there's something remarkable in that, but I want to debunk that idea here and now.

"Reading and writing music is one accomplishment; composing is another. Some fortunate people have both accomplishments. I suppose if I tried hard to learn to score melodies, I could manage it in a few months; but mightn't I lose something by being tied down, conventionalised?"

"Look!" he said, holding up two fingers of his right hand and one of his left. "That's all I use—on a battered twenty-five-year-old piano. That gives me all the counterpart I need."

Words and Music

"And does someone write it down as you go?"

"No, I finish the work, whatever it is, before a note is written down."

"Remembering it all as you go?"

"Well, I compose the words as well as the music, and each helps me to remember the other."

I tried to get some idea of how he thought of his songs.

"We're afraid Donald Duck is doing a little more scene-stealing in the new Mickey Mouse film Moving Day."

Two favourites—Shirley Temple and Frank Morgan in "Boxery Princess."
Mr. Berlin (emphasis on the first syllable, please, to rhyme with Merlin) declares that every man and woman has one original tune in their head that’s just natural. “But if they can go on turning ‘em out,” he added, “that’s something else.”

Certainly he has that “something else,” for he is able to turn them out with astonishing freshness and facility.

Indeed, he recently completed six new songs for *On the Avenue* that bid fair to equal the best of his work. 

**Star Pupil**

Fans of Shirley Temple (who recently finished her work in *Dimples*) will be interested to hear that her heroine has passed her exams, with high honours after her second year of schooling.


"Take ‘Cheek to Cheek,’" he suggested. "The title phrase was out of a song I’d written some time earlier. The tune was one I’d thought of for a song about Italy. And as it was a song for Fred Astaire to dance to, and Fred dances a long time, it had to be a long song...."

**Singing Waiter**

But as he told me how he’d started, this Russian-born boy who was Singing Waiter in a Chinatown eating-house, I became conscious that his very simplicity is his great strength. He is admittedly "of the people"; and he knows the people, knows their needs, their tastes, their whims; and by following these (and also, to a great extent, by moulding these), he has made a fortune and provided us with some of the best jazz music of modern times. "Say It With Music," "What’ll I Do?" "All Alone," "Because I Love You," "Always," "Top Hat," "Isn’t It a Lovely Day?" "We Saw the Sea," "I’m Putting All My Eggs in One Basket"—these are a few of his contributions to the gaiety of nations.

Now he has composed all the music for the new Twentieth Century-Fox film, *On the Avenue,* of which he wrote the story, too.

Would you care to know in which departments Miss Temple has chiefly distinguished herself? Take a deep breath. Reading, arithmetic, co-operativeness, courtesy, dependability, industry, initiative, judgment, orderliness, promptness, self-reliance, and thrift.

From what we know of the infant star, they might have added "tap-dancing, charm, curly-headedness, cheerfulness, and popularity." Shirley is now to begin French lessons, and her mother will also give her piano lessons.

Shirley already plays many popular airs with one finger.

**For Men Only**

I am now addressing myself exclusively to you men—and especially those of you who object to waiting around for half an hour or so while the girl-friend "just slips into" an evening frock. Be thankful you didn’t live in 1823. In those days a party frock took two hours to "slip into"—even with the assistance of two maids.

That was Joan Crawford’s time for getting into a party frock for a scene in *The Gorgeous Hussy.* First she had to assume eleven petticoats, which took several minutes each to adjust; then came the fastening of 125 small hooks, which took 33 minutes.

And after the two hours were over, they had to start dressing Joan’s hair, which took half an hour or so.

Can’t you imagine her escort pacing up and down the hall like a caged lion while all that was going on?

**Murder!**

Two hundred thousand people now living in America will commit murder before they die. This statement, based on criminal statistics, was recently made by the chief of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation; but before he made it, Radio Pictures had already launched two screen stories on the subject at their Hollywood studios—*Who Are About to Die?* and *Don’t Turn ‘Em Loose.*

The first is by a young man who, while under sentence of death for murder, spent thirteen months in the Death Row in St. Quentin Prison, California, before being reprieved.

The second deals with the premature release of vicious criminals who violate their parole.

There is abundant screen material in the subject, and both films should prove to contain strong meat.

**Only a Bob**

I have just received a little book, "*Pros and Cons,*" which is a collection of reminiscences by celebrated concert artists, edited and compiled by my old friend Fred Rome, with a foreword by J. B. Priestley.

Many old pierrots are now film stars, and that makes it all the more interesting.

Anyway, the book costs only one shilling, and the money goes to the Concert Artists’ Benevolent Fund.

**Film Folk**

Charles Boyer will be co-starred with Greta Garbo in M.-G.-M.’s Napoleonic film *Beloved.*

The Marx Brothers are trying out their new film *A Day at the Races* on the stage, as they did with *A Night at the Opera.*

The Eleanor Powell film *Easy to Love* has been re-titled *Born to Dance.* James Stewart plays the hero in a tap-dancing role.

Four-year-old Juanita Quigley will also tap-dance with Eleanor Powell in *Born to Dance,* her ninth film.

Jean Harlow and Robert Montgomery are to be co-starred for the first time in M.-G.-M.’s *Love on the Run.*

Thornton Martin, associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* visiting Hollywood, was bombarded with requests for autographs by fans of Spencer Tracy, whom he strongly resembles. He obliged.

William Hall, Universal’s new 6 ft. 4 in. player, has been cast with Victor McLaglen as a kind of Flagg and Quirt team, in *A Fool for Blondes.* Binnie Barnes plays feminine lead.

James Whale, British director of *Show Boat,* will next direct *Time Out of Mind* for Universal.

Buck Jones, having completed *The Boss Rider of Gun Creek,* will shortly start on *Empty Saddles.*

Gloria Stuart has been cast opposite Edmund Lowe in Universal’s *Rich and Reckless.*

Dolores del Rio’s first subject under her new Columbia contract will be *Continental.*

James Dunn will next be seen in Columbia’s *The Fighter,* opposite Joan Blondell.

Jack Holt is back at Columbia, where his first role under his new contract will be *The Road to Nowhere.*

Gary Cooper’s father and mother will shortly visit Dunstable, where Judge Cooper has not been for fifty-four years, and where Gary spent two years at school.

GUY BEACON.
HARRY LANG is the author of this, the first of a series of three articles by different writers dealing with various aspects in the life of the famous star. The author draws aside the veil of self-effacement in which Ronald Colman shrouds himself and shows you the man as his close friends really know him.

And the third—that was not so long ago near Yuma, Arizona, where they were shooting Under Two Flags. In one scene, a knife is thrown to hit Colman, but it misses, sticks quiveringly into a post just beside his head. At least, that’s the way the scene should have gone. 20th Century-Fox had hired Hollywood’s most famous knife-thrower. In 20 practice throws he had stuck the knife into the post. Then came the “take.” Colman walked unconcernedly into the scene. Director Frank Lloyd gave the signal for the knife-thrower to do his stuff. His arm flipped, the knife whizzed flashing. It zipped by Colman’s ear so close he could hear it hiss. It hit the post—but it didn’t stick—the knife ricocheted, grazed Colman’s neck and buried itself in the sand. One more inch and Colman’s jugular vein

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would have been severed. Colman just grinned. Director Lloyd turned his back, fearing the worst.

Say anything? No—he didn’t say anything. Colman never says anything. That’s his one predominant characteristic—the fact that he doesn’t talk. He’s a male Garbo, that way. Those escapes from death show that luck must be with him. He lived through those, he’ll probably live through others. Live to go on and keep adding fine portrayals; live to go on enjoying life in his quiet, retiring fashion; live, perhaps, to marry again.

Ye, we might as well mention it. It’s the question that is asked by the great majority of fans who ask about Colman: Will he marry again? He did have one unfortunate venture but it was ended by divorce not so long ago. As to his plans, if any, about women, Colman himself is as silent as three sphinxes. But—and this is significant—a standup attaché who works pretty closely to Colman much of the time. “Marry again?” says this chap, when asked about Colman’s love-life; “Oh, shocks—I wouldn’t be surprised if he runs off to-morrow, elopes and marries her.” “Marries who?” you ask. And the fellow grins and apes Colman by not mentioning a name. But we in Hollywood know that his closest feminine friends are Ruth Chatterton and Benita Hume.

As for asking Ronnie—don’t. Because he won’t answer. Ronnie will not talk about women. He’s a 100-per cent. adherent to the gentleman’s code. There has risen from his silence about women the legend that he’s a woman-hater. Far from it, FAR! He’s quite the ladies’ man. As a host to women he’s almost too solicitous. He shows them with those little attentions they love. Whoever happens to be the most beautiful, he instinctively imagines that she’s the only love in his life. What with jumping up and down to light her cigarette, help her in and out of her car and see to her every imaginable whim before she’s even aware of it herself, Colman, in a woman’s presence, is the acme of perpetual attentiveness. What a man . . . But talk about them—NO! Not even his best friends know, from him, who’s top in his heart—whether it’s Benita or somebody else. The man can only judge and guess by his actions, and hers.

His home—and only recently has he consented to move into a Beverly Hills house—is a bachelor’s haven. All his servants are men. The only time the female influence really disturbs it is when Ronnie’s Filipino houseboy falls in love with some Boulevard blonde and fails to show up for work on time. Then Ronnie gets another Filipino. Major-Domo of the Colman ménage is one Tommy Turner, whose duties are so inclusive that he’s a sort of “deputy-colman.” If he wasn’t such a swell guy you’d call him Colman’s “stooge.” He’s social secretary, housekeeper, liaison-man, companion and friend to Colman. Without Tommy as his buffer, Colman would suffer. Much of his hermit-like home life would be less easy on him.

Colman detests any form of ostentation or personal ballyhoo. He doesn’t care about publicity. And as for his personal flash—why, there simply isn’t any! His wardrobe doesn’t dress up, and his car—there’s a perfect example. I don’t think even Garbo would be seen riding in what Colman qualifies as his automobile. It’s a super-annuated old heap but he loves it. He likes to get into some old clothes, pull a battered cap down farther over his eyes, and drive in that ancient car of his and drive somewhere alone. That’s his idea of a swell time. And it’ll probably be the desert he’ll drive to—where he can get away from people. Perhaps, when the thermometer is ‘way up above the 100-mark, Colman will drive out to his desert shack to get away from crowds.

Colman carries that generously trait of his of “not-talking-about-women” even farther. He carries it to the point wherein he won’t even talk about his enemies—and that, in Hollywood, is extraordinary. Like anyone else who’s found success, Ronnie has enemies—people who envy his inordinate success. The very deepest to whom he’s ever given away an unkind word about anyone. He’s the type who, when the thermometer is ‘way up above the 100-mark, Colman will drive out to his desert shack to get away from crowds.

Social life for Colman is expressed in terms of a tennis night game with Bill Powell. Bill is one of Ronnie’s few close friends. Besides Bill, there are the Warners, the Baxters, and a few others. Warner’s one of his pals, but it took Warner a long time to know him. As far as Colman is concerned, he Baxter admits, Colman has been his ideal. And now, Warner, with Powell and Barthelness, and “Liz” Allan and Ruth Chatterton and Benita—these constitute a sort of closed circle, a social world of their own. Their gatherings are confined to the walls of their own homes; they shun and abhor nightclubs. They believe in individual privacy. They are the few in Hollywood who have, for the most part, succeeded in keeping their private lives private. And Colman has lived as a self-made man.

Besides tennis, boats are his great passion—boats and travel. He wants to own a boat of his own. He can’t find one quite “crummy” to satisfy him. He doesn’t want it for swank. They try to sell him fancy yachts like Chaplin’s or Howard Hughes’, but all Colman wants is a sturdy old tub that’ll sail the seas and not be pointed out by Catalina glass-bottom boat sightseers.

When and if he finally finds himself, he wants to sail to out-of-the-way places, and not be “receptioned” to death. That’s why he finds it so difficult to travel—he can’t get away from the fan-worship when he’s recognisable. His travel is through. Usually, for example, he hires a courier when travelling abroad. The last time he did, he ordered him from place to place and make hotel reservations. In a swell hotel he was married to Colman’s name and in a little side-street doll he reserves rooms for himself. Then Colman slips into town, montages into the old room, and together join and lets the courier occupy the swanky suite reserved for the star! The courier didn’t the rank hotel proprietor that M’sieu Colman has change his name mind and weel not come to town. And in the meantime, Colman, incognito, is having the time of his life right there in town!

Once it didn’t work. That, too, was in Spain. The courier had done his stuff, but somehow, the owner of the little side-street hotel had got to know this, though. Comfortable that night in his little second-rate room, Colman answered a knock at the door, was astounded to see the manager, in a topper, declare suavely: “An, now, weel Meestor Colman please to come to de banquet?” Colman,aghast, out into the sherry hall, sure enough, was a banquet table with scores of the town’s big shots waiting for him. Admitting defeat, Colman sat at the festive board. He learned that the hotel manager had plastered the town with posters announcing “un gran fête” at which Colman was to preside, and after the banquet at five dollars a head! Next day, Colman left town on the first train.

Yet with all his crowd-dodging, Colman is a charming fellow among those with whom he works. He’s not upstage. To his co-workers he’s Ronnie, and not “Mister Colman. He doesn’t “star it” around the lot. He doesn’t have a private table at the studio commissary for lunch; he’d rather have a ham sandwich at the counter with a fellow from the publicity department. This lack of swank manifests itself in downright timidity at times. Just the other day, at M.-G.-M., he wanted to visit a set next to “those two big ones” on his own picture, he wandered over, but the guard gave him a dirty look, not recognising him. Colman, of course, could have said to the man “Hi there, Ronnie. I just want to visit this set.” But did he? No—frightened, he fled to his Tommy Turner who arranged the visit.

It’s hard to sum the man up. His friends insist he’s one of the grandest guys in the world. To others he’s a tight-lipped stranger. To interviewers he’s a great man, but nothing out of him about which to write. But once, to an interviewer, Colman himself said some highly illuminating things. He was discussing his money, and how nothing was going to make him change his mind about it. He’d never think of giving away any of his money, he said. He’d keep it all for himself.

“Can’t,” Colman said, “is the direct antithesis of the Hollywood yes-man. It was impossible for Caron to make compromises with others, or with himself, or with the problems of life. He was the most unheroic of heroes, but he had a great mental fortitude. He would risk his neck to get a guillotine with a smile on his lips because he was strong enough to be himself. He’d never trounce to anybody; he’d always be himself, and would stand by his convictions. He was not dedicated to the desire to court popularity, although he was a brilliant man. He lived his life without a thought for the impression he was making on those around him . . .”

That’s what Ronnie Colman said about Sidney Caron. I wonder if he knew, as he said those words, that he was giving the best picture of himself.

NEXT WEEK

Ronald Colman, in an interview with Katherine Hartley, discusses the part he plays in his new picture, “Lost Horizons,” and explains his own philosophy of life.

As Bob Conway, an adventurer with a strong streak of idealism in his mental make-up, the famous star has a part which appeals to him enormously. This remarkable article sheds a new light on the ideals, interests, and mental outlook of the famous star.
WAR OVER WILTSHIRE

BRUCE WOODHOUSE, "Picturegoer's" War Correspondent, visited the Gaumont-British front at Amesbury during the making of "O.H.M.S." His first and last dispatch from this battle area appears below.

Their leader, mounted on a magnificent grey which, to lend additional colour to the scene, had acquired not only a perfect rash of black spots, but a mane of exceptional thickness, raised his rifle and charged down the winding track towards the fort. Behind him, streamed his men mounted on what appeared to be Mongolian steeds—New Forest ponies have uses undreamed of by the average motorist.

As they thundered towards their objective, their comrades broke cover to join the sortie. Calling loudly upon the tribal gods of Lancs., of Brum. and of Surrey—in private soldier life they belong to the Loyal (North Lancashire), the Royal Warwickshire and the Queen's Regiments—they stormed forward.

Would the attack prove successful? Apparently not, even when it seemed that the operation was being carried out according to plan—as we War Correspondents are wont to observe—the Great Voice aforesaid ordered all ranks to take up their original positions preparatory to emulating old soldiers by fighting their battles o'er again.

All really efficient war correspondents mix with the troops to record the least censorable portions of their military prattle. This is known as "getting the human angle on Armageddon," and here's my contribution.

Cried a muddied infantryman to a very tall comrade mounted on a very small pony that refused to do more than amble: "Get off and carry him, chum, or you'll miss the blin' battle!"

A later attack proved more successful, and I am happy to say that the battle ended in good time for the warriors to have their tea at 5.30. In fact, throughout the campaign the time schedule was strictly adhered to, and when you realized that on a theatre and troops were concerned, this is a very great feather in the Gaumont-British tin hat.

At a conference at the Gaumont-British H.Q. held in the library after the battle, I learnt that the title of the picture, "O.H.M.S." (which suggests Income Tax rather than Box Office门口) is of a prescriptive value. I ventured to suggest that, with so much that is Chinese in the picture, it might well be called, The Chink in Armour, and was promptly placed under arrest and returned to London under escort.

But not before I had collected a lot of swell Chinese battle news.

And a lot of swell Wiltshire mud!
LET loose in the studios where George Cukor was directing *Romeo and Juliet*, our cameraman obtained these shots of some of the all-star cast on and off the set.

(Left) George Cukor, directing Norma Shearer, Juliet, and Ralph Forbes, Paris, in the ballroom scene, and above, suggesting an "entrance" for Romeo into the presence of C. Aubrey Smith and Violet Kemble Cooper as Lord and Lady Capulet.

Leslie Howard, Romeo, and Edna May Oliver, Juliet's nurse, take a well-earned rest between scenes.

Leslie Howard and John Barrymore, Mercutio, still appear to be seriously Shakespeare conscious, even off the set.

Shots with Our Candid Camera

(Left) Reading from left to right, Conway Tearle, Prince of Verona; Reginald Denny, Benvevo; Ralph Forbes, Paris; Henry Kolker, Friar Lawrence; and Basil Rathbone, Tybalt.
UR readers' votes have placed Elisabeth Bergner and Leslie Howard at the top of the ballot for our gold medals which in the past four years have become the most coveted of honours to be bestowed on screen artistes.

We take this opportunity to thank the great percentage of readers who have co-operated with us in making these awards really representative of the opinion of filmgoers in this country.

Not only have they helped pay a well-merited tribute to the artistes who entertained them, but they have also given an indication to producing companies and exhibitors of the trend of public taste in the matter both of pictures and artistes.

The number of performances which have received votes in the poll are, by men 113, and by women 99.

This, naturally, includes votes cast for the same artistes in two or three of their pictures released during 1935.

The positions of the first ten actors with the percentage of votes they received are as follows—

Per cent.
1. Leslie Howard. The Scarlet Pimpernel 15
2. Gary Cooper. Lives of a Bengal Lancer 14.5
3. Robert Donat. The Count of Monte Cristo 14
4. Franchot Tone. The Lives of a Bengal Lancer 13.7
5. Robert Donat. Thirty-Nine Steps 7
6. Victor McLaglen. The Informer 6.4
7. Freddie Bartholomew. David Copperfield 6.1
8. Clark Gable. China Seas 6
9. Ronald Colman. Clive of India 6
10. W. C. Fields. David Copperfield 5.9

It is interesting to compare this with the votes recorded for the performances in the 1934 releases.

Per cent.
1. Clark Gable. It Happened One Night 30
2. William Powell. The Thin Man 7.3
3. Charles Laughton. Henry VIII 7.3
4. Fredric March. Barretts of Wimpole Street 6
5. George Arliss. House of Rothschild 5
6. Charles Laughton. Barretts of Wimpole Street 4.6
7. John Gilbert. Queen Christina 3.6
8. Conrad Veidt. The Wandering Jew 2.6
9. Conrad Veidt. Jew Suss 1.8
10. Leslie Howard. Berkeley Square 1.6

As can be seen last year's winner was streets ahead of his nearest rival, while in this year's ballot very little divides the first and second, and the next eight are also close on each other's heels.

Only three of last year's leaders are in the present list. Clark Gable, who drops from first to eighth position, Leslie Howard who comes from tenth to first place, and Charles Laughton, who

Elisabeth Bergner is awarded the gold medal for the best performance by an actress, for her brilliant character study in "Escape Me Never."

Robert Donat with Elissa Landi in "The Count of Monte Cristo." He was placed third in the ballot for his work in that picture.

Greta Garbo secured second place for her characterisation in "The Painted Veil."
Howard
Gold Medals

Leslie Howard, who won the gold medal award for actors for his performance in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He is seen with Merle Oberon.

had the honour of being voted into two leading places in last year's ballot, now ninth. This year Donat has this distinction for an American and a British première.


The voting for the performances of actresses also yields some surprises in comparison with last year's ballot. The first ten are as follows:—

Per cent.
1. Elisabeth Bergner. Escape Me Never 28.7
2. Greta Garbo. The Painted Veil 16.3
3. Katharine Hepburn. The Little Minister 7.2
4. Anne Neagle. Nell Gwynn 6.9
5. Bette Davis. Of Human Bondage 6.5
6. Anne Shirley. Anne of Green Gables 6.2
7. Joan Crawford. Forsaking All Others 5.8
9. Shirley Temple. The Little Colonel 3.8
10. Claudette Colbert. Private Worlds 2.6

For purposes of comparison here is the order of the ballot for the 1934 releases:

Per cent.
1. Greta Garbo. Queen Christina 42
2. Norma Shearer. Barretts of Wimpole Street 21
3. Nova Pilbeam. Little Friend 8
4. Myrna Loy. The Thin Man 5
5. Claudette Colbert. It Happened One Night 4
6. Jessie Matthews. Evergreen 3.2
7. Katharine Hepburn. Little Women 2.4
8. Margaret Sullivan. Only Yesterday 2
9. Elisabeth Bergner. Catherine the Great 1.8
10. Maureen O'Sullivan. Barretts of Wimpole Street 1.6

Here again the overwhelming voting for the first place has given way to a fairly close fight for this year's two leading positions. Although they are well ahead of the third favourite, Katharine Hepburn.

Four of this year's first ten were placed in the last year's voting, but notable absentee is Jesse Matthews, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer, the last mentioned had no release in 1935.

The runners-up are as follows: Edna May Rover, David Copperfield who runs Grace Moore and Claudette Colbert very close for the tenth place; Jean Harlow, China Seas; Margaret Sullivan, The Good Fairy; Jesse Davis, Border Town; Jeanette MacDonald, Naughty Marietta; Merle Oberon, The Scarlet Pimpernel; Paula Wessels, Madame; Ginger Rogers; Roberta; Maureen O'Sullivan, The Hide Out; Myrna Loy; Evelyn Prentice; Margaret Sullivan, Little Man, What Now?; Natacha Rambova, Over the River; Maureen O'Sullivan, David Copperfield; Mady Christians, A Wicked Woman; Myrna Loy, Strictly Confidential; Nova Pilbeam, The Man Who Knew Too Much. Jesse Matthews, sixth last year, received fair support for her performance in First a Girl.

Everybody, I think, will agree that Elisabeth Bergner's work in Escape Me Never fully deserved the recognition it has received from the film-going public, and we congratulate her on her success. Leslie Howard, too, is fully deserving of the position he has gained, which was hotly contested by Cary Cooper for his fine work in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer. Incidentally I was rather surprised that Sir Guy Standing did not poll many votes for his outstanding performance in the same picture.

As in past years the voting has not been restricted to residents of the British Isles. We have had numerous post cards from foreign countries supporting the artists who, in their opinion, have given the best acting performances during 1935.

We shall shortly be giving details of the presentation of our gold medals to the winners, and in the meantime we should like to reiterate our thanks to our readers who have once again helped us to make Picturegoer's awards of definitely critical value, and to honour those stars who have worked so hard to entertain us. Just as a postscript the names of the winners in the first and second years of the Gold Medal Awards may be of interest. For 1932-33, Ronald Colman in Arrowsmith, and the late Marie Dressler in Emma headed the list. In 1933-34, Norma Shearer in Smiles Through, and Clive Brook in Cavalcade were chosen.

Katharine Hepburn was voted into third place for her work in "The Little Minister," while Cary Cooper comes second for his fine performance in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
AST week I told you Vivien Leigh was to play the lead in a film to be made at Denham shortly.

Meanwhile, she figures prominently in the brilliant cast which Eric Pommer has assembled for his first British production, to be presented by London Films—Fire Over England.

Denham has gone completely Elizabethan for the occasion. Turrets and buckled shoon are such a commonplace that the people without them feel like intruders from another age.

Queen Elizabeth herself is Flora Robson, one of the cleverest actresses of our day, and, incidentally, a charming woman. Then the important part of Philip of Spain is in the hands of Raymond Massey, and one just imagine what a suave, debonair, sinister figure Massey will make of His Catholic Majesty.

The Earl of Leicester will be Leslie Banks; you see—all the people who have already made successful appearances in previous London films.

And this is as it should be.

Romance

Laurence Olivier is playing the romantic role of Michael Ingolby, and Vivien Leigh plays Cynthia, opposite him. Then my dear old friend Moore Marriott (who to be a hundred and seventy years old) plays Lord Burleigh, and Tamara Desni the glamorous is Elena, whoever Elena may be. But I'll bet she's a wow.

The other roles that have so far been filled are a couple of Ambassadors. One Spanish, Helena Rubenstein; the other Lawrence Hammitz.

William K. Howard of Hollywood is directing it; and the cameraman, Chinese by birth and American by persuasion, knows his job. It is James Wong Howe, who photographed Whipsaw, Vita Villa, and The Thin Man. Does he know his job?

The settings will include rooms in the Queen's palace, the palace courtyard, and a military camp scene at Tilbury with over a thousand extras.

In addition, Eric Pommer has hired Cornwell and the English Channel, and will use them both in the film.

Music Barred

For some time I have been expecting June Clyde to begin work in Star of the Circus at B.I.P. She is billed as Sally Hardy, but that has rather hung Fire, and now June is playing with Tauber in Land Without Music at Denham.

And her compatriot Snazelle Durante is playing her father.

Durante plays the part of John F. Whistler, special representative of the British Consul, who has come from Europe, somewhat retarded by the fact that he always travels by donkey-cart, and arrives in Luca (not far, I gather, from the Ruritanian border) just as the Princess Regent has banned all forms of music from her land.

Diana Napier is the Princess Regent, so don't be surprised if she promises the most hair-raising and jaw-dropping performance of the season. She was a model and a fashion conscious woman, and she causes her to change her mind turns out to be Richard Tauber.

So they call the bands for the girl who banned the bands... As June Clyde would say, "Every line a cue-line."

Building Hotels

I'll bet you won't recognise Snazelle in a wig... provided it comes far enough forward. Actually, I wish to see whether in that far-off day, over a century ago, he was "mordified" or "boined up."

All this, of course, is at Denham; yes, I almost said "of course" literally. Most of the important production seems to be up in those parts lately. In fact, the rivalry between Denham and Elstree is getting keen.

There is this matter of hotels.

There has been a good deal of talk about building a hotel at Denham to accommodate the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of film folk who will presently be working there; but nothing very much seems to have been done about it.

So Tom Walls took the matter in hand, and built a huge hotel on the set for Dishonour Bright, the Gielgud-Gielgud film which he is starring in as well as directing.

To Make You Whistle

Not to be outbuilt, Elstree proceeded to erect a still larger one, big enough to make you whistle—and, appropriately on the set of the Jack Buchanan picture for Herbert Wilcox Productions, This'll Make You Whistle.

On the largest stage in the B.I.P. studios, having an area (in case you like areas) of fifteen thousand square feet and goodness knows how many million cubic ones, has been built the Airport Hotel at a French resort, showing two stores facing and flanking a terraced patio containing a swimming pool and backed by two pergolas covered with wisteria and grape-vines.

Looks pretty good, I'll say.

Also there's a wide outside staircase from the ground floor to the Upstairs.

A Little Sum

The swimming-pool is 825 square feet in area, and if you want to know the depth all you have to do is to take the capacity (sixty thousand gallons of water) and work it out from that, always bearing in mind that a pint of water weighs twenty ounces approximately.

This gives us ... well, anyway, there are fifty-old trees with green and silver artificial leaves, and the courtyard is lined with dozens of flowering shrubs, hydranges, magnolia, geranium, phlox... End of gardening section. Beginning of joinery section.

Forty thousand feet of timber, twelve thousand square feet of insulating material... I think the joiners might end here; I've said enough to indicate that this is the set for the largest and most elaborate room yet built indoors in Britain. Just in time. I didn't have time to study given you the cast, and apologising deeply if I have, here it comes—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Jean Gillie, William Kendall (Harry's young brother Bill, that is), David Hutcheson, Tony Holmes, Margaret Brooks, Irene Vere, Maggie Macphoid, Jo Monkhouse, and Miki Hood, who is the latest addition to Herbert Wilcox's contract list.

Troops Mawing

Seems to me it's some time since we looked in at Salon, but this is a good moment to repair that omission, for they are shooting important scenes in the Universal-Wainwright production The Secret of Stamboul, which Andrew Marton is directing.

Here again we have a whacking big set, completely filling the new 150 ft. sound-stage—the gateway and courtyard of Prince All's palace.

Here the troops have been massing for revolt (well, who wouldn't mass for revolt at a guinea a day?); and on the lower levels of the building, supplied with Turkish uniforms, swords, rifles, hand grenades, machine-guns, boxes of ammunition, and a guinea a day, these are great days for the crowd people—that is, those of them who habitually get the work; but it's confined to only a fraction of those who think they ought to have it.

James Mason and Valerie Hobson are playing the leads in this. Valerie, as you know, has been in Hollywood for the last couple of years, on contract to Universal. She's still very young—I mean really very young, twenty or so—and easy at a B.C. to look at, but much more interesting.

No Monster

Incidentally, because she played the title-role in The Bride of Frankenstein, many people (who didn't see that picture) imagine she's a kind of female monster.

Actually, of course, it wasn't Frankenstein who was the monster at all; he was the bloke who made the monster; but you can't get that into the heads of the people who declare they saw Boris Karloff as Frankenstein.

Good cast here, by the way. Frank Vosper has spent most of the week being knocked on the head and lying bound and gagged. And now let us switch without ceremony to Ealing Green, where there is a new answer to the maiden's prayer.

He is Frederick Bradshaw. Age, 26. Height about 6 ft. 2 in. I should think, though I didn't have my tape-measure with me. Broad-shouldered and pretty hefty, or he wouldn't have worked as a lumberjack, which he did in Canada. Reason he went to Canada was that working in a banana-company's office in London wasn't exciting enough. Worked in a bank in Canada, then drifted into a large department store, and from there progressed to jacking lumber, which he found much more satisfactory than jacking bananas.

However, somewhere or other he had contracted footlights, which is a dread disease urging its victims to go on the stage.

He joined a repertory company in Vancouver, B.C.—the initials denoting place, not time. Remember, he's only 26.

Going Places

Then he came home, and for the last eighteen months he has been playing bits, tiny parts
in quota quickies—anything that would gain him recognition.

And at last he got it, while he was playing the radio announcer in the late lamented City Films' Radio Lover. A talent scout spotted him, and persuaded London and Continental to give him a part in The World is Mine, opposite Frances Day, in which he is now playing.

London and Continental have signed him up for four films. He’s an attractive-looking youngster. I have a feeling he’s going places.

This is certainly an interesting production, and an ambitious one for a new production-company to undertake.

Consider the cast, how it shines! Besides the blonde, talented, and highly-amusing Miss Day, and the newly-arrived Mr. Bradshaw, we have Nelson (“Bunch”) Keys, Marie Lohr, Eliot Makeham, Margaret Yardie, Morris Harvey, Ivor Barnard, Charles Peirose, Arthur Finn (there are some of the cleverest character actors in England) and Dolly Hamley Clifford.

Reginald Denham, who gave Frances Day her first leading part on the English stage, is directing it.

Ann and Margot

Here are two items of news about women—one an American who is often mistaken for an Englishwoman, and the other vice versa, if you get me.

The American is Ann Harding, and it has just been announced what film she will star in for Max Schach of Capitol.

It is Love from a Stranger, which has been running as a play in the West End of London for about four months.

The Englishwoman is Margaret Graham; there was a possibility she might play opposite Edward G. Robinson in Thunder in the City, but I feel sure she would have been miscast in that.

Instead, she has a good strong dramatic part, one into which she can get her teeth, for the new Criterion film at Worton Hall.

They haven’t yet tied a tag on this, which makes it a little awkward to refer to; however, I suppose it’ll be christened before long.

Gangsters

In this, Margot will play a gangster’s moll; the gangster will be Basil Sydney, who is a very fine actor, and the scene of the story, which is adapted from “The House of a Thousand Windows,” is a large department store in London.

There is usually a certain amount of reluctance to show American gangsters in London, except in a comedy, but I don’t see why. It seems to two of the greatest tenors of all time—Richard Tauber and John McCormack—are supplying it.

There must be a good deal of friendly rivalry between the various unit sound engineers as to which will be able to bag the best-sustained high note.

By the way, I think Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth in Fire Over England must have one of the toughest jobs at Denham at the moment.

For the Tapestry Room scene she has to wear a dress weighing over 100 lbs., in addition to a high and heavy wig of reddish hair, glittering with jewels.

Her make-up takes two and a half hours to put on every morning; and, as you can easily work out for yourselves, if she wants to be on the set at nine (which she does), she must roll reluctantly out of her crib at 5.45, and be at the studio before seven.
An idea of the havoc caused by the earthquake in San Francisco in 1906.

San Francisco

After the earthquake, Jeanette was in a feverish state of mind, the catastrophe occurred, hence the following incident.

Clark Gable takes Jeanette MacDonald for a buggy ride. A delicious bit of love-making on his part.
THIS actually justifies the heading "Super-dous Production." The story is built round the famous San Francisco earthquake of 1906, but there is an excellent lot of interest between Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy deserves great credit for his playing of straight-hitting padre—a unusual role for him. Jeanette has grand opportunities for using her beautiful voice. Altogether a picture to make sure of seeing.

Clark Gable searching the streets of San Francisco after the earthquake, for Jeanette.

Jeanette takes her place in the choir at the dedication of the new organ in Spencer Tracy's church.

Father Spencer Tracy having a heart-to-heart talk with saloon-singer Jeanette MacDonald.
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When you feel twice your age and every bone aches, just soak awhile in a 'Reudel' bath. Let the soft oxygenated water take weariness out of you and soothe those frayed nerves. Feel your gay self once more!

The oxygen in the 'Reudel' Cube cleanses every pore of acid secretion giving your skin a chance to breathe... giving you fresh vitality and new beauty. Try a 'Reudel' bath to-night!

Reudel Bath Cubes Oxygenate your Bath
6 cubes 1/- or sold separately 2 1/2 each.
Now obtainable in refreshing pine and fragrant lavender perfumes, as well as the delightful original scent.

The Sun Shines on Make-up!
"How I love the summer. The sun and the sea! It makes me feel glamorous, colourful!"
"And you look it! It's your mouth. I don't expect you'll tell me—but what lipstick do you use?"
"Why, Elfrida. I thought you knew. I suppose you use one of those pricy ones—£5 or thereabouts."
"Yes. Why—how much is yours?"
"Sponge."
"Nonsense! The colour harmonises so well and brings out your beauty and you say it's expensive?"
"It's true. I just picked up one of those ghastly pricier for cosmetics. I couldn't afford them. Yet I had to be beautiful, and now I've found Elfrida! Get it at Woolworth's or any chemist."
"I certainly shall."

ELFRIDA LIPSTICK

If, owing to the enormous demand, your chemist is out of stock, send 6d. direct to:

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MY DEAR,
its unbelievable
10 minutes ago
I was tired & fed up but this
OXYGEN bath
has cured my blues

And does it feel good!

The PERFECT PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE
ALWAYS KEEPS YOU SWEET and DAINTY
MARSANTA POWDER
is the most harmless underarm toilet DEODORANT that can be used. It in no way hinders natural healthful perspiration. It modifies and corrects any excess without throwing the imbalances—which are given off by perspiration—back into the system as powerful irritating agents are apt to do. MARSANTA prevents all unpleasant odour instantly it is applied, and keeps you and your garments free from any clinging taint. Since its introduction by an English physician some 25 years ago it is still agreed by the medical profession that a toilet deodorant is best supplied in Powder form. Used by actresses, film stars, and active women and men all over the world. Boxes 1/6, 2/6, 4/6. Rose perfumed and unscented. Obtainable at Boots branches, dept. stores, etc. also direct in plain wrapper, post paid, from—

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The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONIANGAN

AFTERTHE production of "One Rainy Afternoon" and "The Gay Desperado" (the latter may have a new title before it reaches England) Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, heads of Pickford-Lasky Corporation, have decided to suspend production.

The announcement causes Hollywood to wonder if Mary has decided to cease making pictures. She has a keen production mind and a very positive one, so much so that I wondered, when she and Lasky announced their affiliation, how long the agreement would last. Lasky, one of the founders of Paramount, is used to having his own way, and so is Mary, once the queen of the films. Rumours have been current that the two celebrities have clashed. Possibly there is truth to these reports.

Another yarn is that Mary will soon be elected President of United Artists, of which she is one of the partners.

Mary Pickford is a very capable woman, one who could give splendid productions to the screen, but not as a co-producer. She will not permit interference, and, to be successful, should be unhampered, with free rein to select directors, stars and staff of which she approves.

Chaplin's Proteegé

Paulette Goddard probably was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but Charlie Chaplin has provided the utensil! The door to film opportunity, so eagerly sought by millions of talented girls, has been unlocked to Paulette by the clever British comedian.

Chaplin admits that he plans to star Paulette next season in at least one feature, to be produced and directed by himself, and is also willing to loan her to other studios if she is given parts that he considers worthy of her talents. Paulette's feature for the British star will be a talkie, unlike all previous Chaplin releases, which have heretofore been silent.

Chaplin and Paulette refuse to admit they are married, although the well-known columnist Walter Winchell, declares that Paulette told him she has been the star's bride since her birthday in 1893.

A Lady's Age

Kay Francis announces that a Los Angeles newspaper was in error when it stated she was born in 1889. She says she made her advent in this world of sorrows in 1905, a matter of six years later.

The actress, who won fame in "The Angel of Mercy," recently made application to have her name, so far as legality is concerned, registered as Kay Francis, the cognomen under which she won screen fame.

When Kay was born, her name was Katherine Gibbs. Later she married J. Dwight Francis, William Gaston II, and Leo Mazner, known better to the films as Kenneth MacKenna, actor-director. All three husbands were divorced.

Miss Francis says she will never marry again.

However, Kay is charming and beautiful, so we never know!

Loving Hearts!

Cupid shoots his darts as usual, with a sickening fear that possibly some of his arrows may end in the divorce courts.

Well, here is the report:

Myrna Loy, glamorous screen actress married Arthur Hornblow, Paramount studio executive, who for several years was associated with Samuel Goldwyn, of United Artists. Hornblow led a previous matrimonial experience, but Myrna had none.

Harry Wilcoxson, British actor, who made a graduate in "The Crusader," surrendered to the charms of an American girl when he married Sheila Browning, young film actress.

Corinne Griffith, who is well acquainted with wedding bells, journeyed to Armond, New York, where she married George Marshall, a millionaire, who made his wealth in the laundry business.

This is the romantic news to date! More to follow!

A Bride's Welcome

Hollywood is confident that when Joan Blondell receives her final divorce decree from George Barnes in September, wedding bells will be ringing for Joan's nuptials to Dick Powell. Dick has a bachelor place, but I hear he plans to dispose of it, and acquire a larger home.

Why should Dick move, unless he contemplates matrimony?

Glorifying Marriage!

Many film husbands and wives, in cases where they have a box office name, feel they should have the opportunity to play opposite each other. This is done on the stage, but has not gone over so well in the screen. Among those married folk who like to make mimic love on the screen are Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, John Beal and Helen Craig.

Actors are illogical folk, and cannot realise that fans have no interest in watching an actor and an actress apparently fall in love in a picture, when the audience is well aware that they are already married in real life!

Claudette Reflects

Claudette Colbert induced Adrian, the famous studio dress designer, to re-decorate her home.

One of the most striking features is the star's boudoir. The blinds, when closed, become a mirror and give Claudette a full-length view of herself. Needless to say, Claudette is delighted!

A Drain-Pipe Daddy

Oliva Dionne, father of the famous quintuplets, is a devoted parent, as he recently demonstrated.

Mr. Dionne was refused permission to see the quintuplets, because the older children, living with their parents, were suffering from measles. So he crawled through a drain-pipe, gained admission to the grounds of the hospital where the quins have lived since their birth, and looked at his offspring through a window. He was noticed by the guards, but, as he did not attempt to enter the hospital building, he was not molested.

Dr. Dafoe, the children's guardian, says that Papa and Mamma Dionne may visit the quintuplets as soon as the other children recover from the measles.

The Sad Sea Waves!

Margaret Lindsay, the American girl who won her chance in Hollywood by pretending to be an English actress, recently did plenty of worrying whilst out in a small boat off Catalina Island, accompanied by Donald Woods and Humphrey Bogart, who were on location with her. The three decided to sail from the Catalina Isthmus to Avalon, which is located at the other end of the island.

The motor went dead, and for three hours Margaret and her companions tossed about in a heavy sea until they were rescued by a passing motor boat.

When we realise that the waters about Catalina are often as rough as the British Channel, it is easy to imagine the feelings of the helpless players!
THE UNGUARDED HOUR

The Story of the Film
by MARJORY WILLIAMS

Bunny pricked up his ears. Was it possible that Alan still kept in touch with Diana Rogers of that address? No. His devotion to Helen was too sincere for that, yet...

"On the way to the christening I thought I saw you turning into Mallet Street from the Embankment," Eloise was saying. "I could have sworn it was you. You must have a double in London."

"Well, I'm satisfied, so long as he doesn't start putting my name to cheques," Alan chaffed. Helen's concealed look of distress at Eloise's reference to Mallet Street, coupled with the feeling that something had to be done to win Alan's sympathy with George Metford, induced Bunny after dinner to embark upon a ruse which he hoped would have the desired effect.

The bridge table, vacated by Lord Hathaway, who, whatever he was doing, retired to bed at 10.30, consisted of General Lawrence, Alan, and himself.

"Alan, old boy, you shouldn't play any more to-night. Your mind isn't on the game," Bunny accused.

"Why did you lead the knave of diamonds up to the king?"

"Ah! Post-mortems in order, I see, General. It's an old family custom. The Deardens always lead the knave to the king."

"I suppose you thought I had the ace; though why you did, heaven only knows. You wouldn't look at my hand, yet you were sure I had the ace. You didn't see Metford kill his wife, and you're sure he did," Bunny pressed.

"Why bring up the Metford case?"

"Because the chances are he's as innocent as I am," Jefferies, you don't really believe that," inquired General Lawrence. "The chain of evidence is complete."

" Might be just a series of coincidences. We all at times have our unguarded hour, when everything is against us. When we can't remember faces, dates, or places. Metford had his unguarded hour, but, unfortunately, it was synchronised with his wife's death. Take the murderer's first line of defence. He must tell a consistent story. Now the real criminal provides such a story in advance."

"Naturally."

"But the innocent man, ask him where he was and what he did at such an hour, and he'll have the greatest difficulty in answering you. People don't bother to remember these things."

"An innocent man could."

"But could he? Could you?"

"Doubtful."

"All right. Let's assume a crime was committed this afternoon, and that you're under suspicion. How do you explain an alibi? Say, for instance, the crime was committed between five and six. Where were you during that hour? I choose it because I happen to know you failed to keep an appointment at 5.15."

"Well, Bunny, to tell the truth, I thought you'd make a better-looking godfather."

"Don't evasive. Where were you between five and six? You're stopping to think already."

"I'm afraid he's right, Alan," put in the General."

"But, when I left chambers, I was sent for by your father because I thought Helen might want it."

"What about the plain-clothesman who look after you since you broke up the race-course gang?"

"I dismissed him. I just couldn't have him dogging my footsteps. He was getting on my nerves."

"Then I suppose you realise that in getting rid of Sergeant Burn you've lost the only witness who could prove definitely where you spent the time in question, Alan? Do you see the implication? You are now under suspicion. Already you've done two things you never should have done. You've dismissed a plain-clothesman and the detective assigned to guard you.

"And you're bothered with all this? There hasn't been a crime."

"No, but if there had been and you were suspected that would be considered suspicion of guilt."

At this point Alan, certainly disturbed from his usual composure, rang for drinks. Rumorously, he pressed Alan; extracting from him an admission that he had walked to a Finsbury appointment in that turn out to be a deserted office, after which he had looked at the river from the Embankment.

August 8, 1936

"That cut on your hand—I remember you said it was caused by a nail. Let me have a look at it."
And have you got one witness to prove,' Bunny persisted, "that, after you’d failed to find your client in, you met at a bank? Remember your life may depend on this.

"Yes—er—I bought a paper at the corner of Charter Cross Bridge. The Chronicle—no, the Record. No, I haven’t got it with me. I must have dropped it the other day."

"Delightfully vague, eh, General? Now I’m coming to something quite different and altogether too pertinent to a practically condemned man. Your bandaged right hand. You told the General and myself, before you started to walk, that you had scratched the palm on a nail in a taxi.

"Quite true."

"Sure you didn’t get it in a life-and-death struggle with the victim?"

"No, I’m afraid not. I was carrying this joke a little too far.

"But all the evening you’ve been agitated; pale; unlike yourself. Besides, you don’t forget a thing. Who, after all, has known you all your life, thought she saw you in Mallet Street round a bent five o’clock?"

"Inspector Grainger to see General Lawrence," the butler announced. "Bunny and I met him later they returned to the library. The General, ignoring a drink on the mantelpiece, had dropped even the conversation for a moment.

"In a judicial voice he spoke to Alan.

"That cut on your hand—I remember very well you had a knife in your waistcoat."

"I wasn’t carrying any, sir.

"You’re lying."

"You’re being silly, sir."

"I was."

"You thought I was carrying a knife by a nail. Let me have a look at it. Can’t be too careful about these things, you know. The bandage is a fraud."

"What do you mean?"

"Whoever did it must have exercised the fingers just now; sure sign of a tight bandage. Ah!"

Alan produced a knife from a case made from a knife, Alan. Bunny exclaimed.

"A nail doesn’t make a clean cut like that."

"For heaven’s sake, stop it, Bunny."

"Fancy you’re trying to hambone me. That’s all. I was thinking you’d be, you know."

"Will you shut up?"

"But I see it all clearly. What were you doing this evening? After your marriage to Helen, the past year has been a steady climb for you up. I’ll bet you, you’re thinking of marrying again."

"I can’t forget a thing, please."

"You have a double ambition."

"It’s all very interesting."

"For heaven’s sake, stop it."

"I fancy you’re trying to hambone me. That’s all. I was thinking you’d be, you know."

"You’re lying."

"I was."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don’t you think it a little strange, General?"

"Strange," General Lawrence interrupted. Recalled from imagination’s flight by a moment of intense solemnity of the General’s terence. "It’s a curious coincidence. I know you, but the fact remains. The ignominious crime you have been committing was committed this evening in Mallet Street, and strangled in her flat—Diana Rogers. The doctor places her death between six and eight. You put her to bed, the floor, beside her, a knife with which she had evidently been defending herself. There was blood on the blade. So you murdered her with cut on the right hand.

General Lawrence’s voice ceased. There was a thinly illuminated cigarette. "Do you mind if I open a window?"

"I asked Cholmondeley. Alan’s voice came, him, was emphatic.

"I didn’t do it, but I’m nicely tied up. I had a letter, which I threw in the wastepaper basket from Diana Rogers. The General will find that letter. It will be the last link in the chain of evidence against me, you’ll see."

"If only you knew how sorry I am; if you could trust me to get you out of this. You’ve got your passport. Leave England to-night."

"Why should I? If it hadn’t been for our little difference, I suppose this would never have happened. Go home, Bunny. The General won’t arrest me here and now. He’s got to make sure of the facts before proving motive."

"The Metford trial, the importance of the case, is in Bunny’s mind to relatively nothing, at once assumed importance when Helen asked to be submomitted. Eloise’s reference to Mallet Street, added to Alan’s look of strain, had convinced Helen that her husband was up to no good. Events she could save George Metford from the gallows. Composed and dignified in dark ensemble and furs, she took the oath in the witness box at the Old Bailey. With answers to his questions, she described her walk on the Dover cliff, her meeting with General Metford, and acknowledged saving a bill from the pocket of a faintest marked bill to go too near the cliff edge. When, however, counsel for the defence pressed her as to her reasons for visiting Dover, Bunny saw her hesitate.

Must I answer these questions? What does it matter what I was doing at Dover or who I went to see?"

"The Judge went. "Looks entirely forward. I think counsel’s questions perfectly proper. Lady Dearden."

Throughout the explanation that followed, Bunny no more admired Helen’s clarity of statement than Alan’s interest in his wife’s making a full confession. Obviously, it was impossible for him to succeed. "One thing is known, the blackmailer, whose name even now Helen could not recall, the demand for two thousand pounds, the letter written before his marriage by Sir Alan to a woman, the journey to Dover, the stain on the note, the throwing of the bag containing the money over the cliff to an agent of the blackmailer’s worthless base. The Judge spoke, "Lady Dearden, you say you have forgotten the name of the blackmailer in this toulpt. Helen’s name appears to be wrong."

"Her name was Diana Rogers."

"Of 44 Mallet Street?"

"Yes.

"Through the glass half of the door leading to the ante-room, Bunny observed General Metford put aside papers with members of his staff, had been listening to every word uttered in court. Lawyer that he might have seemed hardened but written bow to the tremendous fact that in Helen’s final admission lay Alan’s"

"I am looking after your interests; that the General was no doubt waiting. Bunny’s fears were justified. Within minutes of General Metford’s acquittal, the court having risen, reporters were crowding the telephone booths. Diana Rogers, former sweetheart of Sir Alan Dearden! Lady Dearden’s testimony has undoubtedly saved Metford from the gallows and placed her husband in the dock! Sensational arrest of Sir Alan Dearden, victim of a blackmail plot, charged with attempted murder of Alan Rogers, flat," Alan said, "in answer to the letter she sent me, she rushed me with a knife. Obviously she was expecting to see someone else. I put up my right hand to ward off the knife and sensed the cut on my right hand. She raised the knife again. My fingers tightened on her wind-sipe. She collapsed, not fainting, as I thought—but dead."

General Lawrence looked grave. "Of course, you realise your plea of self-defense, Dearden, depends entirely on the man for whom Diana Rogers mustook you. Unless he appears and admits having quarreled with her prior to your arrival, I’m afraid your story won’t stand up."

"Murder of former in, General Lawrence’s office, Bunny looked for the first time on the tall figure and clean-shaven face of Helen’s blackmailer. He thought of the time husband of Diana Rogers, the General said, "I have brought up your account. You called me upon my estranged wife at four-thirty to discuss a divorce. She was drunk and abusive. She ordered me out of the house and I left."

Alan’s knife. He was thinking of the paper when Alan seized the blackmailing’s arm, wrenching off the glove on his right hand. "Hold that, Lewis! I want General Lawrence to look at this. As I thought. You killed Diana Rogers."

"The cut on my arm is an inch short of the blood-mark left by the wound as registered in the life-size photo of the neck of Diana Rogers. I was pretty sure you were the murderer, but my plan was to make you think you were not suspect, so that you would come forward as an alibi witness. My wife will tell you how much you blackmailed her for this time, for the statement you have just signed."

"Ten thousand pounds, darling," Helen said. "Mr. Lewis stepped in my car as I was leaving the house to see you this morning.

"Very clever of Lady Dearden," Mr. Lewis dark, tall and suave, complimented, smoothly, "to circulate a description of her former blackmailer as an underpaid, rather stupid looking man, bald, with fair moustache; and very clever of you, Sir Alan, to tell me into a false security with your confession. When I read it I only think I had killed Diana; merely choked her into unconsciousness."

"Darling Alan, I didn’t know you could lie so beautifully! Helen always, for I was a wall-mirror, Bunny felt pleased with himself for the first time in weeks. He was showing out the diplomas Bunny said that I was the genius who manufactured the undersized, stupid-looking bald, with fair moustache. Good heavens, I must have been describing myself!"

Freely based on the film "The Unguarded Hour," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screen Now," featured on page 24, for the full cast and Lionello Collier’s criticism of this film.
**CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS**

**FLORIDA SPECIAL**

The vogue for collecting an assortment of characters on a cardboard, adding an amusing and throwing in a murderer amidst a series of comedy situations still obtains.

In this case a train is the venue of a murder. Two odd-ly dressed persons appear in jewels; his yes-man secretary; his niece, who hates him; her ex-fiancee, a police inspector on holiday; a hostess in the recreation car; a tough newspaper reporter; and a fair sprinkling of crinets.

It is played throughout in a broad comedy vein, but there is one murder—the secretary is "bumped off." You cannot spot the murder; the mystery lies in the strange disappearance of the millionaire, and where and how he vanished.

The opening is very amusing, with Kent Taylor as the ex-fiancée, arriving very drunk on the Florida Special in an effort to go away and forget his late love, not knowing that she is on the train.

Accompanying her is the irresponsible reporter, Jack Oakie, who had no intention of going to Florida, but boards the train with Kent and goes to sleep before the train starts.

A love interest is introduced by making Kent Taylor fall in love with Sally Eilers, who also shows to advantage as the millionaire’s niece.

As the millionaire himself, Claude Gillingwater is well in character, as is J. Farrell MacDonald as the police inspector.

Two good little character studies come from Matthew Betz and Sam Ralston.

Ralph Murphy’s direction is brisk and polished technically, but the story itself sags in the middle, and the interest which is roused in the opening sequences is lost in the succeeding conventional development in spite of an effort to spring a surprise or two.

On the whole, it is entertaining enough to pass an hour pleasantly.

L.C.

**THE WALKING DEAD**

I [we must have horror” pictures (and apparently we must), I prefer them to be like this one.

That is to say, I wish the great majority of picturegoers want—a modicum of common sense mixed in.

All the mumbo-jumbo of witchery which attends the usual spine-chiller has been so overdone that it is now almost ludicrous, and this servile is confronted with pseudo-scientific marvels that are fascinating in themselves, quite apart from the horror angle.

The “science” is employed in bringing back from the dead a man who has been unjustly executed; and as the scientist who performs the miracle, Edmund Gwenn is sufficiently matter-of-fact to be convincing.

While in “The Beyond,” the subject of this experiment has learned the identity of the men who sent him to his death; and, obsessed with this knowledge, he sets about persecuting them in turn.

The outcome is so dramatic that I decline to spoil your enjoyment by relating it here; there are no ghostly clutching hands, no rattling skeletons no tall veiled women with piercing eyes... and yet I guarantee you won’t readily forget the vengeance which the living corpse exacts.

Boris Karloff, seen for once without his usual 5 cwt. of disguise, gives an excellent performance which engages the audience’s sympathy from the start; and he cleverly differentiates between his “living” and “dead” impersonations.

Ricardo Cortez is, as usual, first-rate as the shyster lawyer; in fact, the whole thing is very well acted and produced.

This is a “horror” picture I could sit through again, and that, from a person as average from the ordinary “creepy” as I am, is quite high praise.

E. G. C.

**On the Screens Now**

**WHERE THERE’S A WILL, THERE’S A WAY**


**TThis picture puts Will Hay firmly on the movie map and confirms him as one of the best comedy bets in this country. He is a comedian who never forgets that characterisation is an essential part of his clowing.

British farces, on the whole, run much to type, and generally suffer from heavy-handed treatment and lack of good timing.

In this case the timing is excellent and the film, as a whole, represents British British comedy at its best.

The director—an American, by the way—has got the utmost out of an ingenious crook plot, which does not have to go back to the Ark for its jokes and gags.

Just to let you know that the chief character is Will Hay, the picture opens with him interviewing his unpaid and pert office boy.

As the plot proper develops we learn that Stubbs—that’s the solicitor’s name—has a pretty daughter who is being brought up by his sister-in-law and her husband on condition that he appears on the scene as seldom as possible.

The uncle, however, has been seen to take his daughter, who is engaged to the son of Lord Burbank, and disgraces himself by making the utter and incidentally himself—extremely drunk.

He retires in disorder to his office, where the yellow-wallflower, Nick, introduces him to a gang of crooks, who pose as wealthy Americans who wish to go out West. Actually his office is above the bank, and they mean to cut through the floor and burglarize the premises below.

With more money than he had ever had before, Stubbs shows off to his family, but by mischance goes too far and the night the burglary is taking place and falls through the hole in the floor, where he is promptly silenced by the crook.

Later they convince him that he can give them away because his are the only finger prints on the crooks, but the best thing for him to do is hide in the country.

He goes to his sister-in-law, and there finds some of the gang among there; there is a general hold-up, but Stubbs manages to

outwit the crooks and earn the gratitude of all concerned.

**THE UNGUARDED HOUR**


LORETTA SWANSON. DEAN DEAN. WILLIAM COLLIER. JR. FRANCIS TONE. SUCH ALAN DEAN. ROBERT LAWRENCE. ROLAND YOUNG. LOTTIE HATHAWAY. GEORGE HAYDE. DUDLEY DIGGES. MERTON HENRY DASHIELL. HUGH LOW. ROBERT CARRIE. E. E. CLAY. LORD HATHAWAY. WALTON GRAINGER. JOHN BUDDLER. COUNSEL FOR DELANEY. DEAN DEAN. ROBERT LAWRENCE. ROBERT HATHAWAY. Directed by Sam Wood, from the play by D. V. Moore, based on the novel of the same name.

**T**he dangers of circumstantial evidence in a murder trial are extremely well illustrated in this rather novel picture, which contains some of the best examples I have ever seen of a cross-examination which puts an entirely innocent man into a thoroughly false position.

I will not go into details of the story, which is told in full on another page in this issue.

It has several artificialities, and its concluding scenes are definitely theatrical and melodramatic, but the good in it completely outweighs the bad.

Scenes in the Old Bailey are faithfully reproduced, and the portrayal of theAaron Wolfe in the murder trial is convincing and strongly dramatic.

Francis Tone is not too well cast as Sir Alan Dean, K.C., and is running for the Attorney Generalship.

He acts well, but hardly convinces you of his position or character.

Loretta Young gives an attractive and intelligent portrayal as his wife, and Walter Keane is a good police inspector as General Lawrence, of Scotland Yard.

But the best performance of all is that given by Roland Young, who plays the cross-examination of the K.C. in order to emphasise the dangers of circumstantial evidence in the latter being suspected of murder.

Dudley Digges is also extremely good as the accused, a murder trial, as is Henry Daniell as a black-mailer.

**LOVE ON A BET**


GENE RAYMOND. WENDY BARRIE. JACK CONRAD. PAULA MURPHY. WILLIAM COLLIER, JR. UNCLE CARLTON. SHERIFF CHARTER. EMERSON KIG, JR. HOTEL PROPRIETOR. WALTER JOHNSON. STEPHEN AMBROSE RANDALL. WILLIAM WALLACE. EDWARD GRIBBON. DOUGLAS MORGAN. SAMPSON. EDWARD R. STEVENS. Directed by Leigh Jason from a screen play by F. L. Wolfson and Frederick Lonsdale.

While the theme generally is wholly improbable, this picture moves along so briskly and is accompanied by such good dialogue that that weakness is well enough concealed.

Gene Raymond puts his usual vigour and forcefulness into the role of Michael, a would-be play producer who tries to get his uncle Carlton to finance him in backing a play in which a young man, turned loose in New York streets and sentenced to a year in Los Angeles ten days later with a new suit, a hundred dollars, and engaged to a beautiful girl. The uncle is not enthusiastic about the idea, so Michael offers to do it himself, on condition that if he succeeds he gives Carlton a third of the profits, and if he fails he will go to work in his uncle’s factory.

Michael, out of work and fighting for his way to better equipment; on the way he falls in

(Continued on page 24)
"I knew my husband's affection was cooling off. At 20 I had a pretty face and fresh clear skin. But housework and bringing up two children soon brought lines and wrinkles. At 30 I could easily have been taken for 40. Then I read about the amazing discovery of Biocel by some great doctor in Vienna, which enables women to get back their youthful looks.

I got a jar of Biocel Skinfood at once, and used it that night. The very next morning my skin seemed to be fresher and clearer. In a week my husband said: 'Why, Emily, you actually look younger.' In a month all my friends were commenting on the change in my appearance.'

Biocel is a vital cell food obtained from carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It is contained exclusively in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. This nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Removes lines and wrinkles. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes the dark, rough skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Glazo does not streak, that is one of the many reasons for its increasing popularity. Glazo does not thicken in the bottle—it is always the same consistency. The special oil contained in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep your cuticle rings soft and pliant.

The healthy TANG of Euthymol Tooth Paste tells you how good it is. Laboratory tests show that in the strength used on the toothbrush Euthymol kills dental decay germs within half-a-minute. Enjoy the cool freshness of this scientific dentifrice and the clean mouth and shining teeth it will give you. Buy Euthymol—dentists have been recommending it for over forty years.

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Glazo does not streak, that is one of the many reasons for its increasing popularity. Glazo does not thicken in the bottle—it is always the same consistency. The special oil contained in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep your cuticle rings soft and pliant.

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The PICTUROGOER’s quick reference index to films just released

WHERE THERE’S A WILL
THE UNGUARDED HOUR
LOVE ON A BET
THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY
THE CRIMSON CIRCLE
KLOU THE TIGER
TREACHERY RIDES THE RANGE
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
WEDDING GROUP
SONG AND DANCE MAN
WESTERN COURAGE
DESERT GOLD
SUICIDE SQUAD
THE HOWARD HOT NEWS

What the aisters mean—
An outstanding feature.
... Very good.
• Good.
* Average entertainment. (Not suitable for children.

(Continued from page 22)

with Paula Gilbert, who is going to Los Angeles with her Aunt Charlotte to marry for money. They capture a pair of crooks and win the reward, but later the inevitable misunderstandings between the young people, Michael wins her bet and his bride at the last second.

Helen Broderick is excellent as Aunt Charlotte and makes the utmost of the telling lines she is given.

Wendy Barrie, as Paula, is somewhat weak; she tends to be rather stiff and not emotionally convincing.

The motor ride across America gives scope for excellent detail work and the characterizations are all sound.

The action, most of which takes place outside, is excellently photographed.

THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY


Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor in "Song and Dance Man"

McGinnis is poor as the banker’s nephew, who is in love with his uncle’s secretary, Sylvia, a role played in a somewhat insipid manner by June Duprez. "Red herrings" are numerous, but there is a good element of surprise in the revelation of the murderer’s identity.

KLOU THE TIGER


Another Western which catered mostly for juvenile’s: its plot and construction are rather ingenious for the average picture-goer.

There is, however, plenty of action with Indian hunts, and the usual quota of fistfights.

Paula Stone makes a pretty heroine, which is all that is required of her.

Pictorial composition is good.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN


BILLIE HOUSTON, Mickey Grayson, Kenette Houston. Directed by Herbert Cameron.

BILLY BROWN, Jr., Sally Mc Coy, Young Sally, Freda Ellis, Virgil Consol, Tony Smythe, Billie Dick, Georgie Harris, Billie Brown, Shirley Houston, Nickie Upson, Directed by Alan Dine. Based on the play by George M. Cohan.

The story of this picture is, I believe, intended to be biographical, the revelations in the manner in which the Houston Sisters became famous.

There is a certain interest from that point of view, but otherwise it is lacking in imagination and does not by any means adequately exploit the material.

Renee and Billie Houston play the roles of Kitty and Mickey Houston, who, growing up out in the music hall profession as a double act, following the forced retirement of their parents, then find their going hard, and a struggle continued to close down their pierrot troupe.

Later, after making a fresh start, they fall out when half-way up the ladder of fame, through each suffering from a serious ill health. In the end, however, the prospective triumphs, and they are reunited, thanks to the tactful work of Reg Jarvis, a booking agent. They then cash in revenue with phenomenal success.

The Houston Sisters are rarely off the stage and they work hard in putting over their stage repertoire.

WEDDING GROUP


It tells the story of Janet and Margaret, two young sisters of a Scottish minister, who are rivals for Robert Smith, a dashing young soldier. He is in love with Janet, but is too close to Margaret creates a misunderstanding that results in their parting.

Robert, who returns from the Crimean War and Janet joins forces with Florence Nightingale’s expedition. Later she is the means of saving Robert. On their return Margaret’s treachery is revealed and so is love allowed to triumph.

An excellent performance comes from Alastair Sim as the minister and the girls are well contrasted by Barbara Greene as Janet and Ethel Glandinning as Margaret.

Patric Knowles is well in character as the heroine, which makes her brief appearance as Florence Nightingale telling.

It is delicate and even precious but the atmosphere of the Scottish homeland scenes and the war sequences are convincing and in the case of the former definitely artistic.

SONG AND DANCE MAN


Clara Bow, David Manners, Julie Carroll, Paul Kelly, Hap Farrell, Michael Alan Davis, Ruth Donnelly, Pat C. O’Malley, Margaret Maynard, James Figgis, Mike Burke, Hulda Brydon, Leslie T. White, M. C. Hammond, Ralph Hanover, Cowboy Dramatist, Margaret DeMond, Mrs. Whitney Cook, Irene Franklin.Directed by Alan Dine. Based on the play by George M. Cohan.
Fire thrills are the chief asset of this high-pressure melodrama, which is in the nature of propaganda for a branch of America's fire brigade known as The Suicide Squad.

Larchy, a bumptious, conceited youth, falls in love with Mary, daughter of Captain Tim, of the Fire Department, and through her influence he enlists. His eagerness to hit the front page at the cost of his comrades' safety, however, soon gets him in bad odour, and he is forced to resign.

Nevertheless, he realises by this time that it is team spirit that counts, and he earns his reinstatement and restoration in Mary's good books by an act of conspicuous bravery.

Norman Foster is true to type as Larchy, and he puts the necessary virility into his role.

Joyce Compton is quite pleasing as Mary, and Phil E. Kramer and Robert Holmans are good in support.

THE HOWARD CASE


Typical Western, with all the usual concomitants, with Ken Maynard and his wife over all as a performance as a rancher who falls in love and wins a wealthy man's daughter, who is being chased by a fortune hunter.

Geneva Mitchell gives a capable performance as the heroine and Cornelius Keefe typifies the complete bounder as the fortune hunter.

Scenic qualities are picturesque and the treatment is vigorous. Just the stuff for the youngest.

* DESERT GOLD


Hardly Zane Grey at his best. Rather an artless picture of cowboys and Indians, without quite its usual punch. It could appeal only to juveniles. The picturesque backgrounds are an asset, but they do not compensate for the impuissanciness of the picture as a whole.

Buster Crabbe plays the role of the Indian chief adequately, while his line as the villain respectively on stereotyped lines.

Marsha Hunt makes a fair heroine of Raymond Hatton the most comical a role.

* SUICIDE SQUAD


John Foster as Larry. Larry Ace as Corporal T. D. H. P. Kramer as Ed. Bert Holm as "King Jack."

Directed by Ray C. Johnson from a scenario by Hon. Roy King Jordan.

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"Perfect Skin" Treatment, 3/-

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"To Repel" Treatment, 3d.

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**HER Lovely Lips APPEALED to ME INSTANTLY!**

**SAID EDMUND LOWE**

Suave film star picks most kissable lips in unique test

- Suave, sophisticated Edmund Lowe is like all men when he picks the lips he'd like to kiss.

We presented three charming girls to him. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one, no lipstick... the third, Tangee. "Her lips look kissable," he said of the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And Tangee does bring out your own warm, natural colour. It can't make your lips look painted, because Tangee isn't paint. If you wish more colour for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee Lipstick, 2.6 and 3/6. Trial size, 6d. Also the new 6d. Tangee Creme Rouge, and Tangee Powder in the latest shades... Naturelle, Peach, Light Rachel, Rachel, Ochre and Sun Tan. Or send 6d. for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-up Set offered below.

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**WHO ARE THE SCREEN'S ARISTOCRATS?**

Stars Who Fail "To Be A Lady"

- EVERAL "stars" fail pathetically when called upon to play the part of a real lady. They lack that infinitesimal something which distinguishes the aristocrat by birth.

From this stricture I would certainly except Mona Barrie, for instance, in The Melody Lingers On and previous films.

Apart from her beautiful features and exquisitely modulated voice, she possesses more than any other artiste that superb repose of manner... "which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere."

- Mona Barrie

Younger British Heroes

British films have practically no heroes that possess the charm of youth. The reason is obvious. Many of Britain's film heroes are lifted from the stage after a number of years behind the footlights. Consequently, they are not young men—and the camera clearly reveals that fact.

They may be splendid actors, but, unfortunately for them, it is the young men that film fans wish to see. But if youth cannot be sustained from the stage, surely it can be sought elsewhere?

Hollywood film chiefs go to great pains in seeking potential film stars from the ranks of office-clerks, soldiers, sailors, labourers and even unemployed men. Very often they spend huge sums on boosting unknown men to stardom. Moreover, they generally find that this method pays.

And if Hollywood, by this means, can secure the type of heroes that really attract, surely British studios can do the same.—J. Moore, 30 Theberton Street, Upper Street, Islington, N.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

---

**North versus South**

In childhood days we read tales of handsome Vikings, Norsemens and Saxons, but where are the Northern heroes of the screen? Must a hero, if not British born, possess Latin blood to be beloved of kinemagogers? We have Tullio Carminati, Francis Lederer, Ramon Novarro and the never-to-be-forgotten Rudolph Valentino and scores of lesser known players, but, with the exception of Cari Brisson and Otto Kruger, there are no northern heroes.

With the ladies it seems to be the opposite way round. Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Nissen and others shine for Nordic countries, but, with the exception of Claudette Colbert, the only southern ladies are Mexican—Dolores Del Rio, Mona Maris.

Surely Spain, with its notoriously beautiful women, could produce a heart-throb to rival Garbo or have Latin women been so much more looked after and kept in the home than northern ladies and actresses who wish to work in Britain?—Miss Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw" Selbourne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

**Exploiting Artisites' Generosity**

I would like to comment upon a "racket" wherein film and variety stars have been exploited, namely, the charity performance. I do not say this is the general rule, but it is more prevalent than is, perhaps, imagined.

No one would think of asking a bricklayer to erect a new building in the cause of charity. Yet this is exactly what is expected of the professional, sometimes giving two or three shows in one day; if he refuses he is said to be selfish and high-hat.

The main point is, however, on perusing the balance sheets, the charity has benefited little. Owning to the very high "expenses" thus, the generosity of a hard-working body of people is used to line the pocket of some unscrupulous promoter.
Pleasure
To-Night was

Pleasure
To-Night was

Why No Contraltos?
A

Billie Burke
BORN in Washington on August 7, 1885, she is the widow of the famous Florenz Ziegfeld. She was a great favourite on our stage and enjoyed a big success at the London Pavilion in 1907, and also starred in pantomime in Glasgow and Sheffield. Apart from many stage successes in revue, musical comedy and “straight” plays on both sides of the Atlantic, she has

Ginger

George Burns and Gracie Allen
The former, whose real name is Nathan Birbaum, was born in New York. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, has brown eyes and black hair, and is married to his professional partner, Gracie Allen. He started on the stage when twelve years of age and since then he has appeared in hundreds of variety acts. While playing at the Union Hall, New Jersey, he met his future wife Gracie Allen and they teamed up together. Gracie is also an old trouper. She was born in San Francisco, in 5 ft. tall, with brown eyes and black hair, and when only thirteen and fourteen years of age, she spent her summer holidays from school doing a single act in vaudeville around San Francisco. With her three sisters she formed the vaudeville team of the Allen Sisters and later joined the Reilly Company. After having worked together for four years, George and Gracie signed a unique six years’ contract with RKO Theatres. They are among the most popular radio stars in America. Their films include a series of shorts for Paramount made in 1931, and also The Big Broadcast, College Humour, International House, Ste of a Kind, We’re Not Dressing, Many Happy Returns, Love in Bloom, The Plot Thickens and The Big Broadcast of 1936.

Who's Who

Jack Buchanan
Born in Glasgow on April 2, 1891, Jack Buchanan, who stands 6 ft. 2 in., and has brown, curly hair and brown eyes, made his stage début at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, in 1912. After some years of hard struggle he finally won recognition as a talented musical comedy and revue actor, his dancing being particularly noteworthy.

His stage successes include: To-Night’s The Night, Bubble, Butlting Butler, Charlie’s Revue, in which he led to America, Tons, Sunday, That’s a Good Girl, Stand Up and Sing, Wake Up and Dream and The Flying Trapeze. He has made pictures in England.

Among his pictures are:—Monte Carlo, The Glee Quartette, The Happy Ending, Confetti, Building Business Round, Mass of Mayfair, Good Night Vienna, Yes Mr. Brown, That’s a Good Girl, Brecur’s Millions, Come Out of the Pantry, Limelight (in which he made a brief appearance). When Lights Were Bold and This’ll Make You Whistle.

Dorothy Burgess
Brown-haired, blue-eyed Dorothy Burgess was born in Los Angeles on March 4, 1907. After attending various private schools, she was sent to a finishing school in New York, and then turned her attention to the stage. After some experience in revue, she went in for drama, made her stage début in “straight” plays in 1925 in The Adorable Lady. Among other plays in which she appeared were The Girl From Louisiana, Dancing Mothers, in which last she appeared in the part made famous on the screen by Clara Bow.

**Brunette**

**THE LADY MILBANK** says:

“The Rachel 2 shade of Pond’s Face Powder blends perfectly with my skin.”

**Blonde**

**THE LADY BARBARA GORE** says:

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**AMAZING FACTS** were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analyzed under a colorscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of bright blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond’s have blended invisibly in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

**FAN CLUB**

A large party of the members of the Henry Edwards British Film Club accepted the kind invitation of the Cinematograph Benevolent Fund to visit Shepperton, the Fund’s Convalecet and Rest Home, at Wokingham, on Sunday, July 12, and a very happy time was spent. Mr. Vives, the general Secretary of the Fund, and Mr. Gibb McLauchlan, the popular Vice-Pres. ident of the club, were there to welcome them, the only disappointment being that Mr. Henry Edwards, the ever-popular Director, was unfortunately unable to be there also, owing to work on the film “Beauty and the Beasts.” In spite of somewhat dreary weather, a very delightful time was enjoyed by everyone. The party on arrival were taken on a tour of inspection of the beautiful house and grounds, and then sat down to tea. After tea they were able to spend some time in the grounds, and then went to the beautiful swimming pool on the adjoining estate, by the kind invitation of Mr. Cathcart Martin, where a very enjoyable time was spent. After a visit to thanks to the C.T.B. Fund, Mr. Vives, Mr. McLauchlan, Mr. and Mrs. Dier and Mr. Cathcart Martin, the happy party returned to Town by D. R. H. (Blackheath)—The rumour you have heard about Greta Garbo is absolutely incorrect.

**Let GEORGE DO IT!**

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

**FREE:**

Pond’s Powder: Write your name and address below, pin a 2d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P 372-1, Pond’s, at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of five shades of Pond’s Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

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**NOTICES**

The eight o’clock train. By kind permission of the C.T.B. Fund, the Club will hold a Garden Party in aid of the Fund, in the beautiful grounds of Godstone House, in the next District. The next Dance will be held in October, and it is hoped to hold another of their popular Private Film Shows in November. New members are welcomed. Full particulars can be obtained on receipt of a stamped self addressed envelope from the Hon. Secretary.


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Here is the ideal way to ensure that your hair is always tidy and at its best; that your permanent wave is neat and smart, with not hair out of place; that your hair is bright, bouncy, and healthy. A few drops of Lavona Hair Tonic well brushed into the scalp will set the wave and row your hair to the best advantage. That expensive "perm" will no longer be spoilt untidy, straggling ends. But Lavona is more than just a wave-set: it is a bringer of hair health and beauty. It removes the taming danger of dandruff, feeds and strengthens the hair-root, promotes a luxuriant growth, and enhances the natural sheen and colour of the hair.

Set from your chemist to-day a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic and keep those rebellious curls in order.

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Thus writes Miss D. E. of Plumstead after using her first tube of Lashstone. In a few short weeks you, too, can have eye lashes which will be the envy of all your friends. — by using Lashstone, the scientific lash tonic. Your eyes as well will take on a new sparkle and lustre — you will look years younger. Thousands of delighted users have written thanking us for drawing their attention to Lashstone. Give yourself a new lease of youth and beauty to-day. Buy a tube of Lashstone and watch it quickly and surely transform your lashes to lasting loveliness.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

29
**NEW THRILLS**

**For Film Fans!**

Just arrived! Sixteen lovely additions to the "The Picturegoer" series of famous postcards, sepias glossy and "Partners," and here are portraits of Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman to give you some idea of the charm and quality of the new cards. A glance at the list shows the onus is equally fascinating. Get some without delay and give and exchange to your friends.

5/- **ALBUM FREE**

Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 300 cards. The book is a beaded to resemble snakeskin. A free album de luxe, bound in Blue Rexine, is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen of the special cards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. dozen. Liberal discounts on all subsequent orders.

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Hardie Albright
Ross Ainslie
Noah Beery
Clarence Biddle
Mary Ellis
George Borden
John Gielgud
Harley Granville-Barker
Dickie Moore
William Powell
Ginger Rogers

**PARTNERS** — Sepia and coloured (state which are required)

Walter Abel and Margot Graham
Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

**POST THIS COUPON TO-TODAY**

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON,
Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose 5/- for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album Free. I enclose 1/- extra (if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name: 
Address: 

P.O. No. 
Amount 

*These readers should enclose 5/- extra to cover postage and packing, or 1/- if album de luxe is required. Cross P.O. and I.D. Co. and make payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY."

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**TALKIE TITLE TALES**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Thomas Thompson, 7 Lovell Street, Sheffield, for: 

Behind Office Doors
After Office Hours
Strictly Business
You're Telling Me

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss L. Linstead, 11 Dunloe Avenue, Tottenham, N.17, for: 

Bad Boy
Come Out of the Pantry
Who Gets Slapped
Serves You Right

Miss Mary Gordon, 44 Miss-side Road, Glasgow, G.1, for: 

Loopy Year
Marry Me
Little Man, What Now?
Night Flight

---

Here is a mixed bag of queries from my correspondents. Maybe one of them applies to your special problem. If not, let me have a line with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed and I shall be delighted to give your query personal attention.

**LEAVE IT TO ANNIE**

My upper lip," says a lady, "has been growing too long for good looks. What can I do about it?" You can make it appear much shorter by skilful plucking of the lip. Build up the mouth with the colouring, taking the tint to the extreme edge of the lip, or if you are very clever just a shade beyond it. Keep a clean edge and wipe off any smudging with a wisp of muslin dipped in cold water.

Lashes that are brittle trouble several correspondents. They can do one of two things. Mascara is obtainable that is made up on a castor oil base. This counteracts the tendency to dry out the lashes. It is obtainable in half a dozen tints. On the other hand if you have a block that must be used up first, try treating it with castor oil. Pour three drops of the oil in the sink. Let it sink in, repeating the process two or three times. Apply this mascara in the ordinary way, moistening the brush with water. At night time apply to the eyes a mixture of castor oil and vaseline. Warm them and take one part oil to two parts vaseline. Apply to the lashes with a sharpened match stick. Use a fresh stick for each eye.

Eyeshadow comes to the assistance of those with too deep-set eyes. Take the eye shadow and place it very close to the lashes. Do not take it all over the eyelid. Just a trace of it should be placed underneath the eyebrows. This leaves the top part of the eyelid quite white and clear and thus throws the eyes into relief, and minimises the sunken effect.

Bristle nails are very troublesome. An absolute cure is not known, for brittleness is often due to some obscure constitutional cause. It is a point on which we are not absolutely sure.

But they may be improved. Be sure to use a varnish remover with an oily base. At intervals give the nails a holiday from varnish and use a cream polish instead. Iodine oil should be painted on the nails night and morning with a small brush. The nails should always be filed to shape with an emery board rather than cut with scissors.

Keep the hands out of hot water as much as possible. If you have to do washing and cleaning, wear rubber gloves. Internally, calcium and halibut liver oil will help.

Swimming is the best of all exercises for developing the bust. If you cannot take up swimming, then practise the breast stroke every morning, lying face down-wards on your bed. An arm circling exercise will do the trick. With the arms out level with the shoulders, twist them first of all twenty times backwards, and then twenty times forwards. Repeat twice the movements in the shoulder joints.

If you cannot wait for results, or you are one of those obstinate cases that never develop whatever the exercise, you have two remedies. Either wear a "sling" brassiere which is so rounded and shaped that it emphasises the most modest bust, or wear a false bust. These are most ingeniously and naturally devised. They are comfortable and elegant and are worn like a brassiere.

Many dry skins suffer badly in the hot weather. Here is one way of combating this trouble. Place in the palm of your hand a small knob of your usual cream. Add to it a few drops of tissue oil. Knead together and massage into the skin. Remove surplus cream before going to bed, but leave the skin just moist. Next morning massage in a little more and leave it on while you dress. Take it off when you are ready to do your make-up.

Tannic acid treatment is the up-to-date method of treating burns. It has superseded the old-fashioned cannon oil. It is equally successful in treating burns caused by carelessly used sun-bathing. A makeshift remedy is to use freshly infused tea leaves that have been allowed to cool. A better way is to use the tannin in a specially prepared cream out of a tube.

Blisters can turn a holiday into a nightmare. If you are subject to them always powder the insides of your stockings or your sports socks with a mixture of equal parts of boracic, zinc, and starch powder. If a blister has already formed, dab on a little pure Eau de Cologne, prick with a sterilised needle and then cut away the ragged skin with a pair of sterilised nail scissors. Be sure both needle and scissors are sterilised. Cover with a piece of clean white rag and a pad of dressing. Make the movements in the shoulder joints twice the movements in the shoulder joints.

If you have spent your holiday without a bath, your hair having been bleached in consequence, you are now probably bemoaning its lack of colour and its lack of gloss. Olive oil will come to the rescue. Add a teaspoon of olive oil to your favourite shampoo before mixing it. Use a little less water than usual. This will make the hair glossy and restore some of the natural oil dried out by the sun. It is also good if your skin is suffering from too much artificial bleaching.

So many readers are seeking to obtain a good figure in a few weeks, as they do not care for the usual way of doing it in a bathing costume. Very often I give you "get-beautiful-quick" remedies, but in this case you have made a mistake. Sylph-like lines were never induced in a fortnight.

The next best thing is to control the 4000guineas car that your hair swim suit or a bathing corset. Many swim suits are made of lastex yarn. These cling closely to one's skin and are at the same time moulding and restricting the figure.

Or the newest figure-controlling bathing suits are made of lastex rubber. They have a very strong pull which continuously supports and controls the figure, and a deceptive crinkly surface that does not soak up water and become heavy when wet. A bathing corset, made of special panstechnia so that it does not ride up, is the cheapest way of solving the figure difficulty. It is quite indiscernible under a suit and a brassiere to match ensures slender firm lines in and out of the water.
THE NAME IS
CREST!
It's something delightful ... delightfully NEW!
A bar thickly and lusciously coated with chocolate rich and milky—a delight in itself to think of . . . this flaunting chocolate-wealth but a mere casing for a broad and deep slab of solid, crunchy, scrumptious something—suggesting an ideal combination of old-fashioned toffee at its grandest (with the real flavour) and "butterscotch" at its lightest and crispest . . . then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a sublimer word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds . . . CREST!
And the price (believe it or not) is 2d.!
Hollywood is a world of personalities. The personality of Madeleine Carroll reflects this modern age and she believes that a woman must be at her best at all times, especially on holiday to obtain the greatest rewards.

Life is colourful, but even a colourful personality can stand added charm... this is where make-up comes in, and is the reason for COLOUR HARMONY Make-Up.

Max Factor's idea in creating COLOUR HARMONY Make-Up is to accentuate beauty. This means to bring out your own personality with the correct colour tints in POWDER, ROUGE, and LIPSTICK for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasising her more attractive features with COLOUR HARMONY Make-Up.

DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE Hollywood's Magic COLOUR HARMONY will make in your own beauty.

How Madeleine Carroll Gives Her Beauty Dramatic Appeal

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POST FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOUR HARMONY

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SKIN

Dry... Normal... Oily...

AGE

Over 15... Under 35...

Max Factor's Make-Up Studios (Dept. A), 49 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. to Max Factor (Dept. A), 49 Old Bond Street, 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 Make-up, by Max Factor.

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FRILLS and THRILLS of the Screen!

WHAT thrilling holiday fashion secrets has Hollywood up her sleeve! What glorious creations are screenland's brightest stars wearing? See the whole pageant of the screen's latest fashions, between the fascinating covers of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual"—then plan your own holiday outfit from its secrets. This wonderful 100-page spectacle of the glories of the screen, now on sale, price 6d., is packed with scores of wonderful surprises... with thrills... large art-plate portraits of your movie favourites and many amazing features.

Want to look like your favourite screen star? Then read Jack Dawn's advice on "Making Up to Type." The grand old lady of filmland—May Robson—tells you a thing or two about L-O-V-E. Bob Montgomery, as an outdoor man, reveals a few secrets you didn't know before. And there's a True Love Story of a Famous Star that will make you open your eyes in amazement. How do stars keep healthy? Is it a Woman's World? Why won't certain stars marry? There's an answer to these, too, in the hundred fascinating pages of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual."

Whatever else you do—don't miss this thrill of a lifetime. Before it is too late—get a copy from your newsagent or bookstall NOW—price 6d.

SNAPPY BEACHWEAR! That's Jane Hamilton above—in a fetching beach suit from the Summer Annual.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY Here's Jean Harlow with "Boos" Clark Gable in a scene from the full-length story of this super film which is fascinatingly told in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual."

WHAT waves... what curls... what lovely girls!

★ No sea-breezes have these waves at their mercy. They are Amami waves, ruled only by Amami Wave Set. Here's how Amami girls keep "appeal" in their hair and join in all the fun of the beach. After the weekly shampoo... an application of Amami Wave Set and careful attention in professional manner Daily afterwards... a quick touch of this fragrant lotion to restore the depth of waves, the tightness of curls. Remember! six complete settings in every 6d. bottle

AMAMI WAVE SET... 6d & 1/3 AND SHAMPOOS 3d & 6d

The essential treatment for every sun and sea-drenched head is a weekly Amami shampoo. It keeps hair and scalp at normality, correcting excessive faults, giving health and gleaming vitality.

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper gloss to Brunettes. AMAMI No. 5 in specially for Blondes. 3d. and 6d.

AMAMI Special Henna burnishes "in-between" 6d.

AMAMI No. 12. The new soapless shampoo. Leaves the hair splendidly glossy. Two variations—one for fair, one for dark hair, only 3d.

Friday Night is Amami Night
DON'T just bare your skin to the sun and hope for the best—or you'll suffer from burn and turn an ugly red, too. But you needn't buy costly lotions and creams to get—painlessly—the bronzed beauty you long for!

There's a way that's easy and inexpensive, yet so effective that many of the loveliest women in Society prefer it to anything else: before and after you sunbathe—and while you are sunbathing—use Pond's Cold Cream. It helps your skin to tan evenly without burning and it resupplies the fine oils that keep your skin soft and supple.

Also, this cool, delightful cream won't stain your towels; in fact, it washes out very easily.

* * *

NEXT TIME you sun yourself in the garden or on the beach, and when you go hiking or motoring, use Pond's Cold Cream. Also smooth it on before you bathe in the sea, to protect your skin against the drying, coarsening effect of salt water. Pond's Cold Cream is obtainable at chemists everywhere.
player who will feel it beneath his or her dignity to come over for one or two pictures.

Some authorities will tell you that it was the influx of Hollywood talent that started this happy "virtuous circle"; but the problem of which came first, the chicken or the egg, need not concern us now.

To Their Advantage—

What matters is that most of the recent importations are a real asset to British pictures—because we understand better how to exploit them.

Some of the Hollywood stars are being better photographed and better directed in British pictures than they have ever been before; partly by American cameramen and directors, partly by British cameramen and directors, but that's all part of our progress—we are able to get hold of good American technicians as well as players.

No one can complain of a dearth of big American names here now.

Look at our studios—Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins, Doug. Fairbanks, jun., Constance Bennett, Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, all engaged in the same praise-

Meanwhile, the position is more satisfactory than it has been for some time, and our film-makers are entitled to be just a little pleased with themselves.

Stage Struck

Some years ago a little Irish-American boy in Paterson, New Jersey, played hookey from school to go to the theatre.

He was an uncle with Hollywood very high in his esteem, for he filled the honourable position of bill-poster to the local theatre, and always managed to get tickets for his young nephew, who spent five nights a week at the theatre when he should have been doing his homework. And when his friends were playing baseball (or cricket, which thrives in Paterson) among the thousands of English working in the silk mills there), he was hanging about the stage door. The stage-struck kid was tough, and fought whenever he got the chance; and after a more than usually violent combat he was removed from school and put to work in a silk mill.

Dreams Come True

But the life of a silkworm didn't appeal very much to young Bert, and after wasting three weeks of his life there, he got a job heaving "props" about in the theatre.

And as he could sing a little, and "hooft" a little, he always dreamed dreams of being a Broadway actor with his name in lights, some day.

And his dream came true. After touring for eleven years or so, including a trip to England, he became the star of Ziegfeld's Folies; and then he was put in another Ziegfeld show—Rio Rita—with an eccentric comedian named Robert Woolsey. And that was the beginning of great things.

Bert Wheeler told me all about it the other day, as we sat in his luxurious London "apartment."

Luck—And Something More

"I've been lucky," he said in a soft brogue that had never been completely overlaid by an American twang; "I've had some bad luck, but mostly good.

"I've been lucky enough to have the same manager for seventeen years—Leo Fitzgerald. He's done everything for me; I couldn't be anywhere without him. And another stroke of luck—a year after I quit the stage for the screen, the theatre in America went phut.

Well, luck helps, I admit, but you've got to have something else besides. Luck threw him into association with Way-British—men and women, good together, or they wouldn't have been put into Radio's film version of Rio Rita—the only two from the stage cast.

"Funny thing is, we've never officially been a team," he told me. "We have two different managers, and until recently we had separate pay-cheques.

"But about three years ago we stood out for a percentage basis—and on the first film after that we made £13,000 more than we had been getting in salary!"

Try-out

Did you ever think of going out on the road to try-out your new film stories, as the Marx Brothers do?" I asked.

"Lots of times," he told me, "but we never go; they always come to us. We always got our hubbub—Woolsey's been ill, and so on; though he's all right again now.

"That's good the way it is. You never can tell what's funny till you've tried it on an audience. And another thing—you can't rely on gags any more, because the radio uses them all up. You've got to start all over again.

He told me some good stories about playing in England.

(Continued on page 6)
(Continued from page 5)

“In 1919, after a successful tour of twelve or fourteen weeks, I reached Manchester, and, boy, did they despise me! Gee, I expected them to come right up on the stage. I was praying for the week to end—and then came a railway strike, and I had to stay on at the same theatre for another week.

“That was one time my luck didn’t hold.”

Sturdy

And that he went to the Palladium, London, where he made a big hit. But he’s still glad when he hears it’s raining on Manchester.

When he was telling me of his early days, this tough, sturdy Irish-American trouper with the twinkling blue eyes yielded a curious glimpse of the stage-struck, pugnacious schoolboy back in Paterson, N.J.

He is still as stage-struck as ever, and still a fighter.

“We only make one film every five months now,” he told me, “so I get a chance to travel. I love London. . . . Maybe we’ll come over and make a film here next February or so.”

Okay, Bert. See you then! So long!

General Joan

Mark Twain said of the French Legion of Honour, “Few there be who escape it.”

The same might almost be said of the distinction (if you can still call it that) of being a "Kentucky Colonel." There are a large number of such colonels in Hollywood, and repeated efforts have been made to rope Joan Crawford in as one; but she has always dodged.

“No,” said Joan firmly, “I’ll be a general or nothing!”

Recently a messenger arrived from Kentucky at the home of the Tones, bearing a bulky package addressed "General Joan Crawford Tone."

Consumed with curiosity, Joan broke the seals, and sure enough, it was a parchment commission to the rank of general in the Kentucky army.

There’s nothing like standing up for your rights!

Stars Play “Bits”

Here is news of two strange things from Hollywood—an unusual film, and an extraordinary occurrence.

The film is Paramount’s Hollywood Boulevard, in which John Halliday has been playing the leading role.

The story deals with the sensational comeback of a fallen screen idol of the silent film days.

In the earlier sequences such old-timers as Bryant Washburn (who also, by the way, appeared in the Dampkrum), Crighton Hale, Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, Frank Mayo, Jack

Mrs. Rogers conducts the coaching school at Radio Pictures studio; here she is with her devoted friend and famous daughter, Ginger.

Mower, and Albert Conti were roped in to represent themselves.

But the modern sequences are the more startling part. Scenes from well-known Hollywood resorts have been included, and in these will appear producer Mack Sennett, director Marshall Neilan, Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, William Farnum, Richard Talmadge, Charles Ray—all doing "bits."

Not since "Fascinating Youth" have so many celebrities appeared incidentally in a film.

Across the World

The strange occurrence took place when, Barbara Stanwyck heard her own voice from 12,000 miles away.

J. Roy Hunt, cameraman on Radio's feature screen production "The Bride Walks Out," in which Barbara Stanwyck is starred, invited Barbara to his home to see a short-wave wireless receiving and transmitting set which he had constructed—one of the most powerful in America.

They chatted with people in South America and Hawaii, and finally tuned-in to a Radio Pictures official in Sydney, Australia.

He told Barbara that "Annia Oakley" was playing at a local theater, and asked her to wait while he got the theatre on the telephone.

The film was on the screen at the time, so the sound of the dialogue was relayed over the "phone to the radio transmitter, and Barbara Stanwyck heard it in Hollywood.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth. . . ."

Warned by Warners

The latest trouble at the Warner Bros. plant at Burbank concerns Bette Davis, who, after winning the Academy award for her work in "Dangerous," has again scored heavily in "The Petrified Forest."

Bette was working on the film God’s Country and the Woman when she suddenly decided that God’s country would have to do without the woman, and walked out.

The reason she gave was that she wanted her salary (which stands at only £500 a week) doubled, "or else."

Warners promptly suspended her for not living up to the terms of her contract, and declare she won’t be allowed back until she agrees to "play ball."

If Bette wins a case in the courts, as Ann Dvorak did, the whole affair will simmer down in time.

Ann is just back, after an eight months’ absence, with all forgiven and forgotten; Jimmy Cagney, on the other hand, is still awaiting the result of Warner Bros. appeal to a verdict in his favour.

If this kind of thing continues at Burbank, we shall be spelling it Warner Brothers.

Substitutes

Hollywood has lately changed its mind about screen "doubles."

Up to a few weeks ago it was considered a definite handicap to look too much like any leading player.

Now the studios are inclined to look more favourably on a player who is of the same general type as one of their contract stars, because the latter are evincing an increasing tendency to "walk out" on a production, and it’s handy to have someone, who can step into the absentee’s shoes without causing too much alteration to the script.

For instance, Bette Davis was given a certain date by which she must return to the Warner Studios—or else.

She ignored the warning, still holding out for a "rise," so Warners struck her off the
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(about £340,000).

"His Master's Voice" will shortly issue records taken from actual Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony films.

Harpo Marx has been invited to play the harp at the Hollywood Bowl with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

Edmund Gwenn and Stuart Erwin have started work in Chain Lightning for M-G-M.

GUY BEACON.

This seems a pretty good example of casting for type, and may depict some of Freddie's real-life experiences in America.

Film Folk

John Ford, having broken his rule not to direct feminine stars by directing Katharine Hepburn in Mary of Scotland, will next direct Barbara Stanwyck in The Plough and the Stars.

The Mary of Scotland unit contains four Academy Award winners—Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, John Ford, director, and Dudley Nichols, who adapted the story for the screen.

Radio Pictures have taken options on all the "Saint" stories by Leslie Charteris, and will shortly produce one of these, Saint in New York, in which the central character lends his talents to the police in a campaign to rid New York of gangsters.

Under Claudette Colbert's new contract with Paramount, she will appear in seven Paramount productions in the next two and a half years, starting a new picture every four months. In between these she has a right to play in three films for other companies.

Anne Shirley, at eighteen, has just completed the high-school course prescribed by the State of California. She has just finished playing the title-role in M List for Radio.

In all their nineteen pictures, Wheeler and Woolsey have had only four leading ladies. Dorothy Lee appeared in sixteen of them, Mary Carlisle in one, Betty Grable in one, and now Barbara Pepper is in Mummy's Boys.

The British Film Industry has sent twelve British films to the annual Film Festival, now in progress in Venice.

Lee Tung Foo, celebrated Chinese actor and opera-singer for 30 years, is with Gary Cooper in The General Died at Dawn.

And in the same film there figures a "Yung Kim," which is a musical instrument, not unlike a xylophone, about 200 years old.

Fredric March has declared that "the Earl of Bothwell" in Mary of Scotland will be his last "costume" role—at least for some years.

Cecil B. De Mille has had 100 members of his The Phantom unit vaccinated against spotted fever epidemic in Montana.

M-G-M's new Tarzan picture is to include a strong comedy element.

Jane Withers' next film for 20th Century-Fox will be Can This Be Love?

In the Philippines, native audiences have a habit of throwing bolo knives at the screen when they don't like the villain. Paper screens are being installed.

Billie Burke has joined the cast of Columbia's Craig's Wife, with John Boles, and Rosalind Russell. Dorothy Arzner is directing.

During a fight in Columbia's The Fighter, Jimmy Dunn broke a bone in his right hand.

Gertrude Michael, Sir Guy Standing, and Ray Milland play the leads in Paramounts The Return of Sophie Lang, a sequel to The Notorious Sophie Lang.

So far The Garden of Allah has cost $340,000.

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GUY BEACON.

Joan Crawford gives Robert Taylor a treat on a warm afternoon, while Tom, Carr, Carlyle Blackwell, jun., and Bryant Washburn, jun., await their turn. They are all in "The Gorgeous Hussy" together.

Star-gazing De Luxe

The second item concerns the people who would rather line up outside a cinema to watch the stars going in, than pay to see them on the screen.

At every big Hollywood premiere, hundreds of fans push and shove and mill around on the sidewalk, watching the stars arrive in their luxurious cars; and until recently all the attention they got was to be pushed in the face or prodded in the tummy by a cop when they grew over-zealous.

At the première of Anthony Adverse at the Carthay Circle Theatre, however, Warners tried an experiment. They erected banks of benches on the sidewalk, and sightseers were able to obtain a grandstand view of their favourites.

May we look forward to the day when, for the smart openings at the Leicester Square Theatre, seats are built in the gardens round Shakespeare's statue? That would be a pretty piece of irony.

Invading the Studios

The third section of the audience is swamp^ing the studios.

The exhibitions at San Diego, Dallas, and Fort Worth are attracting thousands of tourists, and excursions are being run from these centres to Hollywood "to see the studios." All that the majority of trippers will ever see is the outside of the walls; but some hundreds of people are able to exert some sort of influence that will get them past the outer portals, especially large parties of friendly society members—Elks, Buffaloes, and the like.

Burning with a desire to see their favourites in the flesh, the visitors are conducted through the studio grounds, and are lucky to catch a distant glimpse of a player walking from a stage to the dressing-room block; the stages, dressing-rooms, and restaurant are rigidly barred to them.

I have often thought it would be a paying proposition for production companies to run excursions to the studios.

Perhaps Elstree, Denham, and Sound City will come to it in time.

Young Toughs

Those of us who saw and enjoyed Dorothy Peterson's fine performance in The Country Doctor have been wondering when we should see her again—especially as it was announced that she was not to play in the sequel, which would again feature the Dionne quintuplets and Jean Hersholt.

Now I hear that she is to play Mickey Rooney's mother in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film The Devil is a Sissy.

In this, Freddie Bartholomew plays an English boy who is thrown among young Americans in a New York public school.

Jackie Cooper will be one of the youthful "gang" leaders, and the film looks tough to me, for the work of the juvenile court figures in it.

Shirley Ross has her first leading part in this picture, and two favourite character actors, Gene Lockhart and Etienne Girardot, have prominent roles.

Cary Grant Brown, who wrote the story, will also direct.
LAST week we dealt with the private life of Ronald Colman; this week Katherine Hartley gives you the star's frank opinion of his latest picture and also something of the philosophy which guides his life.

A scene from "Lost Horizons" depicting the arrival of Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell at the Tibetan Lamasery which is in a mountain valley 10,000 feet high and far from civilisation.

There is something about Ronald Colman, a mystery in his smile, an enigma in his eyes, an "X" quality that has baffled the world. Even friends who have known him for years have to admit that they don't know him well. And as for writers—well, he's one riddle that most of us gave up long ago. And we gave up easily—Mr. Colman is the kind of a gentleman you just don't try to batter down!

I never would have purposely striven for the answer myself. It was an answer that I stumbled on quite by accident, as happens even in advanced algebra now and then. As far as I am concerned at least, the Ronald Colman "unknown quantity" is no more.

It all came out of an ordinary shop-talk conversation, about Mr. Colman's new picture, no less.

"Lost Horizons" is the story of Shangri-la, he told me. "A sort of Utopia, in Tibet. A place where everything is calm and peaceful, where people live in utter tranquility, ignoring the quails of the outer world, gathering together their own rich treasure against the day when the outer world will defeat itself with its own fury, and its fighting, and its lust for destruction. It's a place where time moves slowly but richly. Where they ignore the thought of death. Where death itself is rare. People at Shangri-la live many years beyond their allotted time. A woman of sixty still appears to be a girl of twenty-two. The High Lama is a man over 200 years old when he finally dies. Of course that part of it is fantastic. But the rest..." Mr. Colman paused a moment.

"As for the rest," he said simply, "it not only sounds desirable, but highly sensible to me. What could be better? Call it a treasure trove against the world, if you like. Not gold, though there is gold in Shangri-la, but that is of the least importance. What is more important is the treasure in its great library, in its art collection, in its music rooms...and the treasure in the hearts of its people. Wisdom and peace and humility and meekness. It's a horizon lost to the rest of the world, too busy with its hustle and bustle...its dissatisfactions and its warfare. But it's a found horizon to the people of Shangri-la. To some people I suppose a quiet place like that would be an awful bore. To me...well..."

His expression was eloquent. At that moment any nincompoop could have seen the focus spot for the far-away look in the Colman eyes, the vision behind the smile...and known that the lost horizon of the picture is Ronald Colman's, too!

"Everyone has his lost horizon, I suppose. To the painter it may be a south sea isle filled with wild, riotous colours. To the machinist it might be a world run like clock-work. To the backfence gossip..." he grinned..."it might be..."
Hollywood. To me it's something quite different. Any quiet nook where there's peace. My car will do, when it's parked along a good fishing stream a hundred miles from nowhere. Or anybody's creaky old boat, as long as it has the sea around it. Most often, with the doors closed, it's my library at home."

"Then suddenly he changed his mood and his tone. "You know it's a funny thing about people. Take this fellow, Bob Conway, the man in the picture, the part I play, for example. He was an adventurer before he went to Shangri-la. Always ferreting out excitement, always jumping headlong into the thick of things, always curious, eager to try anything once. Yet when he is brought by force to Shangri-la, along with several fellow travellers, he is the first to fall under the spell. The rest hate it, fear it, as something ominous and strange. Yet from the beginning Conway falls in to the peaceful pattern of the place."

"Some people may find that difficult to understand. But I understand it, perfectly. Because in a lesser degree I used to follow excitement around too. Of course I was never decorated for bravery or anything like that. I never made English conquests in Africa. Unlike Conway, I never did anything really noble or daring. But I did try to. Like millions of other young men I saw zest in everything, even in war. Like millions of others, too, I found there was nothing selfish about it. But I wasn't cured. Why I even saw the jobless aftermath as a glorious experience—a chance to prove my mettle, to strike out on my own."

"What man, but a very young one, a very curious and equally confident one, would dare to set sail for a new country with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket. Yet in those days I was like that. I'd try anything once, just for the sheer adventure of it.

"Now, it's different. Oh I still like new places, at least places that are new to me, and I like new roads to take me there. I'm still on the look-out for new experiences. But it's different. I used to seek novelty to blow off steam. All young people do. Now I seek it for something else...knowledge. I'm sure that's why Shangri-la appeals to Conway so...much. That's why my library appeals to me...a place for reaping, after so much rush and doing!

"In a way I suppose, it's sort of a selfish horizon. Where friends are concerned at least. But have you ever noticed how people...much time friends take? So much time to build a friendship, even more to keep it? If I haven't many friends, it isn't because I haven't found many. It's because not many have found me a friend. I'm afraid I make a very poor one...always shutting myself away, wasting my time for other things, too—not that they give a tinker's-cuss!" he added with his characteristic modesty. "But anyway, I do."

"And there you have, for the first time, I believe, Ronald Colman's own explanation of his hermitage...the secret behind his seclusion. Not shyness. Not modesty. Not even his reserved Scottish-English breeding. Not any of the things we have thought. But merely a liking for the new quiet kind of adventure he finds in books, and in art, and in thought-browsing."

"Yet for details about these things I had to go to someone else. Already Ronald Colman had talked more about himself than I had ever heard him talk before.

"His library! Why yes, of course, it's the most precious room in his house," one of his good English friends told me. "He has a wonderful collection of books, hundreds of volumes. Then there's his art collection. He never speaks about it much. But I know it means a lot to him, especially his Raeburn. It's his favourite. 'Portrait of a Man.' He's had it for years I guess. It was one of the first things he bought when he began to make money. He has a lot of good English prints, too. But you know, it's funny about Ronnie. He never 'talks' art, like a lot of people do. He never talks books. He never makes speeches about anything. The only reason I know that his Raeburn means a lot to him is the way I've seen him look at it at times. But then I've seen him look that way too when you talk to him about fishing! I spent a lot of time at a crab fisherman's town one year and when I came back Ronnie couldn't hear enough about them. How they looked. What they talked about, what happiness they got out of life.

"It's hard to explain...sounds foolish I suppose...but he relishes them the same way he relishes that painting. Drinks it all in. You see, for a while Ronnie tried to go out and see these things for himself. But his fame always caught up with him and got in his way. Curious fans, mobs, publicity seeking hotel proprietors. You know, the sort of thing that big stars always run into. He finally had to give that up. So now he lets his books and his paintings and his music and his friends bring these things to him, and he stores them away, in sort of a...yes, that's it...as you say, like a treasure trove against the world. Now that you mention it I suppose that's what makes him so peaceful...the kind of a man who's never lonely even when he's alone."

"By jove, I used to wonder about Ronnie...wonder why he liked to be alone so much. It's always bothered me a little. But now...it's a funny thing, now that you bring up that treasure business...a funny thing! Now it isn't a mystery any more."

H. B. Warner, Margo and Ronald Colman in another scene from "Lost Horizons," the theme of which is explained in the text.
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS who is starring in "The Northing Tramp," at Shepherd's Bush, tells Kathleen Portlock about her work in British Studios.

She paused to light another cigarette. Her hands are expressive, they move quickly to give emphasis to a point and the long slender fingers seem full of nervous vitality.

"That's why it's a difficult sort of thing to express,—this 'difference,'" she went on, "you can't say 'this is it!' or 'that is it!'—you can't give it a name—it's more of a general atmosphere than anything else," she smiled at me, a charming smile, and her blue eyes regarded me with a twinkle.

"How did you come to enter pictures?" I asked, "had you made up your mind to do so or was it by chance?"

The Star Who Didn't WANT TO ENTER FILMS

I thought, "this is my opportunity to get one of the girl's great stories," so I said: 'Let's make a film!'

Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair, who play the leading roles in "The Northing Tramp."

W

HEN I saw Constance Cummings at the Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, she was waiting to go on the set of The Northing Tramp. On my way up to her dressing-room I had paid a visit to the set and there was a great deal of activity going on, the centre of which seemed to be a two-seater car. It was a close afternoon and the general atmosphere was warm veering to slightly harassed.

Miss Cummings greeted me and having established me with a cigarette, chatted in a manner that banished constraint. She has a delightfully frank way with her and told me that she is enjoying her present work very much.

"It's difficult to tell you anything about the picture without telling you the whole story. It's adapted from an Edgar Wallace tale and the title means a tramp going northwards—I mention this because several people have asked me its meaning. The story is strong in comedy and there are a lot of laughs in it—we have plenty of fun on the set!"

Mention of this film led me to ask her what she thought of the British Studios as compared with Hollywood.

"What do you find is the greatest difference?" I inquired.

A puzzled little frown appeared between her eyes and she looked thoughtful for a second.

"That's rather a difficult question to answer," she said, replacing the frown with a smile, "there is a difference but it's almost too subtle to put into words. You only know that you feel it the moment you start work over here."

"Hollywood is so much bigger, there are so many more studios that the competition is much keener. It's a better organised concern over there—as it should be from the box-office point of view. But here it's as if a party of people got together and said: 'Let's make a film!'"

"This was this way," she replied to my question in her soft American accent, "I didn't really want to go into pictures, but an agent in New York who used to get me parts told me one day that there was something exciting going on—Ronald Colman was looking for a leading lady. Well, I didn't get excited! I never seriously considered it a possibility that I could be Ronald Colman's leading lady, but when the agent said: 'We're going to send you for the test,' I didn't like to refuse in case they thought me 'choosy' and wouldn't bother with me afterwards. So I went, and even then I didn't get excited, thousands of girls must have been tested and I didn't take it seriously. But I was chosen! And I was so bad I got kicked out of the picture!" She laughed gaily at the memory of it. "Then after that part seemed to come along."

"What sort of part do you prefer to play? Have you any favourites?"

"No. I can't say that I have," she replied thoughtfully, "except that I enjoyed making Marie Cram with Harold Lloyd more than most. But generally each part becomes the favourite for the moment. I go sick of being somebody's secretary or somebody's daughter and having to hang around the set just to say 'oooh!' I like a role which requires acting—that's why I think the part I'm playing now," she sat forward enthusiastically, "'I like character parts and I suppose I ought to have one part I want to play more than any other, but I haven't!'"

Apropos of this, I asked her if she thought the Americans over-groomed their stars. She was candid.

"No, I don't think they do. What they look for is in Hollywood is, primarily, something outstanding in personality. A certain degree of talent and acting ability there must be, but most important of all to them is the personality. I think if you looked at the phases of the stars by side you would see that each had something distinctive of her own, some outstanding point. Perhaps Garbo plucks her eyebrows and then everyone else does the same, occasionally things like that happen and it may give them all a similarity—but not necessarily."

"And what types of film do you consider the Americans and the English are best at—respectively?"

"Quick fire comedies—I think the Americans do them very well."

"Like, It happened One Night?" I suggested.

"Yes, after that style. But that film was different, it had something outstanding about it—don't you think so?"

I agreed.

"And the English," she continued, "drawing-room comedies of a similar type, but slower pace."

When I apologised for my list of questions, she told me the following amusing story.

There's one thing that's different over here, and its rather a relief—your schoolchildren don't come for interviews as they do in America. We get bombarded by them—boys and girls in High School who are on their school papers.

"At one time the children got so troublesome some that Leslie Howard had a brilliant idea. He invited them down to the studio and allowed one question per child so that they could pool their information afterwards. There were three hundred of them! He stood up in a sort of pulpitt arrangement to answer them and it took him two hours."

As for myself, when anyone mentions a list of questions to me, I always think of one very shy little boy whom I saw hanging around the studio. He was too shy to ask for an interview, so at last I asked him what he wanted and we fixed a date. When he came he didn't start to question me, and I wondered what was the matter. Then he told me he'd sat up all the night before making a long list which he'd forgotten to bring! It was awful!

"I'm not very good at this sort of thing unless I'm asked a few questions to get me going, and so, wondering what on earth I could talk to him about, I tried to make conversation for half-an-hour. He couldn't remember a single question! It was the most difficult interview I've ever had in my life! He was such a sweet kid too! I feel sorry for him! And autographs!" she exclaimed, "can you, tell me what people do with autographs? I'm sure I've signed the same child's book at least six times!"

From autograph hunters our conversation turned to her flat in Knightsbridge. She likes quaint old-world Kensington and thinks it is a pity they don't preserve it with a protective factor. I left her in the little room, high up in the Gaumont-British building, still waiting for her call to go on the set. But she looked so very tired and gawd as she waved me off down the corridor.
Shots with Our Candid Camera

Claudette Colbert enjoys a brief respite from work on her new picture, “Maid of Salem,” at her new Beverly Hills home.

Our cameraman caught Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dinehart in the garden of their house at Riverside, California. Mrs. Dinehart’s stage name is Mauzel Briton.

Myna Loy repeats her successful portrayal of wives on the screen in real life. Here she is with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., at their Bel Air home.
BRITAIN'S FIRST WORLD WOMAN STAR

WHAT manner of girl is Jessie Matthews, who has won this coveted distinction? America is asking and the answer is here plainly set forth by MAX BREEN

HAVE you been watching the race? You've had plenty of time—it has been in progress for two or three years.

It's the Grand British Star Challenge Stakes, and although there are any number of runners, only two have a ghost of a chance of winning—Jessie Matthews and Anna Neagle.

Now, comparisons may be odious, but they are inevitable—especially when two young women stand out so conspicuously from the mass—and when both began in the chorus of London theatres.

We have had few British stars, principally because British producers have not cared enough, or known enough, or been able to afford enough money, to build them up to star strength.

Madeleine Carroll represents one effort, but not a sufficiently sustained one; her rise has been spasmodic, and she certainly meant precious little to American audiences before going to Hollywood.

But the case of Jessie Matthews and Anna Neagle is different.

They have been gradually built up; and they have been featured in films which have meant something beyond the Atlantic.

The case of Anna Neagle is a paradox. Her films have been a little too good.

Too good, that is, for her own personal interests; the attention of the American critics and public spaces have been focused on the films themselves rather than on Anna.

Nell Gwynn went down very well in New York; so did Peg of Old Drury; so, to a certain extent, did Limelight.

But in each case Anna Neagle was accepted as part of the production; she fitted in, and they loved her on that account.

Jessie Matthews has scored a more personal success.

I don't intend to be lured into any discussion of the merits of these two cases.

But I do know which is better from the star-making point of view; and star-making, rightly or wrongly, is an all-important factor in film prosperity.

This fact has been recognised for years. Names of varying degrees of eminence have been hauled across the Atlantic to appear in British pictures and to make them acceptable in the United States; but few British companies considered it worth while to build up stars of their own whose names alone would sell their pictures overseas.

And have they done it? After all, it's results that tell. In the case of Anna Neagle, I'm inclined to say that whether her name alone would sell the celluloid in the U.S.A.—though undoubtedly it does in Britain.

Jessie Matthews, on the other hand, has become, in herself, a definite box-office proposition in America. The films in which she has been seen there have been received with en-

thusiasm; but still more enthusiasm has been expended on Jessie herself.

Here's the kind of thing they're saying—those newspapers right across the great American continent.

"Miss Matthews not only sings and dances exceedingly well, but compares favourably with Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Ruby Keeler, and the rest of them." "An exhilarating dancer and a treat for the eyes." "The Roxy audience sat thrilled and spellbound at the emergence of a new cinematic star, aptly described as a dancing divinity.

One of the most attractive of actresses." "Her dancing is far superior to that of any of her celluloid competitors." "Bubbles over with youthful charm—fair of face and fascinating of figure. Hollywood, are you listening?" "Her dancing and singing are a revelation." "A female Fred Astaire." All this and a great deal more for our Jessie.

And what so?

Should we immediately arrange to ship this exhilarating, bubbling divinity off to Hollywood, so that we may have the honour and glory of sending a full-blown world-star there (instead of a promising featured player who has to be built up), and at the same time give Jessie Matthews the advantage of appearing in a major Hollywood production?

Not on your life!

Instead, we ought to cling to her for dear life, and build up her films to Hollywood standard—which, of course, some of them have already reached. But we should persevere until they are better than the corresponding Hollywood productions.

America will flock to see them, not because they are good British pictures, but because Jessie Matthews is in them; and America will certainly demand more films—not only musicals, but other types as well—from the same source.

That's the way we can get a footing for our product in America; and it will be due to the genius of Jessie Matthews, and to Gaumont-British who have developed that genius into first-class screen material.

And now, America is asking questions. Who is she? Where is she from? What is she like?

I'm glad I became a journalist instead of a Civil Servant; I might have been given a job in the passport office; and it might have been my business to fill in the particulars under the heading, "description" on Jessie Matthews' passport.

And I should have made a frightful mess of it, because I am much too conscientious to dismiss her features in a word, as the heartless, soul-less passport officials do.

"Hair" would have presented few difficulties. I should simply have written "dark, shining, free, and tempestuous," and let it go at that. (As a matter of fact, it usually behaves very decorously, especially since she abandoned her fringe; but I like best to think of it as it is when she is rehearsing a vigorous dance—wild and woolly, with errant curls.)

"Eyes:" Humph. Would I have been allowed to put "large, dark, bright, shining, glowing, innocent and wickedly mischievous by turns, solemn and screwed up with irrepressible laughter, fringed with lashes to trip the feet of prudence itself?"

No, I certainly should not. I should have got the sack.

And supposing I described her nose as "tip-titled, impudent, independent, gay"; I'd probably have got a fearful rap over the knuckles for telling the truth on a Government form.
When it came to her mouth, I'd have been in worse trouble still. "Full-lipped, petulant, provoking, threatening to open any moment into a wide, dazzling smileful of perfect teeth"—Lord, can't you imagine the Secretary for Foreign Affairs ticking me off for that piece of candour!

Maybe I'd better stop at that. What the Right Honourable Gentleman would do if I continued the category won't bear thinking of.

But you see how difficult it is to say: "Jessie Matthews is like this and that; she has such and such features." . . . Bah! It doesn't mean a thing!

Jessie is not a classical beauty any more than, say, Claudette Colbert is. But her beauty is informed by three things as old as the world yet eternally young—the joy of living, the glory of rhythmic movement, and the desire to please.

She herself would not claim to be very remarkable. Essentially she is a pretty girl with an elegant streamline chassis (didn't one German-born executive of Gaumont-British refer to her habitually as "Chassis Matthews")?, a talent for acting, singing, and—especially—dancing, and, what has been much more important, the intelligence and driving-force to turn those advantages to account.

But to me, one of the most remarkable things about her is the amazing way she has cut her life into two halves.

We know, of course, that she is "of the people"; and that goes for most of the great men and women who have entertained the people, led the people, amused the people, comforted the people, enthralled the people, placed the people in their everlastig debt by their talent and industry.

We know that she was the fourth daughter of a family of seven daughters and four sons, who lived within a biscuit-box of Piccadilly.

We know that her brother Billy was Billy Matthews the light-weight, and stout-hearted battler in the ring as she has been in life.

We know that her eldest sister was at once her inspiration and her motive power—that is to say, she coaxed her on from in front and gave her a good hearty shove behind when she lagged.

There is a lovely story about this sister entering Jessie for an elocation competition with strict instructions to win a gold medal—and giving her the rough edge of her tongue when she secured only third place!

We know that Jessie and her family were not over-blessed with this world's goods; Jessie will tell you that. She also admits with pride her great debt to her eldest sister.

But beyond that, I defy you to draw her out on the subject of her early life.

I have known Jessie for some years, and have heard her speak warmly of those brave, rich, early days of struggle and triumph and doubt and disappointment; but since she has "made the headlines" she has developed what the psychiatrists would call a phobia.

She has a dread of "cheap" publicity.

All her life, so far, she has been determined to make good, to reach the top of the tree by industry and the employment of such talents as Nature bestowed upon her, and to let her fame depend upon what she has made of her life, not upon what life (in quite problematical circumstances) might have made of her.

So she has raised a barrier—polite, impalpable, almost imperceptible—between Jessie Matthews, the girl who has grown up to be Mrs. Sonnie Hale, and Jessie Matthews the film star.

She argues, not that they won't mix, but that there is no need to mix them; it is hard to think of an answer to that.

So I, for one, am content to respect her scruples, and open the book of her career at the page and paragraph where she attended an audition for "Charlot's Revue" and, after waiting for hours in a queue on the stage, lost patience, walked up to the great Andre Charlot, and said: "What the hell do you mean by keeping us all waiting here? I want my lunch!"

(above) "Anna Neagle is undoubtedly a big draw in Britain." On the right, Jessie is shown in "Head Over Heels."

Greatly to the general surprise, she was not ignominiously ejected for her pains. Instead, Charlot asked her name, and said: "Well, Miss Matthews, go and get your lunch. You can consider yourself engaged."

That was the beginning of the brilliant career of Jessie Matthews, which is now getting fairly into its stride.

The rest is history, and thrilling history at that. She understudied Gertrude Lawrence with striking success, and as a result became leading lady in The 1928 Revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre; and she was only 18.

Then C. B. Cochran starred her in One Damn Thing After Another, and from then on her stage career was just one blessed thing after another. In fact, she became so completely a part of the London theatre that she found it extremely difficult to tear herself away—to the studios.

Her first film was not impressive; at her second, the Gaumont-British production Here Comes the Bride, we pundits shouted "Here Comes a Star"—and she has been coming along strongly ever since.

The Good Companions, Out of the Blue, The Midshipmaid, The Man from Toronto, Friday the Thirteenth, Waltzes from Vienna... and then Evergreen, which made America sit up and take notice.

First a Girl and It's Love Again still further cemented that success, and now she is working in Head Over Heels.

Slim, sparkling, hard-working Jessie Matthews (though certainly not wedge-shaped!) represents the thin end of our wedge into the American market, and I contend that we should give her all the help we can—even to the extent of complying with her wishes when she shuts down the lid of her private life with a firm "Leave that alone, please! It's mine."
THE beauty of a woman is centred in her eyes—beauty of soul, of expression, of character.

Please realise that.

I have some very special things to say to you in regard to eye make-up. New things that have been discovered in Hollywood. Remember, my laboratory in Hollywood is essentially a beauty laboratory where I am constantly making test after test. The stars—the most beautiful women in the world—demand perfection in make-up, and what I have told them I now tell you!

First of all I want to state very definitely that eye make-up is not just for stage and screen artists. It is for every woman who prides herself on her appearance. In other words, YOU.

And the secret of clever make-up is to appear natural. If a woman looks artificial it only means that her make-up is badly applied.

Now here are some beauty secrets for you.

How to enlarge the eyes—that is what I am asked most frequently.

Begin by taking your eyebrow pencil and drawing a line fine under the lashes on the lower lid. This line should be very faint in the middle and darker at the ends. But don’t bring it up into the corner of the eye nearest the nose.

That immediately gives an artificial effect—which is to be avoided at all costs.

With eye make-up you have to progress from the obvious to the subtle through practice. Never draw a heavy solid line either under your lashes or on your eyebrows. Don’t be in a hurry. Blend the lower line with the fingertip until it is nothing but a shadow.

Now we come to the eyelash make-up.

Touch the upper lashes with careful strokes, placing the greater part of the make-up towards the outer edge of the lashes. You can see what this does. It not only makes the lashes appear thicker and longer but it emphasises the colourful beauty of the eyes.

Beaded effects with your eyelashes are taboo.
To overcome even a suggestion of this it is wise to separate the lashes with a small brush after you have applied the make-up. Those on the lower lid should have just the tips darkened.

Here is a trick you can try one day if you want a slightly exotic effect.

Extend the line of the upper and lower lids at the outer corner of the eye with your eyebrow pencil. Shade delicately with fingertips. Now take the eyelash make-up. Use most of it on the lashes at the ends of your eyes.

By stressing the outer corner, you get a slanting oriental effect that is charming on many women.

And finally, of course, there is always eyeshadow to increase the beauty and size of your eyes.

A woman with blue eyes should wear grey eyeshadow in the day time, blue shadow at night. (Blue eyeshadow looks artificial in the day time.)

A woman with brown eyes should always use brown shadow.

As Irene Dunne says: "It has the knack of putting your eyes in the right spot! If they bulge, it puts them back where they belong, and it enlarges them if they’re too small."

But I want to warn you about putting on eyeshadow carelessly. It must not be noticeable.

It must be applied with such care that nobody can possibly accuse you of looking artificial!

I remember hearing someone ask Mae West what she did to have such shining eyes.

"I never rub or press them hard," she explained. "And I make a point of using them!"

She was right. The lady who exercises her eyes has a much more brilliant pair than the one who goes through life scarcely lifting a lid. (No one could accuse Mae West.)

Now suppose you are preparing for a party. You want to look your best. Begin by cleansing your face as usual, then apply pads dipped in warm water. Lie back and relax for a few minutes with your eyes closed.

 Afterwards apply skin and tissue cream with the cushions of your fingers, smoothing out well where the lines are most noticeable. Use it in a circular movement around your eyes very gently.

(There is no other part of the face where the tissue is so delicate.)

Next, rinse the skin with astringent, and bathe your eyes with an eye-bath PPurposefully I have left mention of the eyebrows to the last. I wish I could bring home to you their importance the way I see it.

Do you know that in changing your eyebrows you change the entire character of your face? So think twice before you do that!

Black stays out if you like. Extend the line. But follow the natural structure. That is my advice in nine cases out of ten. In Hollywood we have discovered that women who wear their eyebrows unnaturally high and artificially thin weaken their eyes to the point where glasses become a necessity. Because, for one thing, eyebrows also serve as light reflectors.

Remember, I am not suggesting that you can’t improve the shape of your eyebrows by plucking. Of course you can. But don’t distort them—that is what so many American women do.

The minute you have a straight eyebrow and slant it off high you suggest the heavily dramatic type. (Marlene Dietrich.)

In real life the thing to do is to keep the natural shape of your eyebrows, because they give you character.

But here is a little tip.

If you like you can shape your eyebrows very carefully and delicately so that the ends turn up just a trifle. This won’t alter your character. But it will help to give you that wide-awake look which men always admire in a woman.

It is a useful little trick. It lifts up your whole personality—gives you a look of animation.

NEXT WEEK

"It has not been easy work reaching the top," says Nino Martini, "in spite of the fact that I seem to have been born in a lucky family.

Next week the famous Metropolitan opera tenor, who will soon be seen in "The World is Mine," tells you of his lucky "breaks" and of the struggles that have gone to make him a star of the stage and screen."
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SEN., has been carrying about a wedding present for Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow the last seven months, waiting for the happy event to take place.

He was temporarily forestalled when he read in the papers that the pair were married at Ensenada in Old Mexico. But, with characteristic Fairbanks agility, a special plane was chartered, Doug, bundled his new bride, the former Lady Ashley, into it, and they were away to Mexico to join the wedding party at the Playa Ensenada Hotel.

Unfortunately, after reaching Ensenada, it was discovered that the wedding present had been left in Hollywood!

Harlow For Ever!

Jean Harlow, by permission of the Californian courts, has cast aside four cognomens which meant something to her at various times during her young life.

When Jean was born she was known as Harlean Carpenter. Later, before she attained fame in the movies, she married Charles McGrew of Chicago, from whom she was divorced. Then she became Mrs. Paul Bern, and, after the death of Bern, she married Hal Rosson, film cameraman, from whom she was also separated by the courts.

So Jean, appalled by all the names to which she was thusly entitled, was overjoyed when the judge told her that her legal name was Jean Harlow!

Garbo's Sketches

Greta Garbo has a complete set of sketches of gowns made by Adrian, noted costume designer. The dresses were designed for the Swedish star, commencing in far-off 1927 when she commenced her Hollywood career.

The blonde charmer thinks so much of these sketches that she is having plans drawn for a room in her new home to house the pictures. They comprise sixteen sets, 100 drawings.

Absent Parents

The minute the camera stops on his current film, Freddie Bartholomew will leave on a six weeks' vacation, an auto trip to Vancouver, B.C. The party will take its time, stopping off at auto camps, fishing and hiking whenever they feel like it.

In the group, besides Freddie, will be Aunt "Cissie" Bartholomew, Freddie's grandparents and the chauffeur.

The boy star's parents, who recently figured in a legal battle with the aunt, and are now in Hollywood, will not accompany the party.

A Modest Lady

Although Joan Bennett is one of the most photographed stars in motion pictures, she does not keep any photographs of herself at home.

The actress finds the presence of a photograph too significant a reminder of studio work for the relaxed atmosphere of her home.

Joan's two little daughters, Diana and Melinda, have a large oil painting of their mother in the nursery.

There is another exception, however. Producer Gene Markey, her husband, still clings to a six-year-old picture of Joan for his typewriter table, and declares himself "daffed" if he will give it up!

Hollywood Wins

Eleanor Powell, dancing star of the New York stage, scored a hit in Broadway Melody of 1936, and then journeyed to New York, doubtless expecting to be hailed as a returning heroine. But, sad to say, Broadway was cool, and she found her name, in smaller letters than those of another star in New York theatrical attraction. So Eleanor likes Hollywood!

She says that New Yorkers turned a cold shoulder to her when she mentioned Hollywood, but she feels that the California studios are humanly warm, and she is going to devote her taps to the screen from now on.

Hollywood, however, does not approve of Eleanor's bicycle. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio feels that it is too risky for the star's indulgence, so she has been told to abstain from her favourite exercise.

Detective Fans

A autograph hunters have a technique which would do credit to Scotland Yard or the American "G-Men."

They have formed an organisation which spreads from the front door of a theatre to the stage entrance, so, when a star appears, he or she is quickly cornered, as a warning cry comes from the scout who has "spotted" the screen luminaries. Then a mob charges upon the hapless star.

A Devoted Admirer

For the past several months Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor have had regular Saturday day engagements, as Hollywood gossip hounds have been quick to discover.

When Barbara was scheduled to work on a beach location one recent Saturday night, the two did not let it interfere with their regular date. Taylor came out to the location, eighteen miles north of Malibu, and watched her beloved emote before the cameras. He joined in a party with the cast and crew after work was completed.

Polo De Luxe

Hollywood stars recently participated in a polo game, which is not unusual for them, but this time they had capable feminine assistance.

Among the players were Charles Farrell, "Big Boy" Williams, Director Frank Borzage, Producer Lucien Hubbard and others famous in the film world.

The hostess was Joan Crawford. Gloria Swanson and Heather Angel were sponsors for the teams. Joe E. Brown was the announcer.

A good time was had by all!

A British Farmer

Herbert Marshall is branching out as a gentleman rancher, as they term it in California. He has purchased a forty-acre citrus grove in San Diego County, near the Mexican Border, where he will raise Grade-A fruit for the markets. The star will also construct a Monterey-type house on the ranch.

Marshall feels that the place, in addition to the citrus crop, will provide seclusion for himself and his friends, where they can forget the hustle and bustle of film work, wear old clothes and relax in the sunshine.

Here's hoping that Herbert is not disappointed.

A Summer Christmas

The Brown Derby recently made its bi-annually distribution of Christmas presents to the stars who were absent from Hollywood during the holiday season.

Deluged with presents from the fans, who do not know the stars' addresses and sent them to the restaurant, the Brown Derby, in turn, sends them on to the stars.

Now, although it is summer, Christmas presents have been distributed by the Brown Derby to Anna Sten, James Melton, Elissa Landi, Ben Bernie, Lupe Velez and many other recently returned stars.

An Angry Star

Wallace Beery likes his dressing-room on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, so he was rather indignant when he had to move.

The reason was that an earthquake scene was being staged on the lot during Wally's absence. The thrilling episode was incorporated in San Francisco, which deals with the earthquake in the California city in 1865. Buildings rocked and fell, and, during the commotion a telephone pole and a brick wall crashed into Wally's dressing-room, demolishing it almost completely.

What the actor said would not be passed by the censors!

A Film Paradox

William Powell and Carole Lombard are divorced, and yet they are seen together in My Man Godfrey, a Universal picture, in which they play fond lovers.

The players are still friendly, liking each other although they know that they could not make a go of it in matrimonial life.

Carole had dreamy music played during the love scenes, the one she liked best being "Lover, Come Back to Me!"

Whether this song is an omen of reconciliation, I refuse to state.

Anyway, Bill and Carole are fine people, and everyone in Hollywood would be glad if they decided to resume their matrimonial status.
The BRITISH STUDIOS

THE grumble season is in full swing. Every year about this time I receive a solemn ticking-off from readers who don't like the way I write my studio notes; and this year is no exception.

I browse, they complain. I daily, I ramble hither and yon, instead of reporting briefly, swiftly, and concisely just what new productions are on, who is in 'em, and where they are being made.

Well, I aim to please. There are at present thirty-six pictures now being produced, or in process of preparation, in our studios, or on location.

I propose, this week, to report them all. You may get a bit out of breath, following me, but the exercise will probably do you good.

Hold tight! Here we go.

Four at the Bush

First of all, Shepherd's Bush; and here there are three films actually on the floor—and occasionally bobbing out on to location when the weather lets up for a spell—and one in the throes of cutting.

The three in production are O.H.M.S. (of whose location adventures in Wiltshire you read last week), Head Over Heels, and The Nelson Touch.

The celluloid in the cutting-room is called Sabotage, and it has almost passed beyond our ken until the time when it shall emerge as the latest Hitchcock masterpiece.

But in the studios still lingers the pleasant click of Sylvia Sidney's knitting needles, a ghostly reminder of the cheery little trouper who has gone to the Continent for a well-earned holiday before returning to America.

It is estimated that she knitted about five hundred feet of scarf between slots of this picture; and on the Gaumont-British lot at Northolt the carpenters built an equal length of streets, with shops, offices, and all the London scene beloved of "Hitch."

We shall look forward to seeing this film emerge from its ordeal by scissors.

Likely Newcomers

On the Head Over Heels set I found Jessie going through a scene with Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor who has been winning golden opinions by his stage acting; so far his film work has not been of sufficient importance to judge him by.

He does not, however, get the girl—this time. That privilege belongs to young Robert Fleming, a British actor who is getting a big break in this. Large, hefty, fair-haired, and good-looking, he is regarded by G.-B. as a "white hope."

Edward Cooper is another young man who makes his first important screen appearance in this.

I heard him doing "songs at the piano" in cabaret (at the Carlton Hotel, if I remember rightly) some time ago, and was greatly taken with his breezy style and his excellent "stage presence."

Son of a Lancashire mill-owner, he put in two years at a desk before he noticed that his fingers were playing tunes on it. So he very wisely joined a touring revue company, and his brilliant piano-playing, risque songs (many of which he writes himself) and pleasant voice have brought him right along into popular favour.

Of course, it didn't do him any harm being darnation-looking as well; anyway, none of the girls I know seem to object. So there you are.

Jessie—and George

This new Jessie Matthews picture, I feel it in my bones, is going to advance Jessie still farther in the world's estimation. I'm not going to say any more about her just now, because Max Breen has already told you all about her progress, on pages 12 and 13; but just you keep your eye skinned for Head Over Heels.

In The Nelson Touch, Nelson is divided into two distinct halves, each being a half of George Arliss, and one half of Nelson getting a half-nelson on the other half, though neither is actually playing Nelson.

I feel that could have been put just a little bit more clearly. Moisten the lips and start again.

George Arliss does not play Nelson in this picture; instead, he plays two brothers, one a pompous ass and the other a gayish dog with the Nelson touch.

It's an offence punishable with death (almost) to move anything on the Nelson Touch set; the prop-men wouldn't even let Nelson touch, for great use is being made of the "split screen," the device by means of which Arliss can converse and even shake hands with Arliss.

It is vitally important that all objects should be in exactly the same place during both exposures, and consequently everything clamping is clamped down.

I bet they'd have a job to clamp Rene Ray
down; she's the most irrepressible person in the cast.

No Delay

Unfortunately, although the production has so far come up to expectations, the unit has had bad luck, since Mr. Arliss has twice been absent from the set for a slight illness.

However, during his absence, director Herbert Mason has made good progress with the Arabian sequences which form the beginning of the exciting campaign that the Imam Abdulah (Basil Gill to you) is murdered at the foot of his throne by his ministers.

This suspense leads to international complications, complicated by the prompt Nelson-like action of Arliss No. 2.

And that's Shepherd's Bush.

Down at Sound City, which is rapidly growing in importance as a production-centre, they are making the first of the twelve James Fitzpatrick Productions for release by M.G.M.

This is David Livingstone, and they've already filmed portions in Africa which the great explorer actually visited.

Percy Marmont plays the title-role.

A Censored Queen

Queen Victoria will be portrayed by Pamela Stanley, granddaughter of Lord Derby, making her film debut, though she has played the part in the banned stage-play Victoria Regina.

But we are permitted by our rulers to see Queen Victoria on the screen; so she will only appear in the copies of the film destined for America and abroad, and rigorously cut out of those intended for home consumption.

But we mustn't linger there.

Elstree? Well, only about seven productions to report there at the moment—and I say only about seven, because it doesn't become abundantly clear just which productions will be in the cutting-room by the time you read this, or which will be out on location.

Anyway, story's the Jack Buchanan opus This'll Make You Whistle.

This piece has rather a strange history. First of all it was a stage farce, which toured the "key towns" last autumn and winter, for twenty weeks.

Then Buchanan went off to the Bahamas for a holiday (cue-line for song: "How Do I Look in My Holiday Bahamas?")

Sandwich

Well, then they wanted a new Buchanan film (who did? Why, everybody!) and decided to use This'll Make You Whistle; so they're making a new film next month it will go on in the West End of London as a stage farce again.

A neat farce sandwich with a filling of film.

I told you the last week, but here are the salient names: Richard Randolph, Jean Gilles, William Kendall, David Hutcheson, Marjorie Brooks.

Herbert Wilcox is directing it—for Herbert Wilcox Productions, which sounds like a good bit of self-help.

B.I.P. have just polished off The Ten Man, the Sonia Ashley, Michael Powell drama, with John Lodge, Antoinette Cellier (keep your eye on Antoinette Cellier, by the way), Athole Stewart, George Brimley, Aileen Marson, Iris Hoey, Muriel Aked, and others.

Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed it, recently made a resounding success with OurSELVES ALONE, the story of the Irish "troubles," which he directed at Elstree.

Important Hurst

In that one film he established himself as one of the most important directors on the B.I.P. roster, and has now been put in charge of one of the biggest of the new productions with B.I.P. are lining up—Star of the Circus.

Buddy Rogers will have one of the starring roles in it; Noah Beery is to be a circus proprietor, and Clifford Evans, who made a success in Ourselves Alone, will play a clown.

There will also be George Graves, W. H. Berry, and Steve Geray, which sounds a pretty strong team to me. And, if only June Clyde is through with Land Without Music in time to play opposite Charles Buddy R., a great many fans will be delighted.

Meanwhile, John Lodge, whom Hurst directed in Ourselves Alone, is to play the husband in the film version of The Dominant Sex—the part that Richard Bird played so magnificently on the stage, and Herbert Brenon, who directed Living Dangerously at Elstree, will direct him.

And John Lodge is to be the latest of our gallery of Bulldog Drummonds, in Bulldog Drummond at Bay, for B.I.P. also.

Actors

Then there is the Rock unit out from Elstree,disporting itself in the Shetland Islands on Edge of the World; however, director Michael Powell took plenty of actors out with him, so he's not likely to have to bring odd islanders back to do interiors.

Three Twickenham films complete the Elstree output at the moment; and in case you think I've got a bit mixed in my geography, let me assure you that Twickenham has long since burst the bounds of Twickenham and Twickenham films are now shot at Elstree and Hammersmith as well as at St. Margarets, the parent stem.

First, there is Spy of Napoleon, which has reverted to that title after being Fall of an Empire for a spell.

This is the Napoleon III spy story starring Dolly Haas and Richard Barwall, which Maurice Elvey has been directing. It has now been completed, with a week or so on Loch Lomond for exteriors.

Then we have The Man in the Mirror, with Maurice Elvey again in command.

This is the one with Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin, in which the former finds his reflection in the mirror stepping out and joining in the fun and games; which sounds to me more like Rene Clair than Maurice Elvey, but one never knows with directors. They seem to be almost as versatile as actors these days.

Plumb Crazy

Twickenham is also, you will be interested to hear, busy, currently with Underneath the Arches; and if this isn't a crazy outfit, my real name is not Gamblemarsh.

Imagine, to begin with, Flanagan and Allen, as ex-soldiers, stowing away on a ship which carries also a professor with a gas which makes everyone friendly and a beautiful spy trying to get the formula; then proceed to a country in revolution, in which the government soldiers have only one leg to their trousers because there are not enough to go round, and you will get a pretty good idea of the type of thing that Underneath the Arches is.

Reed Davis is directing, which is apt to make it rather crazier than ever, Reed being a gag-man by birth and upbringing. And Enid Stamp- Taylor is producing, so fall and see the film, however crazy it may be.

Enid changed to brownette just before Jean Harlow did, sacrificing her elegant lavender-blonde coiffure. I liked it, and it photographed marvellously.

Director in Demand

Gosh, we haven't much time to finish our round! Well, at Beaconsfield we have Rembrandt, Donald Stewart, Francis L. Sullivan, Jack Hobbs, Mary Gordon, and Henry Victor playing in a comedy called Fine Feathers, with Leslie Hiscott directing.

Squeaky Love, the Stanley Lupino racing comedy, is just finishing there, and its director, Jim Elder Wills, has gone to Highbury, almost without waiting to change his collar, to direct Gun Alpine with Frances Compton, because of Love—which, let me tell you, will not be the final title if Jim Wills has any say in the matter.

Jim is in demand these days, because there is no means a superabundance of British directors who understand their job.

Well, then, at Cricklewood they are making the Ernie Lotina film Love Up the Pole—and by "they" I mean Hope-Bell Productions; and at Snodland, in a converted schoolhouse, Medway Productions are making International Cabaret; and at Islworth Criterion Films have Gangs and High Tension on tap—for the latter of which they have just been to Scotland to shoot the Battle of Flodden Field.

This is the one in which Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., will play the lead.

Odd Ends

And now I've come practically to the end of my tether, and I haven't said a word about David Lean, or Mill on the Floss, or Grand Finale or Abide With Me, all being made at Sound City.

And not a word about Everybody Dance or All 'I'm at Islington.

And less than nothing about the important films on the floor and in preparation at Denham—Rembrandt, Fire Over England, Elephant Boy, Knight Without Armour, Bicycle Made for Two, Wings of the Morning, Thunder in the City, Moonlight Sonata, Land Without Music, Dark Journey, and Love from a Stranger.

Many of these may turn out to be "the" film of 1937, and it's very likely that one of them will.

Well, nobody can say I didn't try.

However, I'll have a go at those next week. But I give you all fair warning—I'm going to browse.
Babe Bennett, the young reporter, is congratulated by her editor (George Bancroft) on her scoop in ridiculing Deeds.

On the right, Deeds, who is unaware that Babe Bennett is a reporter, escorts her home.
Deeds finds inspiration in his tuba—and in Babe Bennett.

Deeds visits the flat shared by Babe and her partner, unaware that the reporters have arrived before him.

While operating his great scheme for putting farmers on the land, Deeds is arrested as being mentally unfit to have control of his money.

Once again Frank Capra, Columbia’s ace director, has provided us with a feast for the eyes, the ears, the intelligence, and the sense of humour.

His latest film tells of a young, small-town poet who inherits £4,000,000, and promptly becomes the natural prey of sharks, financial and social. However, he sorts them out to his own satisfaction, and after a stormy passage he reaches a solution of all his problems.

Deeds and Babe (right) go sight-seeing together, and ignorant of her profession or the fact that she is writing about him in her paper, he falls in love.
The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

"To think that the thief turned out to be John Barty, but there the necklace was—in the fellow's desk."

LL too readily in the life of an amateur gentleman, particularly to one born in the Regency period, comes a time when, if convinced that his gentility is more than skin-deep, he must comport himself as a commoner. Distasteful, none the less to Barnabas Barty, proved such an occasion, obliging him as it did to face Lady Cleone Meredith for the first time with a cut over the left eye.

"The devil take me for boxing with my own father," he thought, "because I can't stomach his agreement with capital punishment. What difference do my opinions make?"

Having his mask will be hung, in the marketplace to-morrow for stealing a watch, and I have to wait on an angel looking like a street brawler."

Meanwhile, the divinity standing in the iron doorway, wearing the then fashionable high-wasted frock coat an capa-crowned hat, adorned with cockade and feathers, appeared likewise to have a complaint. "Is there no one to attend to us?" she queried in a voice confirming her aristocratic bearing. "My grandfather spoke to me of being waited upon by glorious John Barty."

The glory appears to me to be a trifle dim.

From the floor where, two minutes earlier, Barnabas' right uppercut had landed him, John Barty rose to assume the duties of mine host.

"Well," Barty replied to Natty Bell, ex-fighter and general factotum of the 'Pride of the Fells,' the only part of the American, whose gold-headed cane, carried in a gloved hand, matched the importance of his cloth coat and beaver top-hat, was being assisted up the oak stairs by John Barty.

"Him's the Marquess of Camberr-burst," Natty informed. "The lady's his grand-daughter, and the taff with the quizzing glass and big nose goes by the name of Mr. Louis Chichester."

"And now, seeing as we're short-handed, I'll trouble you to help tidy up in here. You might start with your own face."

"I was hoping to get hold of your cat, Barnabas, with unusual eagerness, dooned the green baize apron of servitor. Especially did he busy himself in the coffee-room after hearing the Marquess declare in favour of immediate retirement for the night. 'I'll have a bit of that tray here,' Barnabas heard him say. "Louis, you can dine with Cleone—alright?"

"Sir, I have already done so."

"Eh! What's the result? Accepted? Good. Tell her to come in, on her way to bed, and I'll ratify the engagement."

Which conversation calculated to dim an innkeeper's son's hopes by no means destroyed those of Barnabas. Besides being tall, well set up, and of beyond average looks, Barnabas was conscious on his mother's side of having gentle blood. "My father shall not have struggled to educate and teach me the laws of etiquette for nothing," he declared to Natty. "Remember the rules for bowing: 'The hand should be lifted gracefully and laid lightly on the bosom; above all, the depth of the bow should be regulated to the person saluted.' Watch me with Lady Cleone." Yet Barnabas was not entirely taken up with his fine bow to the divinity when she appeared in the coffee-room in her Empire gown, her aureole of golden hair uncovered. Half his attention at least must be paid to Mr. Louis Chichester, who raised his glass of negus to Lady Cleone with: "To wedded bliss, Cleone!"

"We're not married yet."

"A chilly thing to say to a lover on a chilly evening."

"If I were a nobody—I wonder—would you still be a lover?"

"My dear Cleone. Don't be absurd. Of course not."

"So you don't even pretend to be in love with me?"

"Wasn't it part of the bargain that I don't flirt with you?"

"Hugging this exchange of words to himself, Barnabas served dinner and inquired of Mr. Chichester if he wished a warming-pan taken to his room."

"To mine, please," Lady Cleone ordered. "Tell my maid I shall be coming in a moment."

"Your inn's filling up," the somewhat haughty maid informed Barnabas from the window of the second-best bedroom. "Land's sake!" she cried. "If that isn't Lord Ronald stepped out of the chaise, and a dark, handsome piece with him."

"And who may Lord Ronald be?"

"Barnabas inquired.

"Her ladyship's brother; sauce-box."

"In truth, as Barnabas arrived downstairs, Natty was showing a young blood, complete with quizzing glass and frilled stock, through the parlour. The coffee-room door was opened by Louis Chichester. Barnabas distinctly heard Lord Ronald say in an agitated aside: 'Chichester, be a good fellow. See if you can't get me a room at the other end of the building. I've got Pauline Darville with me. You might talk to her. Explain that my sister's here.'"

"Yes—yes—I'll see her. I'll do everything. Go right ahead, and for heaven's sake be natural."

Almost more curious as how Chichester would deal with Pauline Darville, who was hurried into the small parlour, Barnabas found it easier to overhear snatches of conversation between Lady Cleone and her brother. "I'm ashamed of you. You drink. You gamble. You come begging to me for money. You disgust me," he heard her say, at the same time rather liking the frank face of the accused. More disturbing was the intimacy which Barnabas, entering the small parlour with excuse to draw the curtains, saw Chichester employing towards Pauline. Complaints about her being down to her last penny were followed by Chichester's rapid outburst. "No use appealing to me. I've barely enough for to-night's bill."

"Suppose I were to have a talk with Cleone? Tell her that the day is not so far gone when you promised to marry me."

"Pauline! You wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't I? I can't wait till you marry a rich wife to collect my owings. This is my chance, and I shall take it."

"Don't be so shrill! Give me a kiss. That's better."

Without time to ponder on these dual revelations, Barnabas obeyed his father's summons to be ready to take up the Marquess' supper-tray.

Taking the stairs in the execution of his errand and Barney, Natty challenged as he joined the impenitent below stairs.

"And to think Lady Cleone saw it all!" Barnabas chewed. "What's more. Natty is in love with that pompous eavesdropping adventurer than she is with me!"

"Now, Barnabas. Lady Cleone's one of the quality,"

"Wasn't my mother Lady Joan Beverley, saying there was an innkeeper? Natty, I'm in love. I may not like the feeling, but I have to see the object of my devotion again."

Following a night spent without sleep and a breakfast taken without eating at neighbourly Mother Tucker's, Barnabas, with some delay, made his way to the inn to find his father emerging in charge of Belcher, the local constable. Barony and Barnabas struck Barnabas with the force of a physical blow. "Robbery's a hanging matter, John Barty."

Natty informed him that Barnabas from room to room, supplied facts and consolation. "Someone robbed his lordship's. Barnabas, got the pearls and the money gone altogether, but necklaces and his lordship's watch were found in your father's hack. You'll have to hang on so. It'll be six weeks to trial. Time to prove John Barty's innocence."

"You'll hang me or you, nor your father, did it, 'oos left? One of the nobs; that's what I say."

"Lord Ronald!"

"Maybe. 'E went off early and followed page 22"
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in love with Miss Georgina. As it is, unfortunately...

He moved on to the card-room. About midnight Ronald called from the table: "Cleone, Cleone, you always bring me luck. Throw for me."

"I'd better explain," Barnabas said gravely, ignoring Chichester, who with Pauline Darville had partnered the game. "Your brother has been so unfortunate as to lose twenty-five thousand pounds to me. We agreed, no doubt rashly, to throw double or quits. Either I gain or lose everything. Will you throw?"

"Staring at the dice, expertly loaded by Barnabas over last night's candle, Ronald scrawled an I.O.U., before giving himself up to mutual sighing. A moment's pause before Barnabas, tearing the I.O.U. in half, turned to Cleone. "Forgive me," he said. "All this time I have been trying to identify your brother's handwriting with that on a piece of burned paper I found in the room Pauline Darville occupied in my father's inn. Here it is. I know now that Ronald is not the thief.""

"And—you think that Louis might be?" The voice was so low that Barnabas scarcely thought the words spoken. Realising that they were sheltered from the others by the window embrasure, he took her hand. "Cleone, would that hurt you very much? Would it?"

"Thrilled by the answer in her eyes, he added: "I accuse no one till I have proof, but I must have it quickly, or my father will be hanged. Will you do something for me? Come with me to Newgate. You could bring a chaperone. Trust me. Nothing shall harm you."

Ever afterwards Barnabas recalled Cleone's loveliness beneath a somet with an upstanding feather against the forbidding surroundings of the prison. Profoundly he blessed her for engaging (no hard task) the attention of the turn-key while, with Natty's help, a film of plan of direction was pushed between the bars of John Barty's cell. Knowing that thick fog had materially aided his father's escape, Barnabas repaired to the Albany o dress for the forthcoming Carlton House Ball, hoping for a consummation of his plans. The unmis-keable feeling that someone was in his living-room warned him as he entered. Pauline stood up beside he secretary. "A delightful surprise, Mrs. Darville," he observed. "I see you are looking for something. Give me that." He took the piece of burnt paper from her. "Who rought you here?" he pressed.

"No one."

"How did you open that drawer? o woman's wrist..."

A hand, moving the long window, was thrust forth. A knife flashed. A moment later the open window showed a murderer's path escape, while Barnabas, sup-porting Pauline's dead body, stared the pearls fallen from her corsage, it worn as a jewel, but wrapped in gentleman's handkerchief.

"Chroniclers have described the Carlton House Ball in all its alliance without mention of how Barnabas Barty, alias John Beverley, there of a dandy than ever, passed under the chandeliers as a suspect, dead, to avoid arrest for the murder of Pauline Darville, Louis Chichester, having cleverly set Bow Street runners on Barnabas' trail, left early disguised as the Marquess' coachman. Driving the coach containing the Marquess, Chichester, and Lady Cleone at breakneck speed, he drew up at the "Pride of the Fancy."

"Where's that rascally coachman? his lordship demanded, hitting his head on the oak beams of the coffee-room. "John Barty, I'll have none of your breakfasts till I find out what's going on here... Why, Mr. Beverley!"

"That's not his name, sir," Chichester thrust in. "I'm sorry to upset Cleone, but it's time she knew this impostor is John Barty's son."

"My lord," Barnabas exclaimed, "I only brought you here to prove my father's innocence. Natty, hand me that banknote. It's one of your lordship's. Mrs. Darville paid the bill with it, the night she stayed here with your grandson. And this note I found afterwards in her room. Perhaps you recognise the handwriting."

"With a threatening gesture, Chichester seized the burned paper. "My dear Beverley, a childish trick. This charge is preposterous. The honest face of Constable Belcher, supported by two runners, appeared at the door. "Anyone present of the name of John Barty?" he inquired. "Wanted for gaol break."

Chichester smiled. "And, while you're here, what about the other Barty, my good fellow?"

"Quite so, sir. Murder, ain't it? Mrs. Darville—found stabbed last night in the Albany. Steady, my lad. The handcuffs go on easy if you don't struggle." Conscious of Cleone's distressed face, Barnabas waited the final coup of his planned arrest. Belcher played his part well. Picking up the handkerchief which he had adroitly dropped, the constable handed it to Chichester, who was moving towards the door with:

"Is this yours, sir?"

"Ah! Thanks, my man!"

"Sure it's yours, sir?

"Of course. There's the initial."

Belcher clucked. "Found on the corpse, that was. How's we planned it, didn't we, young Barnabas... Oh, no you don't!"

"Stripping off the unlocked handcuffs, Barnabas leapt upon Chichester, who was threatening Belcher with a knife ripped from the handle of the adventurer's quizzing glass. Down went Chichester under a practiced uppercut. Comporting himself as a commoner, Barnabas vindicated the gentleman's right to put a thief and murderer in his place.

"Darling, I can't kiss you here. What do we do?"

Barnabas urged after the Marquess had insisted on John Barty's remaining at the inn to help its most important client to bed. "There's Georgina and Ronald stopping in their chaise. If they're running away, simply Joan Beverley run away with John Barty, why shouldn't you with me?" Cleone answered.

The more work a woman does, the more BREAD she ought to eat at every meal, because no other food equals BREAD FOR ENERGY.
CRITICISMS of the
LATEST FILMS

SEVEN在哪

Clark Gable as Blachie Norton in one of the earthquake sequences from "San Francisco."

S A N F R A N C I S C O

When you find this story of the San Francisco of the first decade of the present century, some what highly coloured and melodramatic you cannot help but be thoroughly entertained by the high quality of the acting and the scene-setting of earthquake and fire which raged that city to the ground in 1906.

It is a scene of terror which is enhanced by the intense realism achieved by the camera and technicians. I shall long remember the awesome shaking which precluded one of the century's greatest and most appalling calamities.

The story is by G. Robert Hopkins and the screen adaptation by Anita Loos who seems to have become rather pedestrian in her development of the theme.

It concerns a young singer Mary Blake who is signed up by Blackie Baxley and his Arab troops on the Barbary Coast—that is the toughest section of San Francisco—and Mary falls in love with Jack Holt whose voice is so beautiful that she is approached to sing in the opera house by Jack Burley, one of the city's most citified citizens.

Her contract with Blackie forbids it, and he refuses to let her go. This causes a battle between Burley, who has also fallen in love with her, and Blackie.

A private knows the saloon proprietor since childhood and who is as cognisant of his faults as he is of the real virtue in the man at heart because he has dated Mary from marrying Blackie.

Thereafter Mary wavers indecisively between love for Burley, who has also fallen in love with her, and Blackie.

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"We came across this Cornish farm-house on Monday—parked the car in a stable and moved in for the rest of the holiday. It’s at the end of a lane walled in with honesuckle and there’s a very private cove only five minutes away. I’m enjoying the simple life, especially the junket. But between the heat and the walking and everything, I’ve blessed my "4711" perfumed Eau de Cologne at least four times a day. It’s the newest, utterly reviving thought. If you can imagine the most approving sort of Eau de Cologne with the most adorable perfumes added to it, you have the idea. The one I chose myself has ‘Rhinegold’ perfume in it—the light restrained kind. There’s another Eau de Cologne with ‘Tosca’ perfume—it’s very fetching! Get a large bottle, as it’s practically indispensable and the prices are ultra reasonable.

16 NEW POSTCARDS

Create a Furore!

* * *

'THE sixteen new postcards from ‘The Picturegoer’ Saloon are all so lovely that it is difficult to praise one more than another.' This, in effect, is what postcard collectors are saying. All are agreed, however, that William Powell has once more looked on attractively. To add a portrait of Katherine de Mille to the "Picturegoer" list for the first time is a trifle well earned by this fascinating star. Place any or all of these new cards in your collection and then note how they dominate the pages!

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "Picturegoer" Saloon,

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders.

I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2½d. please. Include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name: _____________________________
Address: ____________________________

1/- CASH

"HOLIDAYS MEANT THE DENTIST FOR HER"

"The enamal on her teeth was gradually wearing away, the dentist said last time I took my eldest girl to see him, 'Send her back to school next term with Odol.' I tried Odol myself, first, and noticed the feel of it between my teeth. I was really astonished how smooth it is. I knew at once that my wife's teeth would be safe now—Odol would never scratch or harm the enamel in any way!"

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (600,000ths)—no gritty abrasives. In whatsoever Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide... and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorides, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are

5/- ALBUM FREE

SEPIA GLOSSY

orde Albright
as Alexander
ah Henry
theleine De Mille
or Elia
orge Fornbo

PARTNERS — Seple and Colognaph, late which are required.

John Gielgud
Harriet Halliday
Dickie Moore
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Ginger Rogers

5/- ALBUM FREE

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON,

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders.

I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2½d. please. Include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name: _____________________________
Address: ____________________________

P.O. No. ____________ Amount ____________

"Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album de luxe is required.

Cross P.O. order Co. and make payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY."" Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be required.

The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936.

Each entry received must be accompanied by an empty ODOL, Tooth Paste Cartons, 1/- size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent to a 1/- size carton. All winning names become the property of Cranbux Ltd., no snips can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Let's see your Odol Smile!

FREE! A TRIBLE OF ODOL TOOTH PASTE

Try an Odol Smile! Post this coupon in an unsealed envelope (1d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. PG 3), Slough, Bucks.

Name: _____________________________
Address: ____________________________

(This offer applies in Great Britain & Northern Ireland only.)

£5 CASH

and 20 other prizes every week for "SUNNY SNAPS"!

"Picturegoer's" Competition closes when the final postcards reach Cranbux on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch." The following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post in Cranbux Ltd., ODOL, Sunny Snaps, (Dept. PG 3), Slough, Bucks. Please mark your left-hand corner of envelope "Sunny Snap.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly

Tosca

Eau de Cologne

Small handbag bottle: 2 5/8 fl. oz.

200 sets free to the first 200 replies.

Rhinegold

Eau de Cologne

Small flat bottle for handbag:

1 5/8 fl. oz.

Which will you choose?

SAMPLE COFFRET

1 5/8 fl. oz. FREE!

This offer applies in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

Cranbux Ltd.

15/16/36.

August 15, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Eau de Colognes

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

By Appointment

Which Perfumed Eau de Cologne will you choose? Here are trial bottles of three in a dainty coffret—Tosca's, Rhinegold and Frokle. It can be had post-free—simply send this coupon with a postal order for 5/- to "PICTUREGOER" (Dept. PG 3), Slough, Bucks.

Name:
Address:

(Castler 38)

Carboniferous

Sequinised

Sequinised

Sequinised

Sequinised
**REVIEWS**

by Lionel COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN**

**NEVADA**

**LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST**

**DANCING FEET**

**PITFALL**

**PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER**

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD**

**RHYTHM OF THE RIVER**

**NIGHT CARGO**

**PICTORIAL REVIEW**

FROM NINE TO NINE

**DIRIGIBLE** (Re-Issue)

**NOW AND FOREVER** (Re-Issue)

---

What the asterisks mean—

*** An outstanding feature.

**** Very good.

***** Good.

---

*A Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

---

**PREVIEWS**

Continued from page 24

It tells the story of an American detective and a girl from the Frat Assurance Company of America, who are ordered to try and trace some jewels lost by a lady of title in England, who get involved in a series of train wrecks and murders totally unconnected with their case. I do not intend to go into the plot in any detail, because it relies upon its surprise twists and ingenious development to hold your attention, and to give it away would be to partially spoil your entertainment of an exceedingly good British picture.

Albert de Courville deserves to be congratulated on his slick and polished direction, which is better than anything he has done hitherto. It is live and vital, and characterisation, even in the minor roles, is not shallow.

Edmund Lowe is excellent in the role of the nonchalant detective, and he is ably partnered by Constance Cummings as the agent from the insurance company.

These two make an excellent team and appropriate, to my mind, very closely to the Powell-Loy partnership.

It is good to know that Constance Cummings will be stopping here, but a pity that she is not likely to be teamed again with Lowe, who has gone back to America.

While the stars are given most of the limelight, they do not dominate the picture. The acting is universally good and the cast works admirably as a team.

The first of six, for instance, is right in character as a French detective engaged on clearing up the mystery of a train smash on the Riviera, which is followed at short intervals by two more wrecks in England. His delineation is natural and convincing.

As members of a gun-running gang put business before love, and who is sent to Japan by his wealthy rival, Cesar Romero is effective.

The rival is exceedingly well played by Preston Foster, who eventually succeeds by he-man tactics in winning the headstrong heroine.

Janet Beecher gives a fine character study as the heroine's mother and Betty Lawford is sound as a Contessa who is out to win Preston Foster for his fortune.

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN**


*A This is a very free adaptation of Jeffery Fairnoll's novel, and it would have been better if it had followed its original more closely. On the other hand, as Douglas Fairbanks, jr.'s production, and it is produced in this country it is highly commendable and supplies good romantic entertainment of a popular order.

Carole Lombard and Cesar Romero in "Love Before Breakfast" who work under the cloak of a society for the prevention of war. Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer, and Joyce Kennedy have an effective, while an excellent little study comes from O. B. Clarence as a registrar.

A detective regarding officers as a chief constable in the country, and Edwin Lawrence is most amusing in a brief appearance as a guide at the Guildhall.

There is plenty of variety in the scenery. The action takes one from the Riviera to Paris and from thence to London and a small country village.

Suspense is excellently maintained and every sequence has its full quota of comedy and surprise element.

The train wrecks are most effective—they are realistic without being pretentious or over-prolonged.

If British pictures kept to this standard, we should be more likely to attain that supremacy which we are told is just around the corner.—Lionel Collier

---

**LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST**

CAROLE LOMBARD..............KAY COBLY
FRANK FOSTER...................GEORGE BURKE
JANET BECHER...................COLLYS
CESAR TORENO..............BENJAMIN WOLFSON
BETTY LAWFORD.......ROBERTA SPENCER
CORNELIUS CAMPEANULI............FRANK FOSTER
NOLI BRIDGES...........SWIFT FARMER
ANDRE BRENGUER.............HUBERT BOLTON
RICHARD CARLE..............JACK ROCUS
EDWARD BARTON.............WILLIAM GROVER

In spite of the absurd situations in which the characters find themselves, they prove amusing owing to the excellence of their performances and the polished direction of Walter Lang.

Love Before Breakfast is a sophisticated modern comedy, in which Carole Lombard plays the role of a shrewish young girl who is engaged to one man, but secretly loves another.

She gives a very good performance and puts plenty of pep into the portrayal of this exceedingly lively young lady.

As her fiancé, who is inclined to

On the Screens Now

Joan Marsh and Eddie Nugent in "Dancing Feet"
Phillips Holmes is as well in character as the artistically inclined Philip, and Edward Ellis gives a sound service as Uriah.

**DANCING FEET**


Ben Lyon... Ken Howard
Peggy Stewart... Claire Martinu
Jimmie Burke... Saoirse Ronan
Jay W. Wassin... Bruce Donaldson

The dance numbers are refreshingly different and characterised with much originality.

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD**


Mary Carlisle... Nelle Lawrence
Roy Chiao... Don Redford
Dorothy Lee... Elise Wilson
Richie Nugent... Rudy Nash
Lillian Bond... Joanne Hutton
Fuzzy Knight... Lamont Acord
Edna Sherrill... Myrtle W. Wasington
Harley Conley... Press Agent

Directed by William S. Libby

Lleisurely plot, which introduces a somewhat unusual character, a man who sings over the radio. They are cast as farm hands who come to New York and are[illegible]. Most of the humor is derived from their behaviour in and reaction to the city, particularly the reaction of the farmer's neice and a crooner, while the farmer himself falls for a gold-digger. Jacqueline Wells is attractive as Claire, and both Lloyd Hughes as Bruce and Walter Miller as Jack make the most of their materials.

James Aubrey supplies the comedy relief.

**RHYTHM OF THE RIVER**


Frank McHugh... Coach Hammond
Patrick O'Neal... Jack Simms
Warren Hull... Bob Wilson
John Cowan... Wilson, sen.

There is little originality in the "road turns" which have appeared from time to time in the Pathé Pictorials, but Frankau makes the master of ceremonies and the items are well compiled. Camera work is not too good at times. The artists in order of merit are: Robert Eller, who appears in the comedy sketch; Geraldo and his orchestra; Eddie Woodburn, dramatic vocalist; Commander Cross, knockabout comedians; Sereno and June, acrobatic dancers; Collinson and Dean; and Charles Coborn, the G.O.M. of the music-halls.

**PICTORIAL REVIEW**


Robe Wilson, Ronald Frankau, Eric Woodburn, Geraldo and his orchestra, Commander Cross,敲daley Day, Sereno and June, the New York artists, Jacqueline Wilks, Directed by Fred Waitt.

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**RIO RATTLE**


TOM TYLER... Tom Deacon
STANLEY... Tom Deacon
TOM LONDON... Bob Adams
ERNEST WHITAKER... Ralf Frankau
FRANK SNYDER... Eddie Grillo
EDDY BIRKET... Snappy Williams
WILLIAM GOO... Frank Whitton
LAFE McKEE... Rodney
ACE COOK... Sam comedia

Directed by Franklin Shawary

Tom Tyler's horsemanship is the main asset in this very conventional and rather colourless Western. It will pass muster with juveniles.

Tempting story deals with Tom Deacon, a roamer Westerner, who assumes the identity of a murdered ranger in order to round up a gang of cut-throats. The production values are high and the acting is commendable. Complications arise when Helen, the deceased man's sister, appears on the scene and Tom becomes again aDupont's, and his brings the crooks.

**FROM THREE TO NINE**


Ruth Sturgis... Directed by Inspector Vernon
On Play Roland Drew... Ken Howard
Dorothy Lee... John Somewhere
Dorothy Lee... Yvonne Bales
EUGENE SHEAFO... Yvonne Blake
Arthur Spooner... Williams
Julia Deo... Leo welch
GEORGE A. TEMPLE... Helene
FREDERICK DOUGLASS... Sea

Directed by Edgar George Umer.

Phillis Holmes and Anna Shirley in "Chatterbox"

George E. Stone... E. Prentiss Biddle
MARY TESIU... Squinty
TOM JONES... Tom Jones
PRINCES OPEL... Johnny Arthur
WALTER JOHNSON... Fields
JOSPEH SAWYER... Coach Kendall
FLORENCE PAI... Miss Norton
SHERWOOD O'GORMAN... Eddie

Directed by William McGinn

A unique, South American, "A" certificate, Triangle melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

RUSSELL SHERWOOD... Bruce Donaldson
JERRY BAKER... Calvin Roberts
CLARK MARTIN... Claire Martinu ( alias Marty)
VER MILLERS... Dapper Dan
JOTTA MONTI... Tiara
JOE KARES... George Soap
Pete NOBLE... Captain (boat)

Directed by Charles Khraten

Here is more than enough to plausibility in this picture, just as the tropics. It starts quite well, it gradually becomes very

**OLD DANCE**


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JERRY BAKER... Calvin Roberts
CLARK MARTIN... Claire Martinu ( alias Marty)
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Thirst = 1 m.p.g.

but —

You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's
Gums & Pastilles

When you wish you hadn't a throat — then
that's the time for
Rowntree's FRUIT PASTILLES and
FRUIT CLEAR GUMS. Real orchard
flavours — strawberry, gooseberry and
tangerine apricot and blackcurrant —
with quenching lime and lemon.

2p
In Tubes

ASSORTED FRUIT PASTILLES (Medium)
or FRUIT CLEAR GUMS (Hard)
Also try JUICY FRUITS (Soft)
- 6d., 1½ lb. packets or loose.

August 15, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

FICKENESS OF FILM FAME

Forgetting the First Favourites

The passing of Thomas Meighan in comparative obscurity provides yet another example of the fickleness of film fame. The announcement of his death came as a distinct shock to me, as it must have done to numerous other fans who are old enough to remember the days when "Tommy" was one of the screen's best-loved stars, and I feel I would like to pay some tribute, however small, to the memory of the charming actor who, because of his straightforwardness and sincerity, must always be associated with the finer traditions of Hollywood; there was never any nonsense about him, no distasteful publicity was ever connected with his name, and I don't think there was anyone who did not like him. And now he has gone, the handsome, unspoiled idol of The Miracle Man, The Prince Chap, Cappy Ricks and the rest. Gone from the world which gave so much and took so much away, to join those other glamorous people who have gone before him, and perhaps to look back at the great stars of to-day with a wistful smile in which there must be just a trace of cynicism, as though to say: "Yes, make the most of your fame while you have it—revel in the applause of the pulpit West" cowboy type of film before they forsake you for another, newer idol. It seems now that your glory can never be dimmed, yet in a few short years—"

How time flies and how easily we forget! —Ernest H. Johnson, Chestnut Wash, Herts.

"Only A Film"

Recently, at a local cinema, I saw a woman surreptitiously dabbing her eyes when viewing a sentimental film. A friend with her told her not to be silly, and that it was "only a film, anyway."

I thought at the time of what that woman has missed and wish she could see films in that cynical state of mind. How much more enjoyment she would get if she were to relax and let her imagination run by itself!

A friend to whom I mentioned this said that he expected a child to be "carried away," but for a normal adult he considered it mental weakness.

That may be, but I am sure the person who "lives" the film through gets more value-for-money then the one who views it on the surface in that cynical "third person" manner—S. M. Shread, 57 Thornes Road, Calford, S.F. 6, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Does He Weep Alone?

I have been going to the motion pictures for a good many years. I have watched stars wax and wane, rise and fall. I have never gone to criticise, but as part of a big audience I have wept and laughed, suffered and thrilled with that audience. I have never seen a picture so bad that there wasn't something in it that I liked, or which interested me. I have seen very few pictures so good that I wanted to see them again.

Am I the one and only sentimental film fan?—Reginald J. Olsen, 22. Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Ches.

Anemic Films

At the recent Methodist Conference held in London in August a great deal of criticism was directed against the cinema industry. At the same time, these critics were so convinced of the popularity of the cinema (in spite of the alleged defects and limitations) that they strongly urged the governing body of the Church to pay special attention to the establishment and development of film propaganda.

I sincerely hope that future developments will not result in a war of words between the "legitimate" motion-picture industry and that grafter to motion-pictures production by religious organisations because if it does, the latter will suffer severely.

Anything more anemic and "wishy-washy" than the pictures produced up to date to correct the alleged influence of the Hollywood-British regards, I cannot imagine. I am afraid the aforesaid critics will have to get up rather early in the morning to teach American or British producers anything in the art of creating films which do attract the British public.—(Mrs.) H. J. S. Billing, 46 Poun's Square, Bayswater, London, W. 11, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Films for Kids

Many of our children go to the pictures once and sometimes twice a week, but I find that the average child is rarely very enthusiastic about the films.

He enjoys a good detective drama (provided the plot is not too involved) and he quite likes the comic actors and comedians. But the ordinary American film which shows the "After Office Hours" pleasures and love affairs of the young people of New York, is definitely boring to the child.

We want children's films showing life as it has been experienced by them—tales of school life, boy scouts' adventures at camp, the life of the orphan child in the institution. Films showing the lives of young people in training on board ship, at the university and in the factories would have a very wide appeal.

The educational value of such films to the children would be enormous.—(Mrs.) D. E. Hirst, Barnby Hall, Catton, Barnsley.

"Astounding Value"

As a regular reader of your excellent paper, I recently purchased a "Summer Extra." The sixpennyworth is astounding, and I've told all my friends about it. Thank you for such a fine book.

I should also like to thank you for forwarding letters on to stars to which I address c/o "The Picturegoer. Thank you once again. From a regular reader—(Miss) Mary Walker, Bredon, Meadowcroft Road, Leicester.

"Human" Stars

Living in a great seaport town I am privileged to see many famous Hollywood stars entering or leaving this country. Almost without exception I have found the (continued on page 20)
As a true Parisienne she would never be guilty of such a lapse as using hard, artificial or over-exotic make-up—where the least exaggeration is fatal. As a true Parisienne she knows that neo-Edwardian modes on 1936 dance floors demand a make-up which owes all its charm to a subtle lack of emphasis. She knows she cannot do better than take advantage of the discovery of Louis Philippe, the great French colourist—the wonderful discovery of a perfect natural make-up—lipstick that matches the colour of the living blood itself.

"My mystery is Ava"

"People have begun to say there is a subtle secret difference about me—a new charm—since I started to use AVA Shampoo. I know it is the magical glamour that AVA has given to my hair. Imagine—no troublesome after-rinse and never a hint of stickiness. That's the beauty of AVA.

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STOMACH PAINS
THROUGH MOTORING

The stomach is a most adaptable piece of human machinery, but you can hardly expect it to function if you cram and rush in ways Nature never intended. Every motorist knows that a long turn at the wheel is almost sure to bring on stomach pains. Huddled up in the driving seat, attention concentrated on the road and its perils, lack of exercise for body and limbs—all put an unfair load on the digestion which causes it to break down under the strain. Acidity, heartburn and flatulence tell their own sorry tale. The remedy is to take two tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after eating. By doing so, stomach acid is neutralised. Your stomach is kept clean and healthy and the process of easy, carefree digestion proceeds in a normal way. Be careful to get the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets—those with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Sold by all chemists at 1/2d, 2½d and 6d—never loose.

What Do You Think? Cont.

feminine stars to be undeniably beautiful, yet lacking in that aura of glamour which characterises them upon the screen. Instead, there is something delightfully "human" about them all; a something which makes one wonder why Hollywood ever chose to "groom" them and obscure the very fact that they are, in fact, but as ourselves.

Frankly, I envy the Picturegoer representative who interviews them. Temperamental they may be, but the famous men and women of the movies that I have seen have always had a ready smile for the dog-workers who have paused in their work to stare at them. One can say that of very few other ocean travellers.—L.T.

How It Started

I have recently been reading some old volumes of "The Magazine of Music," published round about fifty years ago, and in the issue for October, 1889, I noticed this paragraph:

"Mr. Edison's phonograph, has it is said, undergone fresh development. An ingenious new friend has suggested that to the existing instrument there should be added an apparatus which takes instantaneous photographs of the speaker or singer at equal intervals of one-tenth of a second.

"These, like the phonograph itself, can then be reproduced, with the result that, in addition to the re-uttered song or speech, the face of the speaker will be presented with the facial expression and gestures of a thinker.

"This looks very interesting on paper, but it would be rancid in practice on a good many of our musicians, whose performances do not at all gain in grace or dignity from their tricks of pantomime expression."

This must be one of the earliest suggestions of experiments which have developed into the wonderful talking pictures that we know to-day, and it strikes me as being remarkably prophetic considering it was written so long ago.—N. Lilley, 33 Southbank Street, Leek, Staffs.

Appreciation

I have often wondered if the "stars" realise the publicity value of their autographs. For example, I first went to the cinema three years ago, and chanced to see a film starring Claudette Colbert, with whom I was very "taken up," so much so, that I wrote for an autograph.

If my request had been ignored, in all probability my newly-found enthusiasm would have cooled off. However, in due course I received the autograph, and consequently I have never missed one of her films. Not only this, but I have injected my workmates with my Colbert complex, so now there are four "fans" instead of one.

If these lines should ever come to the notice of Miss Colbert, she will know that I have, in some measure, repaid her kindness to me—

A. Martlett, 184 Walsend Road, St. Helens, Lancs.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and their films? Let us have your opinions.

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WHO'S WHO

Anthony Bushell
STANDING 6 ft. 2 in., with fair hair and blue eyes, he was born in Westerham, Kent, on May 19, 1904. He married Zelma O'Neal (mar. dis.) Both at Magdalen College School and later at Hertford College, Oxford, he distinguished himself in athletic pursuits, being an excellent middle-weight boxer and the winner of his college boxing eight. On coming down from Oxford he studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and made his first stage appearance in Diplomacy, with Gladys Cooper at the Adelphi Theatre. Other plays in which he appeared are Iris, Peter Pan, Is Zat So? Her Cardboard Lover, and The Enemy.


Charles Butterworth
BORN at South Bend, Indiana, on July 26, 1899, his first intention was to practise law. He later turned his hand to a variety of occupations, including journalism, piano-playing and secretarial work. He became the private secretary to the famous writer, J. P. McEvoy. When the latter staged his first revue, Americana, Butterworth was given a role and appeared in several other musicals, including The Nuisance, Penhouse, The Cat and the Fiddle, My Weakness, Hollywood Party, Student Tour, Forsaking All Others, Building Drummond Strikes Back, The Night is Young, Baby Face Harrington, Orchids to You, Magnificent Obsession.

Spring Byington
BORN in Colorado Springs in 1898 she made her first stage appearance with a local "stock" company and after some years in this branch of work appeared for the first time in New York in February, 1924, at the Broadhurst Theatre in Beggar on Horseback. She has since appeared in many other important stage plays and her first screen appearance was in 1935 in Little Women. Other films in which she has appeared include: Werewolf of London, On Wings of Song, Ordeal, The Gay Deserter, The Club, Avalon in The Bounty, The Great Impersonation, Ah! Wilderness, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Broadway Hostess, and Every Saturday Night.

Walter Byron
THE son of theatrical parents, Walter Byron, whose real name is Butler, was born in Leicester on June 11, 1899. He stands 6 ft. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Enlisting during the Great War at the age of 15, he rose to the rank of sergeant-major. After the Armistice he took up stage work and later appeared in many musicals, including: Monkey Nuts, White Heat, One of the Best, Passion Island and Tommy Atkins.

In 1928 he received an American contract and has played in The Awakening, Queen Kelly, The Flame, Not Damaged, The Dancers, Last Flight, The Yellow Ticket, Leftover Ladies, Blonde Baby, The Menace, Three Wise Girls, Slightly Married, The Savage Girl, Kiss of Araby, Charlie Chan's Greatest Case, Man of Two Worlds, Two in a Million, Once to Every Woman, All Men Are Equal, The Moon is Blue, The Man with Two Faces, British Agent. The Man from the Folies Bergeire, Don't Bet on Blondes, If You Could Only Cook, and Broken Links.
Famous American star tells English girls

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says FRANCOT TONE

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AM sure that there is a remedy for your trouble. Whatever it may be, let me have a line accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

BEAUTY competitions are popular in the summer. Watching the judging of such a contest the other day, I was struck by the fact that few of the entrants really knew how to walk and stand gracefully. Surprisingly good looking, smartly dressed and generally well groomed, eight out of ten missed it in their posture.

If you remember the injunctions of your gym mistress your walk should hark back to "heads up, chest out, abdomen drawn in, and the weight on the balls of the feet." Which is all right as far as it goes, but you can scarcely be expected to go around remembering that all the days of your life.

Study your posture and get the picture of it printed on your mind, and maybe it will help you to improve it where it is wrong. Take up a perfectly natural position—that is the one you generally assume, and view yourself sideways on to your mirror. I'll give a guess what you see:

Somewhat drooping shoulders, a head slightly forward, the arms slightly forward and an abdomen that shows more than it should. Am I right? I am. Then how can it be corrected?

Forget all about your shoulders and head. Just contract the abdominal muscles and draw in your tummy as far as you can. What happens? Automatically your posture has been improved wonderfully. The head has been straightened itself, the shoulders are set back, the chest is broadened, and the arms go back.

The lesson behind all this is that a graceful carriage of the body and a graceful walk depend almost entirely on strong abdominal muscles. If these are strong and reliable and do not let you down—in more senses than one—you can rely upon having a charming carriage and an attractive walk.

Exercises

These exercises will help you, but do not expect to see results immediately. It will probably take an hour or two of practice a day. Stand in front of the mirror and look at your figure.

(1) Lie flat on the floor. Slowly raise both legs, with knees straight. Sink when they are nearly at right angles to the body. Do not raise the lower back. Keep it on the floor. Rest, take a breath and repeat the movement. Repeat five times. Next week make it six times and so increase one each week till you reach a dozen.

(2) Lie on the floor with your feet under an armchair or some other heavy bit of furniture. With your hands on the small of your back, raise yourself to a sitting position, and lower the body to the floor again. Repeat five times, and increase it one a week up to ten times.

The way in which you sit has a bearing on posture, too. Many of us sit to earn our livings. The tendency is to slip forward on the chair. This may seem to be comfortable. But Nature gave you a good cushion of fat to sit upon and heavy muscles. By sliding forward, you put both out of action, and put your poor sacral nerve against the hard edge of the chair.

You may not get nerve pains if you are too fat, but you most certainly will fatigue the muscles of your back and develop a constricted chest and a forward poke of the head and chin. The base of the spine should touch the back of an ordinary straight-backed chair.

Standing

Shop assistants and those who stand for a living develop faults just as easily. Their posture is too heavy on one foot and then on the other, or with one hip thrust out nearly always the right one. By resting the weight more often on one foot, the body's fatigue is lessened by a balance maintained equally on both feet. A real effort should be made to stand evenly on both feet, and to brace the waist.

It is important to see that the feet are in good order. You cannot stand equally upon them if they are sore with corns and callouses.

Compromise

There comes, of course, a time when faulty posture neglected perhaps over a period of many years, can no longer be easily corrected. Then the remedy lies in really skilfully cut corsets.

Good corsets are a wise investment. Never neglect giving a good price for them. You can have them made to measure, but nowadays, when so many makes specialise in what is called "figure-typing," this is hardly necessary. Whatever you may be—slim hips and disproportionate waist, long the leg and short in the body, or any other odd combination—a corset may be obtained that will fit you accurately, improve your posture, and give a smooth foundation for your dresses.

Feminine curves are fashionable. Lack of a bust spoils a fashionable dress. If nature has been niggardly in this respect, something must be done about it. You may, perhaps, by divers means improve it. Rules are as few as there is nothing like swimming for this purpose.

If you can't take up swimming, you can at least practise the breast stroke in your bedroom every morning for a few minutes.

However, if in spite of all your efforts there is no noticeable improvement, you have an alternative. Many brassieres are cut specially to exaggerate a bust that is too slender. It makes the bust look bigger, so to speak. But if the bust is so negligible that even a special brassiere fails to improve it, then it is as well to fall back on a false bust, which in some cases a false bust for a guineas you can have a perfectly symmetrical figure. It's worth it.

Answers to Correspondents

Marjorie (Pekolstone)—I am not keen on ice for toning up the complexion. It is too drastic and apt to cause broken veins. Cold water is much better. Always rinse your face with cold water and then rub it dry with a soft flannel sponge. This braces without injuring the skin. You can buy the sponge at the 6d. stores.

W. O. (Cardiff) The Potter and Moore's new Bronce powder-cream will give your pale skin that warm healthy golden look you want. It is easily applied and has an attractive perfum.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. N. M. Holley, 14 Wargrave, Leigh Mount, Leeds, 12, for:

A Political Party
Forgotten Heaven
Mayor of Hell

Prizes of half a guinea each are awarded to:

Miss E. Stanton, 11 Truro Street, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.3, for:

Ladies' Men

Behold My Wife

A Woman Commands

More Lovers

Miss Romani, The Willows, Windsor, Berks, for:

The Devil is a Woman

The Devil's Elder Brother

Dangers Curves

Miss Ena Nichols (aged 13), Stanley House, 9 Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey, for:

Long Lost Father

The Man I Keep

Oh, Daddy

Miss M. McArthur, 82 Barfield Street, Cardiff, Gloucester Road, Cardiff, for:

This Year's Lover

Hooray for Love

Twenty Million Sweethearts

No Limit

Whips

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to look for three or four talkies at a time in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard at Picto-Scrocers, Martley, Worcestershire, W.C.7.

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—no attempt on each card.

GUv BEACON

Julie SUEDO

The Celebrated Film Star in Improper Duchess, Queen of Hearts, etc.

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By Dr. Scott, M.D., Paris.

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steadily gets worse until it ultimately defies
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have found "Bisurate" Magnesia, by
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ALL THE GOSSIP

W

are accustomed to "movements" in the film industry. In the forty odd years of its existence it has seen so many changes, both material and spiritual, that one more or less would seem to make little difference.

But the latest is one that will have the most far-reaching effect of all.

These changes come so gradually that we hardly notice them, except in retrospect. We suddenly look back and think "Why, what a terrific change there has been in films, or in some particular aspect of them, since then!"

The latest movement is at the stage at which it seems like a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand; but presently it will increase until it covers the whole sky.

I am referring to the intervention of the Churches in film matters.

Screen Cleaning

There is nothing new about it in principle. Several far-reaching "decency drives" and "clean-the-screen movements" have been launched in America, usually by the Roman Catholic Church; and in Britain as well as in the U.S.A. the local censorship practised by municipal authorities (chiefly in connection with Sunday opening of cinemas) has been considerably influenced by the clergy.

But now the movement attains an entirely new aspect, since the Churches are showing signs of combined action.

Last May the Archbishop of Canterbury convened a meeting at Lambeth Palace of all bodies "concerned in raising the moral and aesthetic standard of the cinema." The Press was rather pointedly excluded.

The chief result of this conference, which is reported to have been well attended, is to say to the Cinema Christian Council: "Go ahead!"

Anxiety

The declared object of the Cinema Christian Council is "To promote the practical use and development of the kinematograph in the cause of religion, education, recreation and social and moral welfare at home and throughout the Empire."

To this end special films are to be produced, chiefly under the aegis of the Religious Film Society, suitable for exhibition in churches and church halls.

Now, this is causing considerable anxiety in the film trade; exhibitors are frankly afraid these free shows will cut in on their profits.

This proves conclusively that the exhibitors have not seen one of these specially made films, or they would certainly not be losing any sleep about them.

I have attended a demonstration where a typical programme was shown. It began with a "Worship and Prayer Film," proceeded with a historical documentary film of Canterbury, and ended with a short missionary story picture produced by the Religious Film Society.

Goody-goody

The first consisted of a collect and prayer accompanied by more or less appropriate scenery on the screen.

The second was a good type of "travelogue," but it laid very little stress on the religious aspect of Canterbury except at the very end. In fact, it was a type of film one might expect to see in any kinema programme.

The third, played by professional actors, would have been regarded as a good amateur effort, but, apart from its sentiments, it would be hooted off the screen in London as a third-rate quota offering, and hardly tolerated in the provinces.

The audience, composed mostly of church people (or so I gathered from the fact that they knew the words of the hymn we sang) received these offerings sympathetically, but I was inclined to agree with a rubicund parson just in front of me who rose at the end with a twinkle in his eye and remarked, "Well, give me Mae West."

Cecilia Parker finds hay-pitching a useful slimming exercise—have you tried it?

Congratulations

Now, at the Methodist Conference, it has been announced that about a hundred and twenty churches of that denomination are to be equipped for showing films.

Further, I have before me an Encyclical Letter from the Pope to his clergy in America congratulating them on the work of the "Legion of Decency," and suggesting the appointment of an office to "look after the organisation of existing motion-picture theatres belonging to parishes and to Catholic associations so that they may be guaranteed reviewed and approved films."

And there's only a step between that and making approved films.

That's where the snag will come; when thousands of churches of every denomination and halls throughout the country are equipped to show films—where are the films to come from?

Supply and Demand

There are plenty of appropriate films in existence; to mention two at random—one American and one British—take Sins of Man and Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk.

The first preaches faith and the second humanity; my own church-going has been fairly wide, but I have never yet come across a church that should be ashamed to show those two films.

No, the appropriate films would not be difficult to find—at first; but would the film...
trade supply them? It seems unlikely, when the trade already bitterly resents such opposition.

And when the demand increases to fifty-two films a year, where are they to come from? The church which has accustomed its parishioners to seeing films will not care to drop the practice.

The Great Obstacle

The alternative is to have special films made; and that is where an obstacle looms up in front of the Churches. These goody-goody, poorly-made pictures may appeal to the clergy who scarcely ever see pictures. But to Jim and Doris in the congregation, who go to the movies twice a week, they are going to seem crude and unworkmanlike. It costs a lot of money to make talkies, even without stars, and it requires expert knowledge.

Where are that money and that knowledge to come from?

The Churches are wealthy, we know, but their members are by no means unanimous in their approval of films. The Cinema Christian Council talks about training a special production unit—but who is going to train it?

"There be land sharks," as Shakespeare said.

Arrivals

Last week I contacted two of the more recent arrivals in this country: neither of them was holiday-making, but they both seemed to have the holiday spirit about them.

The first was Rowland V. Lee, whom you may not know; the second you most certainly do—Joe E. Brown.

Lee has come to direct Ann Harding in *Love from a Stranger*. Brown is here to do a vaudeville tour. Both have dimples (though Mr. Brown has rather less room for his), but there the resemblance ceases.

Rowland Lee is certainly no stranger to England. In fact, he worked for Korda in the days when London Films were in their infancy, directing a quickie called *A Knight in London*, featuring a promising young actor named Robert Donat, whom he later brought to fame in *Count of Monte Cristo*.

He also came over to direct Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier in *Perfect Understanding*, but the understanding was not so perfect—and Mr. Lee did not direct the film.

Some Cable!

He was an actor for two years before he became a director—thirteen years ago.

One day Max Schach thought it would be a good idea to have him direct *Love from a Stranger* for Trafalgar Films (an offshoot of Capitol). So a great cabling match began.

Twenty-four cables passed between London and New York, one of them containing a 1,500-word synopsis of *Love from a Stranger*.

Work this out at 1s. 3d. a word, and you will perceive that film making, even in its minor details, can be an expensive business. £93 1s. 5d. for a single cable is a pretty good effort, even for the film industry. The upshot was that he flew across America and arrived here eight days after leaving Hollywood.

Though Rowland Lee has never directed Ann Harding before, he is an old friend of hers; he is also a very level-headed fellow, who mixes very little with the film colony in Hollywood.

On the Cover

Ronald Colman films seem to specialise in importations from New York society—perhaps because its members speak with an accent that is not markedly American and therefore harmonises better with the star's English tones.

This is true of Rosalind Russell's selection for the cast of *Under Two Flags*; and now Jane Wyatt, another society débutante, plays opposite Colman in *Lost Horizon*, a story connected with a Tibetan monastery, which Frank Capra is directing for Columbia.

Jane, who was struck off the New York Social Register (the "Snob's Bible") for going on the stage, made her first film appearance in the Galsworthy story *Over the River* and then played Estella in *Great Expectations*.

She played on the stage in *Lost Horizon*, and if you turn to the front cover you will see what she looks like in the film; her next will be *Universal's Luckiest Girl in the World*.

A Wig Family

One of the most remarkable families in Hollywood is an English one—the Westmores. The four brothers, Percy, Ernest, Wally and Monte, trace their origin back to the seventeenth century, when an ancestor was presented with a royal crest in recognition of his skill in making wigs for royalty.

Since then each generation has held to the tradition of wig-making and make-up; and now each of the brothers is in charge at a different major Hollywood studio.

These brothers have six cousins in England, and four of them have now sailed for Hollywood to learn the make-up business. These four are also named Percy, Ernest,
for his role in *The Good Earth*; and she recognised the make-up man as her long-lost brother.

She at once telephoned the studio and established his identity beyond a doubt, and now her two daughters, Betty and Jane, have gone to spend a holiday in Hollywood with the "Uncle Jack" whom they have never seen.

And yet when we see this kind of plot in a film, we are apt to speak sarcastically about the "long arm of coincidence!"

**Tractors**

Joe E. Brown, who recently parted company with Warner Bros., explains that the reason is the same as Jimmy Cagney’s—he’s tired of playing in films with unsuitable stories.

When he returns to Hollywood he will find his name on a dressing-room door at Radio, and he hopes for better luck here in the matter of stories.

Meanwhile his latest effort, *First National’s Natural Born Salesman*, is said to be a riot; and "Joe E." nearly started one on the start at Southampton when he landed, for he volunteered to show how a caterpillar tractor should be driven, and dashed madly all over the place, scattering the bystanders left and right in a panic.

The famous Brown mouth widened into a gargantuian smile as he told me about it.

**Circus**

This tructor film is said to have the biggest "advertising angle" of modern times. If, after seeing this film, you don’t go and buy a caterpillar tractor, Warners will be quite offended.

But what Joe E. Brown really wants to do is to make a circus picture.

"The great circus film," he informed me, "has yet to be made. I’ve been a circus clown—I know the life, I know the people, I know the way they are regarded by ordinary folk.

"There’s a great story in that, and I want to make it; but I want to do it first as a stage play."

"I think he’s making a mistake there; circus stuff essentially demands wide scope, and the stage is bound to cramp it—and that cramping must react on the film when they adapt it.

Like most comedians, "Joe E." takes his work very seriously. I asked him whether he considered *Midsummer Night’s Dream* a circus picture, and be shook his head in mild reproval.

"Oh, no, I wouldn’t call it that," he replied earnestly, and a few seconds later he realised I was joking—and you should have seen that smile!

**A Casting Grocer**

The Central Casting Office in Hollywood to-day has 15,000 extras registered; and this is in addition to the large casting staffs in each studio.

What a change since 1920!

Betty Compson, one of the thirty stars of the silent films who are appearing in *Hollywood Boulevard*, recalls that from 1915 to 1920 all the casting was done in Hollywood’s only grocery store.

Directors, doing their own casting, would come to the store and study the autographed photos which players had presented to the grocer, and selected the faces to suit the vacant roles; then they would obtain the addresses and telephone numbers from the grocer and ring up the people they wanted.

"Sometimes," Betty remembers, "when my mother or I would telephone our order to the grocer, he would tell us that Director So-and-so was casting and we’d better hurry right down to the store."

**Business as Usual**

This is one of those stories which go to prove that Hollywood is the oddest mixture of craziness and common sense on the face of the globe.

For several of the most important scenes in *Johnny Gets His Gun* Paramount hired the machine shop of a Los Angeles engineer named Harry Reynolds, who was glad to lend it because times were slack.

The machinery, including a four-ton lathe, took four days to transport to the studio, set up, and get into working order, and as soon as it was installed orders began to pour in on Reynolds, including one from his best customers, an aeroplane factory, demanding the immediate delivery of a number of parts.

Reynolds got over the difficulty by arranging to work in the machine shop at the studios at night, after Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, Andy Clyde and little David Holt had finished work for the day.

**Film Folk**

Three of Paramount’s biggest films are now in production in Hollywood—Cecil B. De Mille’s *The Plainsman*, with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur; *Maid of Salem*, a story of witchcraft in America, starring Claudette Colbert; and *Champagne Waltz*, the Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray undershot.

On Marlene Dietrich’s return to Hollywood she will play in *The Angel*, which Ernst Lubitsch will produce and direct for Paramount.

Ida Lupino has been allotted a "star dressing-room" for her work in Paramount’s *Your’s for the Asking* with George Karp.

Harry Perry, ace Hollywood cameraman, came to Europe to film background scenes for *Dodsworth* and *Come and Get It*. He had to wait three weeks for sunshine in Venice and a fortnight in Paris, and then came to London—and struck sunshine on the first day!

David Selznick is reported to have paid £15,000 for the screen rights of *Gone with the Wind*, the best-selling novel with an American Civil War background.

Robert Louis Stevenson, grand nephew of the author of *Treasure Island*, 34 years old, is playing small parts in Hollywood.

The cast of *Come and Get It* includes Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Frances Farmer, Mady Christians and Walter Brennan.

As a result of a nation-wide ballot among critics and filmgoers, Pickford-Lasky have decided to change the title of their second production, *The World is Mine*, back to its original *The Gay Desperado*.

Anatol Litvak, who has worked in British studios, will direct *Wuthering Heights* for Walter Wanger in Hollywood.

GUY BEACON

Below we disturb John Halliday and Betty Compson, who, not having met for ten years, found themselves playing together in "Hollywood Boulevard."
MARLENE DIETRICH felt slightly faint as she stood up and stepped out of the meagre shelter of the sun-umbrella. She started across the deep, hot, desert sand toward "the honeymoon tent," only a few yards distant. The short walk was an effort for her, she struggled on, trying to smile, trying to let no one know how she felt. Everyone else probably felt the same way, in this blazing heat. Some of the men had been working under the direct rays of the noon-hour sun. And no one was complaining . . .

Walking in deep, shifting sand is not easy at any time. Her faltering unsteadiness, therefore, was natural. The Technicolour make-up is very pale, all of one tone. Her own paleness escaped detection.

She reached the wide doorway of the large tent, resisted the temptation to grasp the canvas for support. Waves of heat, coming from the interior of the tent, struck her face. Powerful arc-lights, necessary for photographing this interior scene, were adding their torment to the sun's torture.

Her old friend, Charles Boyer, with whom she was to make the scene, warned her, with a smile, that this "take" would be an endurance test. He tried to smile in return, as she took her place before the camera. She had a flash of pity for Charles, in his heavy suit.

There were crazy black dots gazing through her eyes, concentric circles of red, revolving dizzyly. Unconsciously, she brushed the back of her left hand across her eyes and forehead. Director Richard Boleslawski, quick in his perceptions, asked: "Do you feel all right, Marlene?"

She nodded—and then, suddenly, limply, she dropped. Marlene, for all her will power, had fainted.

Five minutes later, the company doctor had revived her. She had had a slight sunstroke, he told her. She could not work any more to-day. They must call the doctor, Marlene can. She must go back to the hotel in Yuma, relax, rest. She tried to protest. She wanted to continue, didn't want to "spoil the whole day's work." They wouldn't listen to her.

When they arrived back at the location camp, a small, neat city of well-screened wooden tents, a dune, five miles away, of one of the workers looked at a thermometer. 138 degrees! God only knows what it had been out there. One of the publicity men at the camp commandeered a company car, raced to nearby Sidewinder, telegraphed the story to his boss in Hollywood. The next morning, a Sunday, every newspaper in the country carried the item that Marlene Dietrich had collapsed on the sand dunes near Yuma, while at work on the Technicolour picture, The Garden of Allah.

But not one newspaper carried the inside story of her determined effort to light off faintness, her demonstration that she was a trooper. I happened to be at The Garden of Allah location the next day. On every side, I heard the story. From Boleslawski, from Marlene's stand-in, from cameramen, from prop men. The story was untrue; she is, as everyone said, stronger than they.

After I went out on the dunes, to the setting of the honeymoon tent and an imitation ruin of an old Roman ruin, where Marlene had been, I observed that they all had not collapsed; why Marlene was the only victim. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but sand, white sand, great wind-swept dunes, the sun almost overhead, was merciless in its brightness, in its heat. The workers were commenting that it was far hotter than previous days. And there was no shelter anywhere, except under one lone sun-umbrella. That was Dietrich's.

At a little after two, Marlene appeared, dressed in rank-length grey chiffon, set off with a filmy orange scarf and a blue cape—her costume for the first scene of the afternoon.

A beautiful woman, serenely poised. Her glamour is not something that the camera has given her, it is as natural as her blue eyes. You will see its reality for the first time in The Garden of Allah, filmed in natural color.

With Marlene was her daughter, Maria, dressed in a sports suit of light blue. She was almost as tall as Marlene, a young husky, exuberantly healthy. Round face, of face that Marlene, and freckled, but with the same blue eyes, the same light brown hair, the same lovely mouth.

All those on terms of any intimacy with Marlene—and they ranged from Boleslawski, the director, to Irving Sindler, chief prop man—asked her how she felt. "I'm not going to faint to-day," she told them.

The publicity man showed her the clipping from the Sunday paper, asked if she had seen it. She had. "I don't know why they sent that out," she said. "It frightened everybody at home. Maria came down on the train last night, with her governess, just to make sure I was all right. She wouldn't take my word over the telephone."

Someone told her the sequel to her fainting spell, intending to amuse her. It seems that Joseph Schildkraut, also working in the picture, has a weak heart. To ease the physical strain from the brutal heat, he had been carrying an ice-bag around with him, keeping it pressed over his heart between scenes. When Maria collapsed, he was the first one at her side—with his ice-bag, which he placed on her wrists. The company doctor rushed up, raised her to a sitting position, put a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. Suddenly, Schildkraut reached over, grabbed the bottle and whipped it himself.

Marlene did not laugh at the story, as others present did. She said: "He has a weak heart, you know. If I had been in his place, I probably would have done the same thing. I know I've often felt as if I, too, were fainting, seeing other people faint."

She had been expected to laugh; she had not even smiled. She had responded with sympathy, instead. That was, to me, a hint of Dietrich's humanity. I was to see much more of it during the course of the long, sun-baked afternoon.

From two o'clock until ten minutes to five, the company waited for the sun to put the desired shadows on the dunes for the "confession scene" that Marlene and Boyer were about to make. For me, it was an afternoon of getting acquainted with Marlene Dietrich—actress, woman and mother.

The Garden of Allah is being produced by David O. Selznick International Pictures. It is the first picture that she has made for any company other than Paramount since her arrival in America six years ago. She is also the first "glamour queen" to dare an appearance in a colour picture. What impelled her to take the role of "Dominic"?

"The colour, principally. Colour interests me. Naturalness interests me. And I enjoy experimenting—trying something new. I tried comedy in Desire, and liked it. Now I am trying colour—and I like this, too."

Boleslawski told me that Marlene has a phenomenal sense of colour and colour harmonies. The night before, recovered from her fainting spell, she had stayed up until one o'clock, making to-day's costume, with the help of a wardrobe assistant.

What new experiment will she try next? "As soon as I finish The Garden of Allah, I'm leaving for England to make a picture for Alexander Korda, perhaps with Robert Donat as my co-star, if he is available." To show the world that Dietrich still can be Dietrich without Hollywood. "So, there is no challenge in it. I simply feel that everyone should have a change of scenery, go away for a new perspective, every so often. I haven't been abroad for two years."

"And when I come back this time, in September, she asked, with a wistful smile, toward her daughter, "I won't have Maria"—she pronounces it "Mar-ya"—"with me. She will be going to school in England." Maria likes the prospect of school in England but dislikes the prospect of "being so far from Mother."

The attachment of the two is eloquent in every glance, every gesture, every word. I wondered if the coming separation, which will be difficult for Marlene to endure for long, might
be a signal that she has plans for returning to Europe permanently before long. Maria promptly interjected that she wants to go to college here. She likes America, its informality and freedom. It isn't old and stuffy.

Marlene smiled at her thoroughly Americanised daughter. "I have two more pictures to make for Paramount. The first will be a musical, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Something airy and gay, with a Viennese mood. I don't know what the second will be. Perhaps something else new for me. And, after that—well, I'll let after that 'take care of itself when the time comes.'"

Despite the heat, despite her collapse of the day before, she was enjoying the sand dunes, their beauty and fascination—enjoying them so much that she agreed that the setting cried for something new in trailers for the picture. Why not shots of the camp, of the crew at work, of Bolewalski in a directorial pose, of Boyer and himself preparing for scenes? (P.S.—Selznick is making such a trailer!)

"She has one worry about The Garden of Allah. "I wonder if I'm not in too many scenes? In Shanghai Express—everybody liked that—I was in very few scenes. Everything built up to them... I think I was in too many scenes in Desire even though nobody else has said so yet. I don't want so much of the camera. I don't want them to become tired of seeing me."

As she had been talking, she had been watching the sky. "Where's the camera?" she asked suddenly. She was referring to her own small movie camera, ever-present with her. Maria handed it to her. Expertly, Marlene loaded it with film, set the aperture at the correct gauge, stood up, walked away a few feet, "shooting" some colourful extras, dressed as Arabs; Bolewalski, with her orange scarf around his neck "to give him some colour"; Jedaan, once Valentine's favourite mount, which she and Boyer ride in the picture. Then she pointed the lens at Maria.

"Do your imitation of Joan Crawford, Maria."

The child, for a moment, was self-conscious before the strangers. Then she thought better of it. She tilted her head sideways at an exotic angle, raising a languid hand to her face, brushing away an imaginary lock of hair, slowly turning ful-face toward the camera, with exaggerated intensity in her eyes. The mimicry, tellingly faithful, was Maria's own.

Maria has potential dramatic talent. But no acting ambitions. "Sometimes," she told me, "I'd like to play Mother as a child in some picture, as I did in Scarlet Empress. But that's all... That would be fun. Even though I don't look awfully much as Mother did at my age. She was slighter.

Marlene denied that she was making any attempt to influence Maria's future. Maria will become what Maria wants to become. "I've been told," the child confided, "I think I want to be a star. I've written some already. I see stories in everything, everybody I know. I wouldn't let anybody but Mother see them, though. They aren't good enough."

I asked Marlene how old Maria was. "Eleven. She looks at least fourteen, doesn't she—my great big girl? Sometimes I feel like the little red hen that hatched a little duckling, and kept wondering if it was hers, particularly when it ran into the brook and started swimming by itself." She smiled at the mental image.

Marlene had been on location for nearly three weeks. She had not seen Maria during that time. In the interim, Maria had tried a little experimenting on her hair—a rinse of some sort. She has missed some spots behind which Marlene discovered. "I wonder what your father will say when he sees it?" Marlene teased in mock severity. "I'll ask him to comb it more gently than you do," Maria teased back.

A reunion with husband-and-father Rudolph Sieber, a film director abroad, is another reason for ardent anticipation of the trip to Europe. Maria, one suspects, wishes that the three of them could be together in California for the rest of their lives. "I like it, all that I've seen of it."

"We haven't seen much of the world, or America, or even California, have we, darling?"

Marlene asked her. "The only two cities we've seen in America are New York and Los Angeles. In between, we've seen only railroad stations. We've been to Palm Springs and Arrowhead. But we're going away again without seeing Yosemite, or Del Monte, or San Francisco. Though we have seen the sand dunes of Yuma."

Marlene was thirsty; Maria ran to bring her a drink. Marlene took a cigarette; before she could light it, Maria had a match ready for her. Marlene commented on the attentiveness; with amusement, asked the explanation. Maria, it developed, was supposed to learn eight pages of a lesson by heart over the week-end; if Marlene allowed her to remain one more day, Maria could postpone the memorising a few more hours. (Marlene later acquiesced.) That, Maria thought, might be another reason why she had no acting ambitions: she didn't like to memorise. Except music. She is studying the piano with a teacher recommended to Marlene by a famous concert pianist. And Maria is enjoying it, particularly the playing of some of Chopin's nocturnes. (As for Marlene, she confessed that she has given up playing.)

Nothing for Maria's at the moment is Basil Rathbone, also in the cast of The Garden of Allah. She chided her mother with not getting a promised autographed photo from him.

The company went into action. Marlene repaired her inconspicuous Technicolour make-up, which had dried in the heat of the afternoon, started again toward the honeymoon tent. This time Boyer was to rush out of the tent, followed by Marlene a few moments later, in search of him. She was to find him on a hillock of sand, gazing moodily toward the East. She was to make a confession to him, then walk away slowly, throwing a last look toward the camera... The scene went perfectly except for the walk toward the camera. The sand alliterered under foot, Marlene felt that the walk could be more graceful, even though everyone else was satisfied with the scene. She went through it three times, until she herself was satisfied.

She played one more brief scene, greeting a French officer near the castle ruin, silhouetted against the evening sky. The light was fast fading from the sky as the scene was finished. Marlene went into the small, stuffy dressing-tent on the sand, changed into powder-blue silk slacks for the ride. Bolewalski decided that the cloud effect in the sky was just right for one more "dusk" shot. Marlene, with make-up off and a little of another day's work over, said, "I'll be ready in a moment."

That—in desert country—or any other country—is called trouping.
Karen Morley with her husband, Charles Vidor, to whom she recently presented a son, has returned to films looking lovelier than ever.

When Annabella celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday, Henry Fonda (left) presented her with the cake and the whole of "The Wings of the Morning" unit rallied round.

Eddie and Mrs. Cantor marked the occasion of their silver wedding by taking a trip to Honolulu. Eddie demonstrates a new "handle." "Heads I Lose"—only too realistically.

What is the secret of Ronald Colman's success? What other actor can equal his record as one of the most romantic figures in motion pictures for four decades? This was the average "life" of a top rank Hollywood star. Ronald is 46 years old; he has already doubled that. 1922—The White Sister with Lilian Gish. What a sensation he was! 1935—A Tale of Two Cities. 1936—Under Two Flags with Claudette Colbert. What a sensation he still is!

Ronald Colman is 46 years old, yet he still has all the youthful appeal to-day that made him a screen idol in 1922. Many former leading men are pathetic figures at the age of 46. Middle age spread is getting them.

The dye bottle steeps out the greying hairs; the masseur tries to put a tuck in the sagging chin; iron out the pouches under the eyes. But Ronald is to-day the same fine, clean-cut figure he has always been. The passing years have left practically no mark upon him. Fame and high living have never gone hand in hand with him in Hollywood.

One of the secrets of his success is the fact that he is a gentleman. That is something no amount of money can buy, no amount of fame or success eliminate.

The first time I met Ronald Colman to talk to was during the filming of Under Two Flags in the Arizona desert some thirty miles from Yuma, where director Frank Lloyd was in command of an army of almost 2,000 actors, extras and technicians. Twentieth-Century Fox had invited a party of journalists to spend a week-at-the-enormous location camp erected among the sand dunes two miles from the main highway.

One evening after dinner I tried to draw out Ronald Colman to talk about himself; but I was not very successful. He discussed just about every other subject. However, he eventually became a very reminiscent mood, for our surroundings were very similar to his.

"It was almost on this exact site that we made Beau Gest before two years," he told me. "This is the first picture since then in which I have played with Victor McLaglen.

Strange that these two English actors, who started their conquest of the American screen practically at the same time, should meet again in a picture twelve years later—both stars in their own right—while many erstwhile famous players with whom they have been associated have fallen by the wayside.

"Yesterday," Ronald Colman went on, "I wandered over here trying to find the old fort we used for Beau Gest. Only the ruins remain now. The sun, the sand and the passing years practically destroyed it."

"Were conditions on location very different then?" I asked him.

"They certainly were!" he answered. "We had none of the luxurious comfort that this camp affords." He waved his hand and looked around his tent. It was a young bungalow with a wooden frame and canvas walls. Each tent provided for the principals had its own hot and cold shower bath, easy chairs and furnishings that ordinarily, one would hardly expect to find way out on a parched desert!

"We lived in a location army tents during the making of Beau Gest, and there was only a row of communal showers built about a hundred yards away. Then, too, we were down here for seven weeks. This time we shall be through with the location shots in ten days."


Ronald Colman's Secret of Success

Last week we dealt with the star's role in Lost Horizon and his philosophy of life; in this concluding article the author tells you how he achieved fame.

by Guy K. Austin

"Of all the varied roles you have played which has been your favourite?" I asked him.

"I think," said Ronald, "that The White Sister with Lilian Gish will always remain longest in my memory. You see it was the part that gave me my first real chance in pictures."

"That was fourteen years ago," he smiled.

"A tour I made through the middle west and the coast with Fay Bainter in East is West landed me up in Los Angeles. Like everyone else little known I haunted the movie lots—but without much success. In fact I returned to New York having failed to get any kind of a chance and gave up hope of ever doing anything on the screen. Then during the autumn of 1922 I was playing on Broadway with Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller in La Tendresse. Fortunately for me Henry King, the director, and Lilian Gish attended a performance. A few moments after curtain fell they knocked on my dressing-room door. They were leaving for Italy immediately to film The White Sister, they told me. Would I go as Lilian Gish's leading man? Would I! Two days later I was on the steamer. And that," he explained, "was the start. No wonder I always remember that role with a certain amount of affection."

He got out of his chair, crossed to the screen door of his tent and stood for a moment gazing out across the moon-bathed dunes stretching away into the distance.

"I feel, though," he added, "that Arrorsmith was the best picture I ever made and of India the most interesting. By the way, is the famous Colman smile—"In Chie of India I shaved my moustache for the first time in my life"?"

He noticed my stare at his upper lip.

"Oh, yes. It's back on again now!"

Rather a strange character, this old man walking with him, and then thinking about him later, you get the impression that here is a man who very definitely likes to keep himself to himself when he is not working in any pictures as a thorough-going bachelor spending his evenings alone, carrying away on his feet, with a dog and a book for his sole company. Actually, though, the establishment he maintains is at all times open to welcome his few intimate friends. One just cannot imagine Ronald surrounded with casual acquaintances.

I cannot ever remember reading his name in the gossip columns as being seen at this place or that. He must be the bane of those Hollywood writers whose job it is to create little-titles. But there are so many who have publicity is the breath of life that Ronald Colman's digested life in the screen colony is something none of them can understand. This in turn does to a toxically enough, one reason for his continued success.

I had occasion to see him again a week or two ago. An English newspaper had requested me to endeavour to persuade Ronald Colman to write his own life story. Now Ronald was engaged at the time in the filming of James Hilton's strange novel Lost Horizon at Columbia. It is to be one of the big pictures of the year and the role was the ideal one for him. There had been in production for weeks with the star in almost every scene. When I sent in my name a studio official told me that he did not think Ronald Colman could see me, they did not like to worry him with interviewers on the set, and so on. However, in a few minutes Ronald had sent word to the front office asking for me to go through to the set. As usual, though just finished with a particularly tedious "take," he was his own unassuming, polite and smiling self.

I explained my mission to him.

"This is the way I feel about publicity," he told me frankly. "Too much of it is like too many pictures; the public gets sick and tired of seeing your name in print and your face on the screen. Whatever publicity the studio considers necessary for the good of the picture I'm working in I am always anxious to supply." His brows puckered, and then came an apologetic smile. "But when it comes to seeking publicity for myself I am very reticent—channels—well, candidly, I'm not in favour of it."

I told him that to-day the public in general is more interested in him than ever before.

"I'm glad to think I've kept the favour of the public," he answered, "and that's why I'm anxious not to lose it by having too much publicity. It can do harm as well as good!"

There was a call for him from the stage. The day's shooting was taking place in the interior of the magnificent Shan-ti-La Lamasery in Tibet. In the picture Ronald plays the part of an Englishman who's airplane makes a forced landing in the wilds of Tibet where he and his fellow passengers discover a new world.

Ronald excused himself. "Maybe a little later on," he said. "Somehow the picture is finished."

"And there we left the matter.

But when Lost Horizon is completed and I try to locate Ronald Colman I shall probably discover that he has quietly vanished into Mexico or up to the Alaskan wilds for a prolonged holiday with William Powell and one or two other congenial companions.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
THE TEN MOST INTERESTING PEOPLE in HOLLYWOOD

FIVE hundred people were asked to say whom they considered were eligible to be included in the title of this article—450 were Hollywoodians and visitors, the remaining fifty being film stars. The result is analysed below.

by William F. French

Charlie Chaplin, has ever half approximated her foreign popularity.

John Barrymore rates second to Shirley because he is the most interesting adult person in Hollywood. One of the few geniuses who have ever really won recognition as such, he is the most thoroughly fascinating person in the film colony. Charm and originality blend with keen wit and humour to carry the colour of his amazing background right into his every-day life. No one has ever known a dull moment with Barrymore in the immediate foreground. "The most versatile entertainer ever turned loose among humans" is the universal opinion of the brilliant John. To spend an afternoon sharing his keen bon mots and daring opinions is worth a walk across the great American desert. And that is the note of everyone who knows him. Hollywood fears him but also respects him.

Grace Moore’s indomitable will, her unusual background, her uproaring sense of humour and her almost unlimited accomplishments—these coupled with a bubbling good-fellowship mark her as a person of outstanding interest to those who know her—while, at the same time, her voice and her publicity accomplish the same with the public at large.

The director, W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke’s adventurous background battles with his galloping personality for the right to mark him as one of Hollywood’s most interesting individuals. By his accomplishment in taking enormous production companies to the far corners of the earth, facing terrific handicaps and bringing them back “alive,” together with his relentless, two-fisted driving, this man earns a right in any list of the most interesting people.

Colour is Van Dyke’s middle name—

And our second team, before the movie fans throughout the country, and the wise ones of Hollywood Boulevard can say: "You must be crazy to leave out so-and-so." is:

1. Shirley Temple
2. John Barrymore
3. Grace Moore
4. W. S. Van Dyke
5. Peter the Hermit
6. Al Jolson
7. Greta Garbo
8. Jim Tully
9. Harry Cohn
10. Jim Jeffries

And our second team, before the movie fans throughout the country, and the wise ones of Hollywood Boulevard can say: "You must be crazy to leave out so-and-so." is:

1. Irving Thalberg
2. Aimee Semple McPherson
3. Mae West
4. Charlie Chaplin
5. Mary Pickford
6. Irvin S. Cobb
7. Joe E. Brown
8. Josef von Sternberg
9. Tom Mix
10. Bill Robinson

Following the good old all-American system of picking, we shall also name some alternatives. So we give you, Bela Lugosi, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Joan Crawford and Max Reinhardt.

Shirley Temple ranks as Interesting Person No. 1 partly because she is the world’s greatest box office attraction.

(Left) John Barrymore is rated second as the most versatile entertainer ever turned loose among humans.
from making "quickies" in the old days to recent superproductions and rushing them through in half schedule time—he has reeled upon a quick wit and two hard fists to pull him through all sorts of adventures.

Personally he is a riot, with only "Wild Bill" Wellman giving him competition for hilarious jokes and by-play. Yet he is perhaps the strictest disciplinarian in pictures during working hours. To be late with Van is to invite instant retaliation, as many a hitherto "can't-take-it" star has discovered. He is the man who gave Bill Powell a new start in pictures and made Garbo—enjoy being called "Toots" and "Baby" while he was filming her. An amazing study in contrasts is this same Van Dyke, whose home is full of rare guns and big game trophies, and whose pool is full of neighbourhood kids.

About this time the desire to inject Katherine Hepburn into the picture is almost irresistible, lap, to betting on guaranteed tail-enders and having them kick dust in the favourites' faces. "If that bold, Jolson, bet on a nag's tail," explained one bookie, "that horse would come in running backwards. Me, I don't want any part of his bets."

That's Al, for you. Throw a brick at him and he'll catch a bouquet. According to Holly- wood, Lady Luck didn't smile on him, she adopted him. Stage, Motion Pictures, Radio, Business—wherever you see the sign SUCCESS you'll find Jolson is carrying it. Also, more people are jolts of Al Jolson than of any other two people in Hollywood. If all that doesn't make him interesting, then we're all wrong, the whole SOI of us, including the writer.

And now one for the book—Greta Garbo. Totally unknown, with not more than a dozen people in all Hollywood claiming to know her and find her interesting, she must still be included in the list. Why? Because of curiosity. Everybody wants to see Greta Garbo because they know they can't. Until public curiosity is satisfied, she will continue to be "Garbo the Mysterious." So she must be interesting.

But Katherine's effort to avoid attracting attention to herself has kept her off the list, as the votes for her were not as numerous as one would expect. While Katherine certainly creates interest as he strikes bare-legged and sandal-footed down the boulevards with his pack on his back. Once, sometimes twice, a month he comes out of seclusion, and shows himself in a month's supply of food and bare necessities—and then returns to the hills. He is as much a part of Hollywood as any person here, and has attracted and held the interest of millions of visitors for many years. Hollywood Boule- vard without Katherine would be like Hollywood skies without a preview light—unthinkable!

And now we come to "the Midas of Holly- wood," the only one-man circus, Al Jolson—who is the daddy of the Mammy songs and rated the world's greatest entertainer and genuine all- around lucky boy of the movies. Everything this man touches turns to gold—from staking old miners and having gold mines dropped in his

(Above) Al Jolson rated sixth and Greta Garbo seventh.

Jim Tully, the author of "Tramping On Life," has a startling background that invades the interest of everyone who meets him, especially with a mop of wild, red hair and ready Irish wit. Jim attracts attention wherever he goes. Ex-hobo and successful scenario writer—he has an amazing association with Garbo. Today, Jim is regarded by Hollywood as one of its most interesting bits of colour.

While Al Jolson is the代表 of Columbia Pictures. Unknown to the public at large, except as the man who had courage enough to bring Grace Moore and Grand Opera back into pictures after their colossal flop, and who has the wizard of the movies, Frank Capra, as his ace director—he is recognised by the stars and others of Hollywood as a "character" among characters. Presented to the public as a figure in a movie, Harry Cohn would be scotched at as "far fetched" and "impossible." But, take it from Hollywood, there's very little that could be written about Harry that would be "impossible." And very little that would be "impossible" to him, too. His confidential conversations can be heard over on Paramount lot a mile away, and the sound that comes from him when he has been crossed makes Tarzan's war-cry sound like a kitten's meow.

Which brings us back to Jolson's humble observation that Harry Cohn is all the ten most interesting people in Hollywood. Until his company won the "quickie" war away from the producers for the best production and the best sound recording, and to the day when he saw his Columbia running neck and neck with the biggest studios in the business, Jolson was being "Harry, the rough-and-ready."

Jim Jeffries rates a place among the ten most interesting, not only because he was once the world's champion heavy-weight fighter, but because he has established an institution in the film colony, an assembly which, sooner or later, every visitor to Hollywood visits and enjoys.

Out in the San Fernando valley, about six miles beyond the First National studios, is the famous "Jeffries Barn," to which thousands of fans bring up the huge gatekeepers and visitors from miles around. To visit Hollywood and not the "barn" is not really to visit Hollywood. Every Thursday night Jim stages anywhere from eight to a dozen amateur fights out there. These fights are between "his boys" and youngsters from Mexico, from the ships in the harbour, and from various clubs and athletic organisations throughout the western country. Jim's boys live in his barn—earning their money selling drinks and cigarettes at the fights. Many of them are penniless transients who has picked up and given a home. He's big-hearted that way.

Besides being a fight arena, Jim's barn is just about the "club" of filmland. Every Thursday night his ring becomes the canvas-flowered stage from where the world's greatest entertainers offer their best and their Wittiest free of charge and in hilarious spontaneity.

So ends the list of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, as Hollywood rates them. The next ten are almost as interesting: Irving Thalberg because, in spite of his unimpressive appearance, he is considered as the best informed man in pictures, with a mind second to none. Aimee Semple McPherson has been her own press agent. We can add little to what she has already said and don't mention her. Mae West's hilarious characterizations and success has intrigued the country's interest. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford continue interesting because they have the ship's out at sea, as one star so aptly puts it. Irving S. Cobb's writings alone make him interesting, meanwhile his personal appearance and success in the films add to his glory. Joe Moreau's brown rates very high in Hollywood because he is one of the most entertaining clowns alive. Story-telling an art with Joe, and his stories are a joy to Hollywood.

Josef von Sternberg is so different and bizarre he couldn't help interesting anyone who hears about him. Arty, witty and erratic—with a great flair for personal showmanship—fascinates everyone who meets him. He lives an act, and cuts to pieces with sarcasm anyone, who doesn't tell him so. He is the current director and expert cameraman von Sternberg always has enough on the ball to counterbalance his occasional plunges into the realm of things "arty."

Tom Mix with his white sombrero is always good for a whistle of amazement from the grown-ups and squeals of delight from the youngsters. A top drawing card, a world of adventurous background and success in the box office to testify to the interest he creates.

Bill Robinson holds a unique position in Hollywood among seventy-five per cent of white stars. For Bill is still a boy. Visitors to studios where Bill plays always stare and wonder about his popularity with the white stars. The answer is Bill Robinson. Closest and best pal of Shirley Temple and one-time-or-another instructor to most of the stars in the "tail-enders" championship tap-dancer—continues to be the world's most popular coloured man.

And there you have them, not only the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, but the ten next most-interesting as well.
ONE of the most popular of "he-men" lovers, Ralph Bellamy had a long stage experience before he appeared on the screen in "The Secret Six" — he's been busy ever since. His latest picture is "Johnny Gets His Gun."
The little actress who scored a big individual success as "Stasia" in The Passing of the Third Floor Back and is now appearing with George Arliss in The Nelson Touch, tells you of her hopes and aspirations both in her screen work and her private life.

Anna Lee went and when she came back I almost wept with envy. "Anna darling," I said, "tell me, what was it like? Weren't the Pyramids wonderful?" And she replied: "Yes, Rene dear—but the bus went all the way to the door!" "Oh, but you sent me a post-card with yourself on a donkey?" "Yes dear, but the bus was just behind!" "In spite of buses I still want to go to Egypt," she announced, with determination.

Another ambition of hers is to go all archaeological in Cyprus and dig for ancient relics. Apart from this she loves England and its picturesque. Two favourite spots of hers are Sedgeburg, in Yorkshire, and Little Gildersden near St. Albans. Hindhead has an appeal for her and both Devon and Cornwall have their place in her choice of beauty spots. Into her work she throws the same energy and enthusiasm which lights up her other studies.

"I don't think the British public is really interested in those comedies and stories written about very rich people," she said meditatively. "I, personally, think it prefers someone more human—with character.

The reactions of a wealthy girl who lost all her money and how she got over her difficulties, I think would hold them, in a well-written story. Of course, I should love to appear in a part written by Margaret Kennedy; I think she gets a combination of pathos and humour so well.

We paused a moment while a scene was shot. Then she resumed:

"I like a part with depth and one in which I can live. I like to get behind the mind of the character that I am portraying, to get a psychological grasp of her way of looking at things.

"Stasia" was a part which needed more feeling than actual acting. I had to feel as I imagined 'Stasia' would feel, so that her actions were natural—the outcome of those feelings. I should love to play 'Jenny' in Cronin's The Stars Look Down, but it's a very tough part—one of the reasons why I'd love it!

"I'd also like 'Mary Brodie' in Hatter's Castle, by the same author. But I also like the lighter type of part and I find that 'Stasia' has helped me tremendously. It has taught me how to play a scene—not just to do it once very well and at other times only moderately, but to keep up to the same level, so that now, once a scene is set in my mind, I can do it if necessary twenty times without any effort.

She went on to say that the stage had also helped her to be less conscious of the humour of her lines—to run them off smoothly and with ease.

She first appeared on the screen in Palais de Danse, under the direction of Maurice Elvey, at the Old Gaumont Studios. This was at the age of fourteen, having persuaded John Longdon when she met him at a dance, to get her a part in a film.

After this she went to live near Banbury in Oxfordshire and used to sing at local concert parties. At one of these she was presented with a prize calash of enormous proportions instead of a bouquet.

But her chance came when Thomas Bentley saw her, sitting in a London 'bus. He gave her a part in Young Woodley and it was in this small role that her cleverness won her recognition.

Since then she has established herself in such films as Two White Arms, Keepers of Youth, While London Sleeps, Tiger Bay, King's Cup, The Passing of the Third Floor Back, Street Song, Nine Forty-five and Born Lucky. She is now under contract to Criterion Films.

Born Lucky she certainly was, but no amount of luck could carry the little person who arrived in London on September 22, 1913 to such heights she has already attained, unless she herself was capable of the necessary hard work and talent above the average.
NOWADAYS, when I permit my thoughts to drift back over the past, I pinch myself to make certain that I am not slumbering through a too beautiful dream! Truly, I must have been born beneath a lucky star!

Checking my accomplishments as my thirty-first birthday rolls by, I find that I am credited with having conquered five separate and distinct markets for my voice—grand opera, radio, the concert stage, gramophone records, and last, but by no means least, the "talkies." Yet no one is more surprised at the success that has come my way than I am!

The satellite that has guided my destiny, however, has not always shone so brilliantly. In fact, as a child there in the place of my birth, Verona, Italy, I often used to wonder whether I would be able to carve a name for myself in the years that lay ahead!

By the time I was six, my father, who was custodian of the legendary tomb of Shakespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet at Verona, decided that I should be a civil engineer when I grew up. My mother was equally insistent that I should turn to the priesthood. As for my own views in the matter, I was too busy roaming thegardens and woods and learning to ride a horse to give the matter any thought.

My father being a wage-earner, the family exchequer was never too well filled, for there were three other tiny mouths like my own needing food, three other small bodies that required clothing, three other pairs of feet that had to be shod.

I knew no unhappiness, however, until I went to school and heard other children singing in the operettas and plays that were a part of the curriculum. It was then I decided that I wanted to be a singer when I grew up. It was then that I suffered my first real heart-break.

My teacher refused to assign singing roles to me because, he told me, I had "no voice." But how—how did he know? He had never permitted me to try.

Another year—and another blow! My beloved father passed on. Mother made a brave struggle to keep her brood—my three sisters and myself—on the meagre resources that were hers, and I became more determined than ever to become a great singer that I might ease her burden.

After school hours, I would wander off into the woods behind the Romeo and Juliet tomb, and when I had penetrated to a point where I felt certain that I was alone, I would lift my boyish voice in song, softly—very softly—at first, gradually letting it out as I became more confident.

Then, one day, the choirmaster of San Fermo's church, strolling among the trees, heard me, rushed up to and called me standing, and embraced me. "You have a God-given voice," he said, "and you are destined to become a great singer!"

I was sixteen then, and I believe that was the happiest moment I have ever had.

The kindly choirmaster took me in hand, gave me a place in the choir, and began the development of my voice, slowly, carefully so as not to strain it through overwork at too tender an age. Eventually he brought me to a point where I was the featured soloist on important feast days.

When I was twenty the famous opera stars, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Marie Gay, came to Verona, and established a school for the voice. The old choirmaster went to them, explained my mother's financial circumstances, and induced them to give me the audition that resulted in the Zenatello's taking my parent, and winning permission to take me into their home as an apprentice.

Then began a friendship that was endured through the years, its bonds tightening as time moves on. Giovanni and Marie have been to me like parents, and they are still my coaches; my devoted companions and champions.

After I had been under their guidance for three years, they decided that I should have a real début, and Marie Gay wrote to a friend in Ostend, the conductor of the Juxheirt Orchestra, an organisation of 150 instrumentalists. "I have here in our house a boy studying, whom I think would please your cosmopolitan audiences. His name is Nino Martini," she said.

The reply was prompt. It was merely: "Send him along."

It was my first visit to a foreign land, and my elation knew no bounds. Little did I realise, though, the thrill that was in store for me.

There were a few rehearsals with the orchestra after I reached Ostend, then came the big night. I did my utmost to hide my nervousness, for I realised that should it get the best of me, I was licked.

The famous Ballet Russe was scheduled to come on to the stage following my opening aria. I sang, and Red into the wings. The audience kept on applauding. I returned to the footlights, bowed my recognition and again withdrew. The ballet floated on, but the uproar continued. Then it became a game of peekaboo between the ballet and myself, but the cheering went on until I began another number.

It was my first taste of success! While in Paris for a series of recitals in 1929, I was invited, at a late moment, to sing at a party being given in honour of an American film producer, and because I had had a hard afternoon, I did not want to go. My friend, however, was insistent. "Do it as a favour to me," he pleaded. I could not resist that.

I sang two numbers and an encore, and as I stepped down from the platform, my friend was waiting to escort me to the table of the guest of honour, Jesse L. Lasky, and introduced me to him.

I could not speak English, Mr. Lasky knew little French, but he was quick to span the gap. "We shall use music, the international language!" he volunteered. That was at midnight. Before the clock struck 2 a.m. I had signed a contract to appear on the screen for Mr. Lasky.

Going to America, I was starred in a series of five two-reelers, filmed in the form of concert recitals, then given a featured spot with my good friend, Maurice Chevalier, in Paramount on Parade. Perhaps I would have stayed on in Hollywood had I not already signed for a number of European engagements.

In August of 1930, I returned to Italy with the Zenatello's, to prepare an extensive operatic repertoire, again going to the United States the following year as leading tenor with the famous Grand Opera Company. My appearance with this organisation won me a contract with the Columbia Broadcasting system for regular appearances over its nation-wide network. Because of the loyal support given me by the millions in my unseen audience, that contract has been renewed, year after year.

It was several months after I had joined Columbia that I was signed by the Metropolitan Opera Company as principal tenor for lyric roles. I made my début in the historic old Metropolitan Opera House in 1933.

Late in 1934, operatic pictures started to gain popularity, offers began coming to me from Hollywood producers, but after weighing them all, I decided to return with my original American discoverer, Mr. Lasky, now president of Pickford-Lasky Productions. Mr. Lasky immediately assigned me the star role in his production of Here's to Romance, surrounding me with a superb cast, including the beloved Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Maria Gambarelli, Geneviève Tobin, Ada Louise, René Denny and other prominent performers.

I was getting immense enjoyment from my work until one afternoon, when we were shooting scenes backstage in a Los Angeles theatre, and a messenger boy approached me with a cable. It carried word of my mother's death. There was nothing I could do but go on with my role.

The picture scored a direct hit—so much so that I am now five months behind in reading the fan mail that has poured in to me since its release.

So you see, I have cause to say that I was born under a lucky omen! I have not only offered the "breaks," but they seemed to seek me out.

It has not been easy reaching the top, however. Throughout my life I have been forced to sacrifice pleasure for toil, and now that I am up it is necessary to sacrifice all else to the task of holding the ground I have captured.
When Marlene Dietrich and her little daughter Maria recently left Hollywood for New York, they were accompanied by two stern-eyed men, members of a bodyguard of six which the star employed while in California. The guards were dismissed when the star embarked for Europe.

Marlene’s small daughter will be placed in an English school, where she will remain when her mother returns to Hollywood in the fall.

The German actress is still troubled by kidnapping fears, which really are groundless, for the “G-Men” have put a cramp in the kidnapping industry. If these efficient detectives do not kill “snatchers,” they see to it that the criminals are sent to Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, the American equivalent of Devil’s Island.

A Boxing Star

George Raft, I hear, has received an offer of $1,000 to fight Carmen Barth, middle-weight boxer, in the autumn.

The film star is no stranger to the ring, but his cinemacharisma is, of course, responsible for the offer. Thousands of fans would throng to the fight arena to see George, and would not care very much whether he won or lost.

Modest Lady

Joan Crawford may make her stage debut this summer, but not on the New York stage.

Miss Crawford isn’t saying “no,” and she isn’t saying “yes,” but the fact that her husband, Franchot Tone, is to do two shows at one of the movie companies on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and that Joan will accompany him, is significant.

She says that when she makes a stage appearance it will be at one of the most obscure stock companies she can find.

Mary’s Plans

Mary Pickford, despite the suspension of production activity by the Pickford-Lasky company, intends to remain an active figure in the films. The directorial field will probably be her new film interest, and she plans to make pictures dealing with the child themes which won her fame.

The star plans to visit Europe this summer.

Loving Relatives

Ever since the recent Freddie Bartholomew argument, wherein his Aunt Clisy was embroiled in a difference with the boy actor’s parents, child players have had their troubles.

Edith Fellows, 13-year-old child actress, has been managed by her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Fellows. Suddenly her mother appeared and claimed that for ten years she had not known where her daughter was. The matter was taken to court, where the judge arranged that the girl’s earnings be placed in a trust fund, in which mother and grandmother would share.

Another little girl has had similar “relative” troubles which probably will soon be settled so that the kinsfolk can have a share of her earnings.

A Determined Star

Sally Eilers is taking no half measures in her study of the French language. In addition to the tuition of a French scholar, she reads French plays, gives orders in French to her uneasy household servants and, twice a week, visits a recently-arrived family where nothing but French is spoken.

Even her husband, Harry Joe Brown, studio producer, often gives vent to French ejaculations. Sally’s French lessons are infectious!

A Guarded Home

Karen Morley and her husband, Director Charles Vidor, found that their protection against burglars worked too well the other evening, when they came home to their Palo Verde estate shortly after midnight. The servants were asleep in a distant wing of the mansion, and the Vidor had forgotten their keys to the outer gates. They shouted and rang bells, but the six-foot wall surrounding the estate effectively deaden their cries. Finally Vidor boosted Karen on his shoulders, and she walked along the wall for fifty feet without being able to jump over, owing to barbed wire entanglements on the inside.

The couple spent the night in their Hollywood apartment, and the next morning barbed wire, bolts and locks were unceremoniously removed from the Vidor beach home.

A Foolish Yarn

When studios send out stories concerning their stars, they should keep the tales within the limit of plausibility.

But, sad to say, Freddie Bartholomew’s home studio sent out a yarn that he was “dealing out punishment” to the boxing instructor who was training him for Devil is a Cinny, a picture in which he has to engage in fights with other boys.

The instructor happens to be Jackie Fields, a recent welter-weight boxing champion! Jackie could probably trounce nearly everyone on the studio lot, including the police.

Tavern Keepers, Beware!

Fascinated since she was a little girl with the ancient, weather-beaten signs placed before old English taverns and inns, Irene Dunne, I hear, made an informal collection of them during her recent holiday in England.

Irene wrote a friend in Hollywood that her prize trophies to date include “The King and Iheasant,” “The Sign of Four,” “The Golden Cavalier,” “King’s Holiday,” “Murder Be Sooth,” “Sourd and High Road” and “Charing Cross End.”

So if you see picturesque English country inns guarded by sturdy constables, it may be that the publicans expect that Irene will visit them!

Odd Footage

Clark Gable made his first stage appearance as a “super” on the stage of the old Opera House at Akron, Ohio.

Robert Taylor gave up a medical career to become an actor.

Betty Furness spends her leisure time on the set knitting sweaters for friends.

Joan Crawford is an honorary member of the famous Texas Rangers.

Rowland Brown, director, enlisted in the United States Navy during the World War, when he was 16. He gave his age as 21.

Eric Blore, new noted screen comedian, was once hooted off the stage at a London music hall.
In this story of Florence Nightingale, Kay Francis gives an outstanding performance and makes the heroic pioneer of field hospitals live again. It is directed by William Dieterle and has a strong cast including Ian Hunter, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp.

The sharp yelp of a dog in pain outside her window tears Florence away from her suitor (Donald Woods) who has been urging her to marry him and forget her ideas about becoming a nurse.
Alexis Soyer (Ferdinand O'Neill), who proves an invaluable asset to Florence's scheme for reorganisation to her headquarters.

Florence is overwhelmed with pity for the blind soldiers who come to thank her for her kindness before leaving the hospital.

The White Angel

An example of the fine spectacular treatment is afforded by this scene of the battle of Inkerman.

Florence herself a victim to sickness gives Dr. Scott (Henry O'Neill) much cause for alarm and anxiety.

A Drunken boy, lies dead Florence.
FILM EXECUTIVE I used to know had one phrase to describe everything of which he approved. "It's got Class, boy," he would say impressively. "That's what it's got—Class." I feel he would have said that about Denham.

Denham is in a "class" by itself; it's the nearest approach to a Hollywood we yet have in this country, or are likely to have for some time to come.

As you turn off the Oxford road just beyond Uxbridge and come in view of that enormous building, you get a foretaste of Class—which, translated into terms of film-production, becomes simply and more familiarly Glamour.

Up to a few weeks ago the grass verge outside the studios was lined with cars, which gave it an untidy, straggling appearance.

Now that's done away with; you drive in at the main gate, past the gatekeeper's lodge, and along the whole massive, imposing front to the carpark.

And when I say massive, I mean just that. No temporary buildings, no corrugated iron here. Solid reinforced concrete, built to endure as long as any cathedral.

Different Ways In

The car-park gives you the first indication of the activity within those enormous walls. Hundreds and hundreds of cars in rows—each one testifying to someone working inside.

Then, if you are decorous and mannerly, you come round to one of the three main entrances again and state your business to the door-keeper.

A spot of jealousy below stairs; Ernie Letinga and Jack Frost are rivals for the hand of Davina Craig in "Love up the Pole".

Flora Robson, wearing a ruff so high and tight that she could hardly turn her head an inch to talk to me, told me that she had never enjoyed a film so much before.

Flora's Chance

She has only played one big film role, and that was in Catherine the Great with Elisabeth Bergner; this time she is the star—and what a cast to support her!

Morton Selten looks grand in a beard as Burleigh, the Elizabethan garb sits magnificently on Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier cuts a dashing figure in doublet and hose, and—wait till you've seen Vivien Leigh in her frills and turbelows.

We've had to wait a long time to see her, but you'll agree it was worth the waiting.

This is the Erich Pommer production (Pendennis Films is the name and style of his unit) upon which high hopes are set.

There is an atmosphere... .

International

Confidence. That's what it is. The players and technicians and all the rest have confidence in Pommer, confidence in the studio, in director William K. Howard, confidence in little James Wong Howe (who looks more like a smiling Eskimo boy than one of the world's greatest cameramen), confidence in Clencence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov who have spent months working on the script.

An international production this, to shock the Little Englands and warm the hearts of those who believe Art should know no frontiers. British, German, American, Hungarian, Chinese, and Russian talent is represented here; but the cast is British throughout, speaking flawless English, with just that extra touch of
precision and dignity which we imagine, rightly or wrongly, are common to Elizabethan times. At any rate they used it in their writing—though they could be trenchant enough when they liked.

**“E. G.” Eats**

Do you know what's going to happen to me in a minute if I linger here? I'm going to get interested about a British production. So come along, it's lunch-time.

The studio restaurant brings out more than ever the Hollywoodian nature of D'ubian.

There is a huge canteen for extras, technicians, and so on, with actually room to move between the tables; and it is like the “Brown Derby” (I devoutly hope they'll stop calling it (!) where a five-course luncheon is served by waiters in white jackets and gilt epaulettes; and here, if it were a less stately place, you could flip peas at the Mighty.

I almost felt sufficiently flippant (oh, excuse me!) in the company of June Clyde, who was in a most irreverent mood.

If we were allowed to choose one luncheon companion out of all that starry host, it would be June; she's as good company as anyone I know.

**“Celebs”**

Near us was Robert Flaherty, back from direct “Elephant Boy” in the heart of India, and lunching with Charles Laughton, who was having difficulty in keeping his bristling Rembrandt countenance out of his soup.

At a long table appropriately near the French windows, Annabelle was joyously entertaining a party of French journalists, who were making the most formal of us look like the Jeremiah.<n>

For the benefit of my feminine readers (who are supposed to be all agog when dress is mentioned) I suppose I ought to mention that June Clyde in costume for Land Without Music, was wearing a pale blue pannierd dress with the allsine, most charming little dark-blue straw hat with a white daisy chain you would meet in a month of hot Sunday mornings.

Back to the long wide corridors (it was raining hard, but as Denham you can reach any part of the premises, except the workshops, without going out in the rain) and there I ran into Diana Napier, window to her dressing-room to see the gallant uniforms she wears in Land Without Music—she being the monarch of that land.

By the way, I was informed on good authority that the theme of this film is actually historical; a certain principality owed a large sum of money to Austria, and the Austrian empire was pressurised.

Then it was realised that the people of the principality were so devoted to music that they wouldn't do anything to pay off the debt, so music was banned from the land.

**All Very Storybook**

Certainly there wasn't any reason as good as Richard Tauber (as a wandering minstrel) or removing the ban; and the whole thing is being done—by Walter Forde—in a light-fantastic and storybook manner, greatly helped along by the lovely photography of John Boyle, of Hollywood.

As soon as Tauber is through with this one, he goes into Pagliacci, for which charming Steffi Duna has come specially from Hollywood, to play “Nedda.”

There is likely to be considerable variation in the way this title is pronounced; so far it seems to vary between “Pagglyassy” and Fally Archie. I think latter appeals to me as being more friendly.

Also there seems to be some misconception about the kind of production this is; however, can assure you that it is not a screen opera, he last couple of reels will portray a stage rendition of the opera, with back-stage sequences.

Karl Grune will direct it, and Otto Kanturek, i.e Czech, will photograph it.

**xplosive**

also penetrated to the Ultimate Holy—the Charles Laughton set. Yes, it has reached a point where they call it that instead of the *Rembrandt* set.

Have you ever handled nitro-glycerine? It plodes with a loud bang if you jar it.

Even apart from Charles Laughton, who is never less than very good and is often magnificent, this is going to be an extremely interesting picture.

With a cast containing such names as these it would be difficult to go wrong; Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, Walter Hudd (who is to play “Lawrence” as soon as they get round to it), Edward Chapman, Roger Livesey and his dad Sam (grand actors those two), Lawrence Hanfey, Allan Jeayes, Henry Hewitt, and John Turnbull.

And there will be no going wrong, for Alex Korda himself is directing this, and he seemed quietly confident when we talked on the set.

He is growing greyer these days, but as distinguished as ever, and he still has the same power of inspiring confidence.

**A Popular Pair**

Leaving the Rembrandt set I ran into Annabella, closely attended by Henry Fonda; they were gazing mournfully out at the disgust-weating weather of an English summer, which had been holding up the exterior work of New World’s Wings of the Morning for days.

These two are as popular a pair as any in Denham—and I hear they are doing some excellent team-work in their picture, which, I believe, is destined to make history not only as the first film in New Technicolour but also as good entertainment.

Yes, a colourful place, Denham, these days; and the last bit of colour that remains in my mind is little Sabu, the 11-year-old elephant boy of Elephant Boy, whom Flaherty has brought from India to do interiors, standing very stiff and rather loosely in one of the huge corridors, in his crimson turban and sash and his long white coat and tight white trousers . . .

The Unchanging East gazing amazed at the Progressive West . . .

**Change of Title**

At Worton Hall, Isleworth, which has attained a new importance since it was taken over by Criterion Film Productions, Ltd., Gang has disappeared, and the same production house has just altered the title of a new film from the rather loosely written “Flat” to “Flat”.

Same production, but different title. Personally, I rather like those one-word titles, but apparently it was considered too gang.

Here we have Margot Grahame, Paul Cavanagh, Joseph Cawthome, Rene Ray (her first appearance under her new Criterion contract) and Basil Sydney, in a full-blooded gangster story. The director is Alfred Zelzer, and Victor Hanbury wrote the cameraman, so you see the international standard is being well kept up—especially when you know that Marcel Helmann and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are co-producers.

**A Little Deception**

At Sound City, Paramount British have waded right into Show Flat, which Bernard Mainwaring is directing.

The story concerns one of those new and enor-

mous blocks of flats which are gradually transform-}
THREE passengers alighted from the noon train when it chuffed to a stop at Mandrake Falls. The half dozen or more villagers who were lounging at the station quickly appraised and labelled them as "city folks.

This appraisal was a tribute to their powers of perception for the gentlemen in question were indeed from the city, and they were oblivious to the deep-sea in the quiet, unheated atmosphere of this little village nestled high up in the New England hills. The eldest of the trio, a pomposous-looking man in the neighbourhood of fifty was Arthur Cedar, a New York attorney. With him was Anderson, an obsequious employee from his office, and Cornelius Cobb, a cynical, disillusioned ex-newspaper man whose major characteristics were a monumental impatience, a life-long grouch and a perpetual fit of the jitters.

Cedar looked about him. "Small town, like this always affect me strangely," he said.

Cobb smiled contemptuously. "Yes, but, too. They give me the wanderlust. When's the next train back to New York?"

"Next six o'clock. You'll have to be here at five," said Cobb dourly.

The three men crossed the platform to the booking-office where they inquired for and were directed to the home of Longfellow Deeds.

At the Deeds homestead, they met Mrs. Meredith, the Deeds housekeeper. "Is Mr. Deeds in?" Cedar asked.

"Oh no," Mrs. Meredith replied. "He's in the park arranging for the bazaar to raise money for the fire engine."

"Perhaps you can tell us something about him, Cedar persisted. "What does he do for a living?"

"He and Jim Mason own the tallow works. But that isn't where he makes his money," Mrs. Meredith confided. "He makes most of it out of his poetry."

This was a surprising revelation to the remaining Mr. Cobb. "A poet? You mean they pay him for his poetry?"

"Oh, my goodness, yes!" Mrs. Meredith interrupted. "Longfellow is famous. He writes those things onboard the train, Christmas cards, Easter and birthday greetings."

She went to the desk and picked one up. "Here's one they paid him twenty-five dollars for."

Cobb took the card from Mrs. Meredith and started to read. "When the night wind puffs up the bead and you turn—and you're filled with doubt—Don't stand midstream, hesitating, For you know that your mother's heart cries out—"

"I'm waiting, my boy, I'm waiting."

"Mrs. Meredith sighed. "That beauty?" she asked. And Cobb, his eyes wide with dismay, replied flatly, "Yeah, that beauty Mrs. Meredith except for only $150,000 and seven men alone in the parlour to wait for Longfellow Deeds' return. Cobb turned on Mr. Cobb."

"The old man must have been goofy to leave all that money to the village. How much do you figure the estate will amount to after the taxes are deducted?"

Cedar shrugged his shoulders. "About twenty millions," he said. Mrs. Meredith bustled into the room with the information that Mr. Deeds was even then entering the house. She left for the front door and Cobb rose to his feet.

"Better be careful how you spring it on him," he admonished. "He's liable to keel over from the shock. It's more money than he probably ever heard of."

The rope portieres were parted and Longfellow Deeds came into the living room. The three men looked at him. Longfellow was a tall man, unusually tall and lanky. He had a rugged face and a mop of unruly black hair. The sleeves of his coat were just a shade too short. "How do you do?" he said to the three men. His face was lighted briefly with a fleeting smile.

"Are you Longfellow Deeds?" Cedar asked.

"Yes."

"My name is John Cedar of the New York law firm of Cedar, Cedar and Budge."

"He handed his business card to Longfellow who looked at it speculatively. "Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budge," he repeated. He smiled as he looked up at Cedar. "Budge must feel like an awful stranger."

Cedar introduced his two companions and they sat down again. Longfellow crossed to the other side of the room and returned with a huge tuba. He sat down, reached into his pocket and pulled out a bit of fiftyCanadian.

"New mouthpiece," he explained. "Keep losing them all the time.""Cedar ignored the tuba. "Mr. Deeds," he asked, "are you the son of Joseph and Mary Deeds?"

"Yes."

"And your parents alive?"

"No."

"Mr. Deeds, does the name of Martin V. Semple mean anything to you?" Cedar asked.

"Not much. An uncle of mine. Never saw him, though. My mother's name was Semple, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Cedar impressively, "he's passed on. He was killed in a motor accident in Italy."

Longfellow was politely sympathetic. "He was? Now that's too bad. I don't know anything about him."

Cedar brushed Longfellow's offer aside. "Mr. Semple left a great fortune, he continued. "He left it to Mr. Deeds. Deduction was made that it's somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty million dollars."

Longfellow looked at Cedar and his companions, then, wetting his tuba's new mouthpiece, he blew a speculative "oom-pah-pah."

Cedar reacted to the "oom-pah."

"Perhaps you didn't hear me, Mr. Deeds," he continued. "The whole Semple fortune goes to you! Twenty million!"

Longfellow turned from his tuba. "Oh, I heard you all right. Twenty million? It's quite a bit, isn't it?"

Cobb snorted. "It'll do at a pinch," he said sarcastically.

Longfellow gazed out of the window and sighed. "I don't see why all that money to me? I don't need it."

And he started playing his tuba again. Cedar interrupted the concert.

"Are you married, Mr. Deeds?"

"Who—me—No."

"That's good. Well, you'll have to meet me with your packing and harbor rates."

Longfellow was surprised. "What for?"

"If you're coming to New York with us," Cedar said. "We'll leave on the six o'clock train. You know, there are a great many important things to be taken care of."

"I'm kind of nervous. I've never been away from Mandrake Falls."

Then Longfellow smiled in anticipation. "But I would like to see Grant's Tomb, at that."

"He's news, I tell you! Every time he blows his nose, it's news. A corn-fed yokel like that falling into the Semple fortune is hot copy. What's he think about? How's he feel to be a millionaire? Is he going to get married? What's he think of New York? Is he smart? Is he dumb?"

"He's been here three days and what have you numbskulls brought in? The managing editor glared at the reporters grouped around his desk. "A lot of flat, uninteresting routine stuff. Now get out of here before I tell you what I really think of you."

The reporters filed out of the office, all of them, that is, but Babe Bennett. A pert, vivacious little blonde, Babe had been very busy throughout the managing editor's tirade doing things with lipstick and powder puff. It was not until the others had left that the editor spied her. "You, too, Babe," he growled. "Thought I could depend on you. You're getting as dumb as the rest of them."

Babe continued with her repartee job. "Takes time to get a good idea, Mac," she said.

Mac changed his tactics. "Listen, Babe," he pleaded, "get me some good human interest stuff on this guy and—and I'll give you a month's vacation with pay!"

Babe looked at him. "On the level?"

"On the level," he said solemnly. "Shake," said Babe, extending her hand. "I'll have your story for you and you can plaster it all over the front page to-morrow."

Meanwhile, Longfellow, established in his uncle's home, had discovered that a millionaire's life was not all beer and skittles. With Cobb as his mentor and guide he found that his day was one long round of bewildering conferences. Cobb had summoned a tailor to work on Longfellow's wardrobe, Cedar was importing him—just a little bit too insistently, Longfellow thought—to give the firm of Cedar, Cedar and Budge power of attorney to handle his business affairs and, at the moment the directors of the opera association, of which his uncle had long been chairman, were waiting to meet with him.

Longfellow excused himself from the others and, with Cobb, went to meet the opera directors. After introductions had been completed the board elected him to the chairmanship vacated by his uncle's death. As the meeting progressed Longfellow was shocked to learn that there was a $180,000 deficit in the operating costs of the opera.

"I think we should explain to..."
"Feel better now?" Longfellow smiled across the table. "Um!"
Babe smiled back at him.

nett, who had been waiting for just this opportunity, started to walk toward him. She staggered ever so slightly as she passed him and when she came to a tree she clutched at it weakly and then crumpled to the ground. Longfellow rushed to her side and lifted her head from the sidewalk. Babe opening her eyes, feigned bewilderment.

Longfellow smiled at her. "You fainted," he explained. "Can I help you?"

Babe struggled weakly to her feet. "No, thank you," she said, "I'm all right." Then, once again, she appeared to become fainted and leaned heavily against him, dropping her purse as she did. "Guess I walked too much to-day," she explained. "Been looking for a job. Found one, too. I start to-morrow."

Longfellow stooped to pick up her purse and its contents which had scattered around. He noted, as Babe had hoped he would, that she had no money in the purse. He looked thoughtfully for a moment and then he glanced up at Babe understandingly.

"Come on, Miss," he said. "You're a lady in distress and I'm going to be your gallant knight. Let's begin by you having dinner with me. All right?"

Babe appeared to hesitate for a moment and then she smiled at him wanly. "All right," she said.

"Feel better now?" Longfellow smiled across the table.

"Um!" Babe smiled right back at him. "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Deeds. You've had quite an exciting time since you came to New York. Meetings, business deals, society people—aren't you having fun?"

Longfellow shook his head. "No. At least I didn't. Not till now. I like talking to you."

Across the room Longfellow's waiter had stopped at a table where three men were sitting. He told them about Longfellow and his reputation among celebrities. "Let's invite him over," said one of the trio. "Might get some laughs."

Longfellow was thrilled to meet Henaberry, Morrow and Deeds, and it was some few minutes before he realised that their interest in how he composed his jingles for post cards and their compliments were their method of kidding him. When he did understand their motives he was deeply hurt.

"I guess I get the idea," he told them. "You invited me over here to make fun of me. It's easy to make fun of somebody if you don't care how much you hurt them. I know how to look funny to you, but maybe if you came to Mandrake Falls you'd look funny to us. But nobody would laugh at you and make your hair glisten—cause that wouldn't be good manners. If it weren't for the young lady who is with me, I'd probably bump your heads together."

"Go right ahead," Babe interposed. "Don't worry about me."

Both Deeds and Henaberry rose from their chairs, Deeds launched two swift punches that sent them both sprawling.

The head waiter leaned to Babe. "We can go now," he said. "I feel better." But they did not get far. Before they had reached the door Morrow had overtaken them. "Hey, there," he called, "you left me out."

"Pointing to his chin he continued, "Sock it, brothers, and soak Longfellow."

Longfellow smiled. "It's all over now. I got it off my chest."

"I think you're swell," Morrow continued. "You're my guest from now on."

"Thanks, but Miss Dawson (That's the name Babe had given him) and I were going out to see the sights."

"Fine. Hop aboard my magic carpet and you'll see things you never seen before. Friend, we're going on a real, good binge!"

Late the next afternoon Walter, Deeds's valet, was having his troubles walking Longfellow. After a particularly violent shake, Longfellow opened one eye and looked at Walter.

"Good afternoon, sir," Walter said. "If you'll permit me to say so, sir, you went out on quite a bender last night."

"Bender?" Longfellow shook his head. "Oh, no. We went out on a binge but we never got to it. Has Miss Dawson called yet?"

"Miss Dawson? No, sir, good."

"I must call her up and apologise. I don't remember taking her home."

"I'd venture to say you don't remember much of anything last night."

"What do you mean?" Longfellow was indignant. "I don't remember anything else. Hand me my trousers."

Walter smiled apologetically. "I have no trousers, sir. You came home without them. Matter of fact you came home without any clothes. You were in your pants."

Longfellow was speechless. "Now, that's silly, Walter. You know I couldn't walk around the streets without clothes. I'd be arrested."

Walter agreed. "Yes, sir. That's what the two policemen who brought you home said. They said you and another man were standing in the street in your pants, feeding doughnuts to a horse and shouting. Back to-morrow they said you were feeding doughnuts to the horse to see how many he'd eat before asking for a cup of coffee."

Longfellow shook a finger at Walter. "If a man by the name of Morro/ calls me, Walter, tell him I'm not in. That man is crazy, Walter."

At that moment Cobb burst into Longfellow's bedroom, his hands filled with newspapers. "Well," he shouted, "have you gone nuts? What did you do last night? Who were you with? Why did you do it? Look, boy! Have you lost your head?" He flung the armful of papers at Longfellow. Screaming headlines jumped at Longfellow.

"CINDERELLA MAN ON A SPREE."

Punches Literary Lights at Tulio's. Feeding Doughnuts To Horses. Hiccups and Inverted Big City How to "Cut Up"

Longfellow jumped out of bed.

"What do they mean by this?" he demanded. "Gee, I thought we were through."

"Listen, Longfellow," Cobb pleaded, "you've got brains. You'll get along fine if you only control your homicidal instincts. And keep your trap shut! Don't talk to anybody. Those reporters are laying for you. You'll be killed."

"I mustn't talk to anybody."

"Beg pardon, sir," Walter interrupted. "Miss Dawson on the phone."

Longfellow beamed. "Fine! I'll talk to her! Hand me the phone. She's the only one who's going to talk to from now on."

(To be concluded next week)
**Criticisms of the Latest Films**

**CAPTAIN JANUARY**

All the ingredients necessary to show off the paces of the uncrowned queen of the juvenile stars are present in Shirley Temple. However, the sentimental story and I cannot imagine any Shirley fan wanting to miss seeing it. She besides songs, dances, comedy and pathos for the lead, there is a chance for characterisation given to Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville and they make the most of it. I have always maintained that the main fault in Shirley Temple films is the fact that the little star is made to carry practically all the weight of the picture and no juvenile is equal to her, a grown-up artiste for that matter.

Here a great deal of the comedy is in the hands of Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville, the former as a lighthouse keeper who "adopts" Shirley after her parents have been drowned in a gale, and the latter as his friend, a lighthouse inspector.

The plot runs in quaint conventions. The lighthouse officer makes her appearance and is disgusted to see the way Shirley is being brought up. The little girl confounds her by passing an examination, but later the officer—a very cattish female—manages to go into the lighthouse guard and to turn the institution because Guy Kibbee will be out of work when the new mechanical light is installed in the lighthouse.

Naturally, a way out of this impasse is found and all ends happily.

Shirley Temple sings two or three songs excellently and dances with equal brightness and, containing the necessary amount of romance.

If the lyrics are not particularly fond of Al Jolson's methods of song rendition, you may not find it so entertaining, for the man who sang the lullabies is being brought stage most of the time and usually in full song.

In numbers, however, are tuneful and catchy. They are: "I Love to Sing a Song"—"Save Me, Sister," an adaptation of "Katie"— "You're the Cause of What Ails Me."

The plot is a slight one, dealing with a famous Broadway singer who is let down by his fiancée and lawyer. She loses her voice, goes to the country to recuperate, finds romance there, conquers him, and finally conquers the romance.

There has been little attempt at novelty, the main feature of the show being the spectacular stage shows and song and dance numbers.

One of the best of these is where Jolson insists on trying to sing a "mammy" song while all his admirers try to persuade him to sing the new rhythm. He walks out into the street, and all the passers-by take up the protest until at last they fall down exhausted and Jolson manages to put over his mammy number after all.

This is a technically excellent piece of work, and it is humorously designed with more than a touch of satire in it.

Allen Jenkins and Edward Everett Horton, as Jolson's yes-men, are amusing, but they are too given particularly good material.

The romantic element is well introduced by Beverley Roberts, who has a most attractive speaking voice and with her kid sister, Sybil Jason, gives a natural and wholly delightful performance.

In addition to the cast, there are Cab Galloway, the "scat" singer, and his band, and the Four Yacht Club Boys.

The picture has plenty of action and never pauses in its rather hectic course until the last close-up.

William Keighley, the director, has not bothered a lot about story, but he Leonora produced a musical which is well up to the standard of its type.--L.C.
"I thought I knew the right powder shade for my skin..."

CONSTANCE, LADY MOON

Lovely dark-haired LADY MOON says, "I've always chosen a light powder shade. It makes my skin contrast more effectively with my hair. But when I tried these new Pond's powder shades, I realised that the shade I had been using wasn't really right for me at all! It made my skin look actually dull compared with Pond's Rachel 1. Pond's brightens my skin and gives it a dazzling clearness!"

Are you making this mistake, too?

YOU have probably chosen your shade of powder with great care and now have every reason to think it suits your complexion. But doesn't your mirror often reflect a dull, faded skin?

Your skin lacks charm, so experts say, because you are using the wrong powder shade after all. For, until recently, face powder shades have been produced without a scientific knowledge of skin tones.

But Pond's, when they made their 5 new powder shades, analysed the skin of over 200 girls under a colouroscope to discover what hidden tints gave lovely blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone. Now these tints are blended in Pond's Powder. You will be amazed at the beauty the new shades give your skin!

Send in the coupon, and try all 5 shades of Pond's Powder free. See which suits you. Natural makes blonde skin clear. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to fair skin. Rachel 2 adds a creamy tone. Peach warms dull skin. Dark Brunette gives a summery beauty.

FREE So that YOU may have the stars' full beauty régime, the makers of Wright's now offer slow-motion pictures of the exercises in the form of "Flickers," in exchange for printed yellow wrappers from the soap. Just post your wrappers, three for each "Flicker," to the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46, Southwark Street, London, S.E.I. Mark envelope "Flickers" and enclose your name and address.
The story deals with Sebastian, head of a gang of international spies, who operates from a Parisian hotel, known by the code name "Candles." He transmits orders in code to his confederate, and when a secret message is decoded, Geneva is entrusted to Tony, a young Englishman, Sebastian's ravishing decoy, Raquel, has no difficulty in convincing her. It then becomes Tony's job to retrieve the note before international complications occur. Cindied, his American girlfriend, shares his hazardous task. A battle of wits ensues, each trying to outwit the other, and excitement prevails until the latter's spectacular victory.

The action honours to Irving Pichel for his fine performance as Sebastian. He brings sincerity to the role and helps to make the intrigue thoroughly convincing.

Phillips Holmes is sound as Tony, and Mae Clarke does as well as Caro, as the secondary, upstaged and develops some really thrilling action.

**LOVE AT SEA**


The story is of a chance in a sea voyage, of which scores such a success in "She Married Her Boss," it is very good here as the diversions of the sea voyage, as it Jacob Moran as the widow's son, who quarrel and so spoil a promising romance.

Later, the parents are brought togeter by the children, who pretend the former are kidnapping them and use the ship as a playroom.

The rest of the cast give excellent support to the leads and help to make the picture good general entertainment.

**HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES**


The story is of a chance in a sea voyage, of which scores such a success in "She Married Her Boss," it is very good here as the diversions of the sea voyage, as it Jacob Moran as the widow's son, who quarrel and so spoil a promising romance.

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**THE LAST ASSIGNMENT**


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**MANS HELD A WILLOW (reissue)**

What the critics mean as an outstanding feature is very good. *Good. The rise entertainment.* C Also suitable for children.

(Continued from page 24) and the action slick, leading to some upshotaneous situations. It is an intimate picture of a character with plenty of really human interest. Mary Astor displays a fine sense of chemistry in her portrayal of a character who is both captivating and widower. She appears to equal advantage both in her comedy and more serious moments.

Melvyn Douglas, as the widower, is also excellent.

Edith Fellows, who scored such a big success in "She Married Her Boss," is very good here as the diversions of the sea voyage, as it Jacob Moran as the widow's son, who quarrel and so spoil a promising romance.

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**DANGEROUS INTRIGUE**


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Too fantastic and involved to be in the first flight of its type, this murder mystery drama, well acted and staged, and should appeal to "mystery film" fans. Preston Foster makes the leading role of Tim as private detective, attractive and aggressive, while the feminine roles are equally well rendered by Margaret Callahan, Molly Lamont, and Florence McKinney.

The names in the supporting cast, such as Ralph Morgan and Alan Mowbray, assure that characterisation is well looked after.

The main fault is the lack of clarity in the proceedings and a development which seldom leads to a really determined castigation. ARMY which is Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in the correct COLOUR SHADE for your type.

You will be thrilled at the youthful radiance and lasting satin smooth finish. Max Factor's powder gives your skin . . . exquisite life-colour can be yours with Max Factor's Rouge . . . your lips will become your loveliest feature when made up with Max Factor's Super Indelible Lipstick.

COLOUR HARMONY—Hollywood's make-up secret can be yours, too. Bette Davis knows it — so do Ginger Rogers, Lorena Young, Merle Oberon, Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, in fact 96 per cent of Hollywood's famous film stars know it. Max Factor, the make-up Genius of Hollywood, originated COLOUR HARMONY to transform their face and figure.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHAT SCHOOLGIRLS LIKE

The Current Tastes in Males

If you go to a large school where nearly all the girls are regular filmgoers and I think we pretty well all share the same tastes, so I am writing to tell you them in the hope that you will print this and bring forth opinions of girls.

I think the most popular star at present is Robert Donat, and when The Ghost Goes West visited the local theatre last week, each night I should think the audience must have been half made up of our girls (there are 390 of them).

Other popular stars are Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Henry Wilcoxon, Fredric March, Robert Taylor, Claudette Colbert, Jessie Matthews and nearly all the English ones.

I should think the most popular film of 1935 was Thirty-nine Steps, and everybody raved about Henry Wilcoxon in The Crusades, although most people prefer British to American films.

Alexander Korda is considered the best producer. The most popular film paper is PICTUREGOER, of course—Pat Smith, 5 St. David's Road North, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

Brickbat for Chumps

Here's a hefty brickbat for those fatuous chumps who think it wrong that Bill Rogers should appear on the screen after his death—or any other star for that matter.

One hears too much of this nonsense. Let's kill it for all time. If it is wrong to let the art of a film-star prevail after his death, then it is equally wrong for an author's books to be read after he has gone. Apply the prejudice to all realms of Art, and what have we?

No Shakespeare, no Dickens, no paintings by Turner. Other masters, music by Beethoven, Wagner or Handel, no recordings of the beautiful voices of Caruso or Clara Butt—nothing but the products of our age.

Do we not claim that films are so invaluable because they provide a permanent record of the doings of the modern world?

God, let's be logical, even in our prejudices.

—Leslie Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portishead, Southampton, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

“Lip-stick Muck”

Can two working pals endorse Flaitstow Dock's view? We too like the natural film star—hate the lip-stick muck—but there are so few of them—the moment they obtain success they go Crawford or Harlowish.

There is another fresh natural actress we saw lately—Bernice Claire in Two Hearts in Harmony; she was great, could sing and act, and was perfectly natural—also devoid of that superflus make-up.

Charlotte Henry is another; Laura La Plante too: Jean Muir, although she is getting more show-offish since her success in Fascination; and Bette Davis seems likely to follow suit too. So you see, they don't stop natural and we wonder whether it's their fault or if they have to do as they are told. If so then natural charm is of no use.

The men don't over-make-up and act artificial, yet the majority are attractive.—W. and J. Gardener, P.S.A. Hospital, Denton, Greater Manchester.

Joan Wants to Know

Will Herbert Marshall his troops to-day? If so, will Fredric March?

Will Jean Parker car by the railway bridge, Willy Ralph Lynders under the arch?

I'd like to know why is Edmund Lowe, And why Jane Withers away;

I've never seen Bing Crosby before,

Has James Dunn harm to him, pray?

Was Conrad Veidtally ill, d'you know?

And did he send Mae West?

Can you tell me who made Donald Meek?

And whether John Boles the best?

Has Irene Dunne Anita Page?

Will Tom Mix drinks for two?

Can Franchot Tone his voice at all,

And why is Monte Blue?

—Joan Ridler, Selborne, Alexandra Road, Epsom, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Hint to Readers

I should like to pass on a little hint to the PICTUREGOER's many readers. If they find that they are unable to save their copies for some reason or other, to buy a scrapbook from one of the popular department stores and each week cut out the film releases.

By doing so, not only can they lock up their critic's view of a film when screened at their local cinema and judge whether it's worth paying 6d. or ls. to see. They will also have a compact record of the films.

I find mine very useful in many respects as it also saves trouble of writing to "George" of the PICTUREGOER. Other items of interest to the reader may be pasted in the scrapbook too—Danny Ruston (age 14), 93 Duke Street, Cresswell, Mansfield, Notts.

Praise for "Our Gang"

A great deal of praise has been handed out in a fabulously large doses to the "glamour queens," "cave-men," and "horror-actors," but I have read of few tributes to a gallant band of unmarried stars who provide us with many hours of amusement for thousands of filmgoers, old and young.

I refer to the inimitable "Our Gang." As soon as the name is flashed on to the screen a universal sigh of pleasant anticipation is audible and there are a few expectant giggles, then everyone young and old, sit back in their seats prepared for half-an-hour's good fun, and they are never disappointed.

—Three cheers for Spanky and his merry men!—Annie Roberts (aged 14), 18 Yardley Avenue, Warrington.

A Good "Short"

As a member of The Wolverhampton Film Society during the last season, I saw a very fine film entitled B.B.C., The Voice of Britain. Judging by the applause which followed it many others seem to think my sentiments.

This film, showing the wonderful organisation of the B.B.C., included only a few technical details. Comedy acts during the variety programmes brought a lighter touch, and shots showing Henry Hall's famous band appealed to many.

This film also had an educational value, for it showed the leading politicians and authors speaking over the microphone, people who are merely names to most of the general public.

(Continued on page 30)
"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

For years she had trusted her lovely complexion to Palmolive; now she's delighted to find how wonderfully refreshing Palmolive is as a bath soap, too. And she's pleased to think of the smoothing, beautifying effect the rich olive oil lather has on her shoulders, arms and back.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

DANDRUFF KILLS HAIR ROOTS

DANDRUFF not only ruins the appearance of your hair: it kills the roots themselves by choking them to death. No matter how often you wash your hair, dandruff always returns to rob it of life, colour, and lustre, clogging the hair with flaky scurf and causing it to fall out.

It is a germ—an infection: that is why it is so persistent and mischievous. But Lavona Hair Tonic is the sure remedy. Massage the scalp with it every night; it will clear away dandruff, grease and scurf, nourish and strengthen the starved roots, restore life and beauty to the hair, and promote a new growth to replace hair that has already fallen out.

All chemists sell Lavona Hair Tonic at 2/6 a bottle—each bottle carrying a money-back guarantee. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day—at once—and restore health, beauty, life and vigour to your hair.

GLYMIEL lilac blossom FACE CREAM 6d. per tube

She revels in outdoor life, yet her complexion is fresh... dewy... delicate... She uses

GLAZO

No wonder smart women rely on Glazo—it is always the same consistency, and never thickens in the bottle. It goes on smoothly, leaving a lovely polish. The special oil contains in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep your cuticle rims soft and pliant.

Polish in 8 smart shades
Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover
Cuticle Massage Cream

1/3 EACH

TRY THE NEW SHADE CORAL, OR SHELL, FLAME, NATURAL, COLOURLESS

GLAZO

GLAZO Ltd., Dept. P.29, 217 Bedford Avenue, Slough

I enclose 6d. for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover.

Indicate shade of polish preferred

[ ] Shell [ ] Flame [ ] Natural [ ] Colourless

Name........................................................................
Address..................................................................
Champion...but not
Gracie Fields!

Bruce Cabot
Born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, on April 20, 1905, his real name is Etienne Jacques de Bujac. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, stands 6 ft. 1 in. tall, and weighs a little under 13 stone. Educated in America and France, he tried his hand at a variety of jobs and was in turn seaman, oil worker, and sparring partner to a professional boxer. He made his stage debut in a stock company in 1929, and four years later entered the films, his first picture being Roadhouse Murder.


James Cagney
Born in New York on July 17, 1904, James Cagney comes of Irish parentage, being the second of five children. He has red hair and brown eyes, is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, and weighs about 11 stone. At the age of fourteen he was an office boy on the New York Sun, then a bundle wrapper at a big store, graduating from there to a position as receptionist at a branch of the public library, during which time he entered Columbia University. Turning his attention to the theatre, he began a choruses man in Paladin, later being given a specialty dance. He later went into vaudeville and after some time was given a "tough" role in Outside Looking In. He returned to vaudeville and then appeared with Mary Boland in the play, Women Go On For Ever. The next season he staged the Grand Street Follet, playing a gay man, blue eyes, and stands 5 ft. 7 in. A character actor of distinction, he appeared in many successful stage shows before making his first picture, The Gay Lord Quex. His subsequent films include Blackmail, Atlantic, Elstree Calling, The Flying Squad, Two Worlds, Murder, The Bulls, The Ghost Train, Money for Nothing, Many Waters, Fires of Fate, Rome Express, F. P. One, Orders Is Orders, I Was a Spy, Friday the Thirteenth, Sorrell and Son, This Acting Business, Early to Bed, Red Ensign, It's a Cop, Nine Forty-five, The Phantom Light, The Divine Spark, Scrooge, The Man of the Moment, and Broken Blossoms.

What Do You Think? Cont.

Why, when such an interesting film as this exists, is it not shown universally?

May I point out that this film is entirely British and might be a change from some of those terrible American "shorts" of which there seems so many—(Miss) B. Davies, Sandycroft, Claregate, Wolverhampton.

Beating the Champ

I read in PICTUROGER recently that the Champion Light Distance Fan had seen 95 films and cycled 1,200 miles, but I can beat that.

My father and I have seen 208 films and cycled 4,160 miles between us in the year 1935, as our picture houses are 10 miles away.

The picture could be the Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Chained, Escape Me Never, Sanders of the River.

My favourite stars : Clark Gable, George Raft, Robert Donat, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert—Nancy Gammon, Chapel End, Sawtry, Huntington.

Crazy Month

The casting directors are giving us some fun nowadays. Fredric March, sensitive and refined in manner and appearance, is to portray the bold, ruthlessly Rathene (whose family name, curiously enough, was Hepburn). Katie Hepburn, with her strange, attractive features and vigorous individuality, is to play Mary of Seals, the beauteous aristocrat, the Medea from the French Court.

Now it looks as though Charlie Chaplin is to carry out his intention to enact the role of Napoleon. Check it all up, I do so absolutely insist on him giving the part of Wellesley to the Harpo Marx Groucher could be Blithe, I mean Grouche could be Blücher. Zeppo has apparently been already banished to some distant Elba. Byron says of the eve of Waterloo "there was a sound so revelry by night" there would certainly be revelry with the Marx Bros. or the spot.—Leonard Elliott, 14 Herbert Road, Wombled, S.W.19.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker", "The PICTUROGER Weekly", Marleett House, Marleett Court, Bow, W.C.3.
LADY MOIRA COMBE is noted in both London and Paris for her chic clothes, good looks and perfect taste. For perfume she prefers CALIFORNIAN POPPY. Insists that nothing gives so subtle an air of insouciance.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY Perfume

1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 9/- also trial sizes

NEW POSTCARDS Take Film Fans by Storm!

John Gielgud

"CAN I GET a new portrait of John Gielgud, please?"
"Mary Ellis is my favourite—I would just love a portrait of her taken from a new angle." Requests such as these have been very pleasant at Film Star Postcard Headquarters, and the answer is that new postcards of these and other favourites have already arrived and are taking film fans by storm!

house your cards from list given below. New cards. Real photos, 3d. each, 6d. dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 cards sent free on request.

SEPIA GLOSSY

ARDE ALBIGNE, 155 Alexander, 287 Brewhouses, York, STERLING De NULDS, J. S. P. L. WILLIAM POWELL, PHILIP REDD, GINGER ROGERS, OGRE FURY.

"PARTNERS" Sepia and coloured (Slate which are required.)
WALTZ ABBEY MAROON, LUCY GRAHAM, SADIE FOWLER, SYLVIA NIXON.

To "PICTUREGOER" Postcard, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.1. Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one shilling "Picturegoer" postcards, price 3/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 5/- extra if the album is chosen to cover cost of postcards and packing on my pit.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.1. Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one shilling "Picturegoer" postcards, price 3/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 5/- extra if the album is chosen to cover cost of postcards and packing on my pit. No extra charge required. Cross P.O. No./Ex. and make payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY." Fresh Free State customers will be required to pay extra charges which may be trebled.

Name, Address, Amount, P.O. No., Crossed Cheque, Made Payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY." Fresh Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be required. P.O. No., Ex. 22-3-36.

Across 4000 Years comes this secret of Egyptian Loveliness

EGYPTIAN OIL

Lovely women of Ancient Egypt cared for their skins and bodies with a wonderful oil, which created marvellous "Suppleness," "Slenderness" and "Bloom." Now, 4,000 years later, the secret has been rediscovered. You can also have a beautiful skin, soft and alluring, and a graceful, "supple" body. Egyptian Oil, extracted from the mysterious fruits of the East, gives new "life" to dull skins and grace and slenderness to the body. Egyptian Oil is non-greasy and its faint but bewitching perfume makes it a delight to use. Price 3/- and 7/- a bottle.

Try this wonderful oil at a special discount. Persuade a friend to order a 7/- bottle with you. Your 3/- bottle will cost you only 2/- and you will have made a friend for life, USE THIS COUPON! IT IS WORTH 1/-. TO YOU.

LIPSTICK - "Arvin," 179 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.
Please send me a bottle of Egyptian Oil (3/- size) Post Free. I enclose P.O. for 5/- (instead of usual 6/-) for the two bottles.
NAME........................................
ADDRESS....................................

Between Sets... A REFRESHING WASH WITHOUT WATER

Just a few light touches with a Cologne-scented One-da Wafer . . . Dust and perspiration vanish . . . you are fresh, comfortable, clean, again. What a boon for face or hands at tennis, dances, or in train or car.

ONE-DA

CLEANSING WAFERS

6 & 1/3 FROM
HAIRDRESSERS
CHEMISTS, ETC.

MICHIEL LASTS

In Fair Weather or Foul
. . . From Morning to Night

Delicately perfumed, soft and creamy to prevent chapping, Michel is made in seven appealing shades, Blonde, Brunette, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry, and the new modern tint, Capucine.

MICHEL LIPSTICK

De Luxe, 4/-; Large, 2/6; Popular 1/6

SEND FOR INTRODUCTORY OFFER

I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel Lipstick in shade.

Name, Address ................................ (P.W.I.)
No Dear—
NOT A BIT TIRED
NOW!

I am soaking in a Reudel OXYGEN bath

Wearness disappears as you soak in a hot bath which has been supercharged with invigorating oxygen by a 'Reudel' Cube. Feel how soft and fragrant 'Reudel' makes the water.

Enjoy renewed vitality as the oxygenated water frees your pores from tiring acid seelotions. Try this tonic and beauty treatment tonight!

See how marvellous you feel after it!

And does it feel good?
says vivacious JULIE SUDO

REUDEL

BATH CUBES

the oxygen bath cubes

6 cubes 1/-. (in dainty box)
Also sold separately 2d. each

NEW!

Reudel Fine Cubes and Reudel Lavender Cubes are now available—2d. each—or 6 Cubes in dainty box 1/-. (including Bath Temperature Chart and Reudel Beauty Exercises).

For men:

The 'Reudel' Fine Cube has been specially introduced for men. It has a stimulating effect on the skin; causes deep breathing and has a beneficial effect on the nervous system.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Since Neil Hamilton's arrival in this country THE HAMILTONS have been completely re-organised and now offer many new and varied interests for members. Our club paper (Hamilton-Tones) is sent post free to all members and contains many items of interest including regular contests with prizes awarded personally by Mr. Hamilton. This is a bono-ladie organisation, conducted with the help and personal backing of Neil himself. Our most interesting members are—Jim Bamsay, 41 Holburne Terrace, Menstrie, Scotland, who will furnish full particulars.

The Brian Lawrence Bath Cube Club welcomes new members. This club is personally recognised by Mr. Lawrence, who has photographed all who join, and publishes a magazine, 'The Brian Lawrence Fan Club Review,' quarterly. The next edition is their birthday number out in October. The club has a strong social side, theatre shows, picnics, outings to the sea, etc., are arranged regularly. Write to:

Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Ightenham, nr. Sevenoaks, Kent, for full details, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. The subscriptions to this club is only 5d. each and this is used to help Dr. Barnardo's Homes and people in distressed areas.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to: 'George,' c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, 20 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.
A bar thickly and lusciously coated with chocolate rich and milky—a delight in itself to think of ... this flaunting chocolate-wealth but a mere casing for a broad and deep slab of solid, crunchy, scrumptious something—suggesting an ideal combination of old fashioned toffee at its grandest.

(with the real flavour) and "butter-scratch" at its lightest and crispest... then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a subtler word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds... CREST!

And the price (believe it or not) is 2d.!
TREND FOR "NEW" JEWELLERY.

A new "trend" for West London shops is the "lucky horseshoe" not generally associated with good fortune! This small horseshoe was designed by Miss Betty, an artist, who wanted to make a special item that could be worn as both an ornament and a talisman. The horseshoe is made of silver and features a small ring on the end, symbolizing good luck. It is available in various sizes and can be worn on bracelets, necklaces, or as a pendant. The popularity of this item has led to a surge in sales, especially among younger customers who are interested in modern, unique jewelry designs. This "trend" suggests a shift in consumer preferences towards more unconventional and personalized items, reflecting a broader trend in contemporary fashion.
Don't shun the society of others because your skin is disfigured with blotches and pimples. You can look radiant and lovely under the most revealing lights if you use D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Blackheads, blotches or enlarged pores quickly vanish with the aid of this famous non-greasy lotion. It will quickly clear the skin of every blemish and give you that flawless complexion you admire so much in others. For Excess and other stubborn skin diseases, D.D.D. Prescription will be found a safe and certain remedy. Get a bottle to-day at your chemists, price 1/3. D.D.D. Soap and D.D.D. Talcum Powder are further aids to skin loveliness. Delicately perfumed they keep the skin soft and velvety.

FREE

Send a postcard to D.D.D. Laboratories P. 18 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4 for liberal sample bottle! Write to-day.

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Nothing can beat KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—a night! You can use their lipstick, the very same lip-stick that film magnates in Hollywood use, without fear of it coming off. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC stick—smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new lipstick at 6d.

Kissproof

NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible Lipstick

SU-CAN

PRICES: 1/, 1/2, 1/6 and 2/6 (in cartons of 12)

Also in 6d. packets in 11d., 1/1, 1/2, 1/6 sizes

THE IDEAL SOLUBLE HYGIENE

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Free booklet sent on plain sealed cover explaining how you can easily, secreted and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No sheets, no auto-examination. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.

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JANET GAYNOR

While she has not been in the news as much as she was when she assumed Mary Pickford's "World's Sweetheart" crown, she scored a big success in "Small Town Girl" and looks like scoring another in "Ladies in Love."
Daughter Gives Health TO AILING MOTHER

Gift of Yeast-Vite

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Awful FLATULENCE
Terrible HEAD PAINS
NERVES and
Morning TIREDNESS

Yeast-Vite Is Life

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It wasn’t a big gift—it only cost a few pence. It was a bottle of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets—BUT IT BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING MOTHER HEALTH!—Health such as she had not known for years!

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It changed the terrible headaches into glorious relief!

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Yeast-Vite rebuilt, restored, re-energized this grateful woman as it has done so many thousands of sick and suffering people! For Yeast-Vite is LIFE!—happy, joyous, painfree, vigorous LIFE!

If YOUR life is darkened by pain, if YOUR days are made miserable by jangled nerves, tiredness and indigestion, if YOU are a sufferer from one of a number of troubles YOU, too, should instantly commence to benefit from the World’s Wonder Tonic YEAST-VITE.

Dear Sirs,

To show my gratitude to you, I am adding my testimonial to the very many you must receive.

It is nine days ago since my daughter gave me a bottle of ‘YEAST-VITE’ Tablets, asking me to give them a trial for several ailments I complained of—nerves terrible, flatulence awful, head pains terrible—and every morning after rising I was from one to two hours tired and useless before starting my household duties.

Well, I gave ‘YEAST-VITE’ Tablets a fair trial. I cannot express the good they have done me. I can get up at six o’clock in the morning like the proverbial ‘lark’. I never seem tired and as for my nerves—well, this morning I mounted a ladder and cleaned my fanlight, a thing I’ve not done for years. (I had to let someone else do that.)

I will be only too willing to prove my statement, as also will my husband, father, daughter and son-in-law. I am sure that there are hundreds of women with the usual ailments at the age of 48 (which is my age) who would be more than thankful to know the value of ‘YEAST-VITE.’

Please do not trouble to thank me for this letter, all the gratefulness is on my side.

With all my wishes for your great success.

I am, Yours Sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. E. C.

P.S. I might tell you I mentioned ‘YEAST-VITE’ to a woman and she said she had only them to thank for her son’s life.

BOLTON.

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Yeast-Vite Is Life

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Singly obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at your risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving’s Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without question.
O appreciate how the recent little matter of Mary Astor's diary has rocked Hollywood to its foundations; it is necessary to realize that Hollywood is the most scandal fearing community in the world.

In the film capital, S-C-A-N-D-A-L spells R-U-N. We occasionally chafe at the strictness of the British Board of Film Censors, but at least we must admit that that august body confines its attention to the screen.

The Hollywood censorship follows the players off the screen, into their private lives, into their very homes.

Now, this may at first glance seem perilously near to persecution; but it is strictly justifiable, when you bear in mind two salient points about the U.S.A.

One is that Americans are much more strongly addicted to reforming than we are.

Uplift

Americans are extremely public-spirited. Their leisure is largely spent in improving themselves and their neighbours; and as they (and especially the women-folk) have a great deal of spare time, the land is full of societies and clubs existing for the sole purpose of Uplift.

This being so, they occasionally run a little short of subjects for attack; and as—according to Will Hays—everybody has two businesses, his own and the movies, it seems the obvious thing to attack the latter.

Their attacks may be ill-advised and even ridiculous; but taken in the mass they can be extremely formidable.

When even a couple of million determined American matrons (a mere handful among those teeming millions) decide to put a crimp in the Kinema, the crimp is put.

The motion-picture executives are fully aware of this, and have a very healthy respect for the women's organisations that could nip off their profits as easily as you or I would snuff a candle.

Keep the Party Clean

So they very wisely deal with the problem at its source, by ensuring that the reformers have no excuse for attack.

Not only do they (in theory) keep their screens stainless, but they also insist that the private lives of the stars be equally beyond approach.

For this dual duty they appointed Will Hays, a former Postmaster-General, who had the highest collars and morals in Washington; and to fill his duty to his employers (the Film Industry), he makes his charge (also the Film Industry) tremble in its shoes.

The slightest deviation from the strict path of rectitude is astutely frowned upon; even indiscretion is regarded with severe displeasure—curiously enough, it seems to give the scandalmongers better material even than plain law-breaking does.

Marry the Girl

It may seem strange that the frequent changes in partnership are permitted, but the principle seems to be that so long as people actually marry each other, it doesn't matter how frequently it occurs.

But when the couple carelessly omits the marriage-ceremony, the wrath of the Hays Office smites that couple hip and thigh, and the screen knows them no more . . . until they repent, or it all blows over.

So you can see the importance, to a Hollywood player, of keeping his or her copybook clean; and when such an indiscreet document as the Astor diary sees the light of day, there are hundreds of men and women who tremble for their very livelihood.

It's an unenviable job, that of Will Hays, and of his Hollywood representative, Joseph Breen.

The eyes of the world are upon Hollywood; the slightest hint of any irregularity comes under the bright light of publicity and the microscope of scandal; so the Hays Office must keep on the qui vive for anything which smacks of license or smells of vice.

It's in the Air

The other salient point I mentioned in my opening paragraph is the fact that Southern California, where Hollywood is situated and beyond whose borders the stars rarely roam, is particularly well adapted to scandalous behaviour.

That is to say, it has a marvellous climate where one can go about in practically nothing, and stay out all night without risk of chills; a place of sparkling, carefree days and luminous, languorous nights.

Add to this the fact that the most unconventional people in the world are gathered there, and it becomes apparent why Mr. Joseph Breen has his hands full in hushing up the incipient scandals that just may break into the newspapers and give Hollywood (and consequently the film industry) a black eye.

Choice of Offences

There are so many ways in which the unwary star can offend against the laws (mainly unwritten) of the Hays Office.

Immorality is not by any means the only offence. A prominent player must not get into serious money difficulties, or take any conspicuous part in politics, or be concerned in any crime or any accident due to negligence, such as a bad motor accident.

I'm glad to say that the British in Hollywood do, as a rule, keep on the right side of the


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NEXT WEEK

PICTUREGOER Weekly

August 29, 1936

propriety fence; the first exception for a long time is Wendy Barrie, who recently blotted her copybook by becoming bankrupt at a time when she owed a good deal more money than she had.

This kind of thing is thoroughly bad for the film-colony, for it affords the scandal-mongers a foothold.

Laying the Dust

One unfortunate aspect of the "hushing-up" process is that when something happens that really does badly need investigation, it is inclined to be "smothered" in order to lay the dust of a public enquiry.

The death of Thelma Todd some months ago is a case in point. Almost all the evidence pointed to murder, and a particularly cold-blooded, deliberate murder at that; but to save Hollywood's good name the whole affair has been allowed to die down, and the murderer goes scot-free.

Of course, the task of the Hays Office is made a hundred times more difficult by the fact that any news about anyone connected with films is invested with a kind of false glamour; and the way the American Press can exaggerate is nobody's business.

The classic example of this is the headline in a New York "tabloid" newspaper when a down-town cinema cashier, having had a niggling more than a lady should, punished a commissionaire and a couple of ushers.

The headline ran (right across the page): ACTRESS, GIN-CRAZED, SLAYS THREE.

Hot and Cold

One effect the Astor affair will have is to cause a large number of little private diary-burning parties.

The habit of keeping a diary is distinctly dangerous in such a place as Hollywood, where attachments are formed and blaze up and die down all within an incredibly short space; and, besides, a diary in a moment of white-hot enthusiasm, they look pretty silly in the light of cold reason a few months later.

Unfortunately dragging into the limelight of poor Mary Astor's little romances will not have been altogether in vain if it deters a few silly women from putting down in black-and-white all the moments of romance which are too fragile to be written in any medium but gossamer and dew, or the trifling flirtations which are not worth recording at all.

Keeping Out

There is one fellow in Hollywood who is determined to keep out of trouble; and his name is George Raft.

For very sound and cogent reasons he has retired from the gay whirl of Hollywood's social life.

One is that he can make friends whom he can keep; not people who are "all over him," while he is rich and famous and will high-hat him when he is down on his luck.

And the other is that, when he goes to a Hollywood party or restaurant or night-club, there is bound to be some half-tight, pugnacular idiot who confuses Raft's screen roles with his real character, and offers to fight.

Raft doesn't drink, so he's always sober enough to decline.

"And then he complains," he says and then he adds, "when he sees you're reluctant to fight, the chances are that he'll be encouraged to pop you. Then there's only one thing to do. And when you do it and they carry the guy out, it's the innocent party who gets the lion's share of the unpleasant notoriety."

"That's why I stay away from Hollywood nightclubs—though personally I like them very much."

Rackets

It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that being a Hollywood star is by no means all jam.

Not only do "p's and q's" have to be minded, but the stars are subjected to all kinds of rackets against which they are defended only by their own ingenuity and determination.

The only kidnapping profession has received a very severe set-back since the G-Men took a hand in cleaning it up—and since kidnapping has been made an offence punishable by death.

But there are plenty of less-ambitious rackets, among them being the one of bleeding the stars white whenever they come to buy.

Of course, in theory they have a reduction made for them; but a hefty sum is frequently put on just before the discount is taken off.

Pricing by Proxy

So now the stars have evolved a racket of their own, to beat the racketeers.

They employ "pricing agents," who ascertain for them the true market cost of whatever they want to buy, and where it may be obtained at that price.

The thing the stars want—apartments, real estate, furs, yachts, domestic servants, cars, antique furniture—all are priced by the agents, who charge a regular fee for the work, but are paid no commission, since that might cause the prices to rise!

Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Warren William, Bette Davis, and Errol Flynn are among the prominent players who rely on the services of these agents to get them a square deal.

Of course, there are reliable establishments in Hollywood where the stars may shop in safety; but these are the exceptions. And there are the ones that say, "Here comes a Star—turn that 6 upside down into a 9"; and nobody, however wealthy, wants to be a sucker.

Another Racket

One of the meanest rackets worked on the film industry is the trick of hunting through the current films for a character bearing one's own name, and then going out after heavy damages for libel.

The Marx Brothers have experienced great difficulty in finding comedy names for the roles they play in A Day at the Races.

There will be themselves they thought of the excellent name "Fitterwaggles," and sure enough, the M.-G.-M. legal department rang through the story they had found a Phineas X. Fitterwaggles in the telephone-book of some distant city.

Then Groucho invented the name "Plugfolder," and lo! an actual Bogel D. Plugfolder was located.

While they were broadcasting they used the names "Beagel, Shyster, and Beagel," until a real Beagel lodged a protest.

And they mustn't call themselves Gubsky or Zutski or Bloonh, because these already belong to highly-respectable people.

So what are they to do?

For the Pocket

And now to turn to something the stars can do.

They can have the largest pocket-knife in the world—if they can afford it.

Anyway, Bing Crosby did.

When he heard he was to go on location on a ranch for Rhythm on the Range, he thought he'd better have a knife that would be really useful.

So he and Madam Bing sat down and thought seriously about it, and evolved a knife with a hundred blades, three tooth-picks, a pair of tweezers on each end, and two hundred springs.

It has to have a blade-opener to pull all the blades out, and it takes about an hour to do it.

It's a little longer than an ordinary jack-knife, but it measures several inches across, and weighs five pounds, so you have to have special trouser-pockets of canvas and plywood, with brass-bound corners, to carry it in.

Gadgets

Just in case you're anxious to know what Bing can do with a toy like that, here's a list of its gadgets.

It contains a leather reamer, a wood reamer, a saw needle, splint remover, hoof cleaner, corkscrew, thin awl, heavy awl, a loop, a pick scraper, a jeweller's screwdriver, a large screwdriver, a chisel, a pair of pliers, a pair of tongs, an awl, a small half-tight blade, two cuticle knives, one "horse blade," and a piercer.

Also a caliper blade, a Levy knife (whatever that is), a fish scraper, a curved chisel, a band saw, a leather punch, a large scissors, a leather blade, a dissecting blade, a splint saw, an extra-large blade, a cheese knife, a spatula, a tinfoil cutter, a butterfly blade, and a fisherman's blade.

And Also—

But that isn't all; not by a long chalk.

There are also a caliper, a leather awl, a needle blade, a jeweller's corkscrewer's screwdriver (which, if you are well up in the matter of screwdrivers, you will instantly recognise from a jeweller's ditty), a small caliper, an office knife, a button-hook, a speenner (that's beaten me!), two cuticle knives, an eyebrow-slayer, a gauge, a nailfile, a screwdriver (ordinary),

Fritz von Dongen and Dolly Mollinger in the first Dutch comedy, "Er Krabbehjeter" ("The Cross-patch"), now at the Academy, London.
Instead of having it at one of the large luxury theatres on Hollywood Boulevard, he chose the little Four Star Theatre, off the beaten track, and invited an audience of nine hundred newspaper men and women to see it. The stars, who are usually the be-all and end-all of these previews, were reduced to the level of mere gate-crashers.

Norma Shearer was there, and received a terrific ovation for her playing of "Juliet." Naturally it's impossible to report upon the picture itself until we have seen it (my colleague Lionel Collier will attend to that in due course); but I gather that those who had been gloomily declaring that Miss Shearer was too old for the part were agreeably disappointed.

On our cover this week you can see how she and Leslie Howard look in the title-roles.

Non-Essential?

I have been taken severely to task by a reader who considers I became "too excited" about colour films in my recent remarks in these pages.

He calls colour "a mere detail, a non-essential, a nine days' wonder."

Does he remember the time when they said that about talkies? Why, I believe Charlie Chaplin is not quite convinced about them even yet!

My correspondent also says "We want good films of good stories, not pretty coloured pictures." Well, I seem to remember remarking myself that colour would not stand by itself, without good stories.

Recently I had an opportunity of a talk with Steffy Duna, who told me of the enormous difference in lighting and so on that has been effected in the three years elapsing between La Cucaracha and Dancing Pirat.

If all that time and research has been expended by Technicolor in perfecting this "mere detail," there must be some future in it, for the Technicolor people are nobody's fools.

A nine days' wonder? I wonder!

Film Folk

Jean Rogers, heroine of Ace Drummond, and Jimmy Walkington, who speaks the commentary for Universal's Stranger than Fiction series, have declared their engagement "off," agreeing that matrimony would prejudice their careers.

Charles Boyer will star in History is Made at Night, a dramatic story of New York night life which Frank Borzage will direct.

The new Francis Lederer picture, My American Wife, with Ann Sothern, Billie Burke and Fred Stone, is completed. Harold Young, who directed part of The Scarlet Pimpernel, was in charge.

Betty Blythe, silent screen favourite, has been given a part with George Raft and Ida Lupino in Yours for the Asking.

Lady Ann Cavendish (Fred Astaire's sister Adele) is to appear in four films for Selznick International, over a period of four years.

Mussolini is writing a scenario of a new film dealing with the adventures of Christopher Columbus, a national hero. Fredric March is being sought for the English version, to be made in Italy.

GUY BEACON.
Yes, oh yes," murmured Norma, her usually direct, incisive voice hushed by the burden of beauty. "Yes, I do believe that young people of to-day love just as desperately as they did in the time of Romeo and Juliet. Conditions are easier for them now, that is the one great difference. Situations of such stress do not so frequently arise and so the boys and girls of our time are not so often compelled to summon death as their sad solution. Parents, not young hearts, have grown wiser. For I believe that if parental opposition to youthful love were as strong and as persistently to-day as it was in those days, we would read of many more suicide pacts than we do.

"It isn't," continued Norma softly, that love is weaker to-day but that freedom is greater. Freedom to love. There are no obstacles to-day other than financial obstacles or, perhaps, ill-health. And Youth, given wings, given freedom, is so gloriously courageous that now, instead of dying for love, it lives for love.

"No, it isn't great love nor the capacity for great love which has been removed from the hearts of men and women, boys and girls of this our day. The change comes from without, not from within. For love, like Time, never dies."

Thus spoke Juliet in the scented garden of the Capulets.

I sat with Romeo in a motor-bus! I had wandered forth to the back lot of M.-G.-M. there to keep my date with young Mr. Leslie Howard Montague. The back lot stretched before me, transformed into a street scene in Verona. And there, armed with a tiny camera, taking shots of the scenes in which he does not appear, was Leslie Howard Montague, clad in sky-blue doublet and hose, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles atop his classic nose, a crimson bath-robe girt about his middling form, his hair curling about the nape of his neck. He suggested that we find a secluded spot wherein to hold sweet converse. And we found a seat in the back of a mammoth bus parked near the set in readiness to take the several hundred extras to and fro. Romeo in a bus! Did I—or Shakespeare—ever?

Said Romeo, sensibly: "Yes, there is just one stratum of society left to-day in which the catastrophic tragedy of Romeo and Juliet might happen—namely, among the gangsters!

I gasped. "Romeo lit a cigarette. "No, but figure it out," quoth Romeo with sweet reasonableness. "The gangsters were a desperate lot, most of them. Feuds existed among the Montagues and the Capulets even as they exist among the gangsters to-day. In no other class of society do such feuds exist except, perhaps, among some remote mountain tribes. Yes, the Montagues and the Capulets still carr y on our public enemies from one to hundred. Mercutio are slain. Bloody Tybalt still faster in their shrouds. The sword has been replaced by the machine-gun, the fiery sted by the armoured
Is the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" possible today? Read the interesting and varied opinions of the artists cast in this picture.

by Gladys Hall

car, but the results thereof compare quite favourably. So much for that.

"Then, too, there are no women in any class of society to-day who are so secluded, so jealously guarded, so spied upon, so particularly protected as are the gangsters' 'Nolls'. Fancy the 'Moll' of one gang leader going over to an opposing gang leader—suicide and murder would be inevitable. Yes, it is quite conceivable that in the ranks of the still medieval Underworld a Montague and a Capulet feud might bloodily arise, a Mercutio and a Tybalt meet their deaths, a young Romeo and Juliet die, caught in the tangled of love and fear and complexity.

"There are a great many analogies once you get started. The Veronese of the 14th Century lived with imminent death for their daily bread. They never knew, in the morning, whether they would be among the Quick or the Dead by night. Ditto, certainly, our gangsters. "Yes, yes," continued Leslie, amused with his amazing similes. "Among the gangsters the Capulets and the Montagues live again. And, even as these old Veronese lived, richly caparisoned and housed, armed with dark vendettas and secret cabals and mysterious intermediaries, so do our underworld brethren live to-day.

In the dark tomb of the Capulets young Romeo and Juliet fed a life too sinister, too complex, too arrayed with dark forces, dark politics and passions for them to cope with. In the dark cellar of gangstedom to-day, it is conceivable that young lovers might also flee a life too sinister, too complex in its politics and passions for them to cope with.

"It's a novel thought, at any rate," smiled Leslie, bemused, "and I really think it's true that in no other social sphere to-day would such a desperate love be liable to exist. There'd be no reason for it in any other sphere. There are many Don Juans to-day, but few, very few Romesos.

"Modern times and casual circumstances make it difficult, really, for young men to follow in the footsteps of the world's most poetic lover. It is very hard to imagine any modern young man kerring beneath milady's balcony making a plea for his beloved's undying love, when, no doubt, a telephone is jangling to right of her, a radio blaring swing music to left of her and a cacophony of motor horns in the street is adding punctuation to his appeal.

"Some men still die for love, of course."

Said Leslie, more gravely now, "but I think they die living deaths. I mean, I think they go about as much as they always did, living to all outward appearances, but with death in their hearts, where life and love once reigned, disillusionment in their souls, which once harboured dreams . . . a living mental and spiritual death rather than the final and perhaps more dignified death of the body.

And I do believe this—that when we see Romeo and Juliet on the screen, we are going, for the first time, to understand them fully; we are going to understand the really complex and ingenious plot of the play as we have never been able to understand it before because of the limitations of the stage. We will understand fully and in detail just why they died . . . for they were in a very complex situation. Not only was parental law against them but civic and military law as well. Romeo had murdered a man. He had that to face. He never got the message which was to tell him that Juliet was but feigning sleep. That whole business—

the plague-infected area which trapped the message—the whole involved and intensely thrilling plot will be made clear as it never has been clear before."

At which exact moment Mercutio, in the dramatic person of John Barrymore, rose from the dead and came toward me . . . Leslie made way for his friend. John joined me in the motor-bus. And when I put my question to him he said, his voice rich and sardonic, the Barrymore eyebrow elevated: "If anyone has any doubt that the Romeo and Juliet situation exists to-day, let him but glance at almost any daily paper. And almost any day he will find a case of suicide over a love affair, very often a killing thrown in for good measure.

"I'm not criticising the good sense of those who kill themselves for love," said Mr. Barrymore, the eyebrow riding higher than the hairline, "but we are not talking of good sense. It may be that in most cases, in any century, young people who die for love are dramatising themselves—a basic human instinct. They might, if they had waited, done quite otherwise. But the fact is that they do die for love . . . and proceed to give the Receiving Hospital, the police, the Coroner's Office and their relatives and friends a lot of trouble and grief.

"Possibly the best cure for such a thing would be a good dose of counter-irritation. If a young man swain thwarted in love or a young maiden whose romance is blasted would step out and seek other diversion for a time, a cure would be inevitable. But anyway, the newspapers prove that the human animal is about the same to-day as ever it was, same heart, lungs, liver and gizzard as in the days of Romeo. That's why Shakespeare is modern to-day—and he can prove it by the headlines!"

And then John Barrymore was gone, replaced by "Bloody Tybalt" . . . Mercutio vanishing from my view as he was vanished from the view of the Veronese when he encountered Tybalt . . . Basil Rathbone, a tall, dark, sinister Tybalt . . .

(Continued on page 10)
suggested that we abandon the motor-bus and take up our stand by a fruit-stall facing the Veronese street. He leaned against the stand and juggled golden lemons, vivid sun spots against the shadow of his attire as he said: “Romeo and Juliet could ‘happen’ to-day only after Youth is gone. Great love comes now with years and not with days. Romeo and Juliet to-day would be people in their middle years. For only after years of companionship, only after roots had struck in only when deep would it be preferable to life—alone. After the close-together years, after the marriage of habit, which is the only reason for a second, only then would it be unendurable for one to face life without the other. And then only then, I think, could dying for love be conceivable—or probable.

“I either of the lovers could live to-day, it would be Juliet. There are, possibly, girls without him who would be better off if they were given any encouragement. It is Romeo who is dead. When I was playing Romeo to Katharine Cornell’s Juliet, for instance, a crowd of young college boys came back stage to see me one night. They wanted to talk to me about Romeo. They said ‘But wasn’t he sort of sappy?’ And I said to them ‘My lad, the age of the man is gone! In Verona, in those days, the men were painted and powdered and exquisite and walked with a phenomenon as every hour of the day, with swords unheated—to kill. To-day what do we have! The foolishness of being protected, the victim of a few broken bones, perhaps. No... Romeo is dead, and for want of him Juliet, too, has perished from the earth... not until the middle years can such love flower and die for its own sake.’

Tybalt waved his sword and withdrew... and Ralph Forbes, playing the ill-starred Paris, carried on with the lemons... Paris was in twilight. For Ralph was not working that day. And after the black silk tights, the black locks, the gleaming sword and flashing teeth of Tybalt I felt an appreciable relief at sight of tweeds and a cigarette packet...” Said Ralph: “Definitely yes. Romeo and Juliet do live and love and die to-day—if they are young enough. After one has braved one’s twenties together, the hardening of the arteries the heart sets in, I should say. Philosophy dethrones passion. The vulnerable age is safely past. The age when life is all-devouring and—unbalanced. I believe that the rapid-fire machine ages intensifies desperate love rather than moderates it. I believe that Romeo and Juliet would have died even sooner than they did had they lived in the torrential Twentieth Century. Everything to-day is frenzied and frantic—and so is love. And the only thing more frenzied and more frantic is death. Propinquity is easy to-day, of course, but propinquity doesn’t lessen the emotion of love. On the contrary. Swedhelm said moon for the campus belle—and die for her, too. And, only if they live long enough are they safe. For, with maturity, come other interests and other riches and other alternatives. Love becomes a part of the varicoloured pattern, not all of it. There is too much to live for to make death for one emotion desirable or even possible. If Romeo and Juliet had survived the twenties, smiled Ralph, “they would have lived to a ripe old age.”

Edna May Oliver, playing Juliet’s Nurse, gave a vast snort when I put my question to her. Edna May, the lover’s gossiper, between the intermediary between two such sighing hearts, said: “Oh my Juliet! It’s dear. love rolls off me as water from a duck’s back... what should I know of love? Yes, what do I know of love? Let me see... there are three ages of love... Young Love. Middle-aged Love. Old Love. Young Love—no, it would not die of its own malady to-day... there are too many pages to the book. Middle-aged Love would not die for love—there are too many interests in the middle years.

“Too many other ‘consumming passions’, such as Contract and horse-racing and radio programmes and Keeping Up With the Joneys and window shopping and gossip and Women’s Clubs and such. Dear me, no, there wouldn’t be time to die for love. Then comes Old Love, and only then, I think, does one die for the other. But Nature, not Man, takes care of that. Nature, not love potions nor yet the desperate sword, simply and quite naturally follows the other into death as one has quite simply and naturally followed the other from room to room in the house of Life, for lo, these many years! Romeo and Juliet at eighty-five and ninety—yes. For all the other Ages and Stages of Man—no, no, nonsense, my dear!” said Nurse Edna May Oliver.

Conway Tearle, lordly and imposing as the Prince of Verona, spoke to me from his horse’s back whereas, he is a mere student at Verone. He said, this descendant of famed Shakespearean actors, this veteran of many of a Shakespearean role: ‘No... Romeo and Juliet are impossibilities to-day. Love has become a question of common sense. The boy of eighteen in our time is equal in wisdom and capability to the man of forty in the days of Romeo. He knows how to handle situations, the modern lad. He would not throw the world away for love, because he knows very well that to do so would be a stupid and an adolescent gesture—and quite unnecessary. Romeo couldn’t live and love to-day, because Romeo has grown up.’

Reginald Denny, seated beside me on a marble street bench under the horse’s head, took up the theme song. He said, wearing impressively the habiliments of Malvolio: “I don’t agree entirely. Romeo and Juliet could live and love to-day—if they were very young. And by very young I mean, not eighteen and twenty, but girls and boys of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Boys and girls still half-children, and so, stunned and inert if faced with adult emotions and problems. But it would have to happen to the very young... it would have to be the work of a desperate hour or half hour. And even then—is it love? Was it love, real love, with Romeo and Juliet? Did it endure long enough to survive the test of time? The party at the Capulets strikes me as singularly like a college prom... young Romeo entering, masked, a fraternity house where, let us say, he has no right to be. He has come for a glimpse of one damsel. He espies another and it is, on the instant, off with the old love and on with the new. Then comes the fraught and tragic moment, the two half-children caught in a web of circumstance with which they could not cope—and the deadly, desperate deed is done. There is not much difference, I think between the Then and the Now, given the same intense drama and two youngsters of the same ages. They were modern enough in their emotions. Juliet knew what she wanted and was right after it. Even as the Juliets of to-day know what they want—and get it. Juliet may have been talking to herself in the famous balcony scene, but I’ve always felt a strong probability that she knew Romeo was lurking there in the moon shadows all of the time. If one is young enough,” sighed Malvolio, “then time and nationality make no difference...”

And C. Aubrey Smith, every considerable inch Lord Capulet, said: “Simply hot-blooded youth... what has time or place to do with it? It is the same, down through the centuries... it is timeless and eternal...”

And so, do we die for love to-day? What do you think? Do you agree with Juliet, with Romeo, with Tybalt, with Mercutio?... For they are a disbursement and of such stuff is drama, and argument, made.

Next week, who is the richest little girl in the world? In mere millions of dollars, perhaps it’s the heiress of some American manufacturer; but in all the things that matter, it’s dimpled, curly-headed, laughing Shirley Temple—and in “Picturegoer” next week you will be able to read the fascinating reasons why.
ON film star has glamour in real life. Glamour is something they apply from their make-up box—and something they exude when standing before the camera, having been carefully "lit" by a dozen different arc-lamps and "baby-spots."

Once they have finished their scene and gone back to their dressing-rooms they are just ordinary men and women—men and women who earn their living on account of their unique quality of being photographically perfect and of being able to project their personality on to a two-dimensional screen.

In all other respects the so-called glamorous lovelies of Hollywood are just as ordinary as the woman in the street and the baker. They may possess a more attractive appearance and have personality which is nearer the surface—but they are the same flesh and blood in the long run, and possess no innate glamour which has been denied to others.

I have appeared in over 200 films during the past 19 years, playing an extra for 3 years and for 14 as a leading man, and during that period I have met scores of Hollywood stars whose names are household words, and more than that—I know them. During the making of a film one comes in close contact with one's colleagues, seeing them both on and off the set for at least ten hours a day, and such an experience offers an unrivalled opportunity for getting to know them well.

If I wrote about the glamour of the actresses to whom I had played leading man, they would laugh themselves to death since they regard themselves as honest-to-goodness women with a real job of work to do. If they took this glamour nonsense seriously they would soon deteriorate, basking in their own glory at the expense of their histrionic gifts.

An actress has never finished learning her job; there is no time for her to rest on her laurels or pat herself on the back, if she ever hopes to attain the pinnacle of her profession—and once she has reached that envied position she will be too busy retaining it to worry about the glamour she is credited with exuding.

Yet for all that, Hollywood's stars make an interesting study. Nazimova, "the woman of a thousand moods," has left the film colony—and to-day we have a thousand women of a thousand moods—each of the actresses I have worked with seems to exemplify some mood or quality which has become indissolubly associated with them in my mind.

Bebe Daniels, for instance, is the hardest worker in Hollywood and has the keenest and subtlest "picture-mind". She has a flair for seeing a situation in pictures, instead of abstract drama—and so she can always be relied upon to get the very last ounce out of a scene.

Constance Bennett always appears to me as the best-dressed woman; no one wears clothes quite like she does. Clara Bow is the most complex personality I have met. Laura la Plante the most charming, Elissa Landi and Una Merkel the wittiest, Alice Joyce the most gracious, and Mary Brian the least spoilt by fame.

Maureen O'Sullivan shines out by her courage, quite apart from her undeniable talent as one of the finest picture-artists of the younger generation. With Maureen I shared the most terrifying moment of my life during the making of the first "Tarzan" film with Aubrey Smith and Johnny Weissmuller.

It was in the elephant's burial ground, with the sinister bones strewn on the ground. Aubrey Smith and Johnny were on one elephant while Maureen and I followed behind on another for the taking of a long-shot. Our elephant lingered and as the director was anxious that we should keep the same distance behind Johnny he shouted to us to prod our animal on towards the camera.

I did so and he responded by uttering a peculiar note which appeared to affect the elephant in front. To our horror he tossed Johnny and Aubrey Smith off his back and within the flicker of an eyelid, they lay among the bones on the ground.

Not content with that, the brute sat on his hind legs and see-sawed backwards and forwards, looking at any moment as if he would flop over and squash the two men to death. We were paralysed with fright yet quite helpless to offer any assistance.

Maureen screamed she wanted to leap from our elephant's back—she was on the verge of hysteria and I had my hands full in calming her and trying to steer our brute to safety. Her courage undoubtedly saved the situation as she would have met with almost certain death had she dropped off the elephant and caused a panic by her screams.

 Needless to say, no more work was done that day as Mr. Smith was badly shaken up and Johnny suffered from bruises and a torn toenail.

I always identify Ann Harding with the loveliest voice; Esther Ralston with the most perfect figure; Helen Hayes with the most amazing gift for acting; and Anna Q. Nilsson as being the most perfect all-round trooper Hollywood has produced.

The most difficult star to describe is Joan Crawford—an intense creature of moods, while as a contrast one finds Norma Shearer simply radiating unsophisticated sincerity.

I have known all these women intimately—having worked in at least one picture with each and in many cases making subsequent life-long friendships with them—and each and all has proved to me that the "glamorous" legend is only a chimera and is no vital part of their physical and psychological make-up.
Shots with Our Candid Camera

(Above) Marion Davies receives a little moral and physical support from Hobart Cavanaugh while rehearsing a difficult step between shots of her new picture, "Cain and Mabel." Her small but attentive audience comprise photographer George Barnes, director Lloyd Bacon and her leading man, Clark Gable.

(Above) Gitta Alper, the prima donna who has been making "Because of Love" at the Highbury Studios, finds time does not hang heavily on her hands. The reason is in her hands.

(Right) Pat Aherne drops into the studio for a chat with his wife, Renée Houston. She has been busy filming at Beaconsfield.

Gladys Swarthout steps out in a two-piece outfit of black crepe and the hat is of black straw with a silver veil.

Jesse Matthews busy studying her lines at Shepherd's Bush during the making of her new musical, "Head Over Heels." Her fellow students are her two leading men, Louis Borrell (left) and Robert Flemyng.
YOU'LL FIND YOUR MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

says Florence Rice

Who tells about the actors with whom she has played and comes to the conclusion that the husband-hunter who could not be satisfied there is hard to please indeed.

What bigger selection could you wish or dream for?
But the players themselves are the most varied crowd. Some married, some unmarried, all fascinating and likeable.

In my first picture, Fugitive Lady, which I made for Columbia, I met Neil Hamilton. Neil is both literary and artistic. He not only writes all his own interviews for the screen magazines but is a talented musician. He has that frankness of the writing man which makes him sociable and easy to get on with, and is always the life of the party wherever he goes for he plays the piano, saxophone and guitar.

He was very kind to me and went out of his way to make me feel at home in my first picture. He gave me some useful tips too.

In the same picture was Donald Cook, who is more of the business man. He is so serious and studies all the technical sides of the business. I think he has the idea at the back of his mind of eventually directing pictures. He's really so different from the character he plays on the screen, which is usually the "bad man." He's the sort that simply must have something to do all the time. When he is not filming or studying he is busy with his wire-haired terriers, which he breeds for a hobby.

Making Under Pressure brought me in contact with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLagen.

I think Edmund is one of the most charming men I have ever met. He simply oozes personality, and is the perfect example of the debonair, man-about-town, with wit and intelligence above the average. He is always happy if he is reading a good book, seeing a good show, or listening to good music, but none of these gives him the slightest pleasure unless it is really good. That more or less describes the nature of the man. He follows a high standard of living and his wide and worldly knowledge allows him only to appreciate the finer arts.

Victor is different altogether. He is the answer to every maiden’s prayer for a he-man. Well over six foot and as strong as an ox—or maybe two! You’ll never see Victor using a double for dangerous scenes. He doesn’t think it is fair that someone else should take his risks, besides he likes nothing better than a tight spot calling for courage and precision. His hobbies are boxing, wrestling and swimming. That is a man and a half!

Which reminds me of another man and a half that I have played opposite. That was Jack Holt. He was a star in pictures when I was a little girl.—what a record—twenty years a star and still going strong. Jack is a very useful person to know, he knows the movie business from A to Z. I remember he was in his element in Iron Fist because he had to play the part of a construction engineer and apparently that had been his ambition before he went into pictures. Jack has a tremendous fan-following and I’m sure if everyone could meet him personally he would have a much greater one.

In Guard That Girl I met a very shy young man with such good man for Stu is his name was Robert Allen, whom you probably saw in the Grace Moore film On Wings of Song.

Bob strikes you at first as being too shy to act, especially to enact a love scene, but directly he gets on the set and the camera starts running, all his nervousness seems to leave him and he is a born actor. Rather funny that, I think, because in most cases it is the other way about. It is always refreshing, however, to meet someone of a shy and reserved disposition in Hollywood.

Escape from Devil’s Island found me with two more interesting men—Norman Foster and Victor Tully.

Norman is never happy unless he is globe-trotting. He is a rolling stone—the typical roving adventurer. Wanderlust has been in his blood ever since he can remember. As a small child he used to wander away from home and his poor mother was for ever calling at the local police station to locate her wandering boy. If you want to find Norman when he is not making a picture—look in the middle of the ocean.

Victor is right the opposite. He likes nothing better than to sit at home with a book and his pipe. Of course he likes to go out once in a while and when he does it is usually to a swimming or tennis party. If he goes out in the evening it is either to a movie or stage show. Very steady-going is Victor and undoubtedly many girls’ idea of the ideal husband.

I have just finished playing in a film with Stuart Erwin. Stu is hardly the fellow one would turn around to gaze upon. His eyes are small and deep set and his face heavy and indeterminate in its outlines.

But with all his unassuming appearance and his country bumpkin expression and speech he has fooled them all, for Stu is a very smart fellow with definite ideas of his own and is content to let it appear that the joke is always on him.

Off the screen he is much the same as he is on, talking in that same southern drawl. Yet watch him closely, and you can detect a keen glance and a shrewd insight.

He is one of the few comedians who are as funny off the screen as they are on. He has an amusing knack of changing the pitch of his voice and this has become a characteristic habit.

But I am forgetting that I am writing this for the husband-hunters so I had better tell you that Stuart Erwin is happily married to June Collyer.

However, I still maintain that no matter what kind of a man you are looking for, you’ll find him—plenty of single ones too—in Hollywood.

The author of this article with one of the men she intriguingly describes—

Norman Foster.
A few weeks later, finding his rivals were having a "try-out" of a completed seven version of The Passion Play in Philadelphia, Hollman journeyed over, gazed, hurried back and immediately decided to produce a version of his own. He felt he could even better the local thing, despite its length (2,100 feet). Hollman got together his scenic camera unit and his Scriptural cast, staged the Holy Land scenes on the roof of his New York office and managed, they say, with the aid of back-cloths to produce an even more realistic show than the original. The Passion Play in 3,000 feet lasted 55 minutes, cost him £3,200 to stage, and it ran for a crowded 6 months at the Eden Musée (1894). Hollman was ahead of his time, as he had no selling organisation the picture was handed over to the Edison Company to hire out to American exhibitors. Hollman never expected these pictures. Agreed from the fact that he could not find any spectacular topic, there were commercial reasons why he should not tempt Providence too much. To begin with, production costs were then considered too excessive to speculate on doubtful ventures, whereas for £100 you could make a tip-top production that only was a money back actuality, but it usually showed 200 per cent profit.

That fellow Pathé in Paris had been doing Christian’s to the Lions in the Colosseum (1908) staging with wild beasts; but he had a big foreign trade and could afford to risk something. There had been one man who risked doing Ben Hur in 16 scenes, but his difficulty was in getting exhibitors to buy the thing. It was much too long—the wrong size. Why, when another Pathé company was making Christ and the Walls (2,150 feet) it was difficult to find exhibitors who would risk hiring the picture. All the Travelling Agents say it was a huge waste. "Should be of great use at certain classes and lectures," (1906) and that put it in the money business.

All this time, D. W. Griffith, a melodrama actor out of a stock company, was champing at the bit. He refused to confine himself to the 1,000 feet limit—had even dared (1909) to stretch his story of Enoch Arden out to 2,000 feet. And just to oblige the Edison Company, exhibitors agreed to show it in two separate instalments—a week apart.

After having done this, he tempted exhibitors' patience further by taking up 3,000 feet to tell the story of Judith of Bethulia. Still, they forgave him, for they managed to get a three reeler out of the ever popular Buffalo Bill (1910).

For the next few years, Griffith confined his genius within picture-theatre limits. Then something happened to widen his horizon. The splendid imagination of Italian producers under a generous Roman sun, had blossomed into the full richness of spectacular screen drama.

It was decided that Quo Vadis? demanded spectacular presentation, and Kleine gave his first American showing in Klaw and Erlanger's biggest legitimate theatre, a Chicago 4,000 seater, charging "picture prices." In its first week, £1,000 profit was made, and in its subsequent twelve-month-tour of the remaining 19 Klaw and Erlanger theatres, Kleine is said to have cleared £100,000 for himself.

Where the profits are, there will be the money-makers gathered together. Italy was the only wear now. Among the other Italian spectacles offered on both Continents during the next year or two were Cabiria, Antony and Cleopatra, The Last Days of Pompeii and By the Cross. The exhibition rights for the most of which were auctioned for Great Britain and fetched sums varying from £8,000 in a London sales room. As in the earlier Italian version, Radio's presentation of "The Last Days of Pompei" was distinguished by impressive spectacle.

Obviously, to get that money back, big audiences were required. At the most a 500 capacity picture theatre could only gross £120 a week. The London agents took the Queen's Hall, leading provincial theatres with big auditoria, or town halls in the main cities. It was a sign! The picture theatre men saw their "share" going to legitimate theatres and to town halls. This Road Show was a menace and spelt ruin for them. They decided to be less decided about those "long" pictures: some even went to the then crazy length of showing 50-minute-long productions!

But the mind of D. W. Griffith was travelling ahead. The instantaneous success of the Italian spectacle dramas had convinced him he was right.

If his countrymen would flock in their hundreds of thousands to legitimate theatres to see an historical Italian spectacle, how much stronger would the urge be if that spectacle told their own story? Here was Thomas Dixon's epic, The Clansmen, that simply damoured for picture presentation and, dramatising the deathless story of the American Civil War, showed how a new and greater South rose out of the conflict.

It was to George Clune, who was then running a full-length Italian spectacle at the Auditorium (now Philharmonic), Los Angeles, that Griffith took his problem.

"How do you think the public will re-act to my screen version of Dixon's yarn?"

"Let's have a look," said George; Klune sat with Griffith in the projection room. The picture had an astonishing effect upon him; Griffith noticed how restless he was.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" Griffith exclaimed.

"It's only got one fault," said Clune, "it's not long enough."

"Why, it's 8,000 feet long—just as long as the Italian spectacles."

That may be—but you've picked out a bigger subject than they have. It's the hottest spot in American history. Take it back! Stretch it out into 12,000 feet and I'll show it in the Auditorium."

So it happened that the Dixon spectacle was first shown on 8th February, 1915 at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles, under the author's original title, and Hollywood went wild about it. Later it was shown privately at the Rose Gardens, New York. An avalanche of applause greeted it. Its author, Dixon, could hardly restrain his wild enthusiasm.

"Why, you've made the picture so powerful—"
the title looks tame. I've got an idea. Let's call it The Birth of a Nation." A few days later, with this brand new title it was shown privately to President Wilson and the Senate at the White House. The enthusiasm grew.

But the trouble about The Birth of a Nation was its length—10 reels four reels longer than the longest yet, Quo Vadis? No exhibitor would touch it. Griffith had to form his own distribution unit to handle it; the Epoch Film Corporation, its first action was to hire the Liberty Theatre, New York, where it began operations by presenting The Birth of a Nation on 3rd March 1915, the top price being two dollars, the highest ever charged to view a picture. Twice and sometimes three times daily it ran.

It became one of the milestones in movie history. And this with any trickery to the "star" system. Not that it was without its share of competent players. Its cast included names which subsequently became famous, such as Lilian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis, Wallace Reid, George Siegmann, Elmo Lincoln, Walter Long, Donald Crisp, Raoul Walsh and Elmer Clifton.

Lurking in the mind of Griffith, the inventor of spectacular screen moralities, has always been the so-called obsession of some primitive ancestor, or was it the "Sunday-school-wall-pictures" habit that persisted?

That obsession bored out in fullest force in his next spectacular movie, Intolerance, a kind of John the Baptist message to the warring nations who had plunged themselves into the modern age. Three thousand dollars was spent on the nations for tolerance, and to illustrate his lesson he had incorporated four stories depicting The Birth of Belshazzar, The Passion of Catharina de Medici, (French Huguenot period), The Jerusalem of Christ, and America before the World War. Over 4,000 people were engaged in it, as well as 750 horses. One of the sets (Babylon) was a quarter of a mile long and forty feet high.

In magnificence the production was said even to outclass the famous Ben Hur. To cost, the expenses must have reached close upon $1,000,000. Intolerance was regarded as another milestone in the movie history. It came to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in April 1917, and with it D. W. Griffith himself, who made an impassioned appeal in the pro- opening—a plea for world-wide toleration—but although the King and Queen, who saw it a month later, declared it was "an amazing show," Intolerance did not prove the attraction that was expected.

Besides, there was a war on, whose scale of magnitude made the mimic scenes of Intolerance look like a pep-show.

What about England's contribution to the new production idea? One British producer at least had been busy with his own attempt to create spectacle.

Pioneer Will Parker decided to present a typically British subject in Jane Shore, which, because of his accustomed thoroughness, took him two years to complete. Some idea of its scope may be gleaned from production details: 5,478 artists were employed and there were no less than 3,800 people engaged in one scene, while 4,117 costumes were used. Jane Shore, which held the record of its day for production extravagance, cost £20,800 and was regarded as a triumph of British screen-craft (1915).

A year later the British and Colonial Producers decided upon a spectacle that would enable them to cash in on the patriotic note; its subject, The Battle of Waterloo. That historic event was fought out on a battlefield near Northampton. The opposing armies totalled 600 men and 400 horses, with 200 lancers and artillery thrown in. The battle lasted longer than the real thing—it took four days, but, of course, you had to be careful with your supers. Incidentally, it cost £5,400.

For the next five years the idea of the film spectacle lay dormant. Its value as an attraction seemed too doubtful till Marcus Loew decided, in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (1921), to exploit the idea again. It is curious that so hot-gospelling a sermon for Peace should now only be remembered as providing the stepping stone to the fame of Rudolph Valentino.

When Jesse Lasky started The Covered Wagon, it was originally scheduled to cost £20,000, and was devised to star Mary Miles Minter. But as the production grew in proportion, it began to dawn on Lasky that here was the germ-idea for a big spectacle. Mary Miles Minter disappeared from the cast and the story of the great trail then became an historical epic, and the gilded frame to memorise Ernest Torrence by.

If that big special was an accident, The Ten Commandments was a deliberate attempt to get back to the primal idea of circus magnificence.

Unlike Griffith, the producer of The Ten Commandments, The King of Kings and The Crusades has never mixed his directorial aims with ethical purposes. His father was for many years, a partner with that genius of stage spectacle, David Belasco. Before starting off his spectacle, Griffith had always the nagging fear, "How will this theme affect me emotionally?" and his religious fervour lasted through till it reached the finality of screening.

The De Mille technique is different. Choose your theme—make it big enough to warrant the spectacle—and then direct all the varied episodes that link it up, in the same way as a musical director does an orchestra.

In The Ten Commandments De Mille built up his big sensation on the opening and closing of the Red Sea. To get those waves which engulfed Pharaoh's army, he had 1,200 each holding 60,000 gallons, which were so designed that both could drop into a large curved piece of steel at the same moment. When that happened it threw such a rush into an immense curve. The two volumes of water met at the top—so came the wave that wiped out the "Pharaohites." Whether people had got so used to the subject, and ceased to respect it, the fact is that The Ten Commandments did not command the reverence its subject demanded, nor the money turnover one could have expected.

Carl Laemmle got caught up once in that spectacle craze and gave us that magnificent epic The Hunchback of Notre-Dame (1923). Though a failure, if the expense was warranted by the box-office results.

If The Big Parade is regarded as a spectacle, you will be told by its producers that was an accident. J. J. McCarthy, America's big showman, was hanging about the studio when King Vidor, its director, was looking at some "rushes." Next day he saw the whole picture.

"Say, you've got something here. Put some money into that and you'll have a big picture." Originally scheduled to cost £50,000, M.-G.-M. added £80,000, and the result is history.

In 1926 Marcus Loew decided to do Ben Hur (its third time) and the Herculean efforts which put forth in Hollywood ended in an excursion to Italian backgrounds to achieve a mighty purpose, form one of the most thrilling sagas depicting the throes of production agencies. It cost £1,600,000 finally, but Marcus Loew thought it was worth while.

A year later Cecil B. de Mille decided on another Biblical subject, The King of Kings. The experiment cost over £400,000. I have already indicated that artistic integrity means large expenditure, and that is the reason for the Nonconformist conscience, unfortunately for the picture's success, considers that the last film Spectacles.

The Crusades Cecil de Mille set out to show us how they did it. Well, it was a long way off—eight hundred years or more—and it did not seem exciting to meet the hero of our school books, Richard the Lion Hearted or Saladin, King of the Turks. What is happening now looks fine, but, and it's a bottom line, and all the modern pageantry in the news reels, with Kemal Pasha making an occasional appearance there, as well.

At least that's how the sophisticated picture public, to whom I put the question, regarded it. Which only goes to prove that the movies have thought only of that which matters now in Life as it is lived to-day, that all we want to see is how the world wags right here and now. As for the tale the good history story won't bend down to give us a well-ordered story, without the trimmings, so much the worse for history and for the men who used to make these film Spectacles.
That phrase accurately sums up Genevieve Tobin, who is now playing at Elstree, as here described by Max Breen

WHENEVER I've mentioned Genevieve Tobin to anyone who knew her, I've heard the same enthusiastic assurance: "Oh, you'll like her; she's grand!"

But although we had missed each other narrowly on two occasions, I had never met her until last week.

She surprised me—in two ways. I expected her to be taller; she's a little bit of a thing, weighing about seven stone nothing. And I didn't expect her to be so serious.

But they were quite right. She is grand, and I do like her.

This business of acting is of terrific importance to her. It's her life, which she lives "off" as well as "on".

That is to say, she is always turning over in her mind how she can be a better actress. Personally I should be inclined to say a still better actress.

There are all sorts of reasons for people getting into the theatre; some were born in theatrical families; some were run over by a steam truck just outside the theatre and carried in; some had to earn their living one way or another, and it might as well be this way; some had a friend with influence—and so on.

Genevieve Tobin's case was quite, quite different. She wanted to act.

In fact, she didn't want to do anything else but; and it is still just as important as that to her.

I don't mean that she has no other interests; she has plenty. Playwriting, gardening, designing her own dresses, golfing, motorizing, reading, knitting, dog-breeding.

But acting is the paramount thing in her life; equal with breathing and rather more important than eating or sleeping.

It's not the dictionary meaning of the word "actress", but it's mine.

She certainly caught herself young; as a tot she appeared at New York charity matinées, and was to make a certain amount of noise.

So she thought it would be a good idea to see the Barrymores in their current play; and accordingly she rang up Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical magnate, who was an acquaintance of the family, and asked if he had a spare box for the matinée.

Mr. Hopkins had not; but instead of banging down the receiver, he asked her if she was sufficiently grown to play a part he had in mind—"the Cricket" in Palmy Days.

"Ooh, yes!" gasped Genevieve, thrilled.

"Well, come on over, said Mr. Hopkins, and she went on over, into a stage career.

After that, Arthur Hopkins signed her on a five-year contract, and she played in several long runs.

Palmy Days ran a year; Little Old New York and Polly Preferred went on for two years each.

Then David Belasco spotted her and grabbed her, and she played in success after success under his management.

In 1928 she came to London to play (for a whole year) in The Trail of Mary Dugan, in which she put up a fine performance; and then she played the same part in Boston, Mass., for three months.

That was a strong dramatic role; and just to show her versatility she went straight back to New York and did thirty-two weeks in Fifty Million Frenchmen, which is musical comedy.

Oh, yes, she plays (piano and harp), sings, and dances in addition to all her other hobbies, talents, and pursuits.

And then came a long break in her stage-acting, for M.-G.-M. offered her a film contract.

As she was considering it, Carl Laemmle, jr., got her on the wire from Hollywood.

"Didn't you promise me two years ago," he said, "that if you ever left Broadway you'd come to Universal?"

"Well, yes," she admitted.

"And are you a woman of your word?" he pursued relentlessly.

That afternoon she signed a contract with Universal.

It wasn't her first trip to California; years before, she had played the lead in Polly Preferred in a Los Angeles theatre; but then it had been a case of "stage preferred"—she wasn't the slightest bit interested in films. She liked Hollywood because it was "country". However, she soon became enthralled by the movies.

After leaving Universal she played for Radio; and then Paramount, and Columbia.

And do you remember Gloria Swanson coming to make a film at Ealing Green, miscalled Perfect Understanding?

Genevieve came too.

However, let bygones be bygones; she still likes England. And anyway, it was her own fault she came. She was ill, and the doctor said no, she mustn't.

So she changed her doctor.

Genevieve is now here to play in The Man in the Mirror, opposite Edward Everett Horton, for Twickenham Film Studios—probably chiefly at the "J.H." studios at Elstree.

Not actually her first British film, of course—Perfect Understanding was officially that; but as most of her work in that ill-fated effort was left on the cutting-room floor, and as what did remain on the screen hardly ever saw the light of day, that hardly counts.

Her new story, a fantastic, whimsical comedy, is from a novel by William Garrett—a "triangle" story, in which the hero, who is the apex of the triangle, finds his reflection in the mirror of the mirror to come and live with him.

This is as good a way as I know of "squaring the triangle"; and the trick photography involved, will hold no terror for the Twickenham cameramen, who have done some very pretty double-exposure work in the past.

"I haven't seen the script yet," Miss Tobin told me, "but I know the book backwards. . . . I hope they'll keep the women as they are in the book.

They're charming, and likeable. I think it's a great mistake to make wives, for instance, jealous and suspicious and nagging and snarling on the screen, when you're going to finish up with a reconciliation play.

"If the spectators are going to take the story seriously at all, what will be their reaction to a 'happy ending' in which a man and wife who have been slanging each other all through the film are reconciled? Is there any chance of their living happily ever after?"

"I believe the public likes married people to be at least likable people—especially if they represent the romantic element."

"Why, that's just what Guy Beacon was arguing in the PICTUREGOER a few weeks ago!" I exclaimed.

"Well, he was right," declared Genevieve Tobin.

And believe you me, she knows.
Racketeering fan clubs are the latest menace to Hollywood stars. The studios have discovered that numerous fan organisations are merely vehicles for racketeer promoters, which have resulted in some studios placing official taboos on players lending their names to fan clubs.

Chicago seems to be the headquarters of many of these racketeering film clubs, according to Peyton Watkins, head of the fan mail department at 20th Century-Fox. He says that these cheap racketeers work on the basis that if they can get 10 cents each from 1,000 people, they will have $100—which is $20. This is very easy to do, for fan clubs average at least 1,000 members. The organiser sells "official" photographs to the members about every three months, induces the members to subscribe to the fan club magazine and muzzle them out of small amounts in numerous other ways. Of course there are many legitimate fan clubs who do much good for their members.

Sally Wears Clothes

A few years ago Sally Rand was one of Hollywood's "baby stars", but she soon learned that parts for inexperienced girls were few and far between. So Sally doffed most of her clothes—it is claimed she doffed them all—and became a fan dancer. In a short time she was making $1,000 a week, instead of waiting for casting directors to give her employment for a few days at meagre remuneration.

Fame came to Sally and brought her to the attention of the film magnates, but they were not yet ready to make her a star. So the lady of the fans is eager for stage appearances in order to convince the studio people that she has the makings of a film star.

Sally had an opportunity to star with a stock company at Skowhegan, Maine. The salary was small, but Sally was about to accept when she was signed to create the leading role on Hi Diddle Diddle on the New York stage.

The play is a satire on movie folk, and may pave the way to the fulfilment of Sally's ambition to become a Hollywood star.

Rival Starlets

The Twentieth Century-Fox executives have their troubles with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, if many rumours floating about the film colony are correct.

Shirley, accompanied by her proud mamma, and Jane with her equally fond mater, were invited to occupy boxes at an exposition in honour of an important fraternal organisation. Imagine the conversation of the studio people, when it was learned that the "child wonders" had adjoining boxes!

The affair was adjusted by shifting the seating arrangement, so that another party was in a box between those occupied by the starlets. To make matters even more secure, a diplomatic publicity man was detailed to each child.

So all was serene.

A Polite Child

I am told that a certain famous little actress is frequently bored whilst being interviewed. In order to get rid of the unwelcome journalist, she turns to her mother and says: "May I be excused?"

Needless to say many writers are not so fond of the baby star!

A New Romance

George Raft, I hear, will marry Virginia Pine, wealthy society girl, as soon as he can secure a divorce.

The actor's wife is expected in Hollywood within a few weeks, when, it is reported, she will accept service of a divorce summons, thereby enabling George to secure his freedom. It is said that a property settlement has been arranged between the couple.

A Dog Heaven

Hollywood again "scoops the world" with the establishment of the first "dude ranch" for dogs.

The place is a fifteen-acre tract high in the San Bernardino mountains, and provides every type of canine recreation, sanitary housing and hospitalisation. It was created by the desire of film stars to provide a playground for their pets whilst they are on holiday in the East or Europe.

Gladys Shipman owns and operates the ranch.

Dogs are picked up in special trucks within a radius of 150 miles of the ranch. At the ranch each dog has a large private runway, dog house, cedar bed, individual eating bowl and sunbath platform. So far individual valets have not been provided!

Among those whose pets have vacationed at the ranch are Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn and Richard Dix.

A Comedienne's "Tragedy"

Polly Moran, during her long career in the movies, has acted in many comedies in which she was threatened by men with guns. But it was not so amusing when she was threatened by her own husband with a revolver.

In the wee a.m.'s hours of the morning, police received a telephone call that a woman was screaming: "Don't kill me." They sped to the address given, and found Polly's husband, Martin Malone, a real estate broker, flourishing a weapon at the actress. The police seized Mr. Malone and escorted him to jail.

Polly would not sign a complaint against Mr. Malone, but said that she would soon institute divorce proceedings.

The couple were married three years ago.

A Siren's Downfall

When the director toots the camera horn for Joan Crawford, she answers with a fire-siren installed in her portable dressing-room.

That is, she did!

Whilst the Gorgeous Hussy company was working, Joan used her customary signal to let the director know she was ready. A few minutes later the sound of a fire-siren was heard from an adjoining lot.

The siren grew louder, and soon the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fire department pulled up in a cloud of dust on the set, seeking the fire.

(The fire department has confiscated Joan's siren!)

Keeping Up With Hubby

Frank Borzage, famous director, has a very versatile wife.

Mrs. Borzage, formerly Rena Rogers, a film star of the silent days, is proficient at sports, business and hobbies. She is the organiser of a woman's polo team at the Uplifter's Club, pilots her own plane and motor-boat, owns several dress shops in Honolulu, is ranked as one of the best amateur photographers in America and is a fine Badminton player.

Aside from the above, Rena does not do much else except tell her husband how to make his pictures!

Oakie's "Evelyns"

The name "Evelyn" means much to Jack Oakie. His mother's name is Evelyn, his sister is Alice Evelyn, one of the sister's little girls is called Evelyn, whilst Jack's brother, known as Venita (a stage cognomen) was "Evelyn" before she embarked upon a stage career.

Jack gets along splendidly with all his "Evelyns", so there may be something in a name after all.

He Told the Chef

Edward G. Robinson chided the head waiter at the Brown Derby once too often about the preparation of a special veal paprika recipe created by his grandmother. The head waiter introduced Eddie to the chef, who was willing to be shown.

So now, on the Brown Derby menu, Hollywoodites see "veal paprika se Robinson!"

Eddie says he has no intention of starting a restaurant.
"Wave to Daddy!" Anna Lee encourages one of the very junior players in real embarkation scenes.

An infantry attack—Chinese style. These "other ranks" of the British Army thoroughly enjoyed themselves as "rebel" troops.

While waiting for a bridge to be blown up these Tommies pass the time with a "blow-out."

When the Army takes its aquatic sports seriously; an episode in the battle scenes, shot at Amesbury, in Wiltshire.
For years Hollywood has been glorifying the United States Army, Navy and Air Force. Now Gaumont-British retaliating with a film which shows something of what Tommy Atkins can do.

With the whole-hearted cooperation of the War Office, tough with very little assistance from the British climate, Gaumont-British have been busy putting on the screen an epic of our Army. We've brought back Wallace Ford from America to lay an important part. And you can be sure that there will be a little love in it too.

On the troopship's deck, Director Raoul Walsh gives a little advice to Heroine Anna Lee.

If Anna Lee (who plays a sergeant-major's daughter in the film) isn't the Army's favourite film star after this—we'll eat that helmet!
The BRITISH STUDIOS

HERE are some misguided people who imagine that the films don't do any good—that you can't learn anything from them, for instance.

Well, you can just tell them from me that they don't keep their eyes open. A film has just this week been finished at Elstree which is highly instructive.

Its title is This'll Make You Whistle, and it teaches you (if you are a quick learner) what not to do when engaged to two girls at the same time. Girl-readers please substitute "men" for "girls."

All you have to do is to watch Jack Buchanan, and avoid doing as he does; because I grieve to relate that his activities merely get him further and further into the soup.

In fact, he is finally chased by the French police as a crook; you can imagine the fun Jack will have with that particular sequence.

It's five years since Herbert Wilcox last directed Jack Buchanan; the result then was Good Night Vienna; and they're hoping, for another success as big now.

A Fury

If you've never seen "temperament" in a studio, it would have done your heart good to have looked in at Highbury when I did the other day.

A first-class tantrum was being given vent to, and how! Gitta Alpar, in a towering rage, was throwing everything she could lay hands on at anyone she could see.

However, it was only for the film Because of Love; and all I can say is, if love takes opera-starts that way, thank Heaven I'm a journalist.

However, because she has a lovely voice, Neil Hamilton forgives her, and even sings her a little song of thanks for the magnificent way she has interpreted his music.

Can you imagine Neil Hamilton singing? No. Well, that's another thing the films can teach.

In this film the glamorous prima donna, to escape from the restless round of her own life, takes refuge in Chelsea, with an unknown composer (name of Hamilton). I hope they'll present Chelsea a little more recognizably than they did in an American film I saw recently. It was like nothing on earth.

A Matter of Cotton

This is Gitta Alpar's last film before doing a play for Cohran which has been specially written by A. P. Herbert and James Bridie.

And now for a little cotton.

What does the title Cotton Quen suggest to you? As soon as I read it I conjured up a vision of huge bales on the Mississippi, the showboat coming round the bend, sailors back-and-winging on the levee, mammies frying chicken and corn-pone, and a mulatto girl (or maybe an octogen, I ain't fuzzy) quivering among these adoring negroes. . . .

No sir, Cotton Quen isn't anything like that. It's the other end of the cotton reel—not where they grow it, but where they spin it.

And when the North Country creeps into a film, what three names do we immediately think of?

Right! Sydney Howard, Frank Pettingell, and Stanley Holloway.

Well, this time it's Stan. Yes, I can imagine you all starting. "Sam, Sam, pick oop tha' moosekit." I feel myself doing it too.

But don't forget that Stanley Holloway is a brilliant character actor, and not merely a comedian and you see his Irish priest in Lily of Killarney?

Clogs

This is to be done by Joe Rock at his own studios at Elstree. It only seems a little while since Joe arrived from America to produce Leslie Fuller picture, and now his new studios are going up, and he's a power in the land.

Well, well, if you knew Joe as I do, you'd realise he isn't the kind of fellow to let grass grow under his clogs.

No, no, sorry! He doesn't wear clogs—they're in the film. And I'm happy to be able to tell you that Will Fyffe is co-starring with Stan, and that Mary Lawson is in the film too.

That little trouper has great potentialities. I was talking about her just the other day to Charles Farrell, and what he didn't think of her is nobody's business.

You remember he played opposite her in his last British picture—Dying to Love.

And a fellow who has been used to playing opposite Janet Gaynor should know.

From Furrin Parts

It was at a cocktail party that I met Farrell, wearing a half-inch coat of good Australian tan.

He's been in Sydney, you remember, playing in The Flying Doctor for Gaumont-British, with Jimmy Haglan and Mary Maguire.

Raglan actually played the title-role, but Farrell's part was a bigger one.

Also at the party were two very famous people—Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, and Marie Tempest.

Miss Tempest is not making her film début, but I believe that his production (Moonlight Sonata) will be her first talkie.

It is certainly Paderewski's first. Can you imagine the enterprise of a venerable gentleman, who has already made himself the world's greatest pianist and the liberator of his country, Poland, now starting a third and entirely different career?

However, it will not be very exacting, as he is merely playing himself.

At Sea

He is courtly and charming, and was rather at sea about it all, in fact, whenever anyone was introduced to him he inquired: "Are you to work with me?" It must have seemed to him that an unending number of people was needed to cope with this strange new invention.

Marie Tempest will play the chanteuse of a great house—a role that should suit her to the ground; and the love it's your own fault, you always insist on love will be provided by Charles Farrell aforesaid and Barbara Greene, whom I hereby tip as one of the most important British film actresses, as soon as she's had a little more experience.

In a case of that kind I'd be glad to hear she's an extremely charming, level-headed, and unspoiled young woman; many girls who had received the notice she did for her work in the Fox Quota film Wedding Group would have immediately

suffered from a severe attack of tight hat, but not so Barbara.

She comes in my list of Fourteen Thousand British Girls to Watch—and a good long way up the list at that.

Pronunciation

This Moonlight Sonata is not, as has been suggested, a Private Life of Beethoven, or any other kind of costume play; it's a modern story . . . and the only share Beethoven has in it is in providing the title and also some lovely things for Paderewski to play on the piano.

By the way, have you decided yet whether to call him Pah-dair-ev-skee as we highbrows do, or stick to the good old Paddy Rooskey which has been its favourite pronunciation in England ever since I was but a tot?

You'll be hearing his name quite a lot when the film comes to the screen, and you'll have to come down on one side of the fence or the other.

By the way, this is the first effort of Pall Mall Productions, a new company which has Lothar Mendes at its head. You probably remember him chiefly as director of Few Suss, but he has many European and American films to his credit.

He is directing Moonlight Sonata himself, and it will be made at Denham.

A Little German

Pagliacci, however, as I hinted recently, will not. In fact, they have already got under way with it in the B.I.P. studios at Elstree.

This is the new Capitol production, starring Richard Tauber, and directed by Karl Grüne.

Almost as much German as English is being spoken on this unit. To Grüne and Tauber, of course, it's their native tongue; Steffi Duna (Hungarian) finds it convenient to discuss her part in German with Grüne and his German assistant; and Otto Kustner, who is a Czech, also uses the prevailing language on the set, except when speaking to the electricians.

What a change in Steffi Duna since the last time I saw her at Elstree? It was years ago,
of course; they had just finished making a Bernard Shaw film, and Shaw had insisted on its being directed by a young man who was "Uncle Caractacus" of the B.B.C.

So he was also engaged to make the next film, irrespective of what it might be.

It turned out to be "Indiscretions of Eve," and Steffi, who didn't know enough English to shake a stick at, played the title-role; and that's enough about that.

Vital Steffi

She was pretty unhappy about it all, and Steffi is such a vital little person that when she is unhappy everyone round her is too.

But fortunately the converse also is true; now that she is feeling on top of the world (and so she should, with "La Cucaracha," Anthony Adverse, and Dancing Pirate behind her) she makes everyone about her feel gay also.

She has already made herself a favourite at Eustree, and it's easy to see why. I was lunching with her in the studio restaurant, and when she finished her fish and the waitress asked her what she would have next she said winningly: "But angel child, that wasn't enough for a sparrow! I want to eat! Will you bring me some more?"

And then when it came she forgot all about it in telling me how much she liked the English.

She has dancing, singing, and acting to do in Pagliacci. I have a feeling it will advance her reputation still further.

Personalities

By the way, while we are on the subject of Capitol Films, keep your eyes open for a new personality in the Tom Walls film Dishonour Bright.

She is Jeni Le Gon, a dancer who created a great impression in the Cochran stage revue Follow the Sun; and you have my permission to pronounce her name any way you like, but personally I am going to say Vaynee for her first name.

She is an eighteen-year-old Creole from Louisiana; yes, Johnny Jones, you little know-all, a Creole is usually regarded as being a person of mixed French and Negro blood; but my dictionary says it's "a European or Negro settler in West Indies, Mauritius, etc., or a descendant of such a person."

So I am not going to guess at Jeni's nationality, but her personality I commend to your attention.

She has also appeared in cabarets in the West End, and played a leading role in the Radio Quota picture Hurry for Love.

Gee-gees

Here is Grosvenor launching forth into a burst of activity—if you can launch into a burst. I wouldn't know.

So far, Grosvenor Sound Films (consisting largely of Sinclair Hill and Harcourt Templeman) have made Hyde Park Corner, The Cardinal, and The Gay Adventure.

Now they have lined up three more ambitious productions, of which the first is Take a Chance, adapted from Walter Hackett's racing comedy.

Racing folk of my acquaintance often squirm in their seats at the box offices in racing pictures.

It's bad enough when a Hollywood producer tries to represent the Derby or the Oaks and gets it completely wrong; but there's no excuse for British producers making such mistakes.

However, Messrs. Hill and Templeton are taking no chances; they have shot exteriors at Goodwood itself, and they are making further location shots under the supervision of Geoffrey Gilly, the racing journalist, at his "gallops" near Winchelsea.

And I only hope the printer will be kinder to me than the one was who, when I wrote about a certain trainer's "gallops," put "gallows," and I was nearly hanged on them for it.

Clo'

The cast of Take a Chance is not yet complete, but Binnie Hale (who was prominent in Hyde Park Corner) and Enid Stamp-Taylor will certainly be in it.

And, in case you're interested in clothes...

You are? Okay! You'll be pleased to hear that special attention is being devoted to the women's dresses in the various racecourse sequences.

Jill Casson (no relation to the Thornlike Cassons) will be in charge of this department; and she should know a little about the subject, having "dressed" 150 stage and screen productions, including Cochran and Charlot shows, during the past five years.

She has designed some race-meeting frocks for this film which are calculated to make you turn green with envy; also they will put you a jump ahead of your dearest friend when you start planning your wardrobe for Ascot or Ramsgate next summer—if we have any next summer, he added gloomily.

The units who have been trying to do location-work this year are firmly convinced about it already.

Doug, Fairbanks, jun. (right) told a good one when Dick Barthelmess visited him and Margot Grahame on the set of "The Thousand Windows" at Isleworth. Director Alfred, Zentrler seems a little puzzled.

How learned Sydney Howard looks! He's all dressed up for the British and Dominion picture "Chick."
BABE BENNETT was worried. She stared moodily at the chimneymats and the tangle of radio aerials that stretched away from her apartment window.

Her roommate, Mabel Dawson, sensed Babe's mood.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked.

"I thought I was writing for you! It's finished. Would—you like me to read it?"

"Yes. Of course," Babe replied in a very small voice.

Longfellow drew a paper from his pocket. As he handed it to her, he said, "Mary, you don't have to say anything when you read it. You can tell me to-morrow what you think of it. I took this paper from him and started to read.

I tramped the earth with hopeless beat
Searching in vain for a glimpse of you.

Then heaven thrust you at my feet,
A lovely angel—too lovely to woo!

My dream has been answered but my life's just as blank
I'm handcraft and speechless in the presence divine.

For my heart longs to cry out—if it would only speak,
I love you, my angel—be mine, be mine!

Babe's voice was choked when she finished and her eyes were blinded with tears.

Impulsively, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. Longfellow's arms encircled hers and for a long moment they were still.

"You don't have to say anything now, Mary," he repeated. "I'll wait to hear from you to-morrow."

"Yes," Babe agreed, her voice still choked. "To-morrow. Please take me home."

They walked home in silence.

Cobb was waiting at Longfellow's house when he returned from his post as editorial chairman of the Official Weekly Association at six o'clock to-night.

"Oh, I wouldn't let them stop me from seeing you, Mary," Longfellow said quickly. "I threw them out!"

"Mary, remember the poem I told you I was writing for you? It's finished. Would—you like me to read it?"

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"I'm going back to Mandrake Falls.

"Well," he said, "it's just as I suspected, wise guy! I don't mind you making a sucker out of yourself—but you made one out of me, I tell you."

"What's eating you, Sour-puss?" Longfellow asked.

"I've got a new line-up for you followed to-night. The dame you've been running around with is Babe Bennett... New York's smartest soubrette. She took you for a sleigh ride that New York will laugh about for years. She's the slickest, double-crossing, two-timing—"

Longfellow, in a rage, grabbed Cobb's throat and shook him.

"What are you talking about?" he roared. Cobb yielded right back at him. "All right—go ahead! Sock away."

With his free hand he reached into his coat pocket. "And then try to laugh this off," he added, thrusting a photograph under Deeds's nose.

It was a photograph of Babe Bennett, and Longfellow relaxed his hold on Cobb as he read the caption beneath it. "Louise (Babe) Bennett wins Pulitzer Prize for reporting in MacKaye's Murder Trial."

Longfellow stared unbelievingly at the picture while Cobb continued with his tale. "She's the smartest reporter on the 'Mail.' Every time you opened your kissers you were giving her another story. She's the dame who christened you the 'Cinderella Man.' She's the—"

Longfellow interrupted him. "Shut up!" he cried, and there was agony in his voice. He crossed to a chair and sat down. For a long time he said nothing and his face was a dead mask of disillussionment. Slowly, a wry smile came to his lips as Cobb and Walter, his manservant, watched him in sympathetic silence.

"Pack my things, Walter," he said. "I'm going back to Mandrake Falls."

Cobb's face softened. "Gosh, pal, if I knew you were going to take it so hard I'd have kept my trap shut."

Longfellow was about to speak when a commotion in the hall distracted them. The door burst open and a wild-eyed man came into the room, struggling with the bellman.

"Lemme go!" he cried. "I wanna see him! I wanna see that guy! Lemme go!"

He stared at Longfellow.
Longfellow continued to stare at him. And, turning to Cobb, who had gone over to stare out the window.

For the next week the newspapers carried Deeds’ name in bold headlines.

"LONGFELLOW DEEDS TO GIVE FORTUNE AWAY
Huge Farming District to Be Divided Into Ten Acre Farms—Fully Equipped at a Cost of Eighteen Million."

"FINANCIERS SHOCKED BY AMAZING PLAN OF DEEDS."

"THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED STORM DEEKS HOME TO APPLY FOR FARM LAND."

The drawing room of his home transformed into a noisy, bustling office, Longfellow worked night and day talking to applicants, ordering farm implements, consulting with architects and farming experts. Neither Cobb nor himself had been away from their desks for more than a few hours at a time since Deeds’ desperate opponent came some days before. Cobb pleaded with Deeds to take his time, but Longfellow would not listen. He wanted to finish everything as quickly as possible and get back to Mandrake Falls. Cobb Bennett had tried to talk with him by telephone several times, but Deeds would not talk with him.

Longfellow was sitting at his desk, munching at a sandwich and interviewing the long line of men waiting to see him. He was unshaven and his shirt collar was open. Three strange men pushed their way to the head of the line and approached Longfellow’s desk. One of them spoke quickly.

"Longfellow Deeds?"

"Yes.

We’ve got a warrant for your arrest. You’ll have to come along with us."

Cobb jumped to his feet.

"What are you mugs talking about?"

he asked.

"I don’t know nothing, buddy," one of the men replied.

"All I know is the sheriff gave an insanity warrant to execute."

"I says he’s insane?" Cobb demanded.

"The complainant is a relative of the late Martin Semple. Charge Deeds is insane and incapable of handling the estate."

Longfellow laughed cynically.

"That’s marvelous," he said. "That makes everything complete. Just cause I want to give my money to people who need it they think I’m insane."

"Wait a minute," Cobb interrupted.

"We want to get a lawyer. I’ll call Cedar."

"Don’t bother, buddy," the deputy sheriff said. "Cedar swore out the complaint. He represents the complainant. C’mon, Mr. Deeds, let’s go."

Longfellow slowly rose and walked out with the sheriff’s men, with Cobb trailing along behind him.

The court room where the Deeds insanity hearing was being held was packed to capacity as Attorney Cedar finished his opening argument. Steadfastly, Longfellow had refused to retain counsel to defend himself against the insanity charges. Babe Bennett was called as the first witness and sworn in. Deeds, slumped in his chair, did not look at her.

Before Cedar could ask his first question Babe interrupted to the judge.

"Your Honour," she protested, "this hearing is ridiculous. That man is no more insane than you are!"

"Young lady," the judge admonished, "you’re here to testify. Please confine yourself to answering questions. Proceed!"

Rapidly, albeit reluctantly, Babe admitted she was a reporter, acknowledged that she had written the stories of Longfellow’s trials, expatiated although she protested that the stories had been coloured to make Deeds appear ludicrous.

Babe left the witness stand and returned to her seat. The next witnesses were Jane and Amy Faulkner, maiden ladies from Mandrake Falls. In their twirter, bird-like fashion they testified to a life-long acquaintance with Longfellow.

"What do everybody back home think of Deeds?" Cedar asked.

"They think he’s pixilated," Jane said.

That stumped the court for a moment until one of the psychiatrists waiting to testify explained that it was an English word, derived from the word “pixies,” meaning elves. "Thus," he said, "they would say of a man that he was pixilated just as to-day we’d say, ‘He’s balmy.’"

In rapid succession Cedar called Longfellow’s valet, Walter, who testified to his toil playing; the bodyguards who told of his eluding them by locking them in a closet; the wailer in Tullio’s who told of Longfellow’s fight with Helen Bay and Brookfield. After them came the cabman whose horse had been fed doughnuts by Deeds, the policeman whose crazy just had been going—dancing in the streets with only their short on.

When all the testimony was in, the judge again urged Deeds to defend himself. On the 26th, there was no reply, the judge started to make known his findings.

As that moment Babe again interrupted the hearing. She ran over to Longfellow’s chair and addressed him directly. "Darling," she pleaded, "I’ve done everything I’ve done—how horrible I’ve been. If you never see me again, please do this for me—"

Cedar, "shouting now. "This is absurd, Your Honour. The woman is obviously in love with him."

Babe turned on him savagely. "What are you going to do with it?"

"You are in love with him, aren’t you?" Cedar insisted.

Even Longfellow Deeds watched her as she shouted her answer back at the lawyer. "Yes! Yes! I love him!"

"Longfellow slowly rose to his feet. "Your Honour, you said quietly, "I have to get in my two cents’ worth."

The judge smiled. "Of course, Mr. Deeds. Go right ahead."

"I hereby speak Mr. Cedar made about me, " Longfellow began. "If I was an outsider I’d be sure the feller he was talkin’ about was crazy, just as I guess he’s a good lawyer’s supposed to do—make things look like they’re not."

"About my tuba players. If a man’s crazy just he can’t play the tuba, somebody better look into it, ’cause there are lots of tuba players around loose when I want to concentrate. Most everybody does something silly in their playing. For instance, you’re an O’filler. You fill in the spaces in your o’s with your p’s."

The judge looked down at a paper in front of him to discover that all the O’s and P’s and R’s had been filled in.

"Now one of those articles said I chased after fire engines. Well, who doesn’t? There were five hundred people that night doing the same thing. Besides, I’m captain of the Mandrake Falls Volunteers and naturally I’m interested in fires and fire engines."

Cedar rose and interrupted Longfellow’s testimony. "Your Honour, this is becoming farcical. Let Mr. Deeds explain wandering around the streets in his underclothes and feeding doughnuts to horses."

Longfellow grinned. "Mr. Cedar’s right, Judge," he agreed, "but those things kind of look bad, don’t they? To tell the truth, Judge, I don’t remember anything that’s happened all right. But I was drunk—first time I was ever drunk. It’s probably happened to you, too. Judge, I mean when you were younger, of course.

"About the Falkner sisters. Mind if I take that case, Judge?"

Go right ahead," the Judge smiled.

"Jane, who owns the house you live in?"

"Why, you do, Longfellow."

"Do you pay any rent?"

"Good heavens, no."

"Do you still think I’m pixilated?"

"Oh, yes, you’ve always been pixilated, Longfellow."

"Who else in Mandrake Falls is pixilated?"

"Why, everybody—except Amy and me."

"Just one more question, Jane. The judge here is a nice man, isn’t he?"

"Yes, seems to be."

"Do you think he’s pixilated?"

"Yes, I do."

For the greater part of the day Longfellow stood in the courtroom explaining his actions, defending his plan to help the farmers. When he was finished the judge considered for a moment and then, after warn ing against any disturbance when he announced his finding he turned to Longfellow.

Mr. Deeds," he said, "There has been a great deal of damaging testimony against you. Your behaviour, to say the least, has been most strange. But, in my opinion, you are not only sane, but you are the sanest man that ever walked into this courtroom."

There was a tumultuous shout of approval at the decision and, while the judge rapped his gavel slowly to restore order, Longfellow strode across the room to the chair where Babe was sitting, dumbfounded. With one sweep of his arms he lifted her from the chair, plant a resounding kiss on her lips and then grinned at her.

"C’mon, honey," he said. "We’re takin’ the six o’clock train to Mandrake Falls."

WILSON D’ARNE.

NEXT WEEK

SCOO!"

Fred Astaire of the twinkling feet and amazing personality has been seen playing tennis and golf and he has written his impressions especially for our readers.

Nouche except in next week’s edition will you be able to read these characteristic, intimate sentiments of the man who in a few brief years has made himself an accomplished king of the dancing world.

Play safe—by ordering a copy from your newspaper in advance...
PREVIEWS

CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS

SUZY

Terry and Cary Grant as the devil-may-care airmen smiles his way through with an unflagging energy. Lewis Stone, in a not too "heavy father" role, gives one of his usual polished performances, and Benita Hume makes a satisfactorily vampish villainess.—B. W.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

Somewhat of a hootch-potch in which Bing Crosby complete in cowboy suit croons his way through a romance with a wealthy heiress posing as an out-of-work cook.

The best thing in an entertainment which, while it has bright moments, is rather wearisome in plot is Bob Burns. He is a newcomer, once a bolo who earned his living playing a "buzzooken," a weird instrument of his own creation made apparently of a piece of iron tubing and an oil funnel. He appeared in vaudeville and, I believe, was with Paul Whitman for a season.

He is certainly a screen find. He has his humour over in a way, philosophical manner and makes the most of every line he is given.

I do not think that even Crosby's most ardent fans will agree that this cowboy role suits his favourite. He has to croon seated on a white horse and again to a prize bull—the bull goes to sleep.

Frances Farmer makes a charming heroine. She is natural and unspoiled and brings character to the role of an heiress who, on the eve of making a social match, runs away to her aunt's house in West Virginia.

It is on the journey in a cattle truck that she meets Crosby, who is employed on her aunt's ranch. It is their first meeting.

Martha Raye contributes a good comedy study rather in the style of Dinah Pollard, but she succeeds in being grotesque rather than funny.

Lucille Gleason is sound as the heroine's aunt, a strong-minded woman, and the cause of her niece's escape.

As three tramps who hope to cash in on the story, LordCHARD: aversion concerning the missing heiress, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone and James Burke are good.

Opening with a rodeo performance at Madison Square Gardens which, by the way, is excellently staged, the action takes us to the great out-doors and provides some picturesque and well photographed scenery.

Actual shots on the ranch strike one as synthetic, but the technical qualities are uniformly good.—Lionel Collier.

FORGET NOT

If you are a lover of opera you will doubtlessly enjoy this film, for although that experienced trouper, actor-dramatist William Shakespeare once delivered himself of the dictum that "the play's the thing," in this instance it is not the play so much as the singing that takes pride of place.

As a beautiful old fashioned Italian tenor, Beniamino Gigli the picture succeeds admirably, affording as it does many opportunities for hearing him in full song. However, for those who rely on dramatic rather than operatic values, the story which serves as a peg on which to hang the singing, is too trite to be really gripping.

In short, the story centres round Helen, a young personal secretary to a theatrical manager who accompanies her employer on a business trip to America. On board, she falls for a young ship's officer who is something of a philanderer, and she is soon looking at the world through rose-coloured glasses to such an extent that she is able to describe a school of porpoises as "the most lovely thing I have ever seen."

Among the passengers is the famous Italian tenor, Enzo Curti, who makes a most conspicuous appearance on Helen. Later, at her New York hotel she befriends Gigli's manusection on Helen. Later, at her New York hotel she befriends Gigli's manusection on Helen. Later, she is caught on the rebound owing to the machinations of an old flame of the officer's, and accepts the singer.

The proposal, scene, in which the singing of "Helen's Adieu" is employed, is the pièce de résistance of the film. The tenor makes a fine figure in the scene, but it is the last really gripping moment of the film.

Both Gigli and Joan Gardner handle a difficult scene so sincerely that one can no more help laughing with them than one can avoid laughing at them. And there is a vast difference between the two reactions. Later Curti goes on a world tour, accompanied by Helen and his little ugly. When the young ship's officer turns up once more and all but persuades Helen to run away with him to Australia. Curti suspects something of the sort is about to happen and suffers agony of doubt during his big concert. As the inevitable sequel stands out a mile, it will not be rendering an acute suspense angle painfully obtuse by revealing the fact that Helen, after a six-hour return, returns at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute to her husband.

The singing of Beniamino Gigli is most faithfully recorded and his voice loses none of its quality when translated to the sound track. His acting is also most effective in those scenes in which he confronts a marital crisis in a most ineffectual way. In such scenes heavily built tends only to strengthen the illusion of helplessness.

Joan Gardner makes the finest suggestion of innocence and still manages to drive away her admirers, comes to her flat in search of McGraw.

The story of the young people fall head over heels in love with each other and Anna does not let the revelation that the man she has met is an escapee from the prison. They are to escape and she is not allowed to obstruct unduly. This is just as well, for Constance Bennett, as the heroine, is a great actress and is capable of being greatly impressed by the shabby. The story moves along at a good speed throughout and the atmosphere of the German capitol in wartime is excellently sustained. It is not a picture of the attempted escape is reached, events, while not overstepping the bounds of possibilities, certainly put a heavy strain on the audience.

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The long, dreary day has done its worst: tonight she'll be out on the river. Radiant with sparkling freshness, irresistible! Ten lazy minutes in a bath with a Reckitt's bath cube in it, and weariness drifts away. Tonic, alkaline water, soft as satin and fragrant as flowers, clears and cleanses acid waste from every tiny pore. Turns you out livelier, lovelier, gives bloom to your skin, assures you of admiration.

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EXHIBITIONS

by LIONEL COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND**

*BAR TWENTY RIDES AGAIN*

**FRISCO KID**

**TOO MANY PARENTS**

**GAOLBREAK HERITAGE**

**STARS ON PARADE**

**HELL-SHIP MORGAN**

**STREAMLINE EXPRESS**

**SPEED**

**SPLENDOUR**

**THIS GREEN HILL WILDERNESS MAIL**

What the astetrics mean—

*** An outstanding feature.  
** Very good.  
* Good.  
% Average entertainment.  c Also suitable for children.

The story of this film is from a grim page of American history, and is far from pretty, but it has action and suspense and dramatic power, and provides Warner Baxter with a role which gives that impressive actor a chance really to shine.

This story gives an insight into the political power of a mob. The character played by Baxter is Dr. Alexander Mudd, who, when Frederick Lincoln's escaping assassin breaks his leg, is guilty of the heinous offence of setting it for him. Always working in the patient's identity, the enraged populace demands his conviction for complicity, and he is sent to serve a life sentence in the penal settlement on Shark Island.

His wife, Peggy, appealingly played by Gloria Stuart, attempts to engineer his escape, but only adds to his sufferings, and Mudd has to remain in his vile prison until an act of bravery earns him his liberty.

There is irony in the fact that Abraham Lincoln, the darling of the mob which sent Mudd to his fate, would never have permitted such a miscarriage of justice to take place.

The atmosphere is unusually convincing and adds greatly to the strength and grip of the film.

**BAR TWENTY RIDES AGAIN**


WILLIAM BOYD. Hapologon Cassidy  
JIMMY ELLISON. Johnny Nelson  
MARGARET HAYDEN. Margaret  
WINDY HARRY. Windy Harry  
HOWARD LANG. Howard  
PATS FIX. Pat  
JOE RICKSON. Joe  
AL ST. JOHN. Al  

Directed by Howard Bretherton.

An excellent example of good, fast-moving adventure story with full quota of cowpunchers, rustlers, cowboys, six-shooters and four-shussers. Villainy flourishes unchecked at the start, but, to the efforts of Hapologon Cassidy, the machinations of Nevada, who is a gentleman who rustles cattle as easily as the autumn wind rustles leaves, are checked once and for all and virtue triumphs.

William Boyd acts with engaging gusto as Cassidy, Harry Whyte makes a commendably sinister villain and Jimmy Ellison and Joe Bruner are a pleasant pair of lovers.

Vigorour treatment and sound scenic qualities make this a first-rate picture of its type.

**FRISCO KID**


JAMES CAGNEY. Jimmy  
JOSEPH KING. James Daley  
ROBERT MCDOW. Judge Crawford  
ROBERT STRANGE.  Gable  
JOSEPH SAVAY. John  
FRED KOLHER. Shanghai  
CHARLES COLEMAN. Jumpping Whale  
VIRGINIUS WOY.  


This is the kind of thing on which James Cagney built up his great reputation, and at which he excels.

He begins as a Shanghaied sailor, and batters his way up to control the gambling quarter of San Francisco.

The affair never reaches any great dramatic heights, but there is enough two-fisted, red-meat, he-man action to please the most exacting Cagney fans.

Margaret Lindsay, as the girl owner of a great newspaper, is charming in her tender moments and convincing when she has the chance for dramatic acting; and Ricardo Cortez puts up his usual polished performance in the role, which is really too small for his talents, of a gambling hell proprietor.

The atmosphere is well maintained, and the scrapping and shaving are sufficiently well done to carry the story along on successive layers of excitement.

It seems rather much to ask one's complete sympathy for a dock- rat who begins his romantic career with murder and finishes by just escaping a richly earned fate on the gallows, but James Cagney has a magnetism and an air that "gets away with murder" in a way that a lesser actor could not do.

**TOO MANY PARENTS**


FRANCES FARMER. Sally Colman  
LESTER MATHEWS. Mark  
BILLY LEE. Bill  
MARGARET LINDSEY. Margaret  
JIMMY STEVENS. Jimmy  
GERTRUDE BANNON. Gertrude  
LLOYD TRAVIS. Lloyd  

Directed by Robert F. McLaughlin.

The main theme of this film is overlaid by so many others as to be in danger of smothering; we are told that it is "from stories by George Templeton and Jesse Lynch Williams," and the producers never seem to make up their minds which story to follow.

The scene is laid in one of those American military academies, and boys play the chief parts, the central plot being about the bright boy of the school, who is degraded for telling lies about his wealthy but negligible father, whom he represents as being generous and attentive.

As the school secretary with whom the father fails in love, Frances Farmer is attractive, and Henry Travers is excellent as a janitor, while many of the minor roles are well filled.

There is interest in the "boy soldiers" going and the life of the "Academy" and the happy ending is quite well contrived.

**SPEED**


JAMES STEWART. Terry Martin  
WANDY BARBIE. Jane Mitchell  
WILSON BYRNE. Frank  
DOUGLAS BOYD. Doug  
Ralph Morgan. Mr. Dean  
FANNY LANE. Fanny  
ROBERT LIVINGSTONE. George Saunders  
WILLIAM TANNER. Doctor  
CLAUDE LE FRAIS. Joe  

Directed by Edgar L. Martin.

A lot of stuff, plenty of it, is the keynote of this story which centers round the motor industry and the speed-track, and thrills and some laughs have been mixed.

The main theme of the plot centres round Jane Mitchell, a spirited young girl who works in the publicity department of a firm of motor manufacturers and is loved by two of the fellows-workers, Terry Martin, an inventor and test driver, and Frank Lawson, a draughtsman. How she finally decides which of the two she loves and the sequel to their engagement provide the background for the many motoring thrills which abound.

Wendy Barrie as the girl and James Stewart and Weldon Heyburn as her suitors are consistently pleasant, while Ted Healy shines in a comedy part.

**SPLENDOUR**


MIRIAM JOHNS. Mary  
JOEL McCrea. John  
BRIGHTON LOOMIS. Mr.  
EDMUND GAVAGNA. Sam  
HELEN WESTLEY. Mrs.  
SANDY BURKE. Clara  
KATHERINE ALEXANDER. Martha  
TREVOR SHELTON. Ruth  
McGOWAN. Bob  
DAVID NIVEN. Charles  
LOUIS TRAYNE. Jack  
FLETCHER. Carl  
ABRAM TRETCHER. Capt.  
BOLLinger. Tom  
TORREY NIXON. Joe  
HESTER. Helen  

Morgan befriends a penniless girl who finally marries him out of gratitude.

Although both the skipper and Jim, the youth he befriended, are fond of describing themselves as woman-haters, it is inevitable that the latter should fall in love with the skipper's wife, and equally inevitable that when a storm (in the atmospheric sense) breaks out, the skipper should sacrifice his life in saving those of the others, thus leaving the way clear for marriage bells for two.

George Bancroft as Morgan, Victor Jory as his rival in love, and Ann Morahan as his wife working for it that they just manage to save the picture from becoming openly ridiculous, but, despite realistic sea scenes, is too much a nonentity and naive to impress any but the most unsophisticated.

**STARS ON PARADE**


**EDWIN LAWRENCE. HORACE GOLDIN. ALBERT WHITELAW. SHEARING FISHER. GORES.**

Directed by Leonard Fields.

A well-acted story, most of the action of which takes place during the inaugural run of a new American streamlined express. Among the passengers are a runaway actress and the "playboy" she intends to marry, and her producer, who is masquerading as a train attendant in the hope of winning her back to him. Also among those present are an unsuitable husband and his inamorata, and—unknown to them—the husband's wife and a crook who has the last-named under his thumb.

Follows the inevitable mix-up of the characters which keeps the story moving as fast as the express itself until they all reach a satisfactory conclusion through to their journey and their problems.

**HERITAGE**

**Columbia. Australian. "U" certificate. Semi-documentary. Runs 60 minutes.**

**FRANK HARVEY. HANCOCK REEVES. PEGGY MAGUIRE. CHARLES BENT. JOE VALLIS.**

Directed by Charles Chauvel.

Australian colonists and the great work they have done provide the theme of this picture, which was awarded a prize of £2,500 by the Australian Government. Incidents are centred round a love story which is simple to the point of naiveté, and the production is far below standard. Some of the incidents, however, are not as badly handled as are others.

Next Week

Picturegoer readers by the thousand have been bewailing the absence of screen hard-hitting James Cagney.

In next week's Picturegoer, Max Beer tells you just why Jimmy has been missing, and why and how he returned to the screen. The article will give you an insight that you never had before into a complex and fascinating character.

Keep up-to-date on your film news by reading Picturegoer every week. It will pay you.
Further outlook

warm and dry... but—

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

TOO MUCH GABLE

Should Clark Limit His Pictures?

I THINK that Clark Gable's popularity will decrease rapidly if he continues to appear on the screen as frequently as he does at present. I made a count, and discovered that he actually had five releases in 1934 and the same number last year. This is a total of ten pictures in two years—a truly ridiculous figure for a star of his magnitude.

Ronald Colman, who was Gable's predecessor as the idol of feminine fans made about ten films in five years. This actor is still gaining admirers. I don't know where Clark Gable will be in ten years time. If he made about five good films in two years he can still consolidate his popularity. If he continues at his present rate, fans will get so sick of him that his career will be over before it is properly started.

I think this would be a pity for Gable at his best is a fine actor — A. Ebrill, Little Summerville, Limerick, I.F.S.

Overdoing the “Snap”

Many people are becoming annoyed with certain directors whose ambition seems to be the world's speed record for dialogue. When talkies were first introduced, it is true that there was too much talking and too little action. The fact that you could hear anything at all was quite remarkable, until familiarity made audiences impatient with mere speculating.

Now dialogue has been put in its proper place, and the action is again the chief concern. While we have no desire to allow the picture to be slowed down, can something not be done to make the talking more intelligible?

When five or six characters are making cheerful fun of one another, we don't mind missing a smart line or two, but when, as in Riff Raff, the speed and commotion makes it difficult for even the acutest ears to catch vital points of the plot, then it is time the brakes were applied.

By all means let dialogue be snappy, but give us a chance to hear what is being said — Maitland Shearer, Shields Road School, Glasgow, S.W.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Pep—and Tripe

How much longer are these “Shorts” of College Life being let loose on us?

For two consecutive nights I have been forced to sit and watch a different atrocity before getting to the star picture. Of students presumably sent to college to help another "Bop-a-doop" and "Kaa-raa." Of toothy young men and long legged girls dancing up and down the staircase of the old Alma Mater while a prominent-eyed songster wails at the bottom.

Believe me, Mr. Thinker, I'm no hibrow, but this state of affairs is serious. I am nearly afraid of going to the cinema until I know the star picture is begun.

I am not averse to a little pep in my recreation so long as the pep is not served with tripe, but is tempered with a little common-sense — Margaret Allison, 5 Barnfield Road, Burnage Lane, Didsbury, Manchester, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Watching It Grow

I am one of the old folk who have witnessed the growth of films from its infancy when we used to pay to see the peep shows at the fairs, then came flickering figures that made you dizzy to watch them. There followed great improvements, improvements that have not yet stopped. Progress seems to be the motto of British productions, too. Many people complain of the American accent in films. Why grumble? It is the American's language and tongue. I can't say I like it, but I don't complain.

I love such films as Old English, Little Women and David Copperfield, to mention a few. Period films bring back many happy memories of my childhood days. I thank the producers of such films. They bring happiness to such persons as myself and are interesting to the present generation.

I think the films and wireless are two of the finest things of the 20th century. Wonders? Such things as the films, talkies and wireless would have greatly astonished youngsters and grown-ups of my younger days — (Mrs.) Maud Mitchell, 51 Burlington Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

A Film to See

I go quite regularly to the cinema, and recently in a performance a film called The Great Crusade was shown. The film showed shots of the slums in various large towns in England, telling of a five-year plan to clear the unhealthy houses and build blocks of flats and houses which can be rented at moderate rates.

A few more films of this nature, which is not really pleasant, but certainly should enable the plan to be carried out most satisfactorily, would awaken the better public to the fact that these slum districts must be cleared, and the sooner the better. — (Miss) Jean Carmack (16), 18 Queen's Court, Hampstead Way, London, N.H.11.

[This film is supplied free of charge to kinemas, and a great many have booked it — "Thinker."]

A Cheap Holiday

I was one of those days when one wishes oneself at the other end of the earth. I walked into a cinema and practically got there, for I had entered during the showing of a tour through India.

I saw its strange people and customs and saw places and things I had before only read about. I was taken for a few minutes on that wonderful ship the Queen Mary.

I looked from an airplane at a new kind of beauty over snow-capped mountains; I saw all the latest news, a beautiful love story, a riotously funny comic all for the measur amount of ninpence.

I came out feeling as if I had been on holiday, refreshed in mind and feeling happy again; and yet there are still people who grumble at cinema entertainment — Nina Williams, 2 Berryhill Drive, Giffnock, Glasgow.

Schnozzles

Your beauty expert, Anne, writes in an article that "Boop-a-doop" seems a bother.

I doubt whether many of the leading film stars would share this view, for in many cases

(Continued on page 30)
Expert at sports... wise about beauty

She swims expertly. She loves tennis, too. Golfs a little. Sails occasionally. Rides a great deal.

But in spite of all that, her skin never looks weather-worn. Out-of-doors or in, it always has the same delicate, flawless beauty.

"I never could bother with fussy long beauty treatments," says Baroness Furnivall. "But there isn't any need—Pond's Cream are very easy and quick to use. I use them every day."

Your skin can have this loveliness, if you use Pond's Creams.

Guard your skin against roughness and dryness with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream actually contains the substance found in young, lovely skins. When you put on Pond's Vanishing Cream the vital substance sinks into your skin, keeping it smooth that powder clings evenly. Wrinkles, too, are banished by Pond's Vanishing Cream. For it contains a second substance that nourishes tissues. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream in the morning before you make up and also last thing at night. Always cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream; it stimulates the under-skin and prevents blackheads.

Be lovelier from today onwards. Start using Pond's Creams.

FREE! For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pay a d. stamp to this coupon, and post it sealed envelope to Dept. C15090, Pond's, Port vale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Pond's

"My morning bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap always freshens me up for the day's work," says lovely Leonora Corbett, who is now starring in "Dusty Ermine" at the Comedy Theatre in London.

"In film work especially, after a long spell under greasepaint and scorching studio lights, I find a wash with Wright's gloriously refreshing."

The majority of Britain's most beautiful film stars, who are famed the world over for flawless complexion and beauty of figure, share the same simple beauty secret—Wright's Coal Tar Soap and special Health and Beauty exercises.
Mrs. Patrick Campbell

One of the most famous of stage actresses to turn to the screen, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was born in Kensington on February 9, 1885, and was educated in Hampstead, Brighton and Paris. In 1884 she married Patrick Campbell, who died in 1900, and in 1914, George Cornwallis West. "Mrs. Pat" made her first professional appearance in 1888 and has played a great number of notable parts, conspicuous among them being Pau!ine Tangueray in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's, The Second Mrs. Tangueray, and Melisande in Maeterlink's Pelléas and Mélisande.

She made her film debut in Riptide and her subsequent films include: Over the River, Crime and Punishment and A Woman of the World.

Eddie Cantor

One of the greatest of all film comedians, Eddie Cantor was born on New York's East Side on January 31, 1893, and was educated at public schools. He is married and has five daughters. At the age of fourteen, he began his theatrical career, appearing at the Clinton Music Hall, and later joined the Kid Kabanet run by Gus Edwards, his fellow players including, Lila Lee, Eddie Bazzell and George Jessel. Later he won fame in musical comedy and cabaret, and in 1917, 1918 and 1919 was appearing with great success in the Ziegfeld Follies. His first starring part was in The Midnight Rounders in 1920, which was followed the next year by Make it Snappy. On New Year's Eve, 1923, he opened at the Earl Carroll Theatre in Kid Boots, and his first appearance in pictures was in the screen version of that play.

He has since appeared in Special Delivery, The 1927 Follies, Glorifying the American Girl, and many other pictures.

What Do You Think? Cont.

A particular type of proboscis is an asset to a star's personality.

Would Myrna Loy, for instance, appear as charming without her narrow nose, and would Richard Dix look as manly if his nose was shaped differently?

As for James Durante, a shorter nose, to him, would have meant a longer struggle to fame.

Film crooners, too, find their noses of great importance. After all, they must have something to sing through—F. Hawkins, 27 Jedburgh Street, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

Almost as Good

As a paralysed invalid, it is five years since I have been in a cinema. But since first I started reading the Picturegoer I find that I know more about the film stars than many people who go regularly to our picture shows.

Your recent Free Supplement is truly described as "the greatest film story ever told." The photo pictures are beautiful and true as life. Collect them and never tire of looking at them over and over again when I am waiting for the next issue.

I suggest that all readers of the Picturegoer should collect them and send them as a tonic to the patients in our infirmaries and hospitals, where they will be much appreciated.—Robert Johnston, 226 Carstain Drive, Glasgow, S.W.2.

"Pashes" That Endure

May I point out, to John de Caires' question, that not only are "pashes" very much alive, but thriving to a rife age. It is one thing to develop a "pash" for a film star, whose personality appeals to a subtle something within us, and another to remain faithful when the object of adoration has passed from the Silver Screen.

During 1918, I developed a "pash" for Pearl White the Serial Queen, who in her day claimed as many admirers as Garbo. Many moons passed, and my collection of Pearl's pictures grew considerably, but it was not until 1933 that I secured the much-longed-for autograph: and then, last year in France, my ambition realised, I met Miss White in person, who, after so long, proved all I had ever hoped or dreamed.

Eighteen years of constant following. Surely this is a record!—John Robyns, Trewavell 22hillbury Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire (I have received a large number of letters from readers who contend that "pashes" are as enduring as ever—"Thinker.")

Unifying

There must be many picturegoers who, like me, find the cinema a unifying influence in the home.

In these days our sons and daughters have such a diversity of interests to serve, many of them outside the range of the parents' activities, that there is little to preserve the "home circle."

But the cinema provides suitable entertainment for all and we regularly find, that we all have something to converse about "en famille" after our visit. We compare opinions of story and "stars" and many happy evenings result.—E. John, 185 Gladsmere Road, London, N. 15.
"I USED TO DREAD THOSE VISITS"

"Every time I went to the dentist more teeth needed stopping. 'You're destroying the enamel,' he said at last. 'What teeth paste do you use?' He told me that Odoil cleans safely—cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odoil contains peroxide...and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odoil contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odoil keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odoil refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only a micron in diameter (4,000,000)−no gritty abrasive whatever. Odoil cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odoil contains peroxide...and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odoil contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odoil keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odoil refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

Odol TOOTH PASTE

Tubers 6d. & 1/-

EVERY WEEK for 'SUNNY SNAPS'

EACH AND 20 OTHER PRIZES

"PICTUREGOER'S" NEW POSTCARDS

"Partners" make a special Hit!

The new cards issued a few weeks ago by Picturegoer Weekly continue to be the talk of collectors everywhere. The "partners" have been singled out for special praise. In every order the magic names of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire appear! The postcard reproduced here tells you why Picturegoer Weekly has actually produced many thousands of postcards, but none are more fascinating than the new ones just offered.

Write for yours to-day. You will be more than delighted.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY


Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" Postcards, price 2½d. each. Please include with my order your new 5/- Album Free to hold 300 Cards. The ALBUM FREE does not forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining the Picturegoer Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 300 Cards. The book is a beauty, made to resemble snakeskin. An album de luxe, bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen of the new postcards at the regular price of 2½d. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here. All new cards. Real photos, 5d. each, 2½d. each. On Sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

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Harley Albright
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Noah Beery, Jr.
Katherine De Mille
Mary Ellis
George Formby
John Gielgud
Harriet Hilliard
Dickie Moore
William Powell
Philip Reed
Ginger Rogers

"PARTNERS" Sepia and coloured (state which are required).

Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no.
Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also. Use coupon.


Name
Address

1/6 Also larger and smaller sizes

OOD-RO-NO
PREVENTS underarm perspiration and saves dresses

1. INSTANT (or "clear") Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.
2. REGULAR (or "red") Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge applicator.
Let GEORGE DO IT!

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

BRUCE CANDY and BETTY FURNISS FAN (Winsford)—Other films for Bruce Candy besides those you mention: The Eighth Wonder, Money Mad, Moonlight Murder, Three Wise Guys, Forty, The Last of the Mohicans and Don't Turn 'Em Loose. Betty Furniss—The Million Dollar Dilemma, Three Wise Guys and Chain Lightning.


J. B. (London)—(1) John Blair's films since Break of Heaven—Laurel, Sylvia Scarlett, Old Man Rhythm. To make Mother Carey's Chickens, We Who Are About to Die, Walter Abel, St. Paul, Minn.

FAITHFUL READER (Yorkshire)—Latest plates or front-covers—Greta Garbo—Jan. 4, 1936; Joan Crawford—Mar. 21, 1935; Norma Shearer—Summer Number 1936, Mar. 28, 1936; Dolores del Rio—May 2, 1936; Merle Oberon—Summer Number 1936, June 20, 1936; Leslie Howard—Summer Number 1936, June 15, 1935; Gary Cooper—April 25, 1936; Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.—Summer Number 1936 and June 9, 1936; Douglas Fairbanks, Jun.—Dec. 12, 1936; Donald O'Connor—May 1, 1936, Robert Donat—Dec. 21, 1935; Ann Dvorak—June 2, 1935. (2) Of the stars you mention. Norma Shearer won the Academy award in 1929-30 for The Divorcee.

JESSIE RAMOS (Dublin)—Latest films and companies—Myrna Loy to make The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Franchot Tone—Surrey, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Montgomery making Piccadilly Jim, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

M. R. (Coulson)—If you will let me know the names of the stars whose addresses you require I will try to have them at once. You should enclose a stamped address envelope for this type of query.

BROWNETTE (Plymouth)—(1) Douglas Montgomery, b. Oct. 29, 1908, not married, hobby, the stage. (2) So far as we know Frances Dee has no definite plans as to a visit to England either on business or pleasure.

B. P. (Chiswick)—(1) Frank Lawton at moment on voyage to England with his wife, Evelyn Everly. (2) Robert Montgomery making Piccadilly Jim for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


P. A. (N.W.)—Phil Regan's photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Langley, London, W.C.2.

B. B. (Maida Vale)—Mona Barrie, b. Dec. 18 (no year given), London, dark brown hair and hazel eyes.

The Nelson Eddy Fan Club welcomes new members. Mr. Eddy takes a personal interest in his club and an autographed photograph is sent to all new members, also copies of the bi-monthly magazine The Eddy Voice. Members of this club include Jeanette Macdonald, Mr. Eddy's mother, Mr. Eddy's fiancée, Theodore Paxton. Write to Miss Victoria Mansie, 1055 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A., for full particulars.

As Miss Evelyn Venable's birthday is given as October 31st, then the secretary of her club has asked me to let all members and fans know in order that they may, if they wish, send her a remittance towards a small birthday gift the club desires to send Miss Venable in appreciation of her acting and interest in her vast public. No gift is too small or too large. It should be addressed to Miss Margaret Covedale, 44 Market Street, Harlech, Leids.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

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NEW! New obtainable in refreshing pine and fragrant lavender perfumes as well as the delightful original scent.

REUDEL BATH CUBES the oxygen bath cubes.

6 cubes 1/2-in dainty box — or sold separately 2 each.

REUDEL BATH CUBES the oxygen bath cubes.

6 cubes 1/2-in dainty box — or sold separately 2 each.

The Celebrated Film Star in Improper Duchess, Queen of Hearts, etc.
GET THIS STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more—so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon moisture proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ballrooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1s. a box.

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FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS
FREE Booklet describes remarkable new method and tells how it will quickly, easily and inexpensively rid you of superfluous hair for ever. Fill in and post the coupon to-day for your copy. There is no obligation. Dermal Research Institute (Dept. 958), 3 Lower John Street, London, W.1.

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DEMAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE (Dept. 958),
You may send me free and without obligation, your interesting little booklet, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently."

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CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

FOUR YEARS OF STOMACH SUFFERING
"Perpetual pain and sinking feeling"
Every stomach sufferer will sympathise with Mr. Whitney, of Hanley, when he asks how you can look pleasant when you are in perpetual pain. But joyous relief came his way, as his letter shows. Mr. Whitney writes—
"Up to four months ago I had been suffering for four years from stomach trouble."
"Probably only sufferers know the agony of that perpetual pain and sinking feeling."
"Can anyone imagine anything more impossible than trying to look pleasant while suffering from gastric trouble? My job was 'getting me down,' and I was losing weight."
"One day, I took the advice of an old lady and bought a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief was so great that I decided to carry on with it, and now, for the past three months, I can eat anything I fancy without any fear of aftereffects, and my job is now a pleasure."

Even if your stomach has troubled you for years you will go happily about your work again after using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Insist upon the original MACLEAN BRAND. You can tell it by the signature "ALEX. L. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Sold only in bottles in cartons, 1/2d., 1/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

WHY WOMEN SAY the new Cutex is lovelier

Cutex has a new polish formula that's an amazing improvement! It resists evaporation and won't thicken in the bottle. It flows so smoothly that it's easier to apply than ever before and it comes in fifteen smart shades. For best results, always use Cutex Oily Polish Remover—helps to keep your cuticle soft and your polish at its best. Ask for Cutex preparations at your favourite shop. Made in Great Britain.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES—Mail the coupon with 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

CUTEX

AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER

---Hindes Plaited Hair Curlers and Wavers do their work while you sleep. Comfortable and flexible, they curve to every shape of the head. Set of five 1/2-
Hindes make 32 wonderful patterns in wavers and curlers.

Hindes
"P-H-L-E-X-I-B-L-E"
HAIR CURLER & WAVER
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

"What do you think?"

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable every where; 60°, 1/2, and 1/9

If you use a solid dentifrice, try
MACLEANS Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—od. per tin.

Leave IT to ANE

THERE is no reason why you should try to solve your own beauty problems, when it is my job to help you. Send your letter to me, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

MANY girls whose hair inclines to a natural kink, or who have had permanent wave, like to set it themselves. Indeed there is no reason why a home made wave should not be a perfect success. All you need is a good setting lotion (and they are often advertised in our pages), a knowledge of the right method, and some patience.

If you have previously had your hair set by a trained operator, you will have a good idea of the way to set to work. Setting is most successful when done immediately after a shampoo and while the hair is still somewhat damp.

After brushing the hair and making sure that it is free from all tangles, brush on just sufficient of the setting lotion to make the hair hang from the head in strands.

With your right hand press hard against the head at the place where you want your first wave to be—that is generally two or three inches from the parting. Take the waving comb in the other hand, insert it into the hair and press it up against the rigid right hand. Press hard so that it makes a ridge of hair. Fasten the comb at both ends with some invisible hair pins.

Continue in this way with the combs right round the head, taking the direction you want the waves to set. Adjust a net over your hair, and go out into the sunshine to dry it.

If the weather doesn’t permit, and you do not possess a hair drier, you can sit in the beam of one of those small electric bowl heaters. Take care, however, not to sit too close, or the effect will be bad for your hair, and take pains to ascertain that your combs are non-inflammable, or there will be a tragedy.

The easiest way of curling up the ends is to use some of the patent curlers now on the market. They are mostly sixpence a set of three or four, and they are so constructed with ventilation holes, that when the hair is twisted round them, it dries in a very short time.

Twist these curlers in following on the net. Before you remove net and curlers, the hair must be bone dry. If you are impatient and want to see the results before the hair is absolutely dry, all your efforts will be wasted and the waves will fall out in no time.

When the hair is really dry and the net is removed, comb out the hair, and coax in the ridges again with thumb and first finger, pinching them into position. Comb and pinch, comb and pinch, till you get professional look about the waves.

Patience counts for a lot in home wave setting. And, don’t be afraid to brush the hair afterwards. If the waving isn’t successful, the brushing will deepen it. If the waving isn’t properly done, it will fall out anyway, brushing or not.

We are all inclined to be too con- servative about hair styles. Having found a style to suit us, we are apt to stick to it season after season, which is almost as dull as wearing the same hat year after year.

The styles can be varied within certain limits, and those limits are set by your own features. Whether your face is long or broad, your head too small, or too large, or your neck too long or too short—all these should be taken into consideration before deciding on a style.

Long faces are often considerably improved by a fringe. It can be straight or slightly curled, but for smartness give me the simple slightly curled fringe worn by Claudette Colbert. You will notice that her fringe is cut fairly high on the head and the rest of the hair is a neat shingle of not too closely set waves.

This same style may be varied with a knot coiled low on the neck. But take the measure of your neck before placing the knot. A short neck looks better with the knot placed fairly high. A long neck needs the knot placed lower. This hair dressing looks very well with pearl stud ear-rings.

A centre parting is extremely youthful, but is for the comparatively few. It not only needs a round face, but the features must be good. If you do have a centre parting see that it is a long one. Never cut it short in the centre of the head. This gives a becoming appearance of length.

Centre partings and coronet braids of hair seem to go together, but how often on the wrong face! A bonnet on a long face, or even an oval face, is dowdily out of place. It is only the girl with really round features that can afford to pile her hair on the top of her head, even though it is only a braid.

Two lines of neat little curls stretching around the back of the head from ear to ear are very attractive with the centre parting, and give the tailored effect that it seems to demand.

To return to knots on the nape of the neck for a moment: if you have long hair and perhaps a somewhat long face as well, the knot on the neck is not really becoming. It takes away fullness from the sides of the face where it is needed. A better style is the figure-of-eight knot twisted across the neck. This pulls the hair out at the sides instead of drawing it in.

A face that is somewhat flat at the cheekbones, can take hair curled fully below the lobes of the ears. Above this it should be drawn down smoothly. This fills out the lower part of the face and gives balance to the broad features above.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to J. P. Spillane, 1, Court Ave., W. 3; B. C. Simpson, 2nd Wing, R.A.F., Halton Camp, Aylesbury, Bucks, for:—

Kidnapped
Hold in Ransom
No Ransom
Death in a Private Car

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

F. Mann, 40, Bents Lane, Bredbury Nr. Stockport, Cheshire, for:—

Two Alone
Private Lives
Private Worlds
Imitation of Life

Miss Denis Bliss, 40, High Street, Peterborough, Northants, for:—

A Bill of Divorcement
The Most Precious Thing in Life
Les Misérables
Happy

Miss G. Taylor, 5, St. Michael’s Road, Lough, Lincs, for:—

The Moon’s Own Home
Things to Come
The Flying Doctor

Miss Joan Pyle, 54, Green End Road, Beddow Park, W. 4, for:—

Bad Girl
Out All Night
Be Careful Young Lady
Peeples Wipe

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link the current pictures in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to "PictoGOER", Martell House, Bow Street, W.C.

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

Tom BEACON.
See this Sensational Film Spectacle TO-DAY!

It's a sensation—the most thrilling pageant of filmland's wonders you've ever seen—all in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" now on sale. A hundred dazzling photogravure pages of delightful surprises—glorious portraits of your favourites—fiction—gossip secrets—that will make you gasp, and the price? You'd hardly believe it—it's only SIXPENCE! Don't wait another minute to see for yourself what a feast awaits you—hurry for a copy now—before it is too late.

Surest way to — a man's heart

Romance comes quickly to the girl with a lovely skin and fresh, healthy complexion. Men cannot resist the thrilling, satiny, softness of skin kept beautiful with D & R face creams and skin tonic. No girl need have a poor complexion if she follows the famous D & R way to loveliness. D & R beauty creams keep the skin soft, supple and young, and D & R skin tonic tones up and refreshes the pores. Start using D & R beautifiers to-day and see the transformation in your complexion . . . and his affections!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
PERFECT BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

D & R Perfect Cold Cream  D & R Perfect Skin Tonic  D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream

SAMPLE OFFER  Send 1ld. in stamps with your name and address in sealed envelope for sample tubes of D & R Beauty Creams, to Stemco, Ltd., Dept. P, Picturegoer August 25, 128, Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

AVA IS SHEER MAGIC

Like the touch of a magician's wand AVA Shampoo transforms dull, lustreless tresses into a wealth of shimmering loveliness. And its all so simple. No rinse needed, because there is no greasy, sticky film to wash out. AVA is soapless. Use it, and—hey presto!—your hair is beautiful.

AVA SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

MARVELLOUS CURLS IN 15-20 MINUTES!
I'D LOVE TO GO
...but how can I, with legs like mine

IF YOUR LEGS ARE SPOILSPORTS, LET ELASTO PUT THEM RIGHT

What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
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"Now free from piles."
"Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 15 years of useless bandaging."
"I was suffering from minor disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my health is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy
Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

For all Readers of the "Picturegoer."

FREE—A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in this Coupon—Now!

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Restorer, cures through the blood.

NAME

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

Not Magic, But Acts Like It!

Elasto will save you pounds!

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10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so

Mine's a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1 - 60 for 2 - In boxes: 15 for 6d - 25 for 10d - 30 for 1.

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED
ONCE more Robert Hichens' famous novel "The Garden of Allah" has been brought to the screen, and with it the mysterious glamour of the desert... and of Marlene Dietrich. This time colour lends its aid to the picturisation of a colourful romance. Here we have the star and Charles Boyer in a dramatic scene.
One coat of Amami Perfumed Nail Varnish will give you gleaming, sparkling nails—a smooth and even brilliance that lasts uns spoiled for a week.

You will find that a 6d. Bottle will last for months.

IN 5 FASHIONABLE SHADeS:

- Colourless
- Natural
- Coral
- Rose and Ruby

To prepare your nails for the most perfect manicure use Amami Nail Varnish Remover—nail and skin perfectly—then use Amami Cuticle Remover, 6d.

Where are we going on the make-up question? Are we to be glamorous, exotic, for all we're worth (and regardless of whether it suits us or not)? Paris, saine, level-headed Paris, has no doubts at all. Paris knows how very, very few of us can really afford to "go wild." Paris knows (who better?) that the sophisticated modes of 1936 on a neo-Edwardian dance-floor, demand a make-up which owes all its charm to a subtle lack of emphasis.

And for all occasions Paris today abhors that "cheap" look which is make-up overdone.

THE MIRACLE OF A GREAT PARISIAN COLOURIST

Louis Philippe, famous French colourist, is the man who set the whole tone for make-up in Paris today by his astounding discovery of the perfect natural make-up—lipstic that actually matches every delicate colour-tone of the living, human blood.

The famous lipstick 4/6 (refills 3/6)

ROiGE ANGELUS

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Thoughts come tapping! With the camera's aid, Eleanor Powell shows you some new dance routines she is thinking out for "Born to Dance."

**Picturegoer—The Screen's Most Popular Magazine**

**ALL THE GOSSIP**

Is there any essential difference between Londoners and dwellers in the Provinces?

Have they a different mentality?

Or are they completely misjudged by the people who supply them with their entertainment?

And what is a happy ending?

These questions are suggested by the news that exhibitors in the Provinces are demanding a new ending for *OurSELVES Alone.*

This film of the Irish "troubles" was made at Elstree, and enjoyed great success in the West End and in Ireland, many critics comparing it favourably with the Hollywood-made *The Informer.*

It ended on a sombre note, as *The Informer* did; but that ending was considered so exactly justified and logical that West End audiences made no demur.

Yet for the Suburbs and Provinces it is demanded that it should be "happened up."

**Sugar-Stick**

What is the truth? Do you want a sugar-stick to take after the bitter medicine of tragedy, or do you prefer to let the strong harsh taste linger?

The exhibitors want to know—the renters want to know—the producers want to know—for upon that knowledge depends their livelihood.

It doesn't matter how unanimously the critics approve a film; if you come out of the cinema and say to your friends: "Well, you may like it, but it gave me the hump"—it's a flop.

It's you they have to please; and if the same ending is served up to you when you see *OurSELVES Alone* in the Provinces, as was seen by you others in London, and you turn it down, that's a sign that there are two kinds of picture-goers in England, Londoners and non-Londoners, which I, for one, flatly refuse to believe.

**Weaklings?**

This matter of endings is a fascinating one.

A well-known Irish playwright declared, two or three years ago, that we are a nation of weaklings and degenerates because we can't stand tragedy—by which he meant the unhappy endings of his plays.

Personally, I think he was barking up the wrong tree.

I don't believe we will have an unhappy ending foisted upon us for the sake of gloom, any more than I think we demand a forced and false happy ending for the sake of being made to feel that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."

One is an unnatural stimulant, the other an artificial opiate; scrap them both!—and give us the ending that arises naturally from the plot and the characters, at the natural rounding-off of the story.

**Artificial Bliss**

The question that should be asked is not, "Is this ending happy or unhappy?" but "Is it right?"

Week after week you see films that have been obviously wrenched round at the end to introduce a note of lyrical bliss at the final fade-out.

Perhaps the less analytical members of the audience don't realise what's wrong—but nevertheless they are disturbed and discontented, because their knowledge of life cries out against it.

Among the dozens of such cases that will spring to your mind, let us take one—*Desire.*

Here we have the glamorous, voluptuous Continental jewel-thief, who has spent her whole life in the lap of dishonest ease, amid luxurious surroundings and with exquisite possessions, falling in love with the young motor-engineer just because he is Gary Cooper, and promising to return with him to wedded bliss in smoky humdrum Detroit. How long night that happy ending be expected to last?

And these back-chat comedies, where we are supposed to look forward with satisfaction to the sight of husband and wife living "scrappily ever after," with mutual recriminations as their daily exercise and a little spanning to vary the monotony of cunnial life—what of them?

Of course, we're not expected to take them seriously—which is a pity, because it indicates a lack of grasp of the basic laws of comedy.

In farce, anything ludicrous may happen; in comedy we expect to be convinced.

If we quarrel with the ending, we are paying the film a high compliment. We are indicating a belief in the characters as real people; we are proving that their fate is one that matters to us.

There can be no higher praise than that.

**Value for Money**

This week my colleague "The Thinker" has repeated his popular experiment of some weeks ago, and has published on pages 28 and (Continued on page 5)
Thrilling Surprise

NEXT WEEK

The Picturegoer Weekly will make an announcement that will thrill and delight everyone—a stupendous new TRIPLE PRESENTATION—three magnificent gifts in one—something new—different—and something you've always wanted. Don't forget the secret will be out next week, so make certain you copy of next week's issue of the Picturegoer Weekly. Ask your newsagent to reserve it for you to-day. You simply must not miss this colossal Triple Presentation. Scores of thousands will hurry for it. Remember NEXT THURSDAY—September 10th. Make a note of the date!

In addition we are presenting next week with every copy of Picturegoer Weekly another of our splendid Famous Films Supplements...

If you have not seen one of these remarkable free gift presentations, you want to find out what it is like. If you have seen previous Supplements, you will be more than ever determined not to miss the chance of securing this one.

Its subject is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer smash hit, "Wife versus Secretary"; and by its clear-cut photogravure illustrations and its engaging articles and paragraphs about the stars and the production, it will double the interest of a fine film and supply you with a lasting memento of it. And it's Free!

(Continued from page 5)

30 letters from readers only on the attractions and shortcomings of their local "houses." You will find rather more brickbats than bouquets there; but if we are honest we must admit that the modern cinema gives us a valuable service.

There are still drawbacks, such as the cheap seats (but dear at any price) which are set so close to the screen that all one gets is a blinding headache, and improvements are so rapid that they almost keep abreast of picturegoers' requirements.

Your humble manager, if he is a live man, will want to improve his service. Tell him your complaint, and if it's anything in reason he'll put it right.

If you like his house and his programmes, tell him that, too. It won't cost you anything, but it may cause him heart-failure.

Don't Drop In!

The film trade recently has been agitated about the millions of people in Great Britain who don't go to the cinema, and a gigantic advertising drive, something like the "Drink More Milk" campaign, has been suggested.

Don't take a ballet-enthusiast to see Mutiny on the Bounty, or a psychologically-minded person to see Sons o' Guns.

Watch for something that you know will interest your friend, and then take him or her to that.

Indiscriminate "dropping in" has headed off more good business than any other cause; but if you do make a convert, you will have made an enthusiasm, for new converts are the most zealous of all.

Boom!

By a coincidence, I have just received a letter from Harry Tate, the famous comedian, on the subject of reverberation in kinemas. It is a matter in which he is particularly interested—perhaps because he is the possessor of such a magnificent resonant voice himself!

He declares that a great deal of the echo in kinemas is due to the sound "bouncing back from empty seats, and informs me that sound-engineers are making an interesting experiment to combat this by the use of porous rubber upholstery.

Well, it seems paradoxical that the best way to fill kinemas is to guard against the conditions producing when they are half empty; yet it is one more proof that the people providing us with our entertainment are leaving no stone unturned until perfection is reached.

Improvement

Certainly the sound-engineers have been very assiduous in turning stones lately; last week the R.C.A. people invited me to hear their new "High Fidelity" Ultra Violet recording system, and it certainly was an ear-opener! I had never before imagined sound reproduction as faithful or as free from distortion as this was; and it's the kind of improvement that's going on behind the scenes, and which you might never hear about, only you would probably notice that your hearing had improved!

As I understand it, the high-frequency waves necessary to record high-pitched voices or high notes, and especially in pronunciation sibilants, are inclined to "blur" the sound-track.

So the R.C.A. recording engineers had the bright idea of using ultra-violet light, which deals far more faithfully with the infinitesimal variations in sound.

In addition to hearing a very varied programme produced by this new system, I had an opportunity of inspecting through a microscope two lengths of sound-track, one made with ultra-violet light and the other by the old system of recording; the first looked like a new pocket-comb and the second like one which had been used for months!

By the way, this is all done in the recording; the exhibitor has no responsibility in the matter; he just shows the film as usual.

Mixing Them

Just how far does the average picturegoer want stage-shows mixed with his screen entertainment?

This is a question to which no two exhibitors ever give exactly the same answer; but Mr. Fred Bernhard seems to have a little doubt about it.

He is head of the Union Cinema Co., which claims to be the largest independent circuit in the world—as well it may be, for it owns over 250 kinemas, of which 76 are in course of construction.

And Mr. Bernhard has come down heavily on the side of stage-cum-screen shows, for he has announced that they will be presented over the whole circuit.

He also has great plans for a new type of stage-cum-screen-cum-organ operatic presentations, evolved by Harold Ramsay, for which special "potted opera" films are to be produced in England, the first being Cavalleria Rusticana.

Colour

And as Mr. Bernhard has the sense to see that you don't comfortably combine flesh-and-blood players with black-and-white film, he is having the film shot in Technicolor.

Arrangements have been made with the Paramount circuit to take over some of these "mixed grill" presentations, so even if there is no Union house in your district (which seems unlikely) you will probably still have a chance to sample the new conceit.

Now you may like it or you may not; but do we one favour—don't make up your mind until you've tried it.

Harold Ramsay, who has been appointed Controller of Entertainment to the Union circuit, is a musician and a showman—a rare and valuable combination—and he has travelled to America and to Milan in search of inspiration for this new venture.

It is fatally easy for a promising beginning to be smothered by prejudice; so don't ejaculate "I don't like mixtures"; keep an open mind, and you may find yourself enjoying a totally new experience which will open up new vistas of entertainment.

Foul Play

Whenever I feel jaded I open the pages of my favourite Indian film magazine; it's sure to cheer me up.

Can you imagine the pleasure the author of the following editorial paragraph must have got out of writing it?

It is headed "Foul Play in Journalism," and is directed at a rival editor.

"Mr. — is late is out at mud-slinging and foul play. The intoxication of the rapid success of his paper seems to have blinded him to realities, and we regret our friend occasionally forgets his responsibilities as a Journalist. Some of his recent notes and references positively smell of an indiscriminate stinking campaign, which sooner abandoned is better."

I hope the writer will not "abandon" his delightfully frank manner.

Pendemonium

But it is in "the story of the film" that this magazine excels itself. Here's a passage that for sheer drama might bring tears of pure joy to the eyes of Marjorie Williams herself:—"A pendemonium ensued. Quaiser stepped forward and pulled off the artificial beard from the chin of the old Faqir who was no other than Arif himself. As the guards were going to arrest him Helen with her dagger covered him. The King too was glad and ordered the War Minister to leave.

Charlie Ruggles in a scene in "Wives Never Know."
A Fascinating Story

Our old friend Paul Rotha has edited "Movie Parade." (Studio Publications, 10s. 6d.) which, it is claimed, is the only book which shows you how you film of to-day grew from the curiosities of thirty and forty years ago.

It is certainly a fascinating and absorbing story. If you become the possessor of such a volume you will hang on to it proudly and read and re-read it.

Duce—and Produce

Following the example of Denham and of the U.S.R., Signor Mussolini has now decided to make Rome the leading film capital of Europe

On a 105-acre site, fifteen minutes' ride from the centre of the city, work has begun on the construction of a £2,000,000 studio which, when completed, will be the most modern in the world... until the next one is built.

The Duce has already made a deal with an American producer, Walter Wanger, who operates under the United Artists banner, whereby he is to make a picture in the new studios, with Hollywood stars and technicians.

According to Wanger, Mussolini is working on a plan to exempt from Italian income-tax all film personalities imported from other countries; and here's another attraction—owing to the climate, it's the most favourable locale in Europe for colour photography.

So the great days of Italian films may yet return.

Hamletski

Meanwhile, we are at last to be given Hamlet on the talking screen—not by Hollywood, not by Denham, not by Rome, but by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The famous Russian producer N. V. Ekk (who was responsible for The Road to Life, among other remarkable silent pictures) declares in a Moscow newspaper, "I have studied the famous productions of the tragedy put on during the last two hundred years" (which makes Mr. Ekk much older than he looks) "and I have had a special translation made of the play.

"What particularly interests me is the character of the Prince of Denmark as interpreted by the celebrated tragedians Reen, Garrick, Mochalova, Moissi, and others."

I hope the "others" include a couple of Johns—Harrymore and Gishgul.

Ekk, who has been working on his Hamlet for five years, is responsible for the first Soviet colour film, recently released, entitled Nightingale, Little Nightingale.

The Camels Are—

At last Hollywood has been caught napping.

We've always been given to understand that the film capital could produce any kind of bird, beast, or fish, as well as any nationality of man, at a moment's notice.

But while filming the latest Wheeler and

Ernest Cossart and Ondou Stevens in a tense moment in Paramount's "Murder with Pictures."

Woolsey picture. Mummy's Boys, Radio Pictures found themselves completely stymied for want of a few camels.

Some elaborate Cairo street scenes, which had been planned early in the making of the scene, had to be postponed for more than a week because there weren't any camels available.

According to Carl Stecker, the animal trainer, there are only thirteen of the snooty beasts in the whole of Southern California, and there has been such a cycle of desert pictures lately that other studios were keeping them all busy.

So thirteen proved to be an unlucky number for Radio Pictures.

Lions or Mice?

You would be surprised if you saw some of Hollywood's "mouse men" out of make-up.

Charlie Ruggles, for instance. On the screen (particularly in Early to Bed) he is completely dominated and brow-beaten by Mary Boland.

But when it's time to go home, he doesn't. He drives straight over to the Athletic Club, changes into shorts, and plays handball.

He holds several championships, and is as hard as nails.

And take Charles Butterworth; off the set he's one of Hollywood's foremost "he-men."

He's an expert swimmer, tennis-player, and golfer, and has a physique and an aggressiveness at games that many a film "strong man" would envy.

Lucien Littlefield, too, captains his own baseball team, and has a reputation as a hard hitter; and you might be equally mistaken in

Order your copy NOW.

Arthur Hoyt, Eric Blore, and Herbert Mundin. They reserve their timidity for the screen.

Film Folk

Paramount have built a complete "Louisiana" town for Valiant is the Word for Carrie, featuring Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard and Harry Carey.

Gregory Ratoff's new agreement with Twentieth Century-Fox covers his services as actor, writer, director and supervisor.

The cast of Universal's Rich and Reckless includes Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, David Oliver, Arthur Treacher and Eric Blore.

Doris Nolan and Michael Whalen play the leads in Way for a Lady, supported by Ferdinand Gottschalk, Chic Sale, Skeets Gallagher and Clift Edwards.

Still's and original script of Romeo and Juliet autographed by the company are the first to be placed on permanent display in Cornell University Library.

Mickey Rooney has written the music for six new songs, of which he thinks the best is "Weather Bureau of My Heart."

A ballet recently taken by the Film League of Madras shows that Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer remain the most popular Hollywood stars in India.

Tilly Losch has finally been cast for the important role of "Lotus" in M-G-M's The Good Earth, for which Sidney Fox was previously announced.

Do you remember Baby Peggy, the Shirley Temple of a decade ago? She is back as eighteen-year-old Margaret Montgomery, with a small role in Girl's Dormitory.

Robert Young, Florence Rice, Julie Haydon, and Leslie Fenton are in M-G-M's The Longest Night.
The Cagney punch has come out of cold storage.

This will be welcome news to hundreds of thousands of fans who find the pugnacious little red-headed scrapper a welcome relief from the drawing-room heroes who for so long dominated the screen after the coming of talkies.

His recent litigation with Warner Bros. in Hollywood (which he won) was responsible for an enforced idleness, because until the result of an appeal was made known, no company could afford to employ him.

It doesn't require much imagination to see that, if the Court of Appeal reversed the decision of the lower Court and he had to go back to Warners, any other firm employing him would be left holding the baby.

So James has been kicking his heels for months, instead of punching fair damsels on the jaw or (his more recent screen hobby) plugging plug-uglies through the pump at fifteen paces.

However, now he has been signed up by a bran-new outfit called Grand National Pictures, for one production, with an option for several more. Presumably they hope to get through one picture before the result of the appeal is known, and then won't start the next unless the litigation is either over or shows signs of dragging on long enough to allow them to finish it.

This is a kind of kinematic musical-chairs, with the films as chairs and the Appeal Court as the man at the piano.

The bait dangled before Cagney consisted of (a) a cash payment of £20,000 and (b) the privilege of rejecting any story that doesn't suit him.

To realise the importance of this latter boon, one must remember that this was the main cause of his split with Warner Bros, and to appreciate just why it was so important as to cause a split, it is necessary to take a glance back at the earlier life of Red-headed James and the events that led up to the crisis.

On July 17, 1904, at a saloon on Eighth Street and Avenue D, New York, a son was born to the Irish proprietor, John Cagney.

The district was known to the police as the "guerrilla jungle," on the southern border of "Hell's Kitchen"; from which we may gather that its juvenile inhabitants were not brought up to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen.

But Jim, second eldest of five children, differed from most of the neighbourhood kids in the fact that, while he was a scrapper, he realised what things were worth scrapping for.

He went to public school (akin to our board schools) because he had to; but he went on to high-school because he realised that an education was one of the things to fight for.

At the same time, he was earning his living—first as an office-boy on the New York Sun, and later as a parcel-wraper in Wanamaker's Stores.

Meanwhile, he found time to attend Columbia University.

His great idea at that time was to be an artist, but he soon realised that his work was not of world-shaking quality; so he became custodian of a branch of the Public Library—which didn't seem likely to shake the world either, but at least it gave him a chance to read books.

Then suddenly the family fortunes went phut, and young Cagney, still in his teens, found himself obliged to seek a job which would help to buy potatoes for seven Irish mouths.

Can you picture James Cagney as a chorus boy? It's a little hard to visualise—but it was real enough to him.

His Thespian career began in just that humble position, in a musical comedy called Pitter Patter; and before it closed he was given a specialty dance to do.

In passing, this accomplishment came in
handy in the dance contest scene in Taxi; and still more in Footlight Parade.

His next appearance was in vaudeville, playing a Jewish boy (a Jewish boy!) in a sketch; unknown to his family, he had learned to speak Yiddish in his boyhood, so he was able to make the role convincing.

Thus began a long five-year tour of the "tank towns"—the road-side dumps, the one-night stands, the three-shops-and-a-saloon towns that abound in America, and that never seem content like our villages, but always yearn to become cities.

Cagney looks back with pleasure on those trooping, hooping, devil-may-care days. Indeed, I have heard him say he would like some the cocky little, fast-working, fast-talking insurance canvasser who convinced Arliss that if he remained in retirement he would pine away and die. It was only a tiny part, but superlative done.

But you may have overlooked the fact that James Cagney did it—because he wanted to play in a film with Arliss. A pretty good gesture for a star to make.

There followed another couple of dozen films before his final break with Warners—if any break in the film world may be spoken of as final. Wounds heal rapidly in the dry air of Southern California.

I have retraced the main steps of James Cagney's career to show that he is no fresh dramatic academy youngster trying to teach a grandmotherly studio how to suck eggs.

Before he ever came to Hollywood he was a responsible man of the theatre, an established actor, who understood not only the mechanics of his business but also its basic principles.

He has taken his film work seriously too, dissecting and studying his roles from a psychological angle.

He is so tough that his cleverness as an actor is often overlooked; but there is no disputing the fact that in G-Men, when after a long succession of bad-egg roles he went over to the side of law and order, he was a totally different person.

I should like to emphasise also that it isn't his pugnacious features that have got James where he is.

Many people regard him as merely a tough guy representing himself on the screen; but one of his best acting performances was in a scene where his face did not appear at all—his scene in A Midsummer Night's Dream in which he realises, to his growing horror, that his head he's turned to an ass's.

No, undoubtedly his work has gained much by his own private and personal experience of what it is to be tough; but in his private life he does not bash his lady friends in the face with a grape-fruit, or clip them on the ear, or boot them... wherever you have seen him booting them; in fact, he is a reasonable, orderly member of society with a charming red-headed wife who rules him with a rod of adoration.

James has had two splits with his sponsors; the first occurred in 1932, when he considered his salary wasn't up to his profit-earning capacity.

But this time it's different. Cagney's objection was not to the $600 he was pulling down every Friday. He objected to the stories he was being put into.

Time after time he would be allotted a part which gave him a chance to do what he could do superlatively well—represent the "tough" element in America's youth, and its reaction to various problems, social and political.

And then the Hays Office would bob up and say "No politics!" or the studio executives would declare "The pictures want serious problems," or a production supervisor would discover that there wasn't enough sex in the picture, and a cock-eyed love-story would be shoved in, throwing the whole thing off the balance.

He managed to stipulate only four films a year; and then, he declares, Warner Bros. started a fifth, Devil Dogs of the Air—which he says "had no reason for being filmed under any circumstances."

He finished it, and broke his contract, on a technical point of billing (a local cinema had shown Pat O'Brien's name bigger than his). James Cagney has plenty of money—even a fellow as generous and as1provident as he is can't have run through all he's made—and he has plenty of fame; he has plenty of good stories, even more than good roles for himself.

There is his side of the case. I'm not attempting to judge between him and Warner Bros.—the case is still in sub judice until the appeal comes off—but I suggest there is something to be said for alumn-born, self-taught, fighting James Cagney, with his career to consider and the best part of his life yet to live.

Anyway, I'm glad he's back.
Mind the step! When beautiful Esther Ralston returned to the Paramount studio to play in "Hollywood Boulevard," daughter Mary Esther Morgan, aged 4, came to lunch.

Shots with Our Candid Camera

Joan Crawford, in "Gorgeous Hussy" rig, exhibits the famous doorknob of the old M-G-M restaurant, touched by almost every Hollywood player of note for a dozen years. About ninety of them have signed the adjoining panel, which will be kept on record.

Have you ever wondered how Leslie Howard keeps so slim and elegant? Here's part of the secret.

Is it a match? Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will soon be seen together in a new film—as well.
NEVER before, in the whole of his highly successful career, has Fred Astaire signed an exclusive article for the Press. It has been left to “Picturegoer” to induce him to break this golden rule. Modest, retiring and likeable as ever, with his sunny smile, he has decided to cast off restraint for once in discussing what is to him one of the most interesting topics imaginable. It is written and signed by himself.

IT'S GRAND TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND

by

FRED ASTAIRE

The average American visiting “The Old Country” (have you got that—the Old Country?) naturally draws comparisons with things he has been used to in the United States. Well, I'm not the average American by any means. If I am, I am upside down, inside out and thinking the other way round!

It is only now that I have got back again that a faint realisation is dawning upon me that I must have been something of a bore to my Hollywood friends on the subject of “England.” I am also realising for the first time how polite my friends must be—because every one of them refrained from telling me the truth about myself in this respect.

If anyone were to ask what England means to me I just couldn’t tell them. I am back on a short holiday now, after an absence of two years, and during the whole of those two years I have been trying to tell every friend I've met "on the other side" just what it does mean to me—and if I can’t recount all the things I like about a place in two whole years, then it must be very likeable indeed.

I suppose the whole truth of the matter is that I have lived such a large and important part of my life in London that I naturally "think" London.

Visiting film folk are invariably quoted as saying "Your policemen are wonderful" then they follow up with a "but"——

Believe me, there are no "buts" in my case. Of course the "bobbies" are wonderful, and so are all the other things I have been trying for two years to enumerate.

I have endeavoured many times to analyse this Anglo-mania, but the cause is as elusive as the effect. Is it because some of my early successes are inseparably identified with "dear old London Town"?

That may be a reason. There are many people who say that success on the stage is more personal than success on the screen. That a big "fan mail" is a welcome thing, because it lets you know that your stuff is going across well; but that it doesn’t compare with the spontaneous laugh or heart-warming sound of a loudly clapped hand. Others say that the success of a film star is an abstract thing. That it lacks the intimate friendliness and warmth of the reception accorded a successful stage performance.

But before we go any further, let me proclaim that I am not one of those people who say these things. I like the stage as well as most performers, but filming has one advantage over the stage, and that counts very big with me. When I make a film I am not forced to be present on the first night! And any artiste of experience will tell you what a saving of nervous strain that is. No—I'm afraid that doesn't account for my liking England as I do!

But here, perhaps, is a definite reason you can tie on to!

London is Sincere. When you first enter its gates you may feel something of a lonely stranger with every door closed against you—but once it gets to know you, you are one of the family—and you remain one of the family.

There are other large cities I have known, which, on entering for the first time, you feel to be the jolliest places on earth. Everyone smiles on you—doors are opened wide at your approach and you are made to feel that you are a whale of a fellow.

Then—after about a month, you begin to realise the insincerity of things. Friendly faces become masks, and you turn away disillusioned, with a slightly bitter taste in your mouth.

Yes. There is no "perhaps" about it. That is definitely one reason why I like London so much! And still I haven’t said it all! And I know it is hopeless to try. If I have any talents of interpretation they do not lie in that direction.

And my readers must not think that I am the only member of the Astaire family who preserves these sentiments for England. My dear sister, Adele, carries the same tender feelings in this respect, and joins with me in the following wish: To our many friends in England, old and new, but particularly the old, we send our friendliest greetings. Apart from that I can only say:

"It's grand to be back in England!"

We feel sure that our many readers will join us in replying to this sincere and unassuming message from one who has always held a very particular niche in our regards.

"Welcome back to England, Fred!" Your public may have grown since you were here last, but that only means that you have gained many new friends without losing any of the old.
SIX STARS HELP

NONE knows better than do Hollywood stars how important it is to make the very best of your features and figure, but the methods they follow to achieve this are not generally known. However, this helpful article takes you behind the scenes and reveals the golden rules observed by six of Hollywood's most glamorous stars.

Myrna Loy believes that it is essential to be as natural as possible. To try to copy a type to which you are not suited is a grave mistake.

CINDERELLA was just a dowdy little girl dressed in rags when the fairy godmother waved her magic wand and transformed the forlorn waif into a beautiful and desirable creature. A fairy tale? Not on your life! For some of the screen's most famous stars have produced the same magic effects with the help of intense determination and no clock, tolling off the midnight hour, causes their handiwork to be destroyed.

I was disgusted the other day when a girl with whom I was lunching sighed as Ginger Rogers swept by our table.

"Just look at her. Isn't she lovely? Ginger Rogers has everything—and here I am looking like an old frump. Doesn't it madden you to see these stars looking so beautiful?"

"Certainly it doesn't madden me," I retorted. "Especially when I know to what lengths many of those girls have gone to acquire their loveliness. And there isn't a girl living who can't learn something from these former 'ugly ducklings.'"

My companion eyed me incredulously. "Don't tell me Ginger wasn't born as beautiful as she is now!"

I pushed my salad plate aside and started in on one of my favourite tales—the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers. When Ginger came to films from a successful stage career she was cute, certainly, but no more resembled the svelte, poised young star of to-day than Garbo resembles Shirley Temple.

I recall one of her early Pathé pictures. Ginger was a hat-check girl in the store and wore a short, snug-fitting satin dress. I couldn't keep my mind on the story at all because I was so intently waiting for the seams in Ginger's little costume to pop! Ginger was fat—no denying that. Her red hair was bunched close to her round little face, adding width to it, and she giggled a good deal, as I remember. Cute? Of course. But the Ginger of that time wouldn't have even been remembered to-day.

Came Young Man of Manhattan with Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. Ginger gained much attention in that movie as the pert little flapper. Remember her flip phrase: "Cigarette me, big boy?" Ginger was registering.

When Gold Diggers of 1933 was produced Ginger was given a feature rôle and was cute but still very chubby. After her success in this, she took stock of herself. She had something, she knew, and her chances for stardom were very good indeed, but she also knew there were obstacles to overcome. And the greatest of these was weight. If she aimed to carry around those excess pounds she would never escape from the ingénue class. And Ginger had been bitten by the bug of stardom. Naturally plump, it was a hard battle for the red head to attain and maintain a slim, beautifully-proportioned figure. But a Rogers never says die and before long Ginger's figure was the envy of girls everywhere, and much mention was made of her tiny 23-inch waist.

To-day Ginger, who is five feet four, weighs 8 stone and has one of the loveliest figures in all Hollywood. The loss of weight took that babyish rotundity from her face and revealed a really beautiful profile. Ginger's hair, which is naturally red, photographed quite dark, and so the ambitious Ginger put herself in the capable hands of experts, and to-day her red-gold coiffure, which photographs a lovely blonde, is among her most distinguished features.

Her new loveliness gave Ginger confidence and poise and she now finds herself equally at home in the rôle of a comedienne or dramatic star. As for the Rogers figure—ever that changed? The plump little Ginger was queen of the Charlot. Now slim Ginger forsook the hotcha dances for the graceful steps and gyrations befiting the partner of Fred Astaire.

Incidentally, since Ginger has become Fred's dancing partner, she doesn't have to worry about her figure. She loses pounds and pounds while they are rehearsing dance steps. So without the new slender figure, she couldn't have become Astaire's partner, and from these dancing roles stepped to stardom in her own right. Do you think Ginger regrets her arduous efforts to become really beautiful and svelte? She does not. She is reaping a rich reward. And so from Ginger you may learn lesson one.

Keep your weight down if you want beauty! confidence! poise!

One of the most remarkable changes in a filmland Cinderella was that brought by Bette Davis. Not one of you would have turned around for a second look at Bette when she first came to Hollywood. And guess who assisted Bette in playing fairy godmother to herself? Not Max Factor or one of the famous Westmore brothers but George Arliss.

Poor little Bette was decked not a beauty, then. Her hair was a drab shade, her mouth was made up incorrectly, she wore undistinguished clothes. Just a very ordinary-looking girl rapidly getting nowhere in pictures. George Arliss was considered slightly mad when he chose her for the rôle of a very beautiful smartly-dressed woman—Man Who Played God. But Bette, secure in his confidence in her, set about to justify this faith, and lo, what wonders were performed! One day there walked upon the set a stunning creature. Hair, a goldenly blonde and smartly coiffed, blue eyes carefully made up to show their beauty, sullen mouth and sharp, accent its sullenness and the smartest, most sophisticated of clothes, setting off all this loveliness.

It was the new Bette Davis—a Bette who has remained golden and sophisticated ever since and has achieved the heights of stardom in a comparatively short time. Bette capitalised on her sullen mouth and insolent eyes and made a distinct place for herself on the screen. Once having achieved beauty and glamour, Bette daringly cast it all aside to play the unattractive little waitress in Of Human Bondage where she allowed herself to appear as ugly and repulsive as any woman could. But Bette and the fans know that she, herself, is lovely, and the drab, retiring little girl who first came to pictures is gone forever.

Take lesson two from Bette, girls.

Accent your most striking features whether they be along conventional lines or not.

Who had ever heard of an insolent, spitfire heroine before Bette came along? Bette made us gaga over "hussies." Instead of hiding her sullen mouth behind a conventional Cupid's bow, Bette played up every natural curve of her lips. Unheard of! Of course—but Bette, all
YOU TO BEAUTY

along the line, has dared to be different.

Joan Crawford was never ugly, but even the most ardent Crawford fan will admit that the Joan of Sally, Irene and Mary fame, could never compete in a beauty contest with the Joan Crawford of to-day. Joan is not the petite type and has never pretended to be. It is a pity that some of those girls who are lucky enough to have Joan’s lovely long birth of shoulders and general build, hunch themselves up in an endeavour to look tiny and cuddly.

Joan was pretty early when she entered pictures, and by the most gruelling attention to her diet and the correct amount of exercise, la Crawford carved for herself a beautiful, statuesque figure that is Adrian’s delight. It was Joan who started the vogue for exaggerated lapels and shoulder treatment; style features that most wide-shouldered girls would have never dared. It was Joan who made up her generous curve of mouth in a manner to accent its size. And Joan long, long ago, gave up the conventional short waved bob for a very long hairdress swept off the face, and with but a slight wave to relieve it.

LEARN COURAGE FROM JOAN

The single hair eyebrow isn’t for Joan, either. She prefers to wear her eyebrows in a fairly full and entirely natural manner. How many of you would have dared introduce these styles? Certainly you follow them, because the famous Joan Crawford introduced them. But have you the courage to step out of the crowd and make some unconventional change in appearance that will really improve you?

Have the courage to wear what you want to wear. That is what is said to be fitting for your type.

I wish every girl who bemoans her red hair and freckles would stop crying long enough to look at some pictures of Myrna Loy. Myrna has red hair and freckles and is there one of you who wouldn’t love to look like her? I thought so! Of course when Myrna was playing that long succession of Oriental sorceresses and vamps she was not beautiful. In fact, Myrna herself would be the first to tell you right now that she hasn’t classic features. Her nose has a funny little tilt, her eyes slant in a different manner, but the whole effect is utterly devastating. So a fig for the Grecian profile. Make mine Loy.

When they finally unwrapped Myrna from her Oriental wrappings, let her take a deep breath and plunge into pictures where she was actually supposed to be white and a heroine, too, they discovered a new type. Myrna was a very attractive and natural woman. She didn’t go in for shaved eyebrows, false eyelashes or peroxided hair. She wore her hair in a short and becomingly-waved bob, her clothes were the sort any well-groomed young woman would wear—in other words, Myrna was a natural, and darned determined to stay that way. She has, too, and that’s what makes her so different to-day.

She has freckles, yes, and they are plainly visible when you see her in person. So what? Her hair is a lovely red and it’s still worn in a simple style. Myrna never did go in for a Garbo bob. Myrna was one of those people from playing so many exotic roles, but whatever the case, Myrna Loy has determinedly refrained from dramatic make-up and always presents a picture of any normal young American girl, whose personality and features are best set off by smart but simple clothes and make-up.

IF YOU HAVE NO PARTICULAR FEATURE TO BE ACCENTED USE A TIP FROM MYRNA LOY AND BE NATURAL

Just look at the lovely results Myrna has achieved.

One girl who got breath-takingly lovely results from waving the magic wand is the luscious Carole Lombard. Carole is one of the real beauties of the screen and her blonde loveliness of face is only equalled by her gorgeous figure. Tall, slim, a vision in bathing suit or formal dress, Carole brings forth sighs of envy wherever she goes. But with the beauteous Carole, "twas not always thus. Not by about twenty pounds!

I well remember one of Carole’s first pictures after she had graduated from Mack Sennett comedies. Carole was playing with Bill Boyd in an old Pathé picture. The story took place out in a desert and the couple were stranded in an old shack. A terrible sandstorm arose and it was impossible for Bill to reach a town where he might get food. Carole was wandering listlessly around the shack and finally sank down on the floor, almost dead from hunger. It would all have been very pitiful and heart rending except for one thing. The starving Carole was just too, too plump and curvacious in her smart frock, and when she sank to the floor I mentally remarked: "I’ll bet that little honey just consumed a chocolate marshmallow sundae before she came on the set!"

Carole’s hair wasn’t particularly attractive then, either, and there was absolutely no evidence of the spirited, dynamic, breezy Miss Lombard of 1936. Hair tinted to a soft gold that contrasts beautifully with her deep blue eyes and fair skin.

And speaking of hair—Carole, as you probably have noticed, has an exceptionally high forehead. I have known girls who hated this feature in themselves and covered it with curls and bangs. Carole’s perfect features allow her to wear her hair in whatever manner she pleases, and she has often appeared with a soft bang covering her brow. But to me, the smartest Lombard hairdress is that characteristic one of hers. Hair brushed cleanly back from her face and forehead and that lovely serene expanse of brow displayed.

ARE YOU MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF SOME “DEFECT” MOLEHILL?

It took a long time for Jean Arthur to wave, her magic wand before she did, she got results that still have Hollywood talking. Of course you all remember the Jean of a few years back. A pretty young blooing ingénue, showing no exceptional ability, but always a very satisfactory little brown-haired heroine. From that little ingénue, Jean had been transformed into a palsy-walsy, ever-so-slightly hard boiled little person, with a trim, blonde bob replacing the former dark curls.

Jean’s greatest transformation, however, was her voice. Casually glancing at Jean’s pert little face, you still hazard a guess, “ingenue,” but one earful of that throaty Arthur voice and the ingenue tag would be quickly discarded.

SO IF YOU’VE WORKED ON EVERY POSSIBLE FEATURE AND YOU’RE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF—HOW ARE YOU IMPROVING YOUR VOICE?

Jean Arthur couldn’t (and shouldn’t) disguise her naturally sweet expression but she achieved an entirely new and strikingly different personality when she waved the wand of study, hard work and determination and brought forth an enchanting speaking voice.

New after hearing all these tales aren’t you ashamed of yourself for complaining and being ready to give up the ship? The obstacles these girls have overcome, you can overcome too.

Don’t be afraid to branch out into a new style of make-up or hair dress. If you look terrible in close-fitting gowns, try Dame Fashion says necklines must hug the throat, shop until you’ve found a becoming V-shaped collar. If you are dressed your flattering best, no one is even going to notice when you are wearing the latest style from Paris or a style that was in vogue in 1934.

Don’t sit by the time and sigh for a fairy god-mother to change you into a beauty. Use your own wand (brains, good taste and determination) and you, too, can produce fairy tale results.

Ginger Rogers knows the importance of avoiding putting on unnecessary weight. "Beauty, confidence, and poise are all born of a good figure."

Jean Arthur has long realised the asset that lies in an attractive voice.

NEXT WEEK.

You see a film, and the memory lingers for a while; but what better gift could you give yourself in your mind than a complete record in fascinating pictures and engaging articles?

This is what you are offered with next week’s "Picturegoer"—a magnificent free supplement, in full photogravure, of the M.-G.-M. film, "Wife versus Secretary," starring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Clark Gable.

There are no conditions—except this one: make sure of your "Picturegoer" by ordering in advance!
THE other day I listened to two motherly old ladies talking in the train; I don't usually eavesdrop, but they were talking about Shirley Temple's new film, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, and I couldn't resist it.

"Poor little rich girl, indeed," said the one with the peppermints, "Poor little spoiled brat, if you ask me! What sort of an upbringing is that for a child—all having all that money, and all those expensive presents?"

"Well, she has to pay for it," said the one with the acid drops. "I believe she's cooped up like a rabbit."

"And that, of course," said Mrs. Peppermint, "makes her harder to bear than ever."

And then, having settled the matter to their entire dissatisfaction, they dropped it; but their remarks remained in my mind, because it just happens that I know how wrong they were.

Presumably, being interested in Shirley Temple, they are at least casual picturegoers; and so the chances are that they read the PICTUREGOER.

I can therefore make my reply here and now with a reasonable chance of their reading it. Let's deal with Mrs. Peppermint first.

"All that money." Well, yes, I admit that Shirley is a capitalist.

She has more money than other children of her age. In fact she has £27 a year. Who said "Nonsense"? I don't mistake me. I'm talking now about Mr. and Mrs. Temple's little daughter Shirley—not about the vested interest upon which a great proportion of the fortunes of the vast Twentieth Century-Fox organisation depend.

Shirley gets two and a half dollars a week—which is near enough to 10s. 6d. for the purpose of argument.

Her salary from the studios, between £50,000 and £60,000 a year, is carefully spent and wisely invested for her, with the exception of the £27 per annum which is set aside for her very own, to do what she likes with.

Candour compels me to state that as a financier she's a marvellous tap-dancer.

She is always making the most admirable resolutions about investing her allowance so that two dollars will grow where one grew before; and then maybe it's a hot day, and she and a lot of her friends (including Mary Lou, her stand-in) need ice-cream sodas pretty badly, and bang goes a dollar in no time.

While working on *The Littlest Rebel*, for instance, she treated sixteen negro piccannies, and had a mighty thin week after that.

However, the need for economy worries her a little; and so she has made a proposal to her mother which indicates a highly intelligent grasp of the essentials of the subject.

She has proposed that her allowance be increased to three dollars (about 12s. 6d.) a week.

Then, she says, she can save enough to buy a fox; this is not in compliment to her employers, Messrs. Twentieth Century-Fox, but because fox fur is good to sell.

Also she wants to buy bantam fowls, because "they and their eggs are small and easy to practise on," and she can raise bigger ones as she grows older.

And because it seems a good idea to keep bantams and foxes apart, she has arranged with her friend Mr. Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, to help her build cages for them.

Further, to save money on capital expenditure, she is thinking of getting another friend, Mr. Schenck, to buy the foxes and bantams and provide the food for them, in consideration of a share in the profits.

Which suggests that Miss Temple has, after all, a pretty sound idea of the financial racket.

The purpose of all this ramble round the Temple barnyard is to indicate that Shirley, although in a fair way to becoming a millionaire, does not think in millions, but in shillings and pence like any other little girl.

What effect will her wealth and her success have on Shirley Temple? Do they shut her up in prison? Will they turn her head? These questions are entertainingly answered.

by E. G. Cousins

She knows that her Mummie has arranged to have all her expenses placed in a trust fund (which Shirley visualises as a large iron box with brass corners), so that when she grows up she will never be poor, but will always be able to present gifts to other people.

And she is human enough to want the money now instead—or at least another 2s. a week of it.

"I admit that I was a bit dissatisfied," she later pointed out—her presents. Well, Shirley isn't sufficiently of a genius to have solved the problem of playing with toys at one end of driving her little motor-car and riding her pony simultaneously.

Certainly her mass of toys gives her very varied interests; but she has so little time for playing anyway, what with her hours in the studio and her school lessons and her singing and dancing and piano lessons and her meal-times and resting-times . . .

So, much as I should like to oblige Mrs. Peppermint, I can't agree that Shirley's money is doing her any harm—simply because, in the circumstances, I don't see how it can.

And now for Mrs. Acid-Drop.

She is no exception; only the other day a sixteen-year-old Nebraska farm-boy pleaded guilty to stealing £27 from Shirley Temple, which he said "Unless 25,000 dollars (£5,000) are dropped from an aeroplane near Grant, Nebraska, Shirley Temple's life will be in danger."

But against the rich, we must weigh the fact that Shirley has all the care and attention and training that a vast fortune can buy, also a love that no fortune can buy.

In trying to determine whether she is spoiled or not, we can only go by results.

Here are two authentic stories about this "poor little rich girl"; valuable straws if they will show us which way the wind blows.

When Claude Gillingwater, the well-known character actor of "crumby old men" roles, had to gallop round the set with Shirley on his shoulders for a scene in *Poor Little Rich Girl*, she said to the director Mr. Cummings, "If Mrs. Peppermint wants to get this right the first time on account of Mr. Gillingwater being pretty old!"

Again, when a publicity man wanted to photograph her and Gary Cooper together, he suggested it to Gary, who said "Sure; I'll go over to her."

So the publicity-man hurried to Shirley with the same proposal, adding that Gary would come to meet her.

"No," Shirley objected, "he's a grown-up person and I think I should go to meet him, don't you?"

Spoiled? Hard to bear? Not Shirley! As to being rich, she has a constant stream of love flowing to her from the whole world—and later on she will realise that she has given more pleasure to the world than any other little girl in history.

If that isn't wealth, what is?
WILLIAM POWELL appears to be the answer to a maiden's prayer, for statistics show that he is "tops" in the affections of movie-struck girls who come to Hollywood.

A thirteen-year-old lass recently arrived in Hollywood from Washington, D.C., for the purpose of meeting the debonair star. Police gathered her in and sent her back home. But the Travellers' Aid Society has its hands full taking care of other damsels who leave the family fireside to see Bill Powell in person.

Gary Cooper and Clark Gable are also popular with wandering girls, but not so much as Carole Lombard's former hubby.

She Craves Comfort

Marlene Dietrich is very fond of the dressing bungalow which she shared with Charles Boyer whilst they were co-starring in The Garden of Allah at the Selznick studios in Culver City. The house was divided in two parts with separate entrances for the stars.

Marlene, who is now in England, sent word to Paramount officials that, if they desired her to fulfill her contract with them, she must be given dressing quarters as good as those she had in Culver City.

It appears to be a case of—no fine dressing-room, no Dietrich.

The studio officials are doing their best, and hope that the blonde star will like her new studio home.

Her Hero

Janet Gaynor, I hear, had a narrow escape from drowning, whilst bathing in front of her home on the beach at Playa Del Rey. She was being carried out to sea, when an alert lifeguard noted her plight and swam to the rescue. Janet thanked her rescuer profusely and retired to the seclusion of her home.

No, I do not think Janet will marry the gallant swimmer. Possibly he already has a "ball and chain."

She Has the Figure

During the hot weather spell Katharine Hepburn has discarded her customary slacks suit and is seen around the RKO-Radio lot in brief, well-tailored shorts and shirts, and very becoming they are, too.

Garbo Was Kind

Greta Garbo has given an autograph. A dozen witnesses can testify to it, including an irate studio "bobby."

When Garbo recently visited Director George Cukor to discuss Camille, she left by the side gate. As she walked slowly toward the exit, a youngster in tattered overalls slipped by the astonished officer on guard and, with grubby fist, shoved a book into Miss Garbo's hands.

She hesitated, smiled and signed the book. Without waiting to say "thank you," the boy, with one eye on the menacing officer, scampered out of the gate and disappeared.

A New "Daddy"

Allan Jones has only been married to Irene Hervey a few weeks, but he already is the proud father of a five-years-old daughter! The child is Miss Hervey's by a previous marriage. Allan and Irene were married the day after his first wife, Mrs. Marjorie Jones, secured a divorce in Nevada.

Hollywood Melody

Eleanor Powell won instant film fame in 1936, whilst James Stewart, after outstanding performances in Small Town Girl and other recent films, is hailed as a most promising leading man.

But fame is not everything. Love counts, especially when one is young. Eleanor and Jim have discovered this fact, also that they like each other quite a bit, so much so that they manage to eat three meals together each day, even on Sunday holidays.

They never get bored with the other's company, and, if they ever do, all that is necessary to restore harmony is for the agile Miss Powell to go into her tap dance!

CROSSED IN LOVE

Since Myrna Loy became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, she has had a telephone installed in her portable dressing-room, so she can talk with "friend husband" (a producer at the Paramount studio) whenever she so desires. Bill Powell works at the same studio, and also chats quite a bit with Jean Harlow.

The other day Myrna telephoned her husband, and a few minutes later Bill Powell called Jean. The wires got crossed and each girl got fond messages from the wrong admirer.

All concerned took the matter as a great joke.

Peter Pan Returns

It is twelve years since Betty Bronson played the title role in Peter Pan, and she is back in Hollywood for a visit.

Betty, although now 26 years old, and the mother of an eighteen-months-old child, still looks amazingly childlike. She is the wife of Ludwig Lauerhass, a wealthy resident of North Carolina.

The former actress says she is well content with private life, but admits that, if the right part came along, she might consider a return to the movies.

It is just as I have often written. Few actresses ever leave the movies willingly.

It May Be Love

Elissa Landi and Nino Martini pay most glowing tributes to each other. Each is the acme of perfection to the other, and have been friends since their meeting in England nearly two years ago.

Now that they are back in Hollywood, the colony is wondering if wedding bells will soon ring, or a trip to Yuma be made, as Elissa and Nino are seen much together.

"Cold" Comfort

Joan Bennett is "a woman of ice" at least in the summer time.

The pretty star has a portable refrigerator which follows her, like "Mary's little lamb," being in use whilst she is at the studios. Not only in the dressing room, but even in the make-up department, the ice box accompanies Joan, wheeled by a faithful attendant. Cool air is blown on her face, and there is plenty of ice in the refrigerator if Joan desires a cooling drink—non-alcoholic, of course!

Perplexed Polly

Polly Moran, who announced that she intended to divorce her husband, Martin Malone, after he had been arrested for threatening her with a revolver, appears to be about to exercise a woman's prerogative, and change her mind.

The clever comedienne now says that Martin is a good chap, and blames other men for getting him to drink, thus bringing on the trouble in which they figured.

So it looks as though Polly is about ready to kiss her husband and make up!

A Rumour Denied

Wallace Beery declares there is no foundation for the report that he intends to quit the screen.

He scowled at the yarn, and said he is just getting started. "I've retired three times," he told me. "Three times I've returned. Maybe acting is in my blood!"

Bright Lad!

Freddie Bartholomew won his first official credit as actor, with the acceptance by a bicycle manufacturing company of two original designs.

An owner of the machine for several years, Freddie took it apart to make a few repairs. Ingeniously fitting a piece of tin can into the workings of the motor exhaust, and simplifying the brake action, he not only repaired his own machine, but sent his ideas in to the bicycle company.

College v. Movies

Rosalind Russell, the beautiful, statuesque girl who has forged ahead rapidly in the films, recently had a visit from her sister, Mary Jane.

The sister is only 21, and is dean of a girl's college, which indicates the young lady's mental attainments. Mary Jane is also very good looking, and has received several offers of screen tests, and refused them all. She is well satisfied to let Rosalind be the sole star in the family.

When Autumn comes, Mary Jane will return to her college in the East, turning her back upon a career which many girls eagerly seek.

The wrong type of scarecrow—When the photographer was ordered to shoot a scarecrow picture, here's what resulted. Shirley Ross, pretty singer and dancer, just isn't the type.

Ludwig Lauerhass, a wealthy resident of North Carolina.

The former actress says she is well content with private life, but admits that, if the right part came along, she might consider a return to the movies.

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AST week I declared we could learn a great deal from the movies. Well, just to prove it, I've learned something this week. All my life (or ever since I stopped putting my toe in my mouth), I've imagined that when he made his celebrated remark, "Dr. Livingstone I presume," the American explorer H. M. Stanley was wearing round his pith helmet or solar topee a small U.S. flag.

Why? Well, for no reason that I've ever thought of, except to keep the flies off the back of his neck.

But now I find (and you will too, if you look closely at the picture which adorns this page) that he didn't.

So go another boyhood illusion shattered—and manhood illusion, too, come to that. Pity... Also I always imagined that an enormous crowd of bearers, warriors, camp followers, and panhandlers of all descriptions but only one colour (to wit, ebony) attended Stanley whereas Dr. Livingstone had only a very small squad of servants, the rest having deserted.

But I found at Sound City this week that their teams were about evenly matched.

**Authentic**

I certainly can't argue with Messrs. James Fitzpatrick and Percy Marmont, who between them are responsible for production of the film David Livingstone, because for some time they have been luring about in wildest Africa, visiting the very places (some of them) where Livingstone went.

As, however, in his 33 years wandering he covered some 30,000 miles of country not previously visited by white men, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Marmont might be excused for having overlooked one or two of Livingstone's haunts.

And as the famous meeting occurred nearly 60 years ago, it's hardly likely that they would come across many people who remembered—or whose testimony would be worth much if they did.

Still, they have the magic word "authentic" to juggle with—and who dare gainsay that? So I shall just have to readjust my ideas.

The way, the use of that word "authentic" puzzles me a little; my dictionary says it means reliable, trustworthy, of undisputed origin, genuine.

What, then, are we to understand by the producers' claim that "the last entry in Livingstone's diary will be authentically reproduced in handwriting resembling his own?"

**A Lucky River**

Well, don't get a headache over that. Consider the fortunate fate of the little River Ash, a tributary of Father Thames. Others have been so kind as to stay as they were born—except that they grow larger as they go along. The Ash, which flows through Sound City and is one of the manifold assets of that steadily-growing production-centre, is always changing.

This week, for instance, it is the Lulimala, on whose banks Chimtambo's native village has been erected; clothing not so very long ago, stockades, palm-trees, and whatnot.

Last year, when they made Saunders of the River, it was the Congo. Next week, or the week after, Fitzpatrick & Marmont get round to making The Life of William Shakespeare, it will probably be the Avon—of which stream, I hope, if I mistake not, Will was Hard, not to say Swain.

And when Wainwright Productions were making Little Women, we had the ' Blessing of a Father,' not so very long ago, it was the Seine. One of these days it will become the Amazon, and flood the beautiful new sound stages.

I've Got a Little List

And now, because I haven't given you a list of Hoopla films for a week, you are probably dying for a list of names. So here's one.

I've got the cast of Pagliacci for you, and it's a first-rate one, let me tell you. Richard Tauber, of course, plays Canio, the leader of the troupe.

Steffi Duna, as I've already informed you, plays Nedda (Canio's wife); Arthur Margeson will be Tonio, the clown; Jerry Verno is Peppe, a Harlequin; Esmo Knight plays Silvio, Nedda's lover, and who wouldn't?

Diana Napier is Trina, and Arthur Chesney is the coachbuilder; Chesney's talents as an actor are too often overlooked because he happens to be brother to Edmund Gwenn, but in the right part he can be very good indeed.

This, by the way, is not a Capitol production, as I probably led you to believe; did I? Anyway, it's being made by Trafalgar, which is an offset of Capitol.

**Parti-Coloured**

I may have mentioned that this film was to be made in colour; well, it isn't—wholly. But parts of it are to be made in British Chemicolour, which is a new and promising four-colour process invented jointly by Otto Kanturek (who is photographing Pagliacci), Karl Grune, and Victor Gluck.

Karl Grune is directing Pagliacci. And, while I think of it, I regret to say I have trodden on Herr Grune's toes.

Inadvertently I mentioned, not long ago, that the reason why Land Without Music was started before Pagliacci was that Herr Grune's arrangements for the latter were not complete.

Excuse, please, while I untread. It would now appear that the script was not quite ready; in a week after receiving the script, Karl Grune was all ready to take the floor—which, you will agree, is no mean feat.

And now the person responsible for getting that script ready will probably come down on me like a ton of bricks because it was all the clapper-boy's fault; but I don't care; I've made it all right between Karl Grune (whom I like as a man and respect as a director) and me (and, as my old pal W. S. Gilbert remarked, "I am a good man too."))

Anyway, the studios are so littered with toes that it's difficult to know where to tread.

**Got What He Wanted**

By the way, this production is another example of the screen teaching me something.

I used to think no one ever got the part they wanted in a film; you hear of people spending their whole lives hankering to play a certain famous role—Hamlet or Cleopatra or Little Eva—and instead having to play Mephistopheles or be third wave from the O.P. side or the hind legs of the horse till their dying day.

Well, meeting Jerry Verno after a private view of the not-so-hot Lupe Velez British film Gipsy Melody, in which he wrestled valiantly with a poorly-conceived role, I asked him what sort of a part he wanted to play.

"‘Beppe' in Pagliacci," he replied promptly: so there you are! Another illusion gone galley-west, but this time I'm glad to have it shattered, because, other things being equal, it's far better to have a player who wants to play the part. He's half-way towards being the character.

A clever comedian, Jerry Verno, but the studios have failed so far to exploit his possibilities because for some occult reason they have neglected to supply him with complete roles; he usually has had to make his part up as he went along.

**A Theatre Thriller**

To week's studio notes would be complete without the announcement of a new production company or two, so here goes. The name and style of one new concern is Deh films (but I hope they don't pronounce it...)}
“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?” “The famous meeting with H. M. Stanley, reproduced at Sound City for the film “David Livingstone.”"

“delay”), and their first effort is being made at the British Lion studios at Beaconsfield.

The title is a good snappy one for a thriller — Murder in the Stalls, which suggests all kinds of good back-stage and front-of-the-house possibilities.

Recently when I was talking to my friends Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon they declared that it was all right to appear together in stage shows, because that was only just fooling around, and they didn’t have to convince the audience that they were anybody but themselves.

But in films, they maintained, it was different, and audiences wouldn’t want to see them together.

I argued long and fiercely with them, because I consider that the practice they have had in observing each other’s style and timing and so forth would be invaluable when they come to play opposite each other on the screen.

Apparently my arguments had some effect, for they are now playing together in Murder in the Stalls.

Charm and Skill

Bebe should be a valuable asset to Dela Films, because quite apart from her charm and skill as a player she has studied the production-end and “knows her onions” as they say (only I feel in this case it should be orchids), by heart.

She will be worth her weight in gold to Continental director Emil Reiner.

Hay Petrie, the uncannily clever little character actor from Bonnie Dundee, is in the cast, too, and also Charles Farrell—the British one, who usually plays tough gangster parts.

It’s a bit confusing, the similarity of names, especially as the American one is now playing over here again, in Moonlight Sonata.

But as it happens to be the real name of both of them, and as neither of them, naturally, is willing to change it (though I believe each has politely suggested that the other should!) they seem to have reached an impasse.

So we shall have to go on calling them “the British one” and “the American one” until further notice.

A still worse clash occurred when William Boyd went to Hollywood from the New York stage, and found another William Boyd already well dug-in in films.

Braid Scots

They got over the difficulty by calling themselves respectively Bill Boyd and William (stage) Boyd.

Of course, when one player is already established and one of similar name bobs up, it’s up to the newcomer to give way; and this Betty Davis is doing, by changing her name to Betty Ann Davies so as not to clash with Bette Davis, who was already in the field.

And now for a drop of Scotch.

A’ ye o’ tae wha’ like the Doric wull be gey pleased tae hear that Harry Lander is gaun tae play in a pictur’.

Ay, he’s done at Wembley, at the Fox studio, ye ken, makkin’ a feil based on his famous song “The End o’ the Road”—fine ye ken it! —an’ they’ve been canny eucharist to keep that as the title o’ the pictur’ furbye.

Alex Bryce, the reid-heldit laddie frae the Western Hielan’, is directin’, an’ there’s a braver cast, wi’ Sir Harry as “John MacGregor” (o’ Scotland), Ruth Haven as “Sheila Macgregor,” Ethel Glendinning as “Jean Macgregor,” Bruce Seton as “Danny (you’s the villain),” Margaret Mofiat as “Maggie,” an’ Campbell Gullan as “David.”

Similarity

Southern readers tune in here.

From what I’ve heard of the story, it seems to bear rather an unfortunate family likeness to that of the Will Fyffe film Annie Laurie, which was made just a few weeks ago.

Like Fyffe, Lander plays the lead of a travelling troupe of entertainers who perform at fairs, living in caravans.

As in Annie Laurie, a young wife, married in secret, dies in childbirth, and the child is left on the old man’s hands; and a young girl is sent to the city to learn to sing—in one film Glasgow, in the other Edinburgh.

However, there are perhaps sufficient differences to make these similarities seem superficial; but when we get so few Scottish films, it does seem an unco’ peety (to relapse for a brief moment into the vernacular) that there should be so marked a resemblance.

Which, I wish you all will agree, is a good, tactful, pompous way of putting it.

The unit, you will be pleased to hear, has been taken to Hollywood so we hope we shall be shown some of the lovely Scottish scenery; the opening shots of Annie Laurie promised it, but the promise was unfulfilled.

Maybe it’s not so awfully tactful to compare two Quota pictures in this way; but with two famous Scottish comedians and stories set in similar surroundings, comparison is irresistible.

A Classic

And now, as we have dealt with only one new company this week and some of you like two or more, let’s take a look at John Clein Productions.

Mr. Clein is an American who, having studied British production methods and possibilities at first hand by working in our studios as an associate producer, has now launched forth on his own, backed by a not-quite-so-new distributing company, National Provincial Film Distributors, Ltd.

His first attempt is that, favourite of our schoolboys, The Mill on the Floss.

Ever read it? I was made to, at school, and consequently I remember precious little about it except that it’s laid in Devon (or is it Devon? I couldn’t swear to it) in the 19th Century (I think), and there seemed to be a unconscionable amount of very wordy description—which, however, is being taken care of by Messrs. Garnett Weston and John Drinkwater, working together on the script.

I asked Frank Lawton whether he remembered the story, and he said no, not very clearly, he’d had to read it at school, too.

And as he has come all the way from Hollywood to play the lead, you can hardly be surprised at my not remembering it—can you, now?

Be fair! Two for Joe

Two Joe Rock pictures are going strong at the moment—one “at home” and one “away.”

The “away” match is The Edge of the World, which Mickey Powell is directing on the edge of the world—or as near it as makes no difference; to wit, the Island of Foula.

Some dangerous cliff climbing and equally daring camera work has been successfully accomplished, on cliffs which rise to the dizzy height of 1,400 feet and are only a few degrees “out of plum.”

Niall McGinnis and Eric Berry fooled about for hours where a fly could hardly get a decent foothold. This, I confess, makes me turn completely over inside just to think about.

Young McGinnis, I’m pleased to hear, acted according to the best traditions by refusing to employ a double when the script called for him to leap into a perilously rocking boat.

The film on the Rock floors at Elstree is Cotton Queen, with Bernhard Vorhaus directing.

This one depicts the struggle for supremacy between rival mill-owners, Will Fyffe and Stanley Holloway.

Along with them are Helen Haye, Jimmy Hanley, Donald Calthrop, Marcelle Rogene, Denier Warren, Sid Crosley, Gibson Gouland and Syd Courtenay.

Eh, laads, this’ll be a reet good toosle!
All the glamour of an idealised Orient is captured in this number, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."

The absolute ultimate in back-stage spectacular productions seems to be reached with "The Great Ziegfeld," upon which M.-G.-M. have lavished all the resources of their organisation.

Running for nearly three hours, it is a fine showman's tribute to one of the greatest showmen of all time.

Below are Ziegfeld and Billie Burke (played by Myrna Loy) at the show.

Below are Ziegfeld and Billie Burke (played by Myrna Loy) at the show.
A dramatic moment: Florenz Ziegfeld (William Powell) discovers Audrey (Virginia Bruce) in a state of intoxication.

Much of the comedy is supplied by Frank Morgan, seen above as Billings, Ziegfeld's friendly rival, in his side-show days. On the right, in an amazing costume, is Audrey, one of the Glorified Girls (Virginia Bruce).

A famous Fanny Bruce, played by herself (in black), starts her Follies career.
The Great Glorifier

In this exclusive article by Michael Howard, Bernard Sobel, press agent for the late Flo Ziegfeld for many years, tells you how the great showman chose his glorified girls.

"Rush back," he would say to his secretary. "Check up on those orders I gave, and then, when you get a chance, manage secretly to tell that blonde model to call me up to-morrow morning at eleven. She's a beauty. Tell her I'll give her a job in the new Pollettes—give her more money than she's getting now!"

That was the Ziegfeld procedure, and through his collecting of beauties for his public, glorified girls, and built up a tradition about himself:

He could be gentle and severe, cruel and tender. When he corrected his star, he did so considerately in quiet tones, almost whispers, without anybody knowing the subject of his conversation.

He liked most the people he couldn't have.

No sooner did he hear of the success of a rival performer, than he would make every effort to secure his services, whether really he needed him or not.

Once, he dismissed a member of his staff. When he heard, a week later, that the man was being engaged by someone else, at a somewhat better salary, he didn't need until he had got the new back again.

Soon you will see the life of Ziegfeld on the screen. The picture is called The Great Ziegfeld, and the title role is portrayed by William Powell, who gives an amazing interpretation of the great glorifier.

What the public never knew about Ziegfeld is revealed in factual and legendary episodes in the story. The revelations are surprising and romantic. Most of the present generation will be introduced to the fact that the woman who was ever in love in Ann Held. The older generation, of course, has heard of her sentimental relations, but how he brought her to America; how he starred her in musical comedy; how he made her famous through publicising her milk-bath.

But the younger generation, knowing only of Ziegfeld's perfect home life, his love for domesticity, may have lost track of the fact that Ziegfeld was young once also, and always completely susceptible to the spell of beauty.

Louise Rainer, whom you saw with Bill in Escapade, plays the part of Anna Held, one of Ziegfeld's beauties and later his wife.

Myrna Loy also stars with Powell as his second wife, and Virginia Bruce, who was originally one of the glorifier's most famous beauties, plays the role of Audrey Dale, most beautiful of all the girls discovered by Ziegfeld.

The most elaborate musical number in the picture, "Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," is built around Miss Bruce.

This number surpassed in cost any complete musical show staged by Ziegfeld.

There were over five thousand people used in this picture of whom who were hundred and five have speaking parts. The costumes worn by the girls in the picture are the most expensive and spectacular ever seen, and I think you will agree with me when you see it that it is the most ambitious musical production to date.

Another interesting point to note is that it is the longest film ever made. It runs for nearly three hours and will probably be shown like a play, with a short interval in the middle.

ZIEGFELD
THE GREAT
GLORIFIER

The late Florenz Ziegfeld was undoubtedly the most competent judge of feminine beauty that has ever been known.

His uncanny sense of real beauty made him the greatest connoisseur of women in the world.

In America the saying became common, when wishing to compliment a woman's beauty, to remark: "She's good enough for Ziegfeld!"

Now, how did Florenz Ziegfeld select his glorified girls? That is the question that has puzzled the public through the twenty-three years of the Follies.

It was a question that Ziegfeld seldom answered. His reasons for silence may have been personal, his appreciation of beauty being so instinctive that he was scarcely able to explain his own processes.

Nevertheless, as the years went by, he did develop a regular system of auditions. These grew to such proportions that by the time he was ready to select girls, he had to call in the police to control the mobs of girls who wanted to be glorified.

About a week or so before he was ready for one of these auditions, he would make an announcement in the papers telling the girls when and where to report. Long before the hour named, however, the girls would begin to flock into the stage entrance.

There, of course, most of them really beautiful, and others who considered themselves beautiful. There were short girls and tall ones, well dressed and poorly-clad. Blondes predominated usually, but brunettes frequently strove for distinctive attention.

Often, too—and this fact is somewhat tragic—women in their thirties and forties would try for places.

"Sorry we can't admit you," the doorman would say upon seeing a mature woman among the applicants.

"Oh, I haven't come here for a try-out," would be the answer, "I'm here to look after my niece, my daughter, or my young sister."

But when the stage director would call for the girls to step down to the footlights, there, standing next to the young ones would be the older woman. Sometimes she was a disappointed chorus girl of years gone by, a woman who was unable to appreciate the ridiculous figure she made, or was so vain that she still considered herself a beautiful and attractive member of the front line.

By the time the stage was full of hundreds of girls, and the doors had been closed and the tardy applicants dismissed, Ziegfeld would enter the theatre. He was always calm, self-possessed and leisurely. The sea of faces before him and the task of selection never seemed to trouble him. He chatted with his stage director, his secretary or other members of the staff. Then, when he was ready he would ask the stage director to have the girls form separate lines and walk down to the footlights.

Immediately there would be a silence. All the sly chatter, the making up of eyelashes, painting of cheeks and lips would cease, and the girls would form a series of straight lines. Slowly they walked down to the footlights, there to stand and wait, all frightened yet hopeful, while the glorifier looked them over.

It was a strange ordeal, and the air was full of electric tension; Ziegfeld, determined not to be swayed by the expression on the faces of the girls; and the girls determined to use their eyes and smiles to lure him into a contract.

Sometimes, out of an entire whole line he would pick only one girl or none. Sometimes he would call over his stage director and tell him quietly to take the name of the fourth or fifth girl to the right. Sometimes he would discuss a girl that seemed outstanding. Then, just as the line was about to break up, the director would say: "Will the fourth girl in line please come to me and give me her name and address."

And thus the difficult procedure continued, a sitting of girls and girls and girls, until the loveliest remained, fortunate creatures endowed by nature with superb physical proportions and facial loveliness.

But they all seemed to love Ziegfeld for his conscientiousness and understanding. Even the disappointed ones would throw him a wistful smile as they trudged off the stage and out into the obscurity of the real world.

Once Ziegfeld gave away a single trick of his when selecting girls.

"I look first at their ankles," he said, "because these are on a level with the eyes of the audience and make the most important impression."

Ziegfeld was a man of astonishing originality who was determined always to succeed, no matter what the cost. He is given the credit for having collected the most beautiful girls in the world. But only his office staff knew that he sometimes stole beauties deliberately, in the same manner that Paris stole Helen of Troy from Menelaus.

His procedure was suave, smooth and effective. He would go to a famous dress designer, for instance, and select gowns for his stars. He would discuss materials and patterns. He would talk long and seriously about details of workmanship. Then he would ask to see some of the gowns in stock.

This request was always followed by the appearance of living models, lovely girls who would parade through the studio displaying gowns to advantage. Sometimes one of these models would be beautiful and shapely. But Ziegfeld, despite his reputation for admiring beauty, would pay no attention to her and would merely concentrate his attention on the costume.

After he left the building and had driven a short distance away, however, Ziegfeld would stop his car suddenly and begin his operations for theft.

Five of the really beautiful showgirlsthat you will see in the film of the great showman’s life—"The Great Ziegfeld."
Notice Myrna Loy's make-up—isn't it lovely? Note how satin smooth her skin appears, how charming her lips look! The secret of her beauty is colour harmony Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, created by Max Factor—the Hollywood Genius—a new kind of make-up that holds the secret of loveliness for YOU! Proved perfect before the camera which magnifies even the tiniest flaw in texture, this make-up will give you more loveliness than ever before.

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Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. to Max Factor (Dept. A.), 49 Old Bond Street, 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.

NAME
ADDRESS

P.5
The Story of the Film

The LADY CONSENTS

by Marjory Williams

A N X E. I kissed her! — kissed Jerry Mannerly! Funny of me. I’ve met plenty of attractive young women in my medical career, but I’ve never wanted to kiss any of them.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“I hardly know.”

And that, as far as Anne Talbot was concerned, would have been the end of husband Dr. Michael Talbot’s affair with Jerry Mannerly. Was it not Anne’s creed neither to run away from nor oppose something she feared, but to meet it with open arms? Loving Michael as she did, wasn’t it only too natural for her to fear the charms of other women and wasn’t it up to her never to appear jealous? She forgot that a pretty young athlete, whose determination has won her a showcase full of silver cups for ladies’ sporting events, is unlikely to be deterred by a comely wife from husband-snatching.

When Anne, about to meet her father-in-law, due in New York after a telephone call at the customs’ office, there was a touch of the unusual in Mike’s voice as he said: “I’m terribly sorry. I’ve an emergency case. I can’t make it. Will you explain to Jim?”

“Being the lady,” came another voice, more faintly over the wire. Almost Anne could picture Michael talking to his “emergency case” at a snack bar. As well for her theory of non-interference that Michael could not see his wife’s face as she played up. “All right, dear. Of course, Jim will be terribly disappointed. I know it isn’t your fault. See you to-night at dinner. Hope you do well with the patient. Good-bye.”

With a lump in her throat, Anne waited for her father-in-law, affectionately known as Jim, but failed, among the crowd issuing from the ship’s gangway, to recognise his lean, alert figure.

“Paging Dr. Talbot,” announced a page.

“I’m Mrs. Talbot, Dr. Talbot’s not here.”

“I’ve a message for the doctor, ma’am,” said Mr. James Talbot’s in the ship’s hospital.” Fearing the worst, Anne followed her guide. But she found her father-in-law actively engaged in playing dice with the ship’s officers and a dark young man who got to his feet with a look of undisguised admiration. Meanwhile, Jim kissed her with his usual gusto and asked after Michael. “Maybe you can bring me some luck, Anne.”

Anne didn’t care who knows it. “Of course. I’m late, Mrs. Talbot.”

“Quite all right. The party’s just beginning. You know Susan Greene, don’t you, Susan, if you’re going up, would you show Jerry where to put his things?”

“You must be out of your mind to throw her and Michael together,” Jim fumed, as the gossip-lover and her ideal material disappeared. “Think so? Evidently, I’ve more faith in your son than you have.”

So Jim (as who in town did not?) knew how frequently Michael and Jerry had been seen together. Susan, coming down from the cloakroom, was eager to impart news communicated, no doubt, while Jerry had been wielding a lipstick. Anne abruptly refused to listen, even though the communication might be first hand. But when, having refused the ever-pressing Ashton a dance, Anne saw Michael, glide off with Jerry, even a non-jealous wife acknowledged a stab. Seeing her guests occupied, she went off to the billiard-room to play pool with Jim. Michael appeared.

D’you mind, Jim? I want to talk to Anne alone a minute.”

“I’ve safe to leave me with this man, Jim?”

“Impossible to tell. If you need help, shout. I’ll be right outside the door.”


“Bad as that, Michael? What about Jerry?”

“Same thing. Don’t blame her. She’s been awfully decent. She wanted to go straight seeing off. It’s my fault, but—I hate hurting you, Anne.”

“Don’t pity me. You’re a doctor, aren’t you? You can bear seeing people hurt. I love you, and that means I love your happiness. If Jerry means that, many others and don’t worry about letting me down, You’ve given me the seven best years a woman ever had. Now beat it—while I’m still being lady.”

She hadn’t meant to let the last words escape, but consenting to a divorce was harder than she realised.

Reno, San Francisco, Rio Janiero, via home by the s.s. Santa Grasia—this was the story. As Anne learned, becoming a free woman, was carried out. One of the most satisfactory welcomes home came from Stanley Ashton, who turned up with a friend one evening when Anne was barely installed in a small, but comfortable flat. They were discussing twenty-years-old Scotch in the kitchenette when Jim arrived to add a third to the whisky drinkers, and was heard to remark, having congratulated Anne on having gained five pounds weight, that a cat was a cat. Apropos of what? Ashton insisted.

“Nothing. It’s a she, and she’s going to have a big wedding, and I’ve got to be best man when I feel Anne, on the ‘day I pointed, like wringing the lady’s neck.”

“Jim, you’ve lost your sense of humour. That’s really very funny,” Anne commented. Further, she electrified the party, by declaring she would attend Jerry’s wedding.

With a mildly dramatic feeling, she changed, into a black ensemble with white revers and pill-box hat. She was charming to Henry, the English butler, who showed her at once into the boudoir, where Jerry was taking last-minute glances into the cheval mirror before joining Michael at the altar. Fortunately, Anne couldn’t bring herself to feel that it was Michael’s wedding, and found it quite easy to enthuse over Jerry, who dismissed his bridesmaids and asked advice about the position of the veil.

“Over your face. It’s more bride-like,” Anne responded.

“Did you see the look on those girl’s faces when you walked in?” Jerry chuckled.

“I did. Was it what you wanted?”

“Of course. You and I are showing the world how civilised people should behave.” Somehow, this taking the words out of her mouth, as it were, fell flat with Anne. She had a strange desire to emulate Jim’s wish of wringing this heartless, beautiful young creature’s neck when Michael walked in. His
Jerry came in, cool, hard composed to the plucked eyebrow.

"I'm not divorcing Michael, if that's what you're hoping for," she announced. "He's my husband, and he stays my husband.

"That's nice of you, Anne."

She bore the ceremony better for the swift flash of tenderness in Michael's eyes as he said that. Sitting the same evening with Stanley Ashton over a stein of beer and sandwiches, she was joyfully declaiming the fact that, for the first time for years, she felt free and a decade younger, when the lie became too transparent. "Next man I choose will be a man I can lean on," she broke out with a sob. "Not one I have to carry round in my arms. Why, Stan, I carried Michael in my arms like a baby, and now— they're empty."

Empty, despite Stanley's friendship and Jim's frequent visits, life remained for two years. From Jim, Anne learned of the changed atmosphere of Michael's home. Not only furniture and her husband's wardrobe, but Jerry was proceeding with more serious overhauls.

"Clever little cat!" Jim exploded. The other night, when Michael was operating on a pal for acute appendicitis, she offered to take him on at a place—a thing she never does. Then I discovered that she wanted to know whether I was thinking of taking up gold-mining in Utah. Gee, I was glad I'd put cigar-ash in her darned silver cups! No sporting kid would want to turn out her father-in-law that way. Oh, I'm clearing out, mind you. I shall go to Michael's hunting-box for a bit. It's Michael who worries me. Would you believe it? When he got home, having lost his pal under the anesthetic that day—that—female wouldn't sit up to talk to him, or get him something to eat. I guess the world's kinda wrong, Anne."

Confidences like these prevented Anne from yielding to Stanley's almost hourly prophecies. She was, in fact, about to negative one when the telephone rang.

"Stan. It's Jim. He's been hurt, out fishing. Dr. Wilcox says he's been asking for me. Will you phone up a taxi?" Anne imploded, putting down the receiver. So intensely had her thought been concentrated on Jim that, when she stepped on the night train and saw Michael follow, a porter into the next compartment, Anne was hardly surprised.

"How bad is it? Did Wilcox tell you more than he told me?" she breathed. "No lies, Michael."

"No lies. There's very little hope. Nothing I can do, I'm afraid."

"Where's Jerry?"

"She couldn't come. Would you mind if I came and talked for the third little? I'll go batty by myself. I couldn't sleep."

Sweet to Anne, though the talk with the porter on the train, it was overshadowed by the sadness of sitting by Jim's death-bed and hearing the news of two kids to buck up and be happy.

Christmas that year caught Anne, never very punctual, unprepared. She was, in fact, dressing the tree, which was all a lone woman could allow herself, and thinking sadly of Jim, when Michael appeared. Beyond his somewhat frail excuse of wishing her a happy Christmas, the reason for his coming was not very clear. Nevertheless, he began by offering flowers and ended by playing duets on the piano. She had accompanied their rag-time singing in the old days. They were letting themselves go when Susan Greene demanded to be let in.

"Heaven, Susan! Of course, you're coming to dinner, and I haven't even dressed!" Anne cried.

"Aren't you staying to dinner, Michael?" Susan said pointedly.

"Of course not. He's got his own home to go to," Anne countered.

Result of Susan's archness and capacity for news-retailing became apparent at the New Year. Yielding to Michael's repeated invitations, Anne joined him at Joe's, where she could enjoy, as she said, her annual allowance of spaghetti.

"Listen, Anne. We've got to talk seriously. I love you," Michael said.

"Michael, if you knew what heaven it is to hear you say that."

"And to hear you say it. Oh, Anne, when I think what a fool I was, wanting time with a girl for whom I never cared, who was just determined to have me! And now—well—won't divorce me."

"You've asked her?"

"Of course. Directly Susan saw us, the moment we announced, Jerry would have the news in half an hour. But it's no use. I want us to be together, to have our home, our friends, our fun. I won't hang you any other way."

"Drink to the New Year! Forget everything! Except we can be happy together, other," she said, raising her glass.

Anne was obliged to admit that Michael's was a tried friendship this year. From a talker he took to being a listener. "Jerry's in town," Anne explained when Stanley asked her a question or two of the evening for news. "And poor Michael's at the lodge in the Adirondacks, trying to work things out. Now, don't say, You're not going to let that woman get the better of you, because I don't mean to; only it's a bit difficult to make a leech for the sake of the wifely position. Ah! Here's Susan!"

"My dear, I just stepped in to tell you that."

Susan had barely completed the usual formula, when Anne had a brainwave. "Perhaps I'd better not talk," Susan pursued, with a slight malicious glance for Stanley Ashton.

"Mr. Ashton's leaving," Anne said hurriedly and glanced at the door, where he remained protesting. "What about lunch?"

"We'll be perfectly delighted on Sunday. You want your hat and coat. Here Stan, dear, I'll be a brick and call me up on the telephone as fast as you can. Don't argue. Hurry."

"Michael's up at the lodge," Susan said slowly, and then told me, but I think they must be playing for a divorce. "Really!" Anne was asked, and she turned her face. She would not show that it hurt, but she showed that it was no laughing matter. When it did, she blessed Stanley and spoke loudly enough for Susan to hear: "Oh, hello, Michael! I can't see the lodge, darling, just now, I can make it easily. I'll pack them at once. Meet me at the junction."

"Am beginning to eat that slight, lady," came Stanley's voice.

Sorry, Susan," Anne lied incoherently. "I have to see an old school friend who's ill. Help me pack." But, acting to schedule, Susan reported an instant appointment at the hairdresser. And off, doubtless on her way to supply Jerry with the latest news.

Confidently, Anne walked into the lodge living-room and tiptoeed over to Michael, asleep in a chair.

"Anne! What are you doing here?"

"Only compromising you."

"Then you're not going to. I'll get a car."

"I call that downright impolite. You haven't even said you're glad to see me."

"You know I'm glad to see you, but I can't have your name dragged in the gutter. Is Jerry likely to know about this?"

"You bet Jerry knows!"

She managed to keep him talking, listening for every footstep outside, until the longing-for one was going through her, that it was cool, hard, composed to the plucked eyebrow. "I'm not divorcing Michael, if that's what you're hoping for," she said. "I like his hairdresser."

"Listen, Anne. We've got to talk seriously. I love you," Michael said.

"Michael, if you knew what heaven it is to hear you say that.

"And to hear you say it. Oh, Anne, when I think what a fool I was, wanting time with a girl for whom I never cared, who was just determined to have me! And now—well—won't divorce me."

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WHEN young Mary Cantillon, aided and abetted by her blind mother whose social aspirations were unlimited, returned to Kansas with a titled husband, she and Danny Falstaff were delighted. Or rather, all the family except its head, for old Lafe Cantillon was a social fal-laf, lived outside the city on his ranch, and was firmly convinced that any young man who went through college was to him a curiosity. As it happened, Ferdinand was a young man who much preferred the wide-open spaces of the plain to the wide-open spaces displayed by social registrates in ball gowns. His one ambition was to become an honest, straightforward American citizen with a little ranch of his own and a chance to cultivate rough soil in preference to polished acquaintance.

Distressed to find that Mary's head had been so turned through her contact with society, Cantillon, who could think of nothing but social extravagance, Ferdinand turned for solace to his grandfather, Lafe Cantillon. That rugged and ragged old gentleman having by now discovered that even the average Mittel-Europa can be sincere and genuine in his ideals, not only offered him the hand of friendship, but also lent him a pointing out that Ferdinand was more than usually a dull dress, formal party in honour of Mary and her husband and art."}

Fred Stone as old Lafe Cantillon, who walks away with the chief acting honours and gives a performance that never falls into those pitfalls of exaggeration that beset the paths of those who play parts of this type.

The RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

Crime is so often handled from the mystery angle nowadays that it is something of a relief to find a picture in which you do not have to wait till five minutes before the end to discover which of the three most improbable characters is the villain of the piece. There is no mystery of that sort in this picture, which relies successfully on taking the audience behind the scenes of a transatlantic jewel robbery and then showing the struggle of the friends of the owner to regain possession of the stolen diamond.

Sophie Lang, an attractive young woman, who in former days was a notorious jewel thief, buries the dead past, and a coffin which is supposed to contain her dead body, and gets a post as companion to the wealthy Mrs. Araminta Sedly, delightfully played by Elizabeth Patterson. When the two are on their way to America, Mrs. Sedley loses a very valuable diamond, which is stolen by the turn of events, that Max Bernard, whose manners are as polished as the stone he purloins. Sophie confesses her past to her employer, is freely forgiven and, assisted by a young reporter who is in the employ of young Lang's eye, she sets about trying to recover the jewel and at the same time avoid the police, to whom Bernard, whose manners are as polished as the stone he purloins, and one of these tiny human beings and a sort of Marcel wave of terror is let loose on Paris.

Having effected his revenge and seen his daughter, who does not know how to begin the day she retires into well-earned seclusion.

Lionel Barrymore, in his feminine disguise resembles nothing so much as a coachman between the Witch of Endor and the Widow Twankey, and none but the most credulous could believe for a moment that the legend applied on horror's head. Frank Lauton and Maureen O'Sullivan make pleasant young lovers, and the trick photography is remarkably clever.

"ALL MY CARE WAS BEING WASTED."

"My little girl needed another three stoppings! 'Care in brushing is not sufficient' the dentist told me. "You must be careful about the tooth paste she uses, too!" He explained that the enamel on children's teeth was very delicate and that my little girl's enamel was being worn away. He advised Odol because it never scratches — just cleans smoothly. "There are no abrasives in Odol," he said, "that could harm anyone's teeth.""

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (4/100,000th) — no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide...and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too — they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean — and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

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Tubes 6d. & 1/-

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Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbox on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch" the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbox Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbox Ltd., ODOL, Sunny Snaps (Dept. PG93), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 9th, 1936.

- Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, t up, or two 6d. size cartons. These entries may be sent with a 9d. piece carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbox Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

Actual photograph showing figure (tubes and fat from which "Sunny Snap" quickly converges."

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The "Sylmastik" Corset Belt is supplied to your individual measurements, and worn like any ordinary corset, giving natural balanced support to your figure, keeping your body cool and fresh with perfect liberty of action. The inner surface is lined with a cozy material to prevent rubber touching the skin. IT MAKES YOU LOOK THIN WHILE GETTING THIS.

- Styles for every Figure Type requirement, in Size or Front Fastening and Step-in models.

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Send for my 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

To NURSE SINGULAR, 4, Vernon Place, London, W.C.I.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the "Sylmastik" Corset, Buckle, and Awards, and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. I enclose 1d. stamps for postage. My home address is:

Name

Address

Robert Montgomery sends a message to every woman...

"YOU WANT TO BE ATTRACTIVE?...A PERFECT SKIN IS A PERFECT BEGINNING"

Icilma VANISHING CREAM keeps your skin healthy and lovely

The first time you buy Icilma you will see that all face creams are not alike. You can feel the extra softness and smoothness of Icilma, which is better for your skin. It is a non-greasy cream, too, so that it doesn't sink deeply into the pores but stays near the surface, gently smoothing the skin instead of coarsening it. And this foam-like light Icilma holds powder so evenly and imperceptibly that wind and weather can't spoil the petal-dull texture of your skin. In jars 1/3, 9d., tubes 6d.

Icilma Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream and Flesh-toned Cream, and two samples of Icilma Face Powder — try them all without buying them. Just send your name and address with 9d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. S191), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1, and this complete sample beauty outfit will be sent to you. Your envelope should be sealed and bear a 9d. stamp. (This offer does not apply in I.F.S.)

Send for my 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**RHODES OF AFRICA**

**BIG BROWN EYES**

**THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO**

**A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**

**LIMELIGHT**

**THE LADY CONSENTS**

**DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE**

**WEDNESDAY'S LUCK**

**THE BIG NOISE FOR THE SERVICE**

**ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**

*What the asterisks mean—

** An outstanding feature.

* Very good. Good. 

** An educational entertainment. Also suitable for children.*

WALTER PIDGEON..........Richard Moyer
LLOYD NOLAN..........Russ Cottig
ALAN DAVIE..........Butch Bimbo
MARGORIE GATSON........Mrs. Cole
ISABEL JEWELL........Bessie Blair
DOUGLAS FOWLEY........Benay Battle
ALAN MILLER..........Ben Carruba
JOSPEH SAWYER........Jack Sully
* Directed by Raoul Walsh. Pre-viewed May 11, 1936.

Thanks to *The Thin Man*, detective heroes have set out to trap by gang of jewel thieves, whose head is a seemingly respectable insurance agent. He is helped in this task by his fiancée, Eve Fallon, a brilliant and charming girl, whose only fault is an undying propensity for quarrelling with the man of her heart. After one unusually heavy quarrel, Eve, who is a manicurist, throws up her job and runs a post on a newspaper, where, by sheer bluff, she is instrumental in bringing about the arrest of one of the thieves. By Russ Cottig, the gangster in question, has killed a child in a gun fight and stands his trial. However, the gang is so adept at wire-tapping that the trial is nothing but a farce and Cottig is acquitted.

Dolores del Rio and Warren William in *The Widow from Monte Carlo.*

WALTER KING............Lasspari
SEEDROPO ROMMAN.........Gottfeld
MARGARET DURANTE........Mrs. Chippol
d. EDWARD KEANE............Captain
ROBERT EMETT O'CONNOR.......Henderson
Directed by Sam Wood. Pre-viewed March 14, 1936.

The Marx Brothers are a law unto themselves. None knows better than they how to extract humour from the ludicrous, and it is the very inanity of their scenes that creates laughter. To try to confine them within the limits of the ordinary film plot is a task that is as thankless as it is unnecessary; yet this is exactly what the powers-that-be have tried to do with them in this picture, and, as may be expected, the result is not entirely satisfactory.

A conventional love story cuts across the Marxian foolery in a way that tends to apply a brake to their efforts, and a large number of operatic excerpts that intrude from time to time do nothing to improve the situation. Fortunately, the real Marxian style, rather than conventional slapstick, is their métier, and they should never be allowed to struggle with story textbook.

The story deals with the efforts of a plausible gentleman, Otto B. Driftwood, to extract easy money out of a wealthy and credulous widow who, for social reasons, wishes to become a patron of grand opera. Otto, who has laudable desires on the part of the machinations of Gottfeld, who is trying to force a new tenor, Lasspari, on an unsuspecting public; but the resourceful Otto turns his attentions to Rosa, a young prima donna who is in love with Ricardo, a small-part singer, but big-time lover, and finally succeeds in thwarting Lasspari and his backer and gaining recognition for Rosa and her operatic ambitions.

Otis B. Driftwood, being played by Graucho, proves to be a gentleman who has such weird ideas of financial business probity that he would undoubtedly end up in either Park Lane or Fleet Street, or, despite the fact that he occasionally breaks out in flights of the wildest nonsense, Otto finds that he has hit on a trick which we associate with Graucho's parts. Even one really good stump speech is difficult to show up, as Otto, being a man who does not seem to suffer from having to play in a picture which actually has a coherent plot. Both have their moments and interest in them, but these moments are all too few and far between.

* Lasspari and Allan Jones, as the young lovers, are quite sound, and Margaret Dumont as Mrs. Claypool, as is an excellent foil for the irresistible Graucho.

Lasspari and Allan Jones in *The Marriage of Figaro.*

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rival, one Rich, Collins, and, with the simple faith of so many otherwise astute men who venture into fresh financial fields, he puts the proceeds into a finance business which he later discovers is run by crooks. Finding that he is left to deal unaided with suspicious officials and an irate public, he decides that it doesn’t pay to be honest and, returning to his crooked life, firearms to the proverbial green bay tree. Indeed, so much does he prosper that his rival, Collins, who is a staunch supporter of the fine old American custom of bumping off underworld rivals, arranges for his speedy removal. Ann manages to save her husband, who is sufficiently grateful to her and alarmed by Collins to forswear the joys of gambling for good and all, and once more becomes a good citizen. There is nothing original about the story, but it is slickly photographed and, even if Bruce Cabot fails to carry full conviction as Jerry, the acting of Ann Soothern, as his wife, and of Irving Pichel, as his rival, is sufficiently good to make this a picture which, though by no means epoch-making, is quite entertaining.

The latter is soon involved in adventures of the most thrilling sort, but finally wins the girl and proves to all concerned that even a gangster may sometimes not be all he seems. The story is spoyled by too much dialogue, especially from Sheila, the niece, and the first half hangs fire for an extent from which it never really recovers. Patrick Barr gives a very promising performance as Carfax, and Wilson Coleman is equally sound as Stephens. Susan Bligh, as Sheila, fails to be at all convincing, but often succeeds in being irritating and, as we see a very, very, great deal of Miss Sheila, this is not as it should be.

The BIG NOISE

JEFFREY LEWIS... Фrэнк Бонд, Фrэнк Дрэдфур, Филипс Мэтью, Чарлз Мерфи, Роберт Сельден, Боб Динкер, Уильям Покер

Finny is employed by the Capri-Corn Company in an honourable but lowly capacity, his job being to drive round the streets of a cart drawn by a goat that is the mascot of the company. Suddenly, things are becoming serious for Finny, when the company’s secretary, Mary Miller, who is as brainy as she is beautiful, not only gets him out of all his business troubles, but also exposes the dishonest directors in this laudable achievement she is assisted by none other than his goat, which bursts into the meeting at an opportune moment. Alastair Sim, as Finny, is amusing at times, but he tends to strike too farcical a note, and often exaggerates the character beyond the bounds of possibility. No. Howard, as the secretary, is good, and those two seasoned actors, Fred Dupree and A. Denier Warren, provide amusing character studies as the directors of the company.

FOR THE SERVICE

Buck Jones, Buck O’Bryant

SAGE HAMMOND... Фрэнк Дрэдфур, Филипс Мэтью, Чарлз Мерфи, Роберт Сельден, Уильям Покер, Мэй Ботт, Боб Динкер, Уильям Покер

As a military story, in which scouts of the US Army are sent on a mission to reconnoitre the enemy lines. It is a story of courage and sacrifice, and the brave and valiant spirit of the American soldier.

THE LADY CONSULTS

}
**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**The Great Kinema Clash**

*Bouquets and Brickbats for Local Theatres*

**It** seems to be high time that some sort of effort was made by the kinema managers of the suburbs and provinces to ensure that the film showing at one kinema does not clash with that shown at another.

The town in which I live boasts sixteen kinemas and there seems to be nothing to prevent several of them showing not only precisely the same type of film but actually the same film at the same time.

For instance, one week recently at three of the smaller houses we had Jack Buchanan in *Come Out of the Pantry*, at another of the smaller ones, Evelyn Laye in *Evensong*, and at another the Rogers-Astaire film *Follow the Fleet*.

Then at one of the more prominent houses we had Jan Kiepura in *Give Us This Night*, and at yet another Anna Neagle in *Limelight*. For any person who does not happen to like singing in films (and there are hundreds of these) there was only one film to be seen, and that was *Modern Times*.

Consequently, while the other kinemas were barely half full there was standing room only at the kinema where that film was showing throughout the week.

Surely something could be done about this. It would be of benefit not only to the public but to the kinema proprietor also.—(Miss) Marjorie Jones, 21, Cliff Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

**Bullying the Queue**

T

I was a wet Saturday and we were waiting patiently in the kinema queue. The manager appeared, leftily surveyed the crowd and whispered instructions to his burly commissioneer who advanced upon us like a sergeant-major.

"Come along, there," he bellowed, "keep close together!" A push in the back caused me to murmur my resentment whereupon the commissioneer shouted, "You won't get in in any quicker by making a fuss."

A few days later the sun was shining and we were idling through the town. We stopped at the same small to study the posters. The burly commissioneer advanced and we recollected. "Seats in all parts of the house," he said pleasantly, "best programme in town, sir." He became effusive but we edged away, still smarting under the rough treatment of the previous Saturday.

Other managers might have allowed ourselves to be persuaded to enter.—R. D. White, 9 Kimberly Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol, who is awarded the first prize of £1 is.

**Grotesque**

T

HE holiday over, and finance at a consequent low ebb, I dived into the sixpenny section of a local super-kinema. It was enlightening.

It was not even offered the choice of the vast six rows of seats, but was hurriedly shown into a corner almost underneath the screen. From this angle I gazed on grotesquely shaped figures who towered above me.

Every player seemed about nine feet tall and as thin as a match-stick. The first sound of a star's voice just shook my seat with its vibration and left me with a dull throbbing in both ears.

I thought of the many people who never visit a kinema...the people who are yet to be made into ardent filmgoers like myself. I wonder if we shall try the cheap seats first when they are drawn to the kinema? If so, filmdom is doing very little to attract these hesitating newcomers. A statistician recently said that they numbered millions...I don't wonder at it.—L. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portishead, Southamptón, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Bad Manners**

R

ecently the bad manners of many members of the local kinema audience quite marred our enjoyment of that very fine film *The Informer*.

The last poignant, never-to-be-forgotten scene, when the remorseful and fatally wounded Gypo Nolan seeks sanctuary and forgiveness in a church, was accompanied by seats banging like machine-guns as a great many people got up noisily, milled about, and left. Costs, makkinsones and other impediments, then scuffled wildly for the exits.

What did they gain? A couple of minutes possibly, but their thoughtless behaviour spoils the end of the film for other people. This is not an isolated case, the same thing happens in countless cinemas, especially where there is no continuous performance.

Perhaps managers could tactfully interweave by displaying notice such as: "If you have to leave before the end of a film, please do so quietly..." —(Miss) Violet Roy, "Coombes," Hightown Road, Walthamstow.

**A Wise Manager**

W

Hilst booking seats at a local cinema recently, I noticed on a table a current issue of *Picturegoer*.

Being a local who was the *Picturegoer* fan; I thought probably the office boy. Imagine my surprise on being told, that it was the manager's property. Further revelations came to light:—Lionel Collier's Previews were bodily taken out and passed on an index card, as a help to booking coming attractions.

The management informed me that in their opinion, they had found newspaper criticisms of films very misleading. Pictures that critics had torn to pieces, had been box-office attractions, and vice versa.

However, Lionel Collier's columns are much appreciated and followed, many pictures being booked because of his stars.—N. Robertson, 5 Duke Street, Bishop Auckland, County Durham.

**Lucky Matinée Patrons**

A

s I am intimate with nine local kinemas, I will write of them only.

In these, the opening time for the matinée is conveniently placed after lunch. Three of these kinemas even supply good, cheap lunches, in an adjoining room, to allow sufficient time for the diners, in particular, to arrive at the first performance.

The queue is always small enough to be accommodated in the lounge or under cover, until the tickets are issued. Then you enter a clean theatre, containing fresh air; and no cigarette ends, ash or litter.

Choosing a good seat, while the electric lights are shining, is a simple matter among a small audience. The end of the first complete pro-

(Continued on page 30)
With the Big Yachts*

daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, inherits her mother's gay Irish temperament and love of the good things of life. CALIFORNIAN POPPY, however, was one of her own discoveries. Her proudest, too. "A bewitching perfume" is her own description.

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE in her most winning mood! That mischievous smile shown under squirrel cap, sou-wester, old-time bonnet, or just topped by her curly head. What a gorgeous addition to your collection of stars. In all, there are 17 vivacious, life-like pictures of the world's favourite child star—13 from Captain January and 4 as she appears in The Littlest Rebel. You simply must have some, or all, of them. No collection can be complete without such lovely cards. All real photos, sepia glossy style price 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to all.

Constant additions are made to the complete list of nearly 2,000 cards; and here are the latest of all. Be sure to order some NOW—everyone is rushing for them.

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Kathleen De Mille
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Walter Abel and Margot Graham
Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney
William Powell and Rosalind Russell
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

5/- ALBUM FREE

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Leo Carillo

He comes from a family that has been for long associated with Los Angeles, where he was born, for his great grandfather was married and settled down there, and his great grandfather was the first provision governor in the State of California. Leo's original intention was to become an engineer and for several years he was engaged on constructive work on a railroad, later being given a post in the art department of a Los Angeles daily on the strength of sketched he had done Beauty Outfit. He earned a reputation among his fellow-workers as a clever mimic, and so successful were his performances that a dramatic critic managed to secure him a theatrical engagement.

Standing 5 ft, 10 in. tall, he has blue eyes and brown hair, and is an expert swimmer. He is married and has one adorable daughter. His advent into talking pictures dates back to the very beginning of their development, and he was one of the first four stars to be heard on the screen.


Tullio Carminati

Born in Zara, Dalmatia, he is in private life the Count Tullio Carminati di Bramilla. He stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and has blue eyes and black hair. Running away from home at the age of 15, he joined the great Italian maestro, Ermete Novelli, and made such progress in his art that by the time he was 19 he was Italy's youngest leading man, and when only 22 was playing lead opposite the great Eleonora Duse. He made his first motion picture when he acted as leading man to Princess Matchabelli, but returned to the stage in 1920 and formed his own company.

In 1925 Joe Schenck took him to Hollywood to star in The Bali, and during the two following years, before he had learnt to speak English, he played opposite Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli and other stars of the day.

When the talks arrived, he returned to the stage but came back to the films in 1932 to play in Moulm Rouge with Constance Bennett. His silent pictures included The Princess of Buffalo, Stage Madness, Honeymoon Hate, and Three Sinners. His talkies include Gallant Lady, One Night of Love, Let's Live To-night, Paris in Spring, The Wedding March and The Three Marins.

Jane Carr

Half Swedish by birth, Jane Carr's real name is Rita Brunstrom. She has blue eyes, fair hair and before taking up the films was well known on the radio. She is a keen sports woman: she plays tennis and lacrosse as well as being a clever lawn tennis player.


Madeleine Carroll

Born in West Bromwich on February 26, 1906, she has ash-blond hair, blue eyes, and was married to Captain Ashley in 1931. A Bachelor of Arts of Birmingham University, she was for a time a schoolteacher at Hove and later turned her attention to a theatrical career.


What Do You Think? Cont.

A gramme comes at a suitable time for tea. Being a pensioner, the lower prices are, perhaps, the great draw; although cleanliness, pure air, little smoking and no rowdism make a very close second.

Leaves !

The other day when I went to the pictures, I had a great deal of difficulty in getting to my seat because of the pitch-blackness.

There was a girl with a torch who showed me to my seat, but after just flashing the torch along my row, she went away and left me to get on as best I could.

Wouldn't it be a better idea to have a small shielded light attached to the end seat of each row so that people could see where they are walking?

I have been to a few cinemas which have these lights, but then they are only attached to the dear seats.

If they were attached to seats of all prices, then surely the problem of finding one's way in the dark would be solved (?)—Miss E.E. Allstar, 112 Bramfield Road, Battersea, S.W.11

Rotten in Denmark !

Two years ago I visited the most pretentious cinema of Aarhus in Denmark; the cinema was the size of the average English picture-house. Out-door garments might be left in charge of an attendant—a convenience regrettably scarce in England.

But the seats! The wooden benches in the park are luxurious in comparison, for one at least has a cushion to prop one's feet up on. My knees rested on the neck of the person in front!

The film was Congress Dances in German translated into Danish underneath; but the picture cracked, cracked record played with a rusty needle.

Last year my Danish friend was in raptures over our small-town cinemas. She was afraid of floating to the balcony whenever she sat in their luxurious seats. And she had never seen a cinema organ—Denmark does not boast a single one.

So, dissatisfied picture-goers, just count your blessings: it might be worse—it is, in Denmark! —John J. Dick, "The Haven," Rosemary Street, Mansfield, Notts.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Remember: every letter published will be paid for. £1.1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters, each for every other letter published each week.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 200 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Hammersworth Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
Recipe for
GLAMOROUS NAILS

Make it a practice to tint your nails with the new and improved Cutex Liquid Polish. This new polish is easier to apply than ever before. It resists evaporation and won't thicken in the bottle! In a choice of fifteen smart shades. It's important, too, to use only Cutex Oily Polish Remover because unlike imitations, it removes polish without drying the nails or interfering with the wear of the polish.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES—Mail the coupon with 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH

If your nose is ill-shaped, it can be easily corrected with TRADOS NOSE SHAPER, Model 25 Patented in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation. Model 25 is the only Nose Adjuster guaranteed to give you a Perfect Looking Nose. Highly recommended by physicians for mis-shapen and fractured noses.

SEND COUPON FOR 30-DAY FREE TRIAL
For 6d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.), send 30-day trial tube of Tattoo Cream Mascara, with brush.
Mark colour desired: BLACK | BROWN | BLUE

FREE BEAUTY MOTION PICTURES

Follow the beauty regime of the stars by the slow motion "Flicker" pictures offered in exchange for three wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and enclose your name and address. Mark envelope "Flickers."
His sister told her the way to win him

I LOVE TO SEE YOUR BROTHER TONY BATTING

DONT THINK THAT'S THE ONLY TIME YOU LOVE TO SEE HIM, MOLLY

SHE'S JOLLY NICE BUT SIS CAN'T SHE DO ANYTHING ABOUT HER COMPLEXION?

MOLLY MAY I TELL YOU SOMETHING CONFIDENTIAL? KNIGHTS CASTLE IS MARVELLOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TONES IT UP—PREVENTS TRED SKIN.

A FEW WEEKS LATER

THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON

CHEER SIS, MOLLY AND I AM GOING TO THE CLUB DANCE TONIGHT

GOOD-BYE THINKS—I BELIEVE KNIGHTS CASTLE IS WORKING ALREADY

TONY WHAT A THRILLING INNINGS

FORTHCOMING PER TABLET

PHOTOGRAPHED.—Photograph of Joan Crawford obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, 85 Long mews, London, W.2. For id. each 2d. a dozen.


SHEILA (Darlington).—Addresses—Novia Filkins, British, Norma Shearer, Jean Parker, Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Robert Mitchum and Bing Crosby c/o Paramount Studios.

NEW READER (Doncaster).—Greta Garbo, b. Stockholm, Sweden, Dec. 18, 1905, 5 ft. 6 in., 125 lb., blond hair and blue eyes, to talk with Robert Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

POSTCARD COLLECTOR (Scotland).—(1) First Fairy in A Midsummer Night's Dream was Nini Thelade who was co-director of film with Bronislawa Nijinska. (2) Robert Taylor's latest films: The Gorgeous Hussy, His Brother's Wife and Cop. I am sorry we have no details of a Fan Club for this star. (3) Elizabeth Arden, Bland in The Three Dance. No details of a Fan Club. (4) No plans, as yet, for Miss Powell and Mr. Taylor to be teamed together again. (5) The film company itself, decides when a film shall have its premiere and when shall be released.

R. E. S. (Ems).—(1) Release dates: Rose Marie—Nov. 2, 1936; Tale of Two Cities—Nov. 30, 1935; Professional Soldier—Aug. 17, 1936; Prisoner of Shark Island—Aug. 3, 1936; Petticoat Fever—Sept. 28, 1936; Mississippi—Sept. 21, 1936; Kongoeng Tours—Aug. 24, 1936; Desire—Apr. 3, 1936; Three Men in a Boat—Oct. 16, 1936; Shanghai Jun. 25, 1936; San Francisco and The Three Marines, not fixed. (2) The film scheduled for Conrad Veidt and Miriam Hopkins hasn't yet gone into production. (3) A. H. (Thornton Heath).—The Desert Song was based on the story by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, LawrenceSchwab and Frank Mandel. This film was made by Warner and was released Nov. 4, 1929.


D. C. (Wiltz).—Photograph of Joan Crawford obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, 85 Long mews, London, W.2., for id. each 2d. a dozen.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be 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.

FUN CLUB NOTICES

The Leslie Banks Fan Club are holding a Grand opening dance at the Jacques School of Dancing, Imbed House, New Oxford St., W., from 7:30 to 11:30 on Sept. 3rd. Admission is 1s. 6d., including refreshments and non members are welcomed. Write to John W. Dickens, No. 8 Ethorne Mansions, Ethorne Road, Holloway, N.19, for tickets and full particulars of the club.

The Stage, Screen and Radio Club has been re-organized to enable people all over the world to form and keep up personal friendships with others of similar tastes. For full particulars write to Miss Mie Mabel, 20 Metropolitan Correspondence Club, 29 Gascoigne Road, N.W.3., including a stamped addressed envelope.

A Notice to all Dutch Film Fans. Any one who would like to join a Jean Harlow or any other star fan club should write to W. Broodoom, Schepenstraat, 41L, Amsterdam, Holland, for full particulars.

A party is being arranged to hear Richard Tauber sing on the 17th September, at Covent Garden Opera House by the Tauber-Napier Fan Club. All those readers interested in this and in the club write to the secretary, S. Goldberg, 4 Graffton Place, Eaton Square, London, W.2. for full particulars. This club is run with the permission and co-operation of the stars and a magazine is published quarterly.

No. 276 (New Series) Vol. 6 September 2, 1936

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Starts, 1s. 6d. per annum.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Garden Opera House by the Tauber-Napier Fan Club. All those readers interested in this and in the club write to the Secretary, S. Goldberg, 4 Graffton Place, Eaton Square, London, W.2. for full particulars. This club is run with the permission and co-operation of the stars and a magazine is published quarterly.

No. 276 (New Series) Vol. 6 September 2, 1936

Edit. Offices: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.


ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2s. 6d.
"EYE-LASHES THICKER AND LONGER... FRIENDS' AMAZED COMMENTS"

No mascara will give your eyelashes the natural beauty with which just a few lucky girls are endowed, but which every girl can achieve by using Lasstone for a short time. And once this miraculous tonic has transformed your eyelashes—made them long and dark and curling—it will keep them like that for good if you use it regularly. No cosmetic will be able to make them lovelier than they already are.

Start using Lasstone now. Day by day you will notice the improvement. In a few weeks you will wake to the realisation of new beauty, new sparkle, new youthfulness—lovely eyelashes.

Lasstone
THE SCIENTIFIC
LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timbrell, Whiteley, Taylor, Barroda, Selfridges, Whitworths and all High-class Chemists. Price 6d. per tube. 14 oz. of Lasstone, and 2½ oz. in LASSTONE PRODUCTS, Dept. 1, 72 EXHIBIT STREET, S.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

NEW discovery for the hair—more luxurious waving
—more brilliant lustre

Do, now, give your hair a chance. From to-day stop shampooing it—it use SHAMPETTE instead. It is far better for your hair than soap—cleanses more thoroughly; never leaves that dull, powdery look, but makes the lights and colours shine out, and leaves the hair really "helpful... ready for rich, soft waves.

Fourpence per packet

ZOO STARS!

The Zoo has its stars, but here's two of them—lion cubs. You can learn more about them in "The Zoo:—Budongo's great new Nature magazine—a wonderful new thrill for young and old. The big art photographs of the animals in their native haunts with elephants, gorillas, parrots, lion cubs, gorillas in the jungle. You'll find thrilling animal suspicion, exciting accounts of jungle adventure by famous explorers—all this and much more for only 3d. per week. Order yours now—on sale everywhere.

Her look of CONFIDENCE is a sure sign of that MATTEVER FEELING

Confidence—yes—knowing that one always looks ones best—that glorious feeling only poudre Mattever conveys. Mattever is blended in such a miraculous way that it stays on and on for hours. Composed of matt ingredients there can be no sign of shine. It gives that invisible make up and that look of confidence, known as MATTEVER FEELING.

Obtainable in 9 shades from all good chemists and hairdressers.

L.T. PIVER
PARIS

ORIGINATORS OF THE MATT-FINISH VOGUE

Write for FREE Samples to: PARSCELENT, LTD., Dukes Road, Western Avenue, London, W.3. Enclosing 1d. stamp.

Are your NAILS SHORT?

Flerl's RAPID NAIL GROWER

Grow them in fashion's length—quickly. When you have Flerl's Rapid Nail Grower you'll have lovely long nails. Works wonder for those accustomed to tripping. Try it. Just apply nightly. —That's all! Testimonials daily. Model's supply 5/6. Post free.

Flerl's NAIL EXPERTS

Dept. B.6, 111 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8
VISCONTESS MASSEEREE AND FERRAND

She has black hair but a fair skin. "I used to try many powders," she says. "But when I gave the new Pond's Powder a trial I discovered that I had never considered my skin before. I found Pond's Rachel 1 gave my skin a creamy smoothness."

**What shade of powder for you?**

Are you using the right shade of face powder? "Of course," you are thinking. "I've chosen it ever so carefully. It must be right." But what about the times when you notice how dull your complexion looks? Has it ever occurred to you then that your carefully selected face powder might be to blame?

You aren't the only woman whose good looks are being spoiled by the wrong powder. Everywhere you can see blondes with faded skin, brunettes with sallow complexes. No wonder! For, until recently, face powder shades were produced without a scientific knowledge of the skin tones.

But now, in developing their new powder shades, Pond's have made a special study of women's complexes. The span of over 200 girls was analysed under a colourscope to discover what hidden tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone.

Now these beauty tints are blended in Pond's Powder. You will be amazed at the fresh loveliness the new shades give to your complexion.

The way to find your powder shade is to try all five shades of Pond's Powder free. Natural makes blonde skin clear. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to fair skin. Rachel 2 adds a creamy tone. Peach warms dull skin. Dark Brunette gives a summy beauty. Pond's gossamer-fine powder clings smoothly.

**Choosing the Frames**

Frames should be tried on and ordered from all angles as a hat would. Just now there is a great demand for all kinds of branching frames. These are attractive and suitable for wear with afternoon, evening and summer dresses. They are not so happy in conjunction with tailor-made and, later on, winter coats. So that if you cannot afford to have two pairs with different coloured frames, it is best to strike a balance with a medium coloured amber. The brunette, however, should remember that dark frames are never becoming, always becoming, they suit a fair complexion.

**Answers to Correspondents**

Hopeful (Nottingham).—The cream you are using is probably too greasy for you. At nighttime use a liquefying cleaning cream instead. A mild complex milk will also help care for your skin. Leave with plenty of cold water and a soft rubber sponge to tone up pores and circulation. Use a liquid toner for your powder. If you let it dry, you may have a stamped addressed envelope I can send you. If you let it dry, you may have an idea what I think you are suffering from. Examine. Get your eyes tested to see if you need glasses. Bathe them daily with a clean cloth.

A. A. (Norbury).—To-day in England we have leading manufacturers producing perfumes of high-quality at prices that are within the reach of all, so that the old-fashioned dressing in no longer a privilege of the favoured few. The old established firm which sells

**Leaving it to ANNE**

If your complexion is not what you wish, why not drop me a line telling me your particular problem? I shall be delighted to help you. A stamped addressed envelope will bring it to me.

UNLESS you have a very high natural colour, rouge is an improvement to the girl with glasses. This also needs rather careful placing. The horn rims of the spectacles cast a slight shadow just beneath the cheekbones. Take care not to carry the rouge beyond this. Blend it out just below the rim of the glasses.

Lipstick helps to restore the balance of the features. Use as deep as a colour as your type will permit and apply it carefully. Thus you call attention to the mouth and your glasses cease to be the most obvious thing about your face.

Hats and hairdressing should have that much careful consideration. The color of the huts which the designer takes delight in introducing at the beginning of each season are out of the question. Very small hats and very large ones, those with high crowns and those with hardly any crowns at all berets and flat brimmed sailor hats are impossible. Cowl hats with a low crown and soft brim and somewhat uneven, and do not consider the front view only. The side view is of far more importance. Whereas as the glasses may seem part of your face when viewed from front, at the side they may be for be for stand out beyond the face.

There line of dresses and coats also takes on special importance. High necks and hard lines should be avoided; to beBehaviour you must aim at something feminine and soft. A fur collar always solves the problem on a coat and a scarf collar or a softly falling jacket on a dress.

In the same way your hairdressing should aim at soft, but not a fairy effect. Generally a little fullness at the top is needed to balance the outstanding frames of the glasses, but at the same time it must be simple. Never show the ears, arranging the hair loosely to cover them. Earrings should never be worn with glasses, or tight necklaces of chunky beads.

**Amazing Facts**

The colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a tone of bright blue, that lovely brunette contains brilliant green. With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend, in their new powder shades, the exact tints of lovely skin.

**FREE** Write your name and address in this margin, pin on a t.d. stamp and post in sealed envelope to Dept. 24, Pond's, Pero,and, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

**Talkie Title Tales**

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Kathleen Jamieson, Richmond House, Bath. Her entry was:

My Wife's Family
Next Time We Live
W. Duggan, 10a Dulourne Place, Broad Street, W. 4.

Things to Come
Fame
Tendrour
I Dream Too Much
Miss Gertrude Brown, 12 Mouldsworth Avenue, Maudlthorpe West, Withington, Manchester.

He Who Gets Slapped
Pere
Yes, Mr. Brown.
Slightly Scarlet

T. W. B., 17 Bower Street, Derby, for:—
Cleaning Up
Thanks a Million

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o Picturegoer Weekly, 61 Bow Street, W.C. 2.

There is no entry fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard and you may attempt on each card.

Guy BRACEY.
"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

She's forgotten how long ago she first began using Palmolive for her complexion—giving her skin the benefit of that rich Olive Oil lather. But she'll never forget the first time she used Palmolive in her bath—the delicious glow of freshness and health it gave her all over; and now she blesses it for its beautifying effect on her arms, shoulders and back.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment, and these skilfully blended with other beautifying elements are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

NO MORE CRACKED NAILS

If you are troubled with dry nails that are always cracking, you will be delighted to hear about a wonderful new nail preparation that stops brittleness. You simply apply this fragrant cream with a nail-brush at any time, and it gives you a combined manicure and nail beauty treatment as you brush your nails. It removes stains and enriches the nails with natural oils which keep them healthy and free from cracks and blemishes. This new cream is called NAILOID and it softens cuticles so that you can push them back to show bigger "half-moons" and longer, more shapely "frames" than ever before. Try it to-day. Ask your Chemist, Hairdresser or Store for NAILOID—the amazing new nail cream, price 16.

Euthymol Toothpaste

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

Euthymol Toothpaste

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Toothpaste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Dental decay germs cannot live with Euthymol—laboratory tests show that it kills all it touches in less than 30 seconds. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves—get a tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 44/101, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.
A real BEAUTY BATH

OXYGENATED WATER IS BEAUTY'S LATEST DISCOVERY FOR ALL-OVER LOVELINESS

Imagine it! Your bath a veritable beauty treatment, fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft, super-charged with beautifying oxygen—simply by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and stimulates your skin to radiant velvety health; it holds soap and dirt in solution so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new life and springlike daintiness!

REUDEL BATH CUBES

the OXYGEN bath cubes.

"Very comfortable and soothing" says Nancy O'Neil

"It always gives me a feeling of great satisfaction to sink into a bath scented and oxygenated by a Reudel Bath Cube. The delightful softness of the water is very comforting, and the soothing effect of this oxygen bath is a real blessing."

"Delightful beauty treatment" says Enid Stamp-Taylor

"Making films is such exacting work that it is always difficult to appear well-groomed and radiantly healthy, but Reudel Bath Cubes have solved the problem for me. These 'oxygen' cubes make my bath bath an invigorating tonic and a delightful beauty treatment, from which I always emerge feeling thoroughly refreshed and care-free, and with a delightful feeling of 'all-over loveliness'."

"Peps you up" says Elsie Randolf

"I think it is marvellous how a bath of ordinary hard tap water can be oxygenated and transformed into a luxurious beauty treatment by a 2d. Reudel Bath Cube. The oxygen in Reudel Cubes does really pep you up and make you feel lovely and fresh. Every woman of taste and discernment must surely use these delightful 'Reudel' Cubes."

"P.E.P.S. YOU UP" says Mrs. Gordon Gotch, Ltd.
"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY"

Presentation Voucher for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil and Penknife


I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve separate issues of "PICTUREGOER Weekly," purchased from the newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. Please send my Fountain Pen, Pencil, and Penknife in the style (Standard or De Luxe) specified below, to the address on my "With Care" Label. I have indicated type of sub I require, and enclose Postal Order as specified below, which includes postage, packing in carton, and insurance, etc. I am not qualifying for another Set under this scheme.

STANDARD SET — 1/10
DE LUXE SET — 2/9

You Must Cross Out Set Not Required.

IMPORTANT Please do this immediately.

Stylé of Pen
A nib can be fitted to the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like.

P.O. Number

Value

Date

Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross J & Co., and make payable to "PICTUREGOER Weekly." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 1/0 with fourpence in stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with threepence in stamps firmly affixed. Do not send loose stamps.

Your Signature

NAME
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

IN BLOCK

LETTERS

ADDRESS

Give your Newsagent's name and address below:

NEWSAGENT

ADDRESS

Before sending Voucher read simple directions on opposite page carefully.
SOMETHING NEW! Something really unique! This week "Picturegoer Weekly" invites every one of its readers to accept a grand Triple Presentation—A BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS—A COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL—AND A COMPANION PENKNIFE WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR-POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL—all to match—all British made—a Gift Set well worth 10s. 6d. You've always wanted a Set like this. Here's your opportunity. Reserve your Set at once on the Form below. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. In order to make it easier than ever for you to qualify, "Picturegoer Weekly" places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page.

REMARKABLE The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—the Fountain Pen is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the cap, protecting the nib when not in use. The Pen is guaranteed for two years.

The Ever-pointed Pencil is of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-turnable propelling mechanism. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the Pen and the Pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design.

The companion Penknife, finished to match, is fitted with two special quality, mirror-polished, Sheffield steel blades.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE SET?

Realizing what a lifetime companion this Set will be "Picturegoer Weekly" has arranged for a limited supply to be produced in a De Luxe Set of workmanship and beauty. Not only is every feature of the Standard Set to be found in this De Luxe Set, but, in addition, the entire De Luxe Set is made more valuable, and more magnificent by the addition of TWO INLAID BANDS OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. But that isn't all! The Propelling Pencil, too, is embellished by an INLAID BAND OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD.

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Neighbour MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." If he holds an unsigned order from you, you MUST HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TODAY.

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" TRIPLE PRESENTATION RESERVATION FORM

Post Form Below at Once

Send no money with this Form. You may post this Form in an unsold envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You have a free gift to be yours.

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" 2d. Every Thursday.
ORDER FORM

To:
(Name of Newsagent)
Address

Please deliver or reserve "Picturegoer Weekly" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature
Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

READER'S NAME
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
Full Postal ADDRESS

NAME OF NEWSAGENT

ADDRESS

DATE

Last day for receipt of reservations from this announcement, Thursday, September 17th.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

DE LUXE SET X

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

STANDARD SET { You MUST cross out in ink Set NOT required.}

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. Please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The Newsagent whose name and address are above for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular weekly supply of "Picturegoer Weekly," I certify I have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved.

LEAVE BLANK
Checked

District, Supervisor

September 12, 1936
JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke.
In taste and quality the equal of much
dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large;
big enough, however, to last the full 10
minutes—and so conveniently packed.
The “wardrobe” item, it should be noted, is for professional purposes, quite apart from the player’s own private clothes; the item for “publicity” (as distinct from “advertising”) covers a fairly wide field, including the entertainment of press-men, etc.; “advertising” means space actually bought in magazines and newspapers, including some of the little Hollywood “scandal sheets” which exist chiefly on blackmail. In Hollywood you don’t need to have done anything indiscreet for a damaging if covert attack to be made on you in

Blackmail

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All the Gossip

Shirley Ross’s success is based on good understanding in fact, a pair of them.

Incidental

They feel they must join every club to which anyone they know belongs; they must rent a house in Beverly Hills, and a beach-house as well; they must own a couple of expensive cars; they must entertain lavishly.

But they overlook certain little items which are incidental to their profession, and quite apart from personal expenditure.

Here is a list of such expenses for a forty-weeks year, based on the experience of a well-known Hollywood business manager (This functionary, receiving 5 per cent of the player’s salary, must not be confused with the agent, who gets 10 per cent—very often for merely introducing the client to a producer.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Agent</td>
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<td>Taxes</td>
<td>800</td>
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<tr>
<td>Business manager</td>
<td>400</td>
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<td>Wardrobe</td>
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<tr>
<td>Studio maid or valet</td>
<td>200</td>
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<tr>
<td>Make-up and wigs</td>
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<td>Publicity</td>
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<tr>
<td>Advertising</td>
<td>200</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>3,140</strong></td>
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Heart Must Beat

A another pregnant utterance of Charles—and just about as original—is that it doesn’t matter how bad films are technically, provided they have the right emotional content.

Well, that needs qualifying.

If he means “The photography and lighting and sound-reproduction are not the most important things,” some of us have been saying that for years.

Many of the Russian propaganda films, in particular, had villainous photography—yet there was no escaping their emotional appeal.

Certainly a fine film like Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, with its truly lovely camera-work, is considerably more effective than it would be if it leap and jumped and flickered and made harsh noises; but many a beautifully-photographed and recorded film has been null and void, simply because there was no human heart beating inside the handsome body.

Grading Them

But in his use of the word "technique" does Charles Laughton include scenario-writing and cutting?

(Continued on page 6)
PICTUREGOER Weekly

(Continued from page 5)

These two essential arts are frequently dismissed rather contemptuously as "trick-work," but upon them depends far more of the film's success or failure than people realize.

If I were asked to estimate the relative importance of all the elements that go to make a motion-picture, my list would be:

1. Story; (2) Script-writing and editing, equal; (3) Direction; (4) Production; (5) Dialogue; (6) Photography; (7) Sound-reproduction; (8) Writing.

This order assumes a director who will make the actors act as he wants them to, not as they have seen themselves act in the mirror or in previous pictures. "Production" includes not merely the setting, but also the organization that makes things go smoothly on the screen. Whether it be possible for the director to achieve his effects.

Double Honour

The star-system certainly justifies itself if it can produce such as Spencer Tracy, who has come unobtrusively but steadily into the front row by sheer force of good work. He has just established a new record in Hollywood by being voted twice in succession, by the Screen Actors' Guild, the actor putting up the best performance of the month.

First it was his unforgettable portrayal of a small-town boy turned into an avenger against the mob who had tried to burn him alive in *Pride of the Yankees*, and next his natural, down-to-earth parson in *San Francisco*.

There are few players of whom one can say that they have never contributed a poor performance to the screen; and of this honourable few Spencer Tracy is an outstanding example.

He will next be seen in *Life's a Bed of Roses*, with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and William Powell.

On the Cover

These last two, who adorn our cover this week, and who caused a sensation when they appeared together in *The Thin Man*, are husband and wife again in the spectacular back-stage musical *The Great Ziegfeld*.

Powell, of course, in the title-role, while Myrna Loy essays the role of Billie Burke, who subsequently married the great showman.

This must have been an ordeal for Myrna, since the real Billie Burke is still very much alive and acting.

And since those of us who remember Billie a score of years ago see very little resemblance between her and Loy, it must be a sheer job of acting on Myrna's part.

Make a Date!

There's an important premiere coming on next Monday, September 14, which I feel you ought to know about if you live within reach.

*It's Accused*, the Criterion film which is going into the programme at the London Pavilion.

*Accused*, you may remember, is the film in which Dylan Thomas jnr. plays opposite Dolores del Rio, with Florence Desmond as the menace. Thornton Freeland, who made *Breast of Millions* and *The Amateur Gentleman*, directed it, and I hear he's made a very good job of it.

But one reason I'm urging you to go to the premiere is in a good cause—the Institute of Journalists' Pension Fund.

Just imagine for a moment what a dull place the world would be without the trade-union pension funds and then go along and book your seat.

And I hope we shall all have a grand evening.

Russia Gets Going

Last week I mentioned some of the Soviet film activities; here's further news of them—and just in case you're inclined to sniff and exclaim "They can't do that," I point you to the fact that the cinema here has just been built at Ozerki, near Leningrad, to film such scenes as the capture by Russian troops of a Swedish fortress, the building of St. Petersburg, and the first flood in the city.

1,500 people will be in each of these scenes; the Swedish fortress covers an area of 25 acres and has a most hundreds of yards long.

Evidently the Soviet means business.

A Royal Stand-in

Talking about Russians, of course we're used to Russian ex-royalty and ex-aristocracy appearing in films. There's nothing new in that. But when a Russian princess takes a job as stand-in, that is news.

Princess Galina Kropotkina was six years old when her family escaped from the Bolshevik terror. They travelled through Turkey and Czechoslovakia before settling in France, where the young princess was educated, particularly in languages; and in her spare time she did a little film-work for the Albatros Film Co., in Paris, working her way up to "second leads."

Then her family migrated to Berkeley, California, where she attended the University of California. And being so near to Hollywood she has crept back into films, under the name of Galina Liss.

She is standing-in for Claire Trevor in *Star for a Night*, in the hope that it will lead her to becoming a star for a long time.

Parkykar

Following up my remarks last week on kinemas and the marvellous value they offer for our money, an aspect of this has just come to my notice which I confess I had previously missed.

Under the Ribbon Act, which regulates building on the by-pass roads, local authorities can—and do—inhibit new kinemas on such roads being provided with car parks.

This, of course, is admirable from the point of view of picturegoers, thousands more of whom every year own cars; it encourages family filmgoing, and also attracts patrons of the higher-priced seats—always the most difficult to fill.

So exhibitors probably feel that the additional £1,000 to £3,000, which the car-parks are estimated to cost, although a grievous burden at the time, will be justified by results.

But the danger is that municipalities will neglect to provide car-parks of their own where kinema-parks exist; this is unfair to the public and the kinema alike, and should be sternly discouraged.

First Blood

The censor-shooting season has opened with a bang.

First pot at the British Board of Film Censors has been taken by *Women's News*, a monthly publication with high-brow tendencies, but a disconcerting habit of spelling common-sense of a distinctively middlebrow order.

It has made a scathing attack on the constitution of the Board, pointing out that the ages of five of its members must total three hundred years, whereas the censorship of a young and vital art like the motion-pictures should be in the hands of the young.

Further, it is pointed out that this body, appointed by the Kinematograph Renters' Society and the Censors' Association, wields absolute powers and acknowledges no higher authority than its own.

From its judgments there is no appeal.

All Change!

The article goes on to point out ruthlessly that this is a members of the Board—an ex-ambassador, an ex-soldier, an ex-sportsman and dog-fancier and musical composer—are singularly lacking in academic distinction such as abound in other branches of the industry.

Which, in still plainer words, means that they don't seem to be particularly highly educated. Well, this is a long way towards explaining the remarkable judgments which the Board has delivered in the last year or two.

It would be unfair to expect people who have not been brought up in the tradition of the Army and the Foreign Office to have minds elastic enough to cope with an essentially changing thing like this great popular entertainment.

Don't let us be unfair. Let us simply not expect vision, nor progressiveness, nor even a sense of humour from the B.B.F.C. as at present constituted.

But let us pray fervently for a change in its personnel, and that soon.

A New Rudy?

It's an amazing business, this film industry. It gets more and more amazing as the years wear on.

For example, for some time it's been in the air—quite a nebulous thing, just talked about here and there, never coming to anything, but known by everyone "in the know"—that we were to have a new Valentino; or at any rate a return of the Valentino type.

Avenue, where over 2,000 feature films and shorts have been made since William Fox took over the property from Thomas Dixon in 1917. This last is to be scrapped, and all Twentieth Century-Fox production will be concentrated at Movietone City in Fox Hills.

Consequently the latter has to be enlarged, and for this purpose the company has purchased, for the considerable sum of £10,000, the famous Westwood golf course of 46 acres, adjoining the studio.

If you alight from a bus at Elstree village you will have to walk a mile or more before seeing a film-studio. Will the same soon be true of Hollywood?

**Sing, Bing, in Sing-Sing**

Sing-Sing, as everyone knows, is a grim prison in New York. Some readers, to whom Bing Crosby is just a croon in the neck, will probably be delighted to hear that their pet bugbear is to be incarcerated in the famous gaol.

However, it's only for a film—Columbia's *Pennies from Heaven*. A condemned convict, preparing for his execution, entrusts Crosby with an important mission that launches the story into action.

This suggests that Mr. Crosby is released; cynics will declare that it is on account of his singing "Saint Louis Blues" in his cell.

I remember seeing — and hearing—Al Jolson as a singing convict once, and reflecting how unfair it is to the other inmates.

**Scar-face Bellamy**

If you saw a scar-faced gangster of the most vicious type loafing about the restaurant where you were lunching, you would probably keep an eye on the peg where you had parked your coat.

But Hollywood is different. When an evil-looking fellow of that description lurched into Columbia studio restaurant the other day, expensively-dressed people sitting at lunch called out to him to join them; and he did.

It was Ralph Bellamy, all fixed up for his "bad-man" role in *The Man Who Lived Twice*, in which he appears with Isabel Jewell and Marlon Marsh.

It takes nearly three hours every morning for the make-up man to pin that disguise on him; and there isn't time to relx it after lunch, so Ralph has to eat in it.

But he doesn't try to lunch outside the restaurant any more, because the first time he tried it he was nearly arrested for stealing his own car.

**Film Folk**

James Montgomery Flagg, the famous poster artist, has chosen the ten "most exquisite" girls in Hollywood; they are Marjorie Lane, Grace Ford, Jean Parker, Shirley Ross, Gail Patrick, Olivia de Haviland, Mary Carlisle, June Knight, Claire Trevor and Ann Sothern.

Wallace Beery is starting a frog-raising business on his California ranch; he imported six for breeding from Santa Cruz, where they grow from a foot to two feet long.

M.-G.-M. stars and contract players have now moved into their new restaurant, which is of stucco, with high windows, acoustic ceilings, rubber-tiled floors and air-conditioning, and is finished in cream and marine blue.

An English version of *Michael Strogoff* is to be produced in Hollywood by Radio Pictures, under the supervision of Joseph Ermolieff, who produced the French and German versions.

Ginger Rogers' first song of her own composition, "I Can't Understand Why You Can't Understand Me" is such a success in America that she is writing the music and lyric for another.

When she has finished her work in Swing Time (originally Aint' Gonna Dance) with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers is to star alone in *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

Twelve new Our Gang shorts are to be made at the Roach studios at Culver City, starting immediately.

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I GUARD
THE STARS
by Charles C. Blair

CHIEF of Police of Beverly Hills, California, the luxurious suburb next to Hollywood where the famous film stars have their homes

As police chief of Beverly Hills for eighteen years I have been, at one time or another, in close contact with most of the motion picture stars. Many it has been my privilege to number among my friends. With others my association has been strictly professional. With very few exceptions my dealings with film folk have been most pleasant.

When years ago I emigrated with my parents to Canada from Dundee, Scotland—where my father had been a merchant and my grandfather a town councillor—I little expected in later life to head the police force of the "city of stars" and to act in the capacity of "father confessor" to numerous screen notables.

Nor did I expect to have as one of my assistants Captain M. L. Vallance, a native of Hamilton, Scotland, former member of the Royal Air Force, later of the Canadian Mounted Police, and incidentally, Sir Harry Lauder's brother-in-law.

It is impossible in this short series of articles to deal with all the rackets of Hollywood, but I will cover as briefly and as interestingly as possible those that are most prevalent and give me as Police Chief most trouble.

The rackets are limited only to the ingenuity of the scoundrels who conceive them. Every confidence man, every extortionist, every blackmail in this part of the world dreams of appropriating large slices of some film star's salary for his personal use. Promoters of wild cat schemes, dealers in "green goods" or worthless securities, and swindlers of all types consider the stars their rightful prey. Thieves, burglars and kidnappers hatch greedy plans to victimize them. The wonder is not that some rackets flourish, reaping an annual tribute totalling many thousands of pounds, but that most rackets do not yield their illicit rewards to their authors.

Jimmy Gleason, actor-playwright who, incidentally, holds an honorary detective lieutenant-ship in my department, one day declared: "The insurance companies call us 'target risks,' refuse to give us liability insurance except at high premiums, and in many cases won't cover against jewel thefts. Our valuables are targets for thieves. Our salaries are targets for damage suits. Our loved ones are endangered by kidnappers. Sometimes it isn't so pleasant to be in the public eye." The statement has been expressed by most of the film stars at one time or another.

Petty rackets, too, add their burden to the woes of film celebrity. Servants often pilfer and abuse their employers accounts. Tradesmen sometimes maintain two prices—high for film notables and a standard one for other customers. Many landlords charge higher rental to screen folk. Even the movie fans to satisfy their curiosity or to secure a memento, practise annoying ruses and make demands which border on extortion methods. Such is the price of fame.

As an example of the limits to which the stars must go to get fair treatment, many of them have "price agents" to aid them on shopping tours and on business deals. After a movie star has seen some dress which she may want to buy, for instance, her agent casually visits the shop to learn the price. If it is reasonable the actress herself enters the shop to close the deal. Joan Blondell uses her secretary, Maurice Leo, as her "price agent". Bette Davis's sister Barbara acts in a like capacity. Eroll Flynn employs a friend, Warren Ulanoff, and Warren Williams sends his wife, who uses their off-screen name of Krech. Thus the preliminary work of purchasing real estate homes, yachts, furniture, antiques and the like is handled indirectly.

In the remainder of the present article I should like to touch upon some of the precautions and measures taken by the cinema stars themselves to avoid being victimized.

First, they endeavour to keep their place of residence secret. There are in Hollywood individuals having access to inside information, who compile lists of the stars' home addresses.

These lists are sold for as high as five hundred dollars a copy. They are in demand by legitimate merchants who desire to conduct a sales campaign by mail. They are sought by "movie guides" who pilot sightseers through the streets of Beverly Hills for a fee. They are also acquired by persons with dishonest designs.

In self protection many celebrities rent houses instead of buying or building them. Then they can move to another as soon as the place of residence becomes generally known. Some stars move two or three times a year.

Many of the stars, of course, prefer to own their homes or lease them for long periods. In this event they resort to other means of achieving the security they desire. The residence occupied by Marlene Dietrich has stout bars across the lower floor windows. The Harold Lloyd estate is surrounded by a high wall. Charlie Chaplin's is difficult to approach and is patrolled by watchmen. The house being built for Myrna

Mae West has three "phones in her apartment, and the numbers are not in the 'phone book"

Loy and Arthur Hornblow, just recently married, is concealed in a canyon back of Beverly Hills, known as Hidden Valley.

In addition, bodyguards are employed by a number of first rank stars. Sometimes these guards double as butlers, chauffeurs or secretaries, just as often they have no duty other than that of protector. They may remain unobtrusively in the background, or they may accompany the star conspicuously wherever he or she may go. The Bing Crosby children are never far from the watchful eye of a burly guard whom they know as a genial playmate. Harold Lloyd's girls always have a guard within call, and even when they motor with their governess they are trailed by the guard in another car. The chauffeurs for Mae West and Lupe Velez, among others, have proved their value on more than one occasion.

I do not mean to convey the idea, however, that motion picture folk are allowed in Beverly Hills to put guns into the hands of anybody they may select as guards. California State Law is strict in limiting the number who may carry firearms. The Beverly Hills City Council, which grants gun permits if approved by the police department, is even more strict. Applicants for permits must first of all show good reason for carrying a gun, and then they must be carefully investigated by the police department and their fingerprints and records checked in the state capital, Sacramento, and the national capital, Washington, D.C. If applicants are
approved they receive processed celluloid permit certificates which are absolutely temperproof and impossible to duplicate.

As yet another precaution to maintain security and privacy, the stars keep secret their telephone numbers, revealing them only to their closest friends and associates.

To give out an unlisted telephone number is a cardinal sin in Hollywood. The telephone company, studio switchboard girls and secretaries guard zealously the combination of prefix and digits assigned to the stars. It is not only that in this way telephone racketeers are thwarted, but eager fans with a thousand requests, demands and curiosities are likewise shunted.

No extra charge is made by telephone company for unlisted numbers. Accordingly most of the stars, directors, producers and writers take full advantage of this fact. Some have their numbers changed as often as once a month, too often—sometimes—to remember the number themselves. Thus racketeers who sell listings of private telephone numbers, just as others peddle lists of addresses, cannot keep their records up-to-date.

Several celebrities, though, have kept the same unlisted number for years. Among them are William Powell, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Mae West. The latter has three phones in her apartment, the number of one being known only to two or three persons, while the others are semi-private. Jean Harlow, in addition to having a private number, has a central switchboard in her home which enables inter-communication between rooms and allows her to listen in while the butler talks. Then if she recognises the speaker’s voice she will answer herself.

To gain any idea of the miserable existence a film star would lead if his front door were as easy to knock on and his telephone number as easy to ring as the average citizens, one must read a representative sheet of fan mail. The inspiring motive behind much of the fan mail which pours into the studios is the belief that motion picture players are easy marks who can be cajoled into parting with their money.

To cite an example, Warner Baxter not long ago admitted that there are times when he dreads to go home and face the demands made upon him and his bankroll. Perhaps because he is a leader in charity drives, Mr. Baxter receives a great many donation requests. “If I acceded to only the most persuasive requests made for money,” he said, “it would, I assure you, cost me in excess of $200,000 dollars yearly. Recently I received a typical communication which put me under the obligation of replying.” “I am sending you a dollar bill” said the woman writer, “it is the last cent I have and I am giving it to you as a gesture of my great desperation. I need 125 dollars right away. Please send it me by return mail. God will bless you.”

I sent her ten dollars by return mail. I’m not certain I should have done that, for many similar requests engender the belief that they come from persuasive charlatans.”

Written demands for money are easy to deal with. A waste basket is always handy. Personal demands cause the most annoyance. To help avoid these, as well as to cloak their identity from all kinds of racketeers, some film celebrities who are known by screen names use their real names in private life. To mention only a few—Myrna Loy often goes about as Myrna Williams, Salty Blane as Betty Jane Young; Gary Cooper as Frank J. Cooper.

Another way of circumventing racketeers, particularly those of a more dangerous type, is for the stars to delegate their financial affairs to banks. They have their paychecks sent direct to the depository bank from the studio. The trust department budgets the salary. A small portion goes into the star’s personal checking account. Another part goes into a fund and may be withdrawn only to meet household and other expenditures approved by the bank or the star’s business manager.

The greatest sum goes into the trust and may not be withdrawn even by the star himself.

In this way the cautious star, or producer, or director, not only provides for his own financial security and that of his dependants, but he also makes it impossible for racketeers to touch any of his wealth, for even under threat of death, celebrities could not hand over money which is not under their control. What this amounts to is wealth concealment, so as to lessen temptation for the unscrupulous gentry.

By these means, then, the film people seek to overcome the disadvantages of fame.

In his next article Chief Blair will deal with impostors who claim relationship to famous stars.
Shots with Our Candid Camera

100 ft. above the street, Grace Bradley and chorus cuties practise taps for "O.H.M.S." under instruction by Leslie Roberts.

Dark brown and beige are the colours of Mary Brian's costume, above. Like it?

Chaliapine, famous Russian baritone, visits Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on the "Gorgous Hussy" set.

(Lef) Luise Raner calls on Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan in the studio.

How hairdressing transformed Olivia de Haviland for her various ages in "Anthony Adverse."
DON'T BE AFRAID TO CHANGE
by ALICE L. TILDLESLEY

ONLY those who take chances find themselves moving forward and upward, says Josephine Hutchinson "Be your age," is her advice to young and old.

"Don't be afraid of change!" It's Josephine Hutchinson speaking, her lips outlining her words in a curiously fascinating fashion. "Change means growth," she went on, earnestly. "No one wants to stay 7 years old forever, yet some mothers seem to think of their children as perpetually 7. They seem to want to hold on to their babies, to stand between them and life. They resent any change in their young sons and daughters.

She has the prettiest red hair in Hollywood, her eyes are a sort of amber-brown; she wears no make-up except lipstick and powder, and her colours are usually yellows, hennas and browns. So you'd be afraid of change in ourselves, just as parents are afraid of it for their children," she continued. "It is tragedy when two persons marry, and in a few years the one has changed and the other hasn't. Outgrowing a beloved one must be a frightful experience.

Discussing this subject some years ago, Cecil B. De Mille declared that people who are married long enough get to thinking alike on all subjects, to saying much the same things and even to looking alike.

"When you think about it, you realise that what Mr. De Mille says must be true to some extent in all marriages, because a husband and wife are likely to talk things out together and to form opinions on many subjects in this way. You often hear married couples say: 'We think so-and-so about that,' as though they had but one opinion between them.

"But that doesn't alter the fact that we should change, go on growing, even though changing means growing away from old ties if change also means progress. "People who have had great success—and those whose success isn't so great, but has at any rate set them ahead—often worry because they are afraid their old-time friends will say: 'He's changed!' 'She's changed!'" the actress observed. "They worry because they have said this of others who have succeeded. They wonder if they really have changed.

"Am I forgetting old friends?" they say to themselves. 'Am I actually high-hat?' Do I seem conceited—or am I merely more definite than I used to be?"

"Sometimes we all need to take stock of ourselves. Personally, I think it's a poor idea to put in too much time thinking of ourselves, but occasionally it's a good thing to sit back and try to see our weak points and our strong ones. We all need editing, no doubt about that. And we can only edit ourselves if we see ourselves correctly.

"You can't keep people from criticising you, just as you can't keep the wind from flattering you, but you mustn't let what people say affect you unless they happen to hit home so definitely that you see it is true and so correct the fault.

"But—" she places a finger on the arm of her bamboo chair, 'you mustn't be always listening to other people, you mustn't be always trying to look at yourself objectively. You can't give a sincere performance on the stage, if you are audience-minded—you can't march in the procession and stand in the sidelines watching yourself.

"Decide what's important and let the rest go. We can't hold on to the past, we must change. No tree wants to be a sapling forever. Don't cling to youth any more than you would cling to babyhood, is Josephine's advice."

"You know those parts Ina Claire plays so often—pay young mothers whose grown daughters suddenly appear from the school or college or grandma's ranch to abduct the boyfriends? In Ina's plays the girls must be hidden or kept in the background. In real life, it's a minor tragedy. She can't be forever the belle of the ball; the daughter must some day have her chance.

"I think the ideal thing would be for us to try to get all women at an age when there are children, to be children with all our might; to get all we can from adolescence; to taste the joy of youth, and when we're mature to get the best there is to be had out of this period; middle age and old age should be savoured completely. I'd like, at 70, to be able to look back on the perfect time for each period, not trying to reach forward to the next age or to reach backward to the past.

"The trouble with most of us is that we try to reach back.

"Dancing, walking in the moonlight, laughing and flirting, always being admired, may be hard to give up. But unless we give them up at the right time, we make ourselves ridiculous, and we might as well face it. Change comes, and we must be ready. We can't get anything out of the new stage if we don't approach it with an open mind."

In spite of this cheerful philosophy, the red-haired actress believes that there is no sense in looking older than you are.

"Sometimes I've heard people who don't use any aids to beauty say that character is finer than beauty—let character be seen in your face, don't try to smooth it.

"That is all very well, but I maintain that there's very little chance of smoothing out every wrinkle—they'll come along—and as for character, it will stick in there if you have any to shine. I think it's foolish not to take advantage of beauty aids when science has been kind enough to provide us with them. I go in for massage, which helps circulation. Blood rebuilds tissue, so when I am tired or under the weather I avail myself of massage and feel all the better. There's no harm in it."

"Change comes whether we like it or not. In marriage, if both husband and wife grow, change is good," said the young actress. "But if they lose contact because one changes and the other doesn't—or changes in a different fashion—the marriage is lost even though they may stay together.

"That's why the marriage of two undeveloped youngsters is usually a tragedy. It's so seldom that both grow in the same direction. I am not sure whether this can be controlled or not. Speaking as one who has never had any experience of it, I should imagine that if one grew and the other lagged behind, the lagge: might wake up in time to do something about it, to study, to work, to try to keep up—or to make herself (it would have to be the woman in this case) so indispensable to him that he couldn't manage without her. I admit I don't know about it.

Her amber eyes smiled. "Another thing: It's a mistake to think that because you like two persons, they will like each other. I don't know how often I've been told, 'You'll simply adore So-and-So!' only to meet her and discover no point of contact whatever. She apparently has felt the same about me. The two of us happened to appeal to different sides of our mutual friend, but we didn't fit.

"Being shy and self-conscious is a handicap," asserted Josephine. "I should know, for I am that way myself. I believe the only way to lose it is to get fearfully keen about something. Then you let go and forget yourself entirely in this deep interest."

Some mothers make the mistake of pulling their shy youngsters into a conversation. The child, with all eyes upon her, tries to say something—her voice comes out suddenly loud, and she is so appalled at the sound of it that she forgets what she was going to say. Her embarrassment is tragic.

"Let her alone to learn gradually to overcome the shyness, to be at ease."

"There's so much said about silence being golden. But there's a time to talk and a time to listen. One girl told me that she read, as an adolescent, so much advice on the importance of being a good listener that she found herself listening all the time instead of saying anything. It wasn't until she overheard someone say of herself, 'She's a dead weight at a party—nothing to say!' that she realised what was happening.

"That's one side. But, imagine the deadliness of an evening if you had to do all the talking, telling everything you knew or could invent, and getting nothing whatever in exchange! You'd come home with no stimulation at all.

"You can always tell an amateur on the stage, for he never listens intelligently—he's always listening to his next line."

"You haven't changed!" is not such a compliment as is meant by the expression, according to the actress.

"It sounds as if you haven't advanced a step," she commented. "Lack of change is not admirable unless you have attained perfection in the first place. A certain beauty was so pleased with her own face that she never permitted herself to show any expression on it, lest a line should appear. Even when she was saying the most horrible things to someone, her face remained placid. . . . But that is beauty, after all?"

Pretty Josephine Hutchinson argues that marriage between two undeveloped youngsters is not just change, but tragedy.
Elisabeth Bergner

talks to

Lore Leni

"PLEASE thank the readers of 'Picturegoer' for the honour they have conferred on me. I will always treasure this gold medal they have voted me, and it will remain a bond of friendship between me and that vast audience I do not see but whom I love dearly."

THIS is the message Elisabeth Bergner gave me for readers of Picturegoer. But let me start my story at the beginning.

I had been asked by the Editor to inform Elisabeth Bergner that Picturegoer readers had awarded her the Gold Medal for the best performance of 1935. They had selected her Gemma Jones in Escape Me Never as the finest piece of acting on the screen for the year.

So I made my way to Denham where Bergner is working in a new version of Dreaming Lips, a picture that had already enhanced her reputation in 1932.

Fortunately Bergner and I are not strangers. We can claim a friendship of nearly twenty years standing and even the kind introduction of Max Schach, who is sponsoring this film was unnecessary. But I suspect it was a good excuse for him to visit Bergner. He adores her.

While a scene was being got ready I delivered my message. I wish I could describe for you the joy and pride I saw in those large wide set brown eyes. For a moment she said nothing. Then she called her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, who is directing the film, and told him the good news.

"I am glad," he said simply but very sincerely. "You deserved it."

This was not a conventional compliment from a man to his wife, but from a director to an artist. For that is how Dr. Czinner regards Bergner on the set.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said Bergner.

Then she gave me the message to Picturegoer readers with which I began this interview.

She was called to play the scene. Slim, tomboyish, dressed in pyjamas, yet essentially feminine, she had to say a line to Raymond Massey, who looked most impressive in evening dress. Just one line, and how that little lovable woman said it! She had forgotten everything. I felt almost hurt to realize that she had forgotten for the time being my existence and that of everybody else outside this scene.

"Cut," said Dr. Czinner and then followed a little conversation between Bergner and Czinner. He was not entirely satisfied with the way this one-minute scene was played. He explained his point of view to the actress. They would try again.

As far as Bergner is concerned no trouble is too great. Perfection is what matters. I remembered as the make-up man surveyed Bergner that a few years ago this Austrian born actress was the most magnetic figure in the German theatre. Her playing in St Joan, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney and in Shakespeare had enslaved theatregoers. She had been an inspiration to novelists and playwrights. I remembered seeing her in the film studios after she had declared that her first picture would be her last. She had played a part in Der Evangelist and after seeing herself in the projection room she decided to stay away from the screen.

But she was soon back. No, it was not the caprice of a woman. Money was needed to pay the expenses of a sick friend. She appeared in Nyu with Conrad Veidt and Emil Jannings. Then followed The Violinist of Florence (called Impetuous Love in England), Love, Donna Juana, Fraulein Else, Ariane and Dreaming Lips, which won the prize for the best film in Europe in 1932. I recalled how vivid and real the Bergner of those films still is to me. As real and vital as her Catherine, her Gemma Jones and her Rosalind in English pictures.

"Now I have a few moments," whispered Bergner as Czinner and the cameraman discussed a certain shot. And what gives singularity to this interview is the difficulty with which a film actress could be made to say anything about herself.

"But please don't ask me questions," she pleaded. "In any case you know the answers. You know how I love working in England, that I have not great ambition to play in Hollywood, that I am not high-hat and that we have no visitors on the set when we are working, because our work is our life. We want to give our best and that needs every ounce of energy and every atom of concentration."

"It is when I receive the applause of Picturegoer as I have just now, that I feel that all the trouble is worth while. It is a recompense for many tiring hours."

"And now tell me about — and here followed a list of people we had both known intimately in the old days. Some day I may obtain Bergner's permission to tell you about these folk."

"Bergner, please," Dr. Czinner was calling.

They were still shooting that one-minute scene they were working on when I entered two hours ago.

But Bergner must be as near perfect as it is humanly possible to be. We demand it.
SAV YOUR GOLD
MEDALLISTS

Leslie Howard
talks to
Bruce Woodhouse

It was for his acting in The Scarlet Pimpernel that Leslie Howard was awarded the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal for the best screen performance of 1935. As you will remember, the man who was the Scarlet Pimpernel had one outstanding quality—he was "demmed elusive," and in this respect the actor bears a very definite resemblance to the character he portrayed so brilliantly. To run Leslie Howard to earth, drive him into a corner and then remorselessly interview him calls for powers of endurance and ingenuity of the highest order.

He has an absolute horror of being asked to talk about mere trivialities, for the ballyhoo which swamps many public figures is anathema to him. Trivialities count for nothing in his life and he is genuinely at a loss to understand why any of his vast army of admirers should be interested in what he likes for breakfast, what weight tennis racket he uses or if he takes one or two lumps of sugar in his tea.

However, on subjects of vital concern to the world of films he can talk both fluently and well, as I found when I finally ran him to earth at his lovely home in the heart of Surrey, and conveyed the news of the result of PICTUREGOER's ballot to him. After he had told me that the tribute paid to him by PICTUREGOER readers was one that he regards as a very real honour and I had promised to convey his sincere thanks to you, we sat in the long, cool drawing-room with its light walls, plain green carpet and large windows overlooking a sun-drenched lawn and he discussed the position of British films as it is to-day.

I had asked him what his plans were following his theatrical season in New York where he is to play Hamlet this autumn.

"Well," he said slowly, "I shall almost certainly come home to make pictures over here in the spring. I am actively interested in the formation of a company to make British films and I shall be kept fully occupied once production starts."

"You have faith in the future of British films, then," I said.

"Most certainly," he replied. "The film industry over here is progressing all the time, in fact, it is doing so well that it is running a very real danger of experiencing a set-back if it is not careful."

Seeing my look of surprise, he hastened to explain. Then I realised that his remarks were not nearly so contradictory as they appeared at first.

"When a business does well," he went on, "it is inevitable that it should be in danger of being exploited. Unfortunately there are, and always will be, a certain number of people whose greed is a real menace to honest production. It doesn't matter what the business may be—furnishing, farming, or films, it is all the same to them, provided they can make money out of it."

"Naturally, an industry so closely allied to art is liable to suffer the most from these people. When British films were going through a lean time, they kept well in the background, but now that they are back to work there is a problem as to whether they can make pictures in this country that are going to prove a sound financial investment, they are busing themselves with pictures."

"Of the artistic and technical side of pictures they know little and care less. All they are concerned with is the easy money that they hope to make out of them. As long as they can be associated with a picture that will increase their bank balances, they do not care one scrap how much of an artistic offence that picture may be."

"America experienced exactly the same trouble some time ago," he continued. "The financial sharks went round calling joyously to each other, 'Come on in, the water's warm!' and for a time everything went swimmingly.

Then, when a flood of bad, inartistic picture began to swamp the theatres—pictures made by companies which, unlike the leading ones in the industry, cared nothing about turning out the most artistic and interesting films possible, the public began to jib. They stayed away from those theatres which were content to show inferior films, something approaching a panic seized the men who had gambled on all of the public being uncritical all of the time, and the repercussions hit the good companies as well as the bad.

"As long as British films are controlled by those who have the interest of the business sincerely at heart, British films should go on to play an ever increasing importance in the world of pictures. It is only if the money-sharks are ever allowed to get a stranglehold on them that disaster, first artistic and then financial, will overtake them."

"And you hope to counteract this?" I asked.

"We certainly propose to try and give the public artistic films," he countered. "And by artistic I do not necessarily mean ones on which vast sums of money are lavished. Naturally, some films call for a more expensive decor and more elaborate scenes than others, but as long as the story is a good one, well and artistically acted and presented, the public will not worry how much or how little it cost."

Leslie Howard has the reputation of being something of a dreamer, but if all his dreams are of such practical value to films in this country, one could almost wish that he might sleep all the time he is not acting!

Before I left, the star once again expressed his appreciation of the honour bestowed on him. "I want you to thank all PICTUREGOER readers on my behalf," he said earnestly. "When one acts in films it is naturally impossible to get the immediate reactions of your audience, but this Gold Medal not only cheers me with the knowledge that my past efforts have proved acceptable, but also serves as an inspiration for future works."
Few Americans have ever entered the British production field so successfully as Doug. Fairbanks junr., who is a director of Criterion Film Productions, responsible for "The Amateur Gentleman" and "Accused." This is how he looks in the latter film, which is to be shown at the London Pavilion next Monday, Sept. 14.
The story of Rosalind Russell is the story of the society girl who made good as a film actress. That is the sort of achievement which amazes even hard-boiled Hollywood.

Hollywood has seen so many of these society "dolls," sponsored by their fathers' bank-rolls, come and go.

A short while ago you could count them in dozens. They all forsook the round of penthouse parties for Hollywood because its glamour satisfied some inward craving which keeps the thrill-seeking rich craving from one strange occupation to another.

The bright young things of Park Avenue and Mayfair have found little success in pictures. They haven't had the talent or the patience to learn the acting business from the bottom up. They've bought their way straight to the top, and just haven't been able to hold on to their lofty perch.

That's why Rosalind's story is so interesting. She didn't buy her way into pictures—she worked her way in. In fact she worked a good deal harder than most of the top-line actresses in Hollywood to-day.

You see, Rosalind remembered the story of the boy who started as president and worked his way down to third assistant office boy. She decided that she would take up acting as her career but would start at the very bottom and work her way up. This she did very thoroughly, turning down tempting Broadway offers time and again, in order to gain experience in small-time stock companies.

Rosalind seems to stand aloof in Hollywood. Her face-up-bringing is apparent in everything she does. She does not seek her enjoyment at the various gathering-places of the stars, but prefers to tour the countryside in her car whenever she is not working. She is tall, dark and slim, with a very engaging smile and a manner which puts you at ease the moment you meet her.

Talk to her, and you'll see immediately that she has some very definite views on society girls with a yen for a film career.

"The odds are generally against her becoming an actress from the start," she says to us, "Almost every society girl who has not been trained to work for success wants to become a star the first day.

"A typical example of how many debutantes start this way was clearly demonstrated in the cast of a play in which I was a member. The producer needed money so the rich father of a girl sent her the 'angel' for the play, to the end that his stage-struck daughter, who had tired of trips abroad, teas and parties, could become, if not a great actress, a much publicised one.

"The producer gave the girl one of the most important parts. While we sat around for a week, the director rehearsed and re-rehearsed the debutante on how to make entrances, exits, etc., etc., etc., things that she should have learned through years of experience while playing minor roles, if she had been willing to work and earn the position in the theatre she desired.

"Few society girls are really serious about their 'careers'. In spite of jokes directed at the word, the theatre is a hard art. Everybody, regardless of money, position and connections, should be willing to serve apprenticeship in it.

"The fault of the society girl often lies in her home training. Frequently parents are responsible for making their daughters helpless and unable to understand the value of work—from the bottom up.

"Fortunately, I had been trained at home to respect hard work. As my father used to say to my brothers, my sister and myself, 'It doesn't matter to me what you do, but everyone of you must be able to do something—and do it well.' We were taught to start at the bottom and not to be ashamed of it. This lesson was so thoroughly drilled into me that when I decided to embark upon a stage career in 1930, I went out of my way to find, of all things, a tent show. It was a stock company where we did two plays every week. And until you've worked in a tent show, you have no idea of the bottom of the acting profession.

"From tent shows I joined repertory companies and toured America. I worked in summer companies—some were good and some were bad, but, as I used to say, 'if you can't learn what to do, you can learn what not to do!'"
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This is the loveliest Soap you have ever used!
A great big foaming lather—with the "Smell of the Sea" in its creamy bubbles.
Which is actually true—because it contains pure Iodine made from Seaweed collected on the West Coast of Scotland.
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MAKE SURE YOU SEE MY PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WRAPPER (as above)
because there are some cheap imitations about. The genuine Simpson Iodine Soap is sold practically everywhere, including ALL CHEMISTS, BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITTÉE AND TAYLORS, AND STORES.
In cases of difficulty a box of three will be sent direct by post for 1s., post free, if you apply to J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd., Aldershot House, London, W.C.3.
HILERY TEMPLE recently met a little girl from France who strikingly resembles the little star. The visitor from La Belle France, whose name is Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet, of Paris, was a visitor to the Twentieth-Century-fox Studio, where she met Shirley. Ginette participated in a contest in Paris to select a little girl who resembled Shirley. Several thousand children competed, but Ginette emerged victorious and was given a trip to Hollywood as a prize.

Shirley's mother taught her daughter a few words of French, so the star was able to exchange greetings with Ginette, who does not speak a word of English. The little visitor presented Shirley with a handsome doll, which she received with rapturous "ohs" and "ahs."

No, Ginette did not try to crash the gates of Hollywood. She and her mother, after a brief tour of the studios, embarked for France.

Glamorous Greta!

Greta Garbo, when she made her first appearance, after a year's absence at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, surprised everyone when she strode on to stage 21, attired in grey silk slacks and jacket, and in long curls. One hundred and fifty people were on the set and few noticed her.

Garbo walked over, playfully poked the cameraman in the back (alas, where is Garbo's famous reserve?) and greeted the director and Robert Taylor, who is to play opposite her in Camille. This was the first time that Taylor had met the Swedish star.

Evidently the once almost unapproachable Garbo is a thing of the past.

A Romantic Triangle

George Raft and Virginia Pine have everyone in the film colony guessing, and perhaps they are doing a little guessing themselves.

The couple admitted the early approach of matrimony, and it was announced that the actor's wife was coming to Hollywood to consult with George and secure a divorce in Mexico. Then later on, Virginia was quoted as saying that there would be no marriage.

Mr. Raft promptly announced that Virginia declared she had made no such statement, and that the romance was progressing smoothly. Last, but not least, when Mrs. Raft arrived in Hollywood, she characterised the romance as a rumour.

She also remarked that she had never heard of Miss Pine! So that's that!

The Sky's the Limit

Our film favourites continue to bewilder the air lines by chartering planes for most unusual purposes.

Ann Sothern held a cocktail party ten thousand feet in the air for her house guest, the Marquess Filiasi, the Marx brothers chartered a plane to cover their escapade for wild bear hunting; Roger Pryor employs an airship regularly to transport his orchestra about the country.

But the strangest flight on record is that occasion when Joe Penner gathered a planeful of crated California ducks and flew them to an orphan's picnic in his native Detroit!

Clipped Wings

Ruth Chatterton has agreed not to fly while holding her new worth. Samuel Goldwyn made her sign an agreement that she would put her plane in a hangar because Lloyds, insuring the picture, refused to give insurance on the million-dollar production if the star, who has several hundred hours in the air as a pilot, took one foot off the ground until the picture is finished.

So Ruth cranes her neck and watches the planes, instead of flying one!

He Hates Hollywood

Possibly his pleasant experiences in England, while working for G.B., has had something to do with his attitude, but it is a well-known fact that Walter Huston dislikes Hollywood!

Huston lives at his Lake Arrowhead home when not working, and at his studio bungalow when engaged on a picture.

He has a record of never having accepted a dinner engagement in Hollywood because he hates to have to discuss business—and that, says, is all film folk talk about!

Love Triumphant

As I predicted, Polly Moran and her husband, Martin Malone, are reconciled. The couple are now cruising in the Pacific on their yacht. The charge of assault with a deadly weapon, preferred because Polly said her husband, was a revolter at her, will probably be dismissed when the case comes for trial. That is, it will be dismissed if Polly has anything to say about it.

The actress told a friend that her husband became irritable because someone had referred to him as "Mr. Polly Moran!"

A British Victory

The Four Star Theatre was packed at the world première of Nine Days a Queen (American title of Tudor Rose), produced by Gaumont-British with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nora Fintle and John Mills in the leading roles.

Stars had their troubles getting through a dense mass of people clustered about the theatre. Among those present were Garbo, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (the only member of the cast who was present), Francis Lederer, Elizabeth Allan, Freddie Bartholomew, Una O'Connor, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldrige, Frank Lloyd and Edward Arnold.

I did not see Garbo, but heard that she slipped in unobserved. She was shabbily dressed and thus escaped the attention of the keen-eyed fans. The star apparently took a keen interest in the fine performance of Desmond Tester, the boy who is hailed as a rival of Freddie.

The picture is one of the finest seen in Hollywood this season, and will do much to enhance British film prestige in the United States.

The Sad Sea Waves

Only one actress in Hollywood can walk one mile along her own private beach, Karen Morley is the star whose ocean-side estate at Palos Verdes permits her this luxury. It covers 42 acres along the ocean front, and is one of the most beautiful private estates in the West. The entire grounds are surrounded by an 8-foot wall to protect Karen's two-year-old son, Michael, from harm.

Time Marches On

Mrs. S. S. Dante accompanied her granddaughter, Jeanne Dante, to court, where she approved a contract with Universal Pictures, whereby the 13-year-old girl will receive a salary of $1,000 a week, which will gradually increase, during a six year period, to $5,000 a week.

The bewildered grandmother remarked that when she was 13-years-old $100 a year was considered a good salary, so it was hard for her to realise that her granddaughter was receiving $1,000 a week.

Even more amazing is the way those tempting contracts have of suddenly terminating! Failure to exercise options does the trick.
WHENEVER an American company starts to shout from the housetops about making its British Quota product in a manner worthy of a great and awakening national industry and so on and so forth, I prepare for a particularly nauseous and discouraging cove of quickies from our studios to our screens.

Warner Brothers, even before they rebuilt their Teddington plant, began to talk excitedly about making several more money there and making better pictures.

And what happened? No, don’t tell me.

They made Man of the Moment.

Now that was a very expensive film as Quota product goes, and although it had some pretty glaring faults, it made a good deal of kudos for Teddington and quite a fair amount of money at the box-office as well.

Laura la Plante was her old charming comic self in it, and Doug. Fairbanks jun. was good, too. But what of it?

It has never, as far as I am aware, been followed up; and although Irving Asher (Warner Bros.’ plenipotentiary at Teddington) was highly commended by his Hollywood bosses for that effort, he has apparently never been allowed enough money to make another as ambitious.

That Shoestring

Perhaps the studio improvements have swallowed up the ration of dollars; perhaps when rebuilding and reorganising is complete, we will have that long-promised film of Hollywood standard, with real live Hollywood stars.

Anyway, there is this to be said for Warners—they have made an attempt, even if a half-hearted one, to cope adequately with the Quota problem.

To some other American firms in this country there is no problem, and the most part they’ve simply bought up “quickies” that have been made on the proverbial shoestring by independent producers either in this country or in the Dominions—even in India.

Occasionally they sponsor the film before it is made, which means that they contribute some of the finance and approve the (very inexpensive) cast, and sometimes provide a story, which is often utter rubbish.

When, however, one of these companies (which happens from time to time) decides to improve its Quota output, you’d think from the excitement that our studios were to become another Hollywood with the company’s enormous resources in man-power, money, and talent behind the venture.

Hail, Columbia!

It’s significant that the big Hollywood names being imported to England are hired by British companies, not by Americans. All this being so, I am chary of saying too hot up about the Hollywood players in this country; and yet, such is my natural optimism, I can’t help sitting up and taking pleased notice when news comes to Britain about Columbia’s London.

Now, you know that Columbia is a major (if comparatively new) production company of Hollywood, with such smash hits to its credit as H. B. Ziegler’s Little Joe, Made Up, and now Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.

You can also probably know that Columbia has a distributing organisation in Britain which has to find for Quota purposes a certain number of British-made pictures.

And it may not have escaped your notice that few of those pictures attain a stupendously high level of excellence (I’m deliberately understating the case so as to seem quite fair—a hearty old trick).

Inviting the Bird

Well, now Columbia announce that in collaboration with Paul Soskin they have arranged to produce here eight films to distribute throughout the world—which means, boys and girls, that they’ve got to be good enough to sell in America.

What a change of heart! Can’t you imagine how some of the current crop of Columbia Quota films would get the bird if offered in the U.S.A.?

These eight will be the first films to be made at the new Amalgamated Studios at Elstree, which look more impressive every time I pass.

Three of them will be definitely in the “super” class, to cost not less than £80,000 each, while the other five will cost more than £40,000 each.

And let me tell you, you can make a whale of a good film for £40,000, if you mix brains with the brew.

The Columbia studios in Hollywood are to co-operate with Soskin Productions by sending over “leading directors, stars, script-writers, and technicians.”

Which?

Okay by me—if it comes off. But what is this “leading director”? Will Columbia send us over Frank Capra ... or will they fob us off with junior muggers from their roster? Leading stars, too. Here is Columbia’s contract-list, “from whom demands will be made, and as when occasion arises, to appear in the British series”: Grace Moore, Jean Arthur, Fay Wray, Marian Marsh, Edith Fellowes, Jean Dixon, Ralph Bellamy, George Bancroft, Melvyn Douglas, Lloyd Nolan, Leo Carillo, Lionel Stander, Walter Connolly, Douglass Dumbrille, and Herman Bing.

“Ass and when” ... well, optimistic though I be, I shall be dumbfounded if we get anyone more exciting in the first consignment than Jean Dixon and Lloyd Nolan.

Paul Soskin needs no introduction to you; he is the brilliant and handsome young Russian who was responsible for Ten Minutes Alibi, While Parents Sleep, and Two’s a Company.

These have all been crowned with success, and though they stopped short of being entirely satisfactory, each successive one came a little nearer to that ideal.

Elstree Recovers

I’ve dwelt rather heavily on this Soskin link-up with Columbia because it is potentially the first big step towards restoring Elstree’s somewhat dwindled glory.

Not that Elstree product is incon siderable, but lately it has been scarce.

Ever since B and D stages burned down, very little has been going on in what was once the film capital of Britain.

I must admit, however, that when B.I.P. do make a film instead of merely letting their studios, it’s better stuff than they’ve ever done—or at least since the coming of talkies.

And when the new Amalgamated studios get going, and the new “Rock plant” blossoms out, and Julien Hagen gets thoroughly dug in at the J. H. studios—why, you won’t be able to see Elstree for stars.

The most important thing there at the moment is undoubtedly the Tauber operatic film Pagliacci, which is Karl Grune is directing. Space for this has been rented on the B.I.P. stage.

Oh, talking of B.I.P., I hear Billy Milton has just been given another year’s contract; I always thought this likeable youngster would make good in films if he was ever given a decent start; and evidently Walter Mycroft, director of production for B.I.P., thought so, too.

Miscast

One thing that pleases me very much at the moment is that Conrad Veidt is back in harness. It’s much too long since we saw this fine actor on the screen—not since The Passing of the Third Floor Back and King of the Damned—and I hope when his present job is over he won’t promptly retire into his shell again for another six months or so.

In his last films I’m afraid he was rather sadly miscast.

This time, in Dark Journey, no mistakes have been made (so I am assured). Victor Saville (who is head of Victor Saville Productions, the company making this film, as well as director of the film itself) has cast Veidt as a mixture of dashing German officer and suave, cool spy.

Yes, Evangeline, your suspicions are correct; this is a spy drama; and I think we may now declare the spy season formally and officially open.

As you have no doubt already guessed, it is also a drama of the Great War—I wonder how long our four-and-a-half years’ agony will be honoured with that proud name ... after the next war starts.

However, this is not laid in Lille or Lige or Berlin or Paris. It breaks new ground by being located in neutral Stockholm, in 1918.

Ah!

Baron Karl Marwitz (Conrad Veidt to you) is ostensibly a German officer who has been cashiered—which, when it happens to you or me, is simply “sacked”—and is taking refuge in neutral territory; but ah!

Actually, he’s the head of a German espionage system.

And do I have to tell you there’s a charming little modiste in Stockholm (looking to me exactly like Vivien Leigh) who is posing as German spy but is really a French one? No, I can see I don’t.

And if you saw I Was a Spy and know Conrad Veidt’s habits in spy films, you will immediately guess that, although he knows the attractive little modiste is an enemy spy, he falls in love with her.

So there you have all the ingredients of a
which will necessitate the story being changed slightly.

First Appearance

This, the company declares, is the first picture Miss Hohenberg has made in England. She was born in Munich in 1909—which makes her 27 now—and her first stage job was under-

studying Elisabeth Bergner, in Berlin.

But most of her filming has been done in Austria, and now she has been signed on a Hollywood contract, which she will take up as soon as the thunder has finished rolling over the city.

Well, Atlantic Films, her sponsors should know. But I have started remembering.

I remember that when I saw a "quickie" called My Friend the King, directed by Michael

Powell in the autumn (I think) of 1931, I was

struck by the charm and naturalness of a German actress in the cast with Jerry Verno.

Then I lost sight of her, but I have often wondered when we should see her again in a British film.

And I remember she was a baroness: and that her name was Luli Hohenberg.

Can there be two?

Charles Farrell, Barbara Green, three-year-old Binky Stuart, and Padrenski, in a charming scene from Pall Mall's Moonlight Sonata.

All Gone German

Then there is Lupita, a Brazilian dancer who works in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm . . . at any rate the Stockholm of the story. When I first saw her I thought it was Joan Gardner; then I looked again and knew it was.

Lupita is a friend of the baron. Bob is a friend of the modiste. He is a one-armed English spy named Anthony Bushell. We haven't seen Bushell since Dusty Ermine, when he took over the title-role after Paul Cavanagh's accident.

Ursula Jeans plays a German assistant in the dress-shop; Margery Pickard is the French assistant; and all your old friends are either dangerous German spies or equally dangerous French ones.

Sam Livesey, for example, plays Major Schafer, head of the German Secret Service in Stockholm; Austin Trevor is another German; Elec Makeham is a French porter in the dress-shop; Martin Harvey is a German and Edmund Willard a German general in Berlin (fine actor, Willard, badly neglected by our studios).

And the screen play and scenario are by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis, the strongest writing team in British studios. So all is set for an entertaining evening at the pictures.

For weeks we have been exercised in our minds as to who was to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in Thunder in the City.

They were looking for a girl to represent the English aristocracy; you know roughly the theme—an American financier, something of a rough diamond, comes over to conquer the City of London, but finds himself checked by this girl.

Well, apparently we have no aristocratic-looking English girls who can act well enough to please Messrs. Atlantic Films.

This depresses me, but doesn't altogether amaze me. One or two recent importations to the studios from Mayfair have "never flattered their supporters," as they say in the racing news.

Still, I shouldn't have thought the search was absolutely hopeless. We have on our stage, if not in our films, a few capable young actresses whose deportment and accent might easily have been acquired in the traditional Mayfair; and hundreds who are indistinguishable from the inhabitants of Mayfair to-day.

But no; they wouldn't do. So we are to have a German in the role.

Her name is Luli Hohenberg; and although she has been living in England for the past six years, I presume she still has a trace of accent.

A C.I.D. man explains to Paul Cavanagh the mechanism of an automatic he is to use in "The Thousand Windows."
My Man Godfrey

This is a crazy, hilarious comedy of a wealthy family, the Bullocks, whose daughters find a "forgotten man," make him a butler, and proceed to fall in love with him. When the man is William Powell and one of the women is Carole Lombard you can understand why and how the most astounding things happen.

Mrs. Bullock (Alice Brady) has a protege who imitates a gorilla, which delights neither Irene nor her father (Eugene Palet). (Right) Mrs. Bullock with the goats she has "scavenged."
(Circle) the maid (Jean Dixon) breaks it to Godfrey that the family engages a new butler every day.

"Tomato juice for a hangover?" Godfrey rouses Mrs. Bullock (Alice Brady).

(Below) Mrs. Bullock opposes Irene's project of engaging Godfrey as butler.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

by Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" by permission of Paramount Pictures Ltd.

September 12, 1936

The Story of the Film

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

by Marjory Williams

freely based on the film "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

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When June went to town Thurston told her and Jack that no good could possibly come of her wish to become a lady.

"Tell me a thing, Melissa?" the woman's voice inquired. "Do you want me to tell you a thing?"

"Go on."

"I want to marry June. And it's my boy."

"Sometimes I wished I was; then I'm glad I ain't. I want to marry June. Cousins can marry, can't they ever."

Cousins are thicker than fleas in the mountains, Dave."

The appearance of six-year-old Buddy crying out that he and June had been playing bears when she disappeared suddenly as though she had been swallowed by one, disputed Dave. Pain in his arm accentuated the fear. Never was a time when he hadn't loved June, loved her rounded figure, her soft face with its pointed chin and its crown of dark, often tousled hair. June was no more educated than the rest of the tollivers; moreover, she lacked the gentleness which made her father, Judd, a peaceful element in the home.

Well, I'll brung them, didn't I?" she said defiantly, arriving panting five minutes later with the bunch of herbs for which Melissa had asked. Mud stained her cheek and the V of white neck bared by the cut of her raw-edged buttoned blouse.

"June, if you ain't the loveliest thing, greeted Melissa. "Did you bring the river with you?"

"I tripped over the log bridge, if that's what you mean. On account of a foreigner who was watching."

The dog caught sight of him laughing at me and right down, smack in the middle, stopped short and I tripped up."

What was the foreigner like?"

"Dave inquired.

"He had a squat. He's tall, dressed in brown, even his hat. His coat has a belt."

"Huh? Better go down to the creek and wash your dirty face."

"For two carrot seeds I'd rub this much over your.

She threw herself down on the home-made coverlet and made him wine. "Never mind," he said.

"It's the arm that can't bear pitching. I've been talking to your pappy. We-uns is going to get married."

"I ain't marrying till green-up, Dave. Spring's the time to do them things. Besides, I don't feel nothing."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, Dave. His impatience to see the foreigner, thus redoubled, was shortly indulged. Melissa was bathing his arm when a strong, live, bare-handed person would be heard outside in conversation with Uncle Judd. "My name's Bill Fanning. I'm a railroader, and I want to talk to you, Mr. Tolliver, about the coal on your property. There's going to be a railroad run along the Ticoppi river valley, then down across the ridge to your place."

"Who said there would?" came Uncle Judd's mild offensiveness.

"Oh, I mean if it's agreeable to the contracting parties, meaning yourself. The thing'll make you rich. No doubt of that, and if we can make a deal."

The two men came inside. From the bed by the window, Dave could see the foreigner for himself. It dawned on him that that young man gave a general impression of straightforwardness and virility. A shock of dark hair curled upwards over a high forehead. His arms and hands were sinewy, but sensitive. "How long have you been like that? he asked Dave.

Three days ago his arm showed that queer colour, Melissa answered. "Get me some warm water, quick. It's gangrenous infection. The flesh is rotting."

"You ain't no doctor," Dave said suspiciously.

"You want to live, don't you? Listen to me. The only possible cure for that infection is to cut the dead part out. You understand, don't you? Act first then pray."

"They don't," came Melissa's voice. "They understand nothing, but shooting and killing once their crops can rot, their cattle starve and they wouldn't care so long as they stand back of a squired rifle with a Falin the other end of it. Mean-time my Davie's dying."

Through Melissa's sobbed sounded Jack Hale's peremptory order.

"Get me a cloth—a tourniquet—some bandages and round the arm and shut off the circulation. I want hot water—lots of it and some small knives. The sharpest you have. Bleed him with the sharp knife."

"This is going to hurt," Jack warned as he bent over Dave. "We've no anaesthetic—nothing to put you to sleep, I mean."

"Start lacing the corncilow with a little pepper," Dave smiled. "I'm glad to be shooting."

He bore his pain resolutely; the arm in due course healing and becoming, Dave found, a very pleasant feature of his. Impossible, Dave found, not to like Jack Hale, who endeared himself to Buddy by playing trains with him. That the foreigner was endearing himself to June was another matter, but Dave recognised with satisfaction that Jack treated June as an ignorant child, an attitude which she was obviously trying her best to alter. As his guide she had in fact taken him a good two miles out of the way on the evening on which Jack appeared to the Tolliver cabin to claim Judge's signature to the coal-owners' contract. Judd after her long walk settled to the rug and said, "We-uns is not going to make the contract by the square-toppeled table."

I don't know what them squirrel tracks and chicken scratches mean," Dave opened, looking at the document. "But I take it you're trying to tell Judge and me, Mr. Hale, that your coal won't be disruptive to our corn."

"That's so."

"And we get a packet of money?"

"Fifty thousand dollars in thirty days and a percentage of the company's earnings."

"What percentage?" Judd asked.

"Little pigs, Pappy," June thrust in. "You git one out of six for taking keer of them."

"Figgers sensible," Dave agreed. "But one thing's eating me. Ain't there no way to build a railroad except across the Falins. Oh! I know the property belongs to the railroad if Buck Falin agrees, but it gerr the Falins. They walked on it, driv their sheep acro it."

"The boy's right," Judd thrust in. "We-uns is going to make money out of the land that has the Falin smell on it."

(Continued on page 24)
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Ultimately, however, Judd agreed to put a cross like David's in the place indicated.

June looked pleased. "We've been pigging long enough, she declared. "I got a chance for fancies, and I'm going to have 'em, Dave."

"That ain't no way to talk. You don't need to be dolled up to be happy." Dave's mind reverted to the Falins, for whose cabin Jack was already leaving. Buck Falin, bearded, with a barrel-shaped pipe ever in his mouth, plus his two sons, Wade who had shot Dave in the arm, Meed, younger, not yet a killer, would raise an argument about making money out of the Tollivers.

Buck shortly lived up to Dave's inward prophecy by remarking that the Falins wanted no left-overs of the Tollivers, and eventually signed the contract with boisterous laughter and much splashing of ink from Jack's fountain pen.

So the railroad was started. A construction camp sprung up in the forest clearing. Mules and men worked at tree-felling and a steam-shovel hissed and chugged its way, clearing out a track.

Thurber, foreman of the works, was a kindly, moustached, middle-aged man with a complete ineptitude for understanding the mountain people. The "foreigner" whom Buddy, next to this genial bachelor, liked best, was Corsey, driver of the steam-shovel—seeing that he allowed the youngster to share the driving seat and ring the alarm bell.

Dave watched the march of civilisation, but his heart remained with the old life. "Going coon hunting?" Melissa enquired seeing him at work with more concentration than usual on materials for bullet making.

"Skunk, maybe."

"I'd rather you not fight Dave. Leave the Falins be. There's turning over to be done and corn husks to get for mattresses... you're the only big boy I got now."

You're always snorting preachments, Austin. You make me sick," he grumbled; then seeing the look in Melissa's clear eye, kissed first one cheek and then the other, as he had done since a child, repeating the rhyme: "Two pink-eyed doves sitting in a tree—One for you, and one for me."

June, running in from the barn, brought, rare arrival at the Tollivers, a letter. It took the combined foresenry and brainwashing away the startling fact that they were in receipt of a cheque for five thousand dollars on account of the Alton Coal Mines.

"I see a cheque once in Gaptown," Judd breathed. "Folks, we're richer than cream cheese."

"Can I have the things I want?"

June asked.

"More important," Judd stipulated. "A new dress for Melissa with pearl buttons an' shoes and a hat."

Taking advantage of Judd's talk, Dave whirled June into the beyond the inner room and kissed her. "You're beautiful, like a budding sapling without even room for a robin to sit," he said hungrily. "When we get married, you're going to have ivory combs in your hair, and blood-red wine to drink."

Alas! June had other ideas, encouraged no doubt by Jack. Judd took the Sunset time when the pine stems glowed copper, while Melissa by the brick-stove was nursing and June stirring cake dough in a bowl, she argued passionately with Judd.

"Yes, and you can use your whip on me," she told her father. "But I've made up my mind. I'm going to town to learn to think for myself, to write and read and be a help to Dave when the cheques come in some more."

Judd, protesting that he was no mean father, got his way, although neither he nor Dave were prepared next day for June to drive into Gaptown, not with the mailman, but with Jack Hale.

"Gone to see a man who sent him a load of ties not creosoted."

"It was him as done it. Him that took the bullet out of my arm and made friends with Buddy. That's why he put us in the way of getting money, cos he wanted to take June away. Well, money ain't stopping we-uns from keeping our women."

Ignoring the danger of crossing the ex-Falin property, Dave, taking his gun, headed for the construction camp. At the open flap of Jack's tent, the mild-mannered Mr. Thurber faced the nose of a gun. "So help me, Hale isn't here. On my honour he went to Gaptown by himself on business," the overseer said nervously.

"June didn't go with him."

"No. I told you he went alone."

Dave, trying to assimilate the statement recoiled as he was leaving. When Falin's shotgun rang across the floor and Wade Falin's gun with intent to injure more than an arm was levelled at the hated Tolliver. With a bound Dave kicked the weapon into the air and the fight began.

All Gaptown was shortly to hear of the terrific fight in which Dave punished Wade Falin by a final blow on the chin which sent the victim tottering over a precipice. One look Dave cast down at his enemy still alive and raising himself on the rocks sixty feet below, then walked grimly into Gaptown. News of the fight having preceded him, Falins, father and son were waiting for Dave in the saloon. Caring nothing for the fact, he stalked up to Jack, who was looking back from the door of a lodging house.

"You ain't going to do nothing, Dave," he said. "It's all my fault," June stammered. "I can't even get a room here 'cos the landlady asked you about and don't want trouble."

"Talk'll keep," Dave said. The foreigner looked at him between the eyes. "Get this straight," Jack said. "You're looking for trouble. I haven't done anything, but I can see you won't believe it, so here goes."

Respectable folk in Gaptown are fond of telling how the ensuing tussle involved possibly if Jack, realising that the Falins, taking advantage of the situation to hanno, Dave hadn't hit Mead Falin, the narrative would have been shorter. Jack did hit Mead, however—moreover, when June, relying Mead of the knife intended for Jack, was seized by Buck, Jack hit the father as well.

"Okay, I'm licked."

Jack said from the dust of the street where Buck's uppercut had landed him.

"You've lots to learn, Mr. Hale."

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LONESOME PINE Cont.

Buck informed him. "I scratched a bargain with you on a piece of paper and I kept it, but now you're sticking your nose into my personal affairs, bargains don't count and you won't be long finding it out!"

No idle threat! That night the construction camp was ablaze, the blaze being ignited by a procession of torch-bearing Falins. Dave, a mere spectator of the disaster, could not but admire Jack's courage in getting stock and mules out of the corral, while Thurber in the office tried to save instruments and papers.

The foreigners, moreover, declared themselves unbeaten. As Jack put it to the men, while the powderhouse catching alight flared upward in a million pieces. "You're not licking me. I'll put this railroad through if I have to dig my way, a dirty, rotten bodies for ties and I hire every man in Gaptown to finish the ditch!"

So this was the talk of an educated man! Education was becoming like a red rag to Dave. Every time he saw Buck playing with the alphabet game Jack had given him, Dave was put off his meal. Meanwhile June, stepping with Jack's sister in Louisville, was attending school. Wearing the plaid frock and big straw hat purchased by Mr. Thurber, grumbling good-naturedly at Jack's generosity in footing the bill, June had looked bewitching as she boarded the train. Lucky that Dave had not been there to witness Jack's good-bye kiss. So active already indeed was the beetle of discontent in Dave that he vowed he'd leave the Tolliver cabin. As ever, Melissa saved him from himself.

"You're just like our boy, I ain't a-wanting ya to go," he stopped, and Dave began to get weary of the old rhyme: "One for you and one for me and one... Ah! one was for June in Louisville, learning arithmetic; and about the French Revolution and how to use the telephone.

Reconstruction work was in full swing when Buck Falin's appetite for revenge demanded further satisfaction. Knowing that Buddy, in Corsey's absence, had succeeded in working the gears of the steam shovel, Buck ordered his men to ignite a stick of dynamite under the river bridge. The time-fuse was accurately set. As Buddy, a little scared, but not alarmed, rang the alarm bell, was borne down the slope and crossed the bridge, the flame reached its destination. From a mass of debris they brought the still recognisable little body into Jack's tent, but Buddy's spirit had passed.

Dave, hewing elm-wood for the child's coffin knew that June's eyes were all for Jack as he came towards them. She had been speaking, to Judd for the first time on the telephone when the explosion took place, and realising that something had happened, had boarded the next train to Gaptown. More womanly than of yore she looked in her black frock, her soft hair clinging to her nape in ringlets, but her tongue was like a whip lash.

"What are you doing here, Jack Hale? You're on the side of the law... oh yes you've been talking to the sheriff! You wouldn't kill a Falin for what they've done. All you care about is the law.

The law doesn't operate here," Jack said sadly. "The sheriff says so. He's lived here fifty years. He can bring the Falins to court, maybe hang them, but it won't stop feuds. I'm not saying that Buddy wasn't murdered, but you, Dave, remember, shot Jim Falin, a kid not much older than Buddy... Buck's favourite son." Dave was silent. "You don't love me... you wouldn't talk so, Jack," June sobbed. Ignoring his "I do, with all my heart, June," she turned to Dave. "It'll soon be green-up time. That's what you've always wanted. Now, it's what I want—to marry someone who can act like a Tolliver.

After the funeral, unmindful of Melissa and Jack's efforts to stop him, Dave went to the Falins' cabin. Buck and his two sons were in the living room. "Whatcha here for, Dave Tolliver?" Buck said. "I see ya ain't got a gun. Come in."

"I will. If I told ya we were licked, would you stop fighting?" The answer was unexpected. "May- be. I've been thinking that way myself lately. Would ya shake hands?"

Dave, stepping forward heard Wade's: "You snivelling pup, father, followed by a shot and a blinding pain in his arm. Unaware that Buck's reply was to shoot his son. Dave staggered home, Buck in his wake. Melissa helped him to the bed. "What happened, Dave?"

I fell on my gun... Buck was passing through... he... I shot him in... . He was conscious that June was sobbing and talking of green-up. He was aware of telling Jack that this was a bullet he couldn't cut out, of Jack's telling him that he would have the biggest wedding in the country. But it was Melissa to whom Dave turned, finding a world sustained by laws higher than those that nourish the lonesome pine. It was on Melissa's eyes Dave Tolliver the peacemaker pressed his dying lips, murmuring in turn the familiar rhyme: "'T'm a hok dove sitting on a tree... one for you... and one for me.'

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PREVIEWS

THE MANY MIRACLES

R. H. G. WELLS is not only a great thinker but a great talker and it is this latter quality of his which comes perilously near at times to wrecking the kinematic value of this film based on one of his stories. The story centres round George McVoy, a minister to whom a celestial overlord confers the power to work miracles and Mr. Fotheringay having accidentally discovered his unique gift, is at pains to enjoy this well-beloved drink after his labours as an assistant in a drapery store, is quite overawed.

After a few tentative experiments in which he materializes objects and believing the conjurer, he grows more ambitious and commands one of his women in college to fall in love with him. Then it is that he finds he has no power over the soul of human beings, but only over concrete things. Being a little fellow at heart, he is most anxious to benefit mankind in general but he soon finds that it is impossible to help one section of the community without hurting another.

His employer and the local bank manager both reward him for his financial gain, an idealistic minister of the church has beautiful but impractical ideas, so he materializes a wooden statue and, as a start, persuades Fotheringay to point out to a crusty colonel of the most die-hard type the error of his ways. This he does by changing that choleric old warrior's supply of whisky to water. Whether or not the minister finds it is non-alcoholic and by converting his swords and rifles into ploughshares and other agricultural implements.

The colonel is so scandalized that he tries to shoot him, and Fotheringay realizing that he can save all of the people all of the time, creates a magnificent palace to which he fetches all the rules of the earth and orders them to get busy right away devising a better world for that neglected being "the-man-in-the-street." To demonstrate this he sets his own power, he then orders the world to stop rotating and universal chaos ensues until he cries "Let everything as it was be." and things are just as they were before he possessed the power to work miracles, which power he surrenders for good and all—and very glad he is to do so.

The trick photography by means of which Fotheringay, admirably played by Mackenzie Rhyll, and Roland Young, is seen working his miracles is excellently handled and there are many amusing side-dishes. But the action is so frequently held up for minutes at a time while some character or other explodes in Wellayan philosophy he is not regretting that there is so little of the jam of entertainment value to so much of the powder of sociological diatribe, especially as the author's doctrine seems to be one of despair.

One is also left regretting the performance and grotesque make-up of Ralph Richardson as the colonel, although Ernest Thesiger as the clergyman, Edward Chapman as Fotheringay's employer and Joan Gardner as the girl by whom he is attracted are all excellent.

As usual, H. G. Wells has a lot to say, but the cinema does not appear to be his ideal medium of expression.

MARY OF SCOTLAND

Hollywood's attitude towards historical films is a strange one. Drama dealing with famous people of a bygone age must always be handled in an expensive and lavlish style and the greatest care must be exercised to avoid obvious anachronisms in details of production. Yet it will cheerfully play ducks-and-drakes with recorded facts if by so doing dramatic values can be heightened. History, in fact, may be sacrificed on the altar of entertainment but the sacrificial robes must be authentic to the last gusset.

Thus, Mary of Scotland, which purports to tell the story of the dark-stared queen's unhappy life after her return to her native land, her struggles against the power-seeking barons, the treacherous behaviour towards her of Elizabeth, her short-lived happiness with Bothwell, and her execution are all treated in a manner which tends to defeat its own ends by the very weight of colourful drama employed. It is as though an organism attempted to cover up faulty phrases in his playing by pulling out the "open diaphragm" stop throughout.

There is drama in plenty, but most of the characters are unable to adapt themselves to the heavily worked-out environment of the atmosphere and they are not helped in their task by such lines as the one Bothwell has to speak to Mary's husband when he exclaims, "Still hanging around, Darney?" In many instances they achieve the boorishness of manners without capturing the underlying bravado of spirit which was so notable a quality in men of those days.

Katharine Hepburn works hard as Mary and emotes to good effect but she seems unable to capture the underlying spirit of a woman whose high office had preordained her to a life of tribulations which could at times triumph over her inherent spirit of fatalism. Rather does she suggest an ordinary woman struggling with the everyday problems of modern life.

Fredric March as the loyal, impetuous Bothwell has sensed the spirit of the man and the times admirably and his performance unquestioningly adds a fine new feather to his cap. His sensitive performance comes from John Carradine as Rizzio but Douglas Walton rather over-emphasizes the worse qualities of Darnley. Florence Eldridge is convincing as the suspicious, intriguing Queen Elizabeth, and Moroni Olsen thunders impressively as the uncompromising John Knox.

It's a contribution to history the film is negligible but it is a colourful spectacle with plenty of drama of a flamboyant type and at least thirty minutes to be lopped off the running time its entertainment value would be increased.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN

We have had to wait a long time to see this new Jessie Matthews musical, for America was accorded the first pep, but now that Gaumont-British have given us the opportunity, we realise that the high praises bestowed upon it on the floor of the Haymarket Pond are by no means exaggerated. In fact, It's Love Again reaches a new level of entertainment that it would be hard indeed to surpass.

The story, such as it is, tells of an ambitious young actress who tries to win F. E. Wright's shop in musical comedy. She meets Peter Carlton a young man-about-town whose bosom pal, Freddie Rathbone, supplies him with "copy" for the social gossip feature he writes for The Record, and the two fall in love. Peter and his pal have an inspired idea of inventing a mythical Mrs. Smythe—Smythe, a glamorous young woman with a famous big game hunter and explorer, in order to bolster up their column with exclusive stories of her exploits.

Elaine, not realizing that the lady has no corporeal existence, poses as her to gain publicity and creates such a sensation that she is offered the lead in a West End revue. Her opening night is spoiled by a rival newspaper man who threatens to expose her unless she gives all future stories to his own paper exclusively, and the show ends abruptly half way through. However, all works out well in the end with Peter and Elaine facing imminent marriage and a wonderful future together.

Directed by Victor Saville, this musical moves both smoothly and fast and there are no weak links in the chain of entertainment. The musical numbers are very tuneful and "It's Love Again" and "Love Is the Key" are particularly good. The Fingers are rather certain to be rendered with varying degrees of success by every radio entertainment and the music is pleasantly mild and errant boy in the country.

The humour is never far absent and at times rises to hitherto un-achieved heights. By far the best of the musicals, Sonnie Hale as Freddie scoring heavily all along the line in this respect. Jessie Matthews, as Elaine, is admirably channelling her historical armour and her acting, singing and dancing have a verve and panache which is the very high standard she has set herself in previous productions, while Robert Young succeeds in being bright and cheeky without spoiling his degree of art.

The supporting cast, too, are uniformly sound and there are not a few edges anywhere to jar the ear. In fact the only_apps is the best British musical to date.

EAST MEETS WEST

Those who enjoyed seeing George Arliss as the Rajah in The Rajah of Lulus are in for yet another 72 minutes of happy memories, for here he is back again, this time as a statesman of an unstable andbuffer state which both Great Britain and a sinister Oriental power back need as an ally. Courteous but crafty, cultured but cruel, his words are as measured as his steps, so it is hardly surprising that his native cunning and resourcefulness make the battle of diplomatic wits and ultimately collect no fewer than £35,000 for development in Renang.

The Sultan's troubles are not ameliorated by the fact that his son, Negusa or "the boy," has obtained a blue for lawn tennis, is in love with Marguerite, the wife of the British governor, and his own wife, the Sultan's forthright, active and untamable, Marguerite, is Galatia and the Sultan himself is the Rajah of Lulus. The Rajah of Tirwan, who rules the Pictographic Weekly, and who is beset with his own personal problems, having a girl who has disappeared. When the Rajah of Tirwan arrives, the two sultans are not hostile to each other, but the Rajah of Tirwan finds that the Sultan of Lulus is a man of little substance and the Sultan of Lulus is not pleased with the Rajah of Tirwan. However, the Sultan of Lulus is able to persuade the Rajah of Tirwan to help him by promising him a reward. The Rajah of Tirwan agrees to help the Sultan of Lulus, and the two sultans become allies. They work together to solve the problems of the Sultan of Lulus and the Rajah of Tirwan.

The Rajah of Tirwan is a clever and resourceful man, and he is able to help the Sultan of Lulus in his troubles. He also helps the Sultan of Lulus to win the girl that he loves, and he helps him to win the Rajah of Tirwan's support. The Sultan of Lulus and the Rajah of Tirwan become close friends, and they work together to solve the problems of the Sultan of Lulus and the Rajah of Tirwan. They are able to win the Rajah of Tirwan's support, and they are able to help the Sultan of Lulus to win the girl that he loves. The Sultan of Lulus and the Rajah of Tirwan become close friends, and they work together to solve the problems of the Sultan of Lulus and the Rajah of Tirwan.
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THE PETRIFIED FOREST

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FAIR EXCHANGE

THE SKY PARADE

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**WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY**


Claire Gable, Bette Davis, Alice Faye, Myrna Loy, Kaye Rosser, George Barbier, Underwood, James Ellison, Hobart Cavanagh, Joe Darrin, John Miljan, Mr. Johnson, Tom Dugan, Finney, Gilbert Emery, John Hamilton, Marjorie Main, Eve Merriutt, Gloria Holden, Jean Carstairs,lama

Directed by Clarence Brown. Renewed May 13, 1936, and fully dealt with in Famous Films Suppliment in this issue.

The hand of the expert shows in every department of this film—acting, scripts, acting settings, costumes, and the art direction is 100 per cent. entertainment.

The story is about Van, a wealthy publisher, who has married Linda, who has been married for three years, and is gloriously happy. Van has a pretentious, and extremely efficient secretary named Whitey, with whom he is friendly (as he is with everyone), but not intimate.

Concerning tongues awake Linda's suspicions, and although she clings to her belief in Van, apparently unsound proof of his unfaithfulness causes her to bring divorce proceedings; Whitey, however, by telling Linda she means to have Van for herself, as soon as he can, makes her reconsider her decision, and she and Van are reconciled.

Claire Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow are exceedingly strong combination, and the humour and pathos are intermingled with great skill.

**THE PETRIFIED FOREST**


Directed by William Cameron Menzies.

I give this three stars because it is a grand experiment. Unfortunately it is a picture in which nearly everything is sacrificed to "production values"; the human interest is negligible, because, for one thing, we do not follow the fortunes of the same characters throughout, and also, while we do see them, they talk interminably in the words of H. G. Wells.

True, the words are good words; and if you are inclined to listen to a lecture on the future of the world this will delight you. On the other hand, the trick photography, the model work, and the cuttings are so amazingly clever that for large portions of the film you will be enthralled.

The destruction of Everytown, the aftermath of the war-world, and the reconstitution of civilization by scientists and dreamers, who finally attempt to reach the moon, is a triumph of skill and art, and the film is worth seeing for these things alone.

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest."


Alan Squier is an author and an idealist who is married to a rich woman. Feeling that his idealism, which is an integral part of his spiritual make-up, is becoming stifled, he sets out on a vague pilgrimage with the object of finding some concrete means whereby he can justify his existence. At a lonely service station in the Arizona desert he meets the girl, Gabrielle, Maple, who longs to express herself in some artistic way and rebels at the loneliness she has to endure.

Alan, the idealist and mystic, and Gabrielle, the practical artist, fall in love with each other, but happiness is short-lived, for they fall into the hands of bandits, and Alan, in the hope of being able to give Gabrielle the chance of expressing her love of art and beauty expression in a practical manner, which he himself was too much of a dreamer ever to achieve, makes a pact with the bandits.

Thus he passes on to the girl the same opportunities which he had but failed so badly to exploit.

Appealing to the senses and emotions in a most unusual manner, this beautifully acted and intensely moving story is dominated by Leslie Howard as Alan. Just as in Berkeley Square, the underlying spirituality and idealism of the hero are stressed in a manner which is as free of mawkishness as it is full of sincerity. Bette Davis, as Gabrielle, is wholly natural and human, and Humphrey Bogart, as the bandit, killer, acts with such understanding that one pities the man as much as one detests the crimes he commits. The supporting cast is uniformly excellent, and Archie Mayo, the director, has produced a story that is right out of the ordinary and full of a brilliance and depth that inspire not only pleasure at the time, but thought afterwards.

IRENE DUNNE and Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession."

But the pity is that the breath of life was never breathed into the characters. The players (especially Ralph Richardson and Margareta Scott) fight to make them come alive, but they never do.

**WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD**

General Film Distributors. "L" certificate. Comedy burlesque. Runs 75 minutes.


Here is a good dramatic story, well acted, and both sentiment and humour cleverly blended. Dr. Hudson had a magnificent obsession, namely, to act the Good Samaritan to all who needed help and to take no reward for his services. A rich young waster, Bobby Merrick, is the indirect cause of his death by drowning, and later Merrick marries the doctor's widow, with whom he falls in love. He takes her for a trip in his car and behaves so badly that Helen Hudson insists on getting out and walking. No sooner does she leave the car than she is knocked down, and her injuries result in blindness.

Bobby, genuinely distressed and penitent, is the means of making her get to Paris for treatment, and does all he can to make amends, but not in the way she wants; he thinks he does so out of pity, and turns him down. He then resolves to reform his life, and takes up (Continued on page 30)

Since this farce was first staged, twenty-nine years ago, it has become as internationally famous as Charley's Aunt, and few people do not know the story of Sidney de Vere, who finds himself back in the Middle Ages and has many hilarious adventures with the people whose ideals are his own friends and contemporaries.

In this version Jack Buchanan, who plays de Vere, is well served with a part to which he suits himself admirably, and he extracts enough humour, to say nothing of dancing and singing, out of it to satisfy his fans completely. There is plenty of broad, obvious humour in this version, which has several additions to the stage production, and director Jack Raymond has been most successful, especially with the medieval sequences, which are richly colourful and spectacular.

The action moves along at a good round pace, and even if some of the later scenes lack a little of the pep of the first sequences, there are a few, if any, dull moments.

Fay Wray, as the Lady Rowena, is something stilted, but Kate Cutler and Martita Hunt are both excellent as her aunts; and good performances come from Garry Marsh, as Brier Ballymote, and Moore Marriott, as the tramp.
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A 4-oz. size is now available for those only slightly grey. Caradium Hair Restorer is obtainable at all good Chemists: Harrisons, Whitneys, Barkers, Selfridges, Timothy White, Boots, Taylor Drug Stores, etc., or direct in plain wrapper (overseas postage 2d. extra) from :-

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D.D.D. Brand Prescription

For all Skin Troubles

Buty-Tone invites Romance

Takes your mind off your complexion
REVIEWS—Continued

A
n unpretentious but quite en-
tertaining melodrama, which tells of two
elders who are sent down for having
accused one of them of theft. Tony
Meredith, one of the young men, is
the son of a famous criminalologist,
who has enough of the spawn of that
phase not to follow in his footsteps that he
determines to hold the boy up to ridicule by
faking a burglary and letting him try to
solve the mystery. Tony and his friend, Elmer Goodge,
get to work and find that the picture
is really beyond them. They
run the thief to earth and Tony
finds romance with the niece of
one of the boxers.

"THE SKY PARADE"

"MURDER ON A BRIDLE PATH"

"CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE"

TWO ON A DOORSTEP

A weak story of a brother and
sister who get into financial
difficulties owing to the former's
habit of betting too much on horse
losers on the racecourse and
dog-track. Thinking that the
betting public consider him as
competent as he is, the brother sets
up as a bookie, and he and his sister
make a fortune with an ease that
seems to accord most satisfac-
tion with the wildest envy.

Their monetary problems being so easily
settled, they are ready to
hand over to their younger
brother, who has been
in possession of her flat—and that is
that.

Ray Hammond and Harold French
as the sister and the bailiff, do not
act as though they have their parts
convincingly—which is not surprising. George
Mozart is quite amusing in a comedy
role, but the rest of the cast finds
their lines quite unsuitable, and
with bricks without straw quite
beyond them.

I cannot hand this picture even the
smaller comment for acting story,
or production.
A bar thickly and lusciously coated with chocolate rich and milky—a delight in itself to think of...this flaunting chocolate-wealth but a mere casing for a broad and deep slab of solid, crunchy, scrumptious something—suggesting an ideal combination of old-fashioned toffee at its grandest (with the real flavour) and “butter-scotch” at its lightest and crispest...then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a sublimier word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds...CREST!

...and the price (believe it or not) is 2d.

SEVERE PAINS IN THE STOMACH

Everyone who has endured the torment of stomach pains will sympathise with Mr. Pittock, of Sandwich. Many who still suffer with stomach trouble can benefit from his experience. If you neglect nature’s warning you may be faced with serious danger. If you do as Mr. Pittock did—as tens of thousands of stomach sufferers have done—then you have no need to fear. Mr. Pittock writes:

“I was suffering agony with pains in the stomach, wind round the heart and loss of appetite. I tried medicine, tablets and various other remedies, but seemed to get worse instead of better.

“A friend recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and I purchased a bottle. After one dose I felt relief and now, after a fortnight’s treatment I am well again; all pain has gone and my appetite is practically normal.”

Now remember, for your own sake, the very next time you feel pains in the stomach—however slight they may be—go out and get a bottle of the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Make sure the signature “ALEX. C. MACLEAN” is on the bottle. Then you are certain of quick relief from stomach discomfort—protected against all threats of serious developments, 1/3, 2½, and 5½, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

Help yourself to a lovely complexion.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

BEAUTY THAT GOES DEEPER
And Actresses Who Wear a Lovely Mask

EARLY all screen actresses possess beauty of figure and of features. But there is one type of beauty which is rare and which no make-up expert can manufacture, that is, beauty of expression.

The former is, shall I say, accidental, whereas the latter comes from within. And the faces of the actresses who lack that inner warmth and kindness are merely lovely masks. While noting their perfection, one looks upon them passionately. After all, a piece of sculpture, however exquisite, does not induce a feeling of friendliness or of admiration.

I wish that there was a greater number of actresses whose beauty is more than skin-deep, such as Madge Evans, Frances Dee, Irene Dunne and Diana Wynyard. —Betty Hazellon, Frogmal, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.

His Classroom

One is forever hearing the cinema blamed for the slangy speech of the average Englishman and for the general low standard of our present-day diction.

When I left school eight years ago I was ignorant of the existence, or correct pronunciation, of half the words in the English dictionary. I knew little or nothing of foreign lands, and my knowledge of history was a mere jumble of meaningless dates.

Through the medium of the "silver screen" I have listened to dialogue written by the world's greatest writers and spoken by the cream of the world's actors. I have seen English history re-lived and mere names have become real people. My knowledge of foreign lands has been vastly improved by seeing films set all over the universe. How much more interesting are these lessons than the dreary hours one was faced with in the class-room!

Yes, whenever I am asked where I was educated, I feel inclined to answer: "At the kinema!" —John W. Hill, 23 Westbury Road, Croydon, Manchester.

Extremes Meet

It must be the would-be and newly-weds who are so entangled with this filthy love-making. The youngsters snort at it, and I think that being nigh on the Biblical limit of man's years I am entitled to put the oldsters' point of view:

Little Miss Green at the age of thirteen 
Thinks screen love a bore and a waste, 
Whilst I as a greybeard entirely concur.

And I think she shows excellent taste. —Jas. Hart, 5 Ely Grove, Sea Mills Park Bristol, 9.

Just for a Change

For the sake of novelty I would like —
Some visiting star to say our policemen were in the nick.

A newly divorced star to say that her late (Continued on page 34)

Thirsty days

hath September
but —

You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's
Gums & Pastilles

Blackcurrant and apricot — lime, lemon
and tangerine — raspberry and gooseberry
— you are sure to find your favourite
real-fruit flavour in Rowntree's FRUIT PASTILLES and
FRUIT CLEAR GUMS.

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ASSORTED FRUIT PASTILLES (Medium)
OR FRUIT CLEAR GUMS (Hard)
Also try JUICY-FRUIT (Soft)
6d, ½ lb. packets, or loose.
TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

"HAWAIIAN" — glamorous as the South Seas!

The brightest red ever! Daring, stunning, and positively ineligible! TATTOO, and TATTOO only, could give you this fetching new shade in an infinitely ineligible, extremely transparent lip stick which positively will not turn the least bit purplish! Four other simply ravishing shades, too! ... all giving exotic transparent stain instead of greasy coating. TATTOO is the South Sea maiden's secret of lovely lips. You simply put it on ... let it set ... wipe it off ... only the colour stays! Behold, there are your lips ... evenly, smoothly stained with transparent glowing colour ... tattooed! Soft, inviting, youthful lips ... luscious alluring colour that does not smear but stays on ... through cocktails, cigarettes ... everything! No dryness, no puckered lips, no pastiness. Fling a challenge to adventure ... Tattoo your lips!

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid, impossibly daring; yet soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. Positively won't turn purplish.

"CORAL," has an exciting orange pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it even more effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is a true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusual transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

4/6
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SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL SIZE

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For 6d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.), please send me quire Trial Size Tattoo in beautiful metal case. (Mark cross in colour desired).

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Address

Tattoo Ltd.

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PO 15/44

AN INTERESTING HAIR TEST.

Thin, straggling hair and bald patches are not always due to hair coming out by the roots. Make this test. Examine the loose hairs in your comb and if the ends show a clean break — no sign of the little bulbous root — it is definite proof that the roots are still in the scalp and that your real trouble is brittle hair due to clogging dandruff 'starving' the roots. This condition is easily remedied by a little special attention. A good tonic brushed into the scalp will soon clear away dandruff and so nourish the roots that your hair grows thicker, healthier, and more lustrous.

In connection with the above suggestion there is a hair tonic which has been found amazingly effective for killing dandruff infection and for stimulating and nourishing the hair roots. This preparation, known as Lavona Hair Tonic, is sold by Chemists at 2/6, under the Manufacturer's money-back guarantee.

The Woman's Magazine, September 12, 1936
I'M JEALOUS OF YOUR NAILS. YOUR POLISH MUST BE EXPENSIVE.

Walter Catlett

Born in San Francisco on February 4, 1889, he stands 5 ft. 10½ in. and weighs a little more than 12 stone. He has fair hair and blue eyes and was educated at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, where he specialised in history. He has over thirty years stage experience to his credit and entered pictures in 1929, playing Joe Ginter in Married on Hollywood. He played a part in Why Leave Home? for which he also wrote the dialogue, played Rex Wardle in Let's Go Places and titled and played in Happy Days.

His other pictures include: The Big Party, Platinum Blonde, Yellow, Palm Days, Gold Fish Bowl, Rain, Mama Loves Pap. Only Yesterday, Olsen's Big Moment, The Captain Hales the Sea, Lightning Strikes Twice, Every Night at Eight, The Man Who Paumed His Soul, The Death of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tale of Two Cities and Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.

Paul Cavanagh

Black-Haired and blue-eyed, he weighs about 12 stone and was born at Chislehurst in Kent. Educated at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, he later went to Cambridge, graduating with honours, and has a fondness for swimming and motoring. He first made a name for himself on the legitimate stage and appeared in many West End productions, including It Pays to Advertise, Spring Cleaning, The Enchantress, The Padre and the Mountain. He first appeared in pictures when he played in Two Little Drummer Boys, later playing opposite Mary Pickford in 1909. Among which he signed a contract with Paramount and went to Hollywood.


What Do You Think? Cont.

Your husband was the worst skunk that ever infested the film colony.

Some star going to Hollywood, to say she is going for money.

Lape and Johnny to keep secret every tenth quarrel.

Newspapers not to mention Chaplin and Mary Pickford for a time.

W. C. Fields not to believe he is a comedy genius; as he doesn't resemble Napoleon one bit.

—(Miss) J. Frazer, I Shunrouck Street, Dunfermline (Fife), Scotland.

A Fearful Doubt

I have written to you several times and now I write again to say that I don't believe you really print readers letters. I think you have someone in your office make them up. —M. Bacon, 65 St. George's Road, S.W.I.

(Wrong! — The Thinker.)

Full Operas

I have just seen Nino Martini in Here's to Romance. This young man is easily the best tenor we have yet heard on films, but what should music-lovers have to sit through an hour's piffle to hear half an hour of opera excerpts?

What a great experiment it would be to corral the singing stars of the screen under one company and film a complete opera. Imagine Kienitz, Kiepura, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy and Lawrence Tibbett all in one film, with no tortuous ingenuity having to be exercised to give them an excuse to sing.

The film moguls have been giving us opera soundtracks long enough. Surely the public is now a conditioned audience to digest a full meal.

The Picturegoer has published from time to time the life story of film stars. These are popular on paper, so would they not be just as popular on the screen? No doubt, biographical films have been made, but, as far as I know, they have not featured the actual person the story concerns, which, in this case, could be done. A reader recently asked for true-to-life stories, so why not true-live stories?

From their younger days, stars have many ups and down before their names appear on top of the bill; so their story should prove to be as interesting as some films now shown. 8. Pooly (Aged 15 years), 20 Stonecroft Avenue, Langley Road, Iver, Bucks.

Who's Who

Hobart Cavanaugh

Born in Virginia City, Nevada, he was educated in San Francisco schools and later at the University of California. He has an extensive stage experience, having appeared in many plays, including Irene, Tangerine, Remote Control and other successes. His name is pronounced Cav-an-er, with the accent on the first syllable.


Frank Cellier

Born at Surbiton in Surrey on February 23, 1884, Frank Cellier, who stands 5 ft. 10 in. in height and has dark hair, had a long and distinguished experience on the legitimate stage and in pictures. He first appeared in many famous plays in which he has appeared ace, Henry V, Ohello, The Merchant of Venice, The Thirty-Nine Steps, The Virgin, Galileo, The Life of Mr. Charles Dickens, The Dictator, The Thirty-Nine Steps, the Governor, Rhodes of Africa, Tudor Rose and The Man Who Changed His Mind.

His surname is pronounced, Sell-eer.

Screen Biographies of Stars

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YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

Let us have your complete view about 14, 16, and 32d, to be paid for the two most interesting, and 5½ 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, Marlott House, Marlott Court, Bow Street, W.C. 2.
Dissolve away SUPERFLUOUS HAIR...

[Image of hair and related products]

LETTERS ON LOVELINESS

Every Beauty Expert will tell you that her post-bag assumes abnormal proportions after the holiday months. S.O.S messages for help in restoring the ravages wrought by sun and salt water pour in by every mail.

So we have asked a well-known writer to answer some of the most pressing problems in this column. Her advice will help you.

UNWANTED TBLOWS: Many have already reached me asking for advice on the problem of unwanted stubble women seem to have tired of their golden tan, freckles are another beauty bugaboo—and everyone wants to acquire a pink and white skin again as quickly as possible. To all these nut-brown maids I recommend Mercerized Wax. It can be purchased from every chemist. If you want to banish stubble, freckles, or rid yourselves of those little lines and wrinkles that your mirror reveals so relentlessly, just use this beautifying wax. Smooth a thin film over the discoloured skin nightly. While you sleep it works its magic, gently and imperceptibly banishing all its blemishes, revealing in their place a brand-new skin, fresh and flawless, pink and white and lovely. The process is perfectly harmless and natural. Apart from the improvement in your complexion, no one could possibly be aware of the secret. And, here's another tip. If you want to keep your skin ageless, make the wax habit a regular one.

NEGLECTED HAIR:—Next on the list comes the hundreds of sorry little stories about sun- scorched hair after a holiday here. Here is my answer—revise your shampoo methods. Give your hair an oil bath with warm olive oil the night before you shampoo allowing the oil to remain on overnight. Next morning shampoo with Stallax. Stallax is a beauty treatment in itself for neglected hair. It restores drab, faded tresses to glistening loveliness, makes curls and waves set better and even encourages straight hair to take on a hint of curl. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of warm shampoo will by itself make blonde, brunette, copper-top or silver-locks will find it beneficial.

SLIMMING WITH SAFETY:—I am frequently asked to recommend slimming diets, but I do not believe in dieting. If you are over-weight you can get rid of the unwanted pounds in a much safer and certainly a much purer (flaxen) way. All you have to do is to take Cynol Berries, one of these little brown berries after each meal will banish the fat-producing tendency from your system and you can eat what you will without fear of the scales going up.

LOVELY LASHES:—Those striking lovely covering lashes like Garbo are responsible for many of my heavy post-bags. Fortunately, I am able to tell you how to make them impossible. First of all, to script lashes, grow long and luxuriant. "Just brush them with Mennaline twice a day," I tell them and they grow!" I find that Mennaline is non-injurious to the eyes and improves the colour of lashes and eyebrows as well as strengthening the growth.

Note:—All the preparations advised above can be obtained from your chemist.

SHIRLEY YUP!

Here's some great news! Seventeen different pictures of Shirley Temple—entirely new—EXACTLY as she appears on the screen. They are the most fascinating, vivacious postcards you could imagine. There are thirteen taken from Captain January and four from "The Littlest Rebel." In each one Shirley is utterly adorable. You must not miss adding them to your collection. Real photos, sepia glossy style, on sale at all price 5d, each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Don't forget to order also from the

16 LATEST ADDITIONS TO OUR LIST

Wonderful photographs of favourite stars—full of personality and fascination—here is the list from which to choose—:

Shirley Temple

Hacie Albright
Rose Alexander
Sara Beer, Jr.
Katherine Baxendale
Majestic Aunt
Harry Heide
Mary Ellis
Dickie Moore
John Geilgud
Richard Hilliard
Allan Cuthbertson
William Powell
Ginger Rogers

‘PARTNERS’—Sepia and colourgaph (State which one required)

Walter Abel and Margaret Hamilton
Linda Darnell and Sylvia Sidney
Ramsay Wrong and Rosalind Russell
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

JOIN THE "PICTUREGOER" POSTCARD CLUB

Join the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and you will not only get your cards at a big discount but a 5s. album free, bound to resemble snakeskin and holding 300 cards. A de luxe alphabetic alphabet Reel is also available. An order for 12 of the new postcards, sepia glossy finish, at the regular rate of 2s. 6d. doz., entitles you to full membership. Complete list of nearly 2000 cards sent free on request.

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To “PICTUREGOER” SALON,
Please send me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2s. 6d. each. Please include with my order your 3s. Postcard Album free. I enclose 1 extra (or 20s. if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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Overseas readers should enclose 4 1/2p. extra to cover covering postage, or 1 1/2d. extra to cover covering postage, or 3 1/2d. extra to cover covering postage.

Cross P.O. Cheques and make payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY.

Irish Free State customers will be requested to pay any charges levied.

Pic., 12/1936.

35
Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want castings 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 Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FILM STAY MAD (Wandsworth)—John Arledge took the part of O'Brien in We're No Angels, at the Coronet, Texas, March 12, 1936; 5 ft. 10 in., blond wavy hair and grey eyes, 140 lb., married, hobbies, music, swimming and tennis.

Let there be peace and love and common understanding among all people on earth. 

PERFUME & POWDER

A box of beauty, a bottle of beauty, by Bourjois! "Evening in Paris" powder gives your skin an exquisitely flattering "soft focus" finish. "Evening in Paris" perfume has an irresistibly lovely fragrance. The wonder is that such charm should cost so little. Perfume from 1/- to 1/-, Powder 1/6.

BOURJOSI

Leslie Perrins Fan Club. Will those interested please note that the headquarters have been changed to 22 High Street, Esher, where you should write for full particulars, etc.

* * *

Will all readers please note that a British representative is required for the Erol Flynn Fan Club and also for the James Stewart Fan Club. All inquiries should be addressed as follows: Erol Flynn Club—Miss Dorothy Roppe, President, 1015 Belvedere Road, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A. James Stewart Club—Mrs. Eugene Steele, President, 290 D Street, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A. New members for both these clubs are also welcomed and you can write to the above for full particulars.

There is a Welsh branch of the Ginger Rogers Fan Club run by the Inter-

FAN CLUB NOTICES

There is a Welsh branch of the Ginger Rogers Fan Club run by the Inter-

NATIONAL CLUB. The President is Mr. Leonard Williams, Lynwood, Wyndham, Esher, Surrey, for whom all enquiries should be addressed.

No. 277 (New Series) Vol. 6 September 12, 1936.

F. G. (Ilford)—I am afraid we cannot help you in the matter of the release of films. I can only suggest you write to London Films and ask whether you and many other fans would very much like to see The Scarlet Pimpernel again.

SULLA-FAN (Chester).—(1) Articles on Margaret Sullivan: "Margaret Sullivan's Life Story"—June 22, 1935 and June 29, 1935; "Margaret Sullivan Talks of Cricket, Ambition and Romance"—July 13, 1935; "John Boles introduces Margaret Sullivan"—April 14, 1934. (2) Articles: Dec. 8, 1935; Summer, 1935; Dec. 7, 1935. (3) "The Moon is My Figure," released Sept. 21, 1936. Miss Sullivan has insufficient time and has not been able to make a film for some time. She is scheduled to appear in The Fallen Idol in the World. (4) Yes, Only Yesterday was her first film.

DICK POWELL ADMIRER (Johannesburg).—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1906, 5 ft. 8 in., blue eyes, auburn hair, 172 lb.; mar. Mildred Maude (mar. dis.). Latest film: Heart of the City, with Marion Davies.

J. B. (London)—Lloyd Nolan, b. Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 1, 1903; 6 ft. 1/4 in., brown hair and blue eyes; married Moll Evans, b. May 23, 1905. Latest film: Texas Ranger. We do not publish a photograph of Lloyd Nolan in the Postcard Saloon, so I suggest you write to him, c/o Paramount Studios.


B. L. (Highgate).—Write to Preston Foster, c/o Columbia Pictures, Ltd.

A. M. (Highgate).—Write to Preston Foster, c/o Columbia Pictures, Ltd.

A. B. J. (J.blogspot).—Address: James Cooper, Los Angeles, Sept. 13, 1931; fair hair and blue eyes, hobby, his gang. Making The Devil is a City; (9) Articles: "The Devil is a City," 1933, June 23, 1934; (10) Articles: "The Devil is a City," 1933, June 23, 1934.

J. M. (Lanes).—Chief player Stearns Round the Bend—Will Rogers, b. May 22, 1905, 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair and blue eyes; married Wesley Ruggles and has one son.

IRVIN S. COBB, Eugene Palette and Raymond Hatton.

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IRVIN S. COBB, Eugene Palette and Raymond Hatton.
Mother's Mother knows the Worth of Beechams Pills

Why have Beechams Brand Pills grown in public favour for 90 years — whilst hundreds of "remedies" have come and gone? Simply through personal recommendation. Try them yourself, and you'll tell others how wonderful they are — so gentle, certain, pain-free and non-habit-forming. Beechams Pills are safe for young or old. Never equalled for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Liverishness, Indigestion and Mental Depression.

Purely vegetable. Sold Everywhere.

Keep REGULAR with BEECHAMS PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

NAIL BEAUTY in 2 minutes

If you are too busy to bother with long and complicated manicures you will be interested to hear of a marvellous new nail cream which gives your nails a complete beauty treatment in two minutes. It is so easy and quick to use that you can apply it with your nailbrush at any time. This new cream is called NAILOID, and it softens the cuticles so that you can push them back to show bigger "half-moons" and longer, more shapely nail frames than ever before. It also enriches the nails with natural oils and keeps them smooth and healthy — free from cracks and brittleness. It is splendid for removing stains and blemishes from the fingers and hands. Try a jar to-day. Ask at your Chemist, Hairdresser or any Store for NAILOID — the amazing new nail cream, price 1 6d. Money refunded if not satisfied. Or send 6d. in stamps for generous trial jar to Allcocks, Dept. P. R. 27, Hamilton Sq., Birkenhead.

The Girl with the GLAMOROUS HAIR is the Girl who uses AVA

People call her "The Girl With the Glamorous Hair." Her friends can't guess how she can afford the time and money to keep her hair in such gorgeous condition. Now the secret's out. Someone saw her with a packet of AVA — the marvellous original soapless shampoo that makes sticky film and after-rinsets things of the past — and turns your dream of hair beauty into reality. Try it — and prove it.

AVA Soapless SHAMPOO

From your Chemist, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or your Hairdressers.

TRY AVA SETTING LOTION contains no gum, 1/- per bottle.

AVA Ltd., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

WHY SHOULD YOU TRY SOME OTHER KIND OF PROTECTION?

Because, until you have tried Mene Towels you cannot know the comfort of their softness, their coolness and complete absence of chafing, their perfect absorbency and the protection of their waterproof back.

BECAUSE YOU CAN DO SO FREE!

Although Mene Towels can be had in 6d. packets you can prove their merit without spending a penny. Send the coupon below and samples will be gladly sent to you.

MENE COUPON

To Miss Haynes, 168 Old St., London, E.C.1

Please send me free samples of Mene Towels.

NAME

IN BLOCK CAPITALS

ADDRESS

(5)

Staple stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed

NAIL BITING

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explaining how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No address, no auto-nagitation. New discovery. Send 1/1d. stamp for postage. FLITEX LTD. (Dept. P. 23), The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.
OTHERS write to me nearly as frequently as daughters. Many of them deplore young girls' liking for make-up. And, if it is not disclosing secrets, many young daughters write to ask me how they can persuade their mothers to make them more of their looks. "If only she would use a touch of rouge, my mother would be quite handsome," is a not infrequent remark.

Some modern mothers are in complete accord with their girls about this cosmetic question. Others are a little old-fashioned, do not see matters in the same light. So here am I trying to convince them that a little discreet—very discreet—make-up not only gives the older woman a new concomit of herself, which is as good as a magic, but gives her more sympathy with her young daughter.

As a woman grows older her complexion tends to take on a neutral shade. The living flesh tones of youth have gone and in their place is a "they are applied with the minimum amount of trouble.

They not only put bright tints into the dull and the mouse-coloured. They also darken hair that requires it, and give to grey and white hair a lovely silvery sheen.

If even simpler ingredients are preferred, there is always lemon juice for fair hair turning dark; camomile infusions for imparting bright lights, and elder vinegar for making coarse hair lighter and more fluffy.

BRIGHTENING

You do not necessarily imply grey hair

1. It may be hair that is faded and dingy-looking. In which case there is all the reason in the world for trying to brighten it up.

I shouldn’t like to dye it," I hear some of my readers say. I am not suggesting that you should. Use a rinse instead. Of recent years, chemists who specialise in beauty products have perfected a whole range of rinses that achieve wonderful effects on the hair. The rinses have no harmful effect on the hair, and they are applied with the minimum amount of trouble.

If even simpler ingredients are preferred, there is always lemon juice for fair hair turning dark; camomile infusions for imparting bright lights, and elder vinegar for making coarse hair lighter and more fluffy.

Answer to Correspondent

E. T. (Aden)—The best treatment I have discovered for holiday hair trouble is Shampette. It is a new shampoo which lathers in any type of water, producing a light, creamy foam which leavens the stickiest speck of salt or dust. It rinses away without a trace of sediment leaving each separate hair perfectly clean and glossy. This sober hint is worth following all the year round. A shampoo that can remove sticky salt will get rid of any other impurities and give the hair the beauty of perfect cleanliness and health. Shampette costs only fourpence a packet and is made in two varieties—No. 1 for light and medium hair and No. 2 for dark.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to K. R. S. (Leamington Road, Sandy Road, London, 4, for—

No More Ladies

Sandy

In Pulped

The Brown Wallet

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss Marie Harwood, 77 Coronation Street, North Shields, Northumberland, for—

She Lends Hers

They Never Come Back

Once to a Woman

Always Good-bye.

Miss K. White, Badovise, Oswestry, Salop, for—

Bureau of Missing Persons

The Eternal Question

Where Are My Children?

Mrs. L. M. Terrace, 13 Spring Park Avenue, Shankley, Surrey, for—

Married in Hollywood

EIGHTEEN Minutes

Afterwards

The Gay Divorce

Miss V. L. Smith, 14, 36 Wellesley Avenue, Beverley High Road, Hull, for—

The Kite

Change of Heart

Marriage to Come

Heatwave

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link these four talkie titles into a short Joyce-like story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard or written, care of D. E. Brittain, Markitt House, Bow Street, W. 1, C.

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

GUY BEACON.
A coming-of-age ball taught me this Beauty Rule

Lady Millicent Tiarks

"A COMING-OF-AGE BALL! How thrilled I was to be going to such an important event so soon after I had left school. And how anxious I was! For I knew that much hunting had toughened my skin and it would contrast oddly with my satin dance frock.

"So desperate did I become as the great day drew nearer that I asked a friend's advice. She said, 'Pond's Creams will work wonders for you.' And she was right. I went to the dance confident in the knowledge that my skin was clearer and smoother than ever before. Since that day I have always used Pond's Creams."

"A skin as smooth and lovely as Lady Millicent's can be yours if you learn these simple facts about the skin and follow her daily beauty care.

Skin faults vanish when the under-skin is roused

The loneliness of your complexion depends on the condition of your under-skin. This lies beneath the skin you see, and contains myriads of glands and blood-vessels. Even before you are twenty, your under-skin begins to get lazy. Muscles relax, circulation slows down. Then blackheads, enlarged pores and lines appear."

But when you use Pond's Gold Cream, its fine oils cleanse out the pores; and then ugly blackheads disappear. As you pat the cream into your face, it reaches down and stimulates the under-skin. Then the little muscles are strengthened. Pores close up. And lines and wrinkles vanish. Soon your complexion looks clear and lovely again.

Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream every night; use it to remove make-up. And before you powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Besides holding make-up on evenly for hours, it puts two substances into your skin. One softens rough, dry skin at once; the other nourishes your skin. Begin with Pond's Creams to-day and watch your skin grow lovelier.

FREE—Pond's Powder: Write your name and address below, put a 1¢ stamp on the coupon and post to sealed envelope to Dept. P-301, Pond's, Peekskill, Greenpond, Middlesex, and try this powder. FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunesse, Suntan, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME

ADDRESS

POND'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
one of my earliest recollections

SAYS ANNA LEE
GLAMOROUS GAUMONT BRITISH STAR

“My earliest memory in life is a packet of Shredded Wheat. I was brought up in a country rectory where we had Shredded Wheat every day for breakfast, and I used to keep silkworms in the empty packets. Now I give my husband Shredded Wheat for breakfast, but alas, I no longer have any silkworms.”

SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.
Luise Rainer

FREE 16 PAGE Supplement of Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
This Great Triple Presentation Gift Set is available in two styles as illustrated here.

WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR TWO YEARS accompanies each pen

KEEP THE VOUCHER BELOW and "With Care" Label until you have qualified for your Set. Then complete and send in as directed. Do not enclose any other correspondence.

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY"

Presentation Voucher for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil and Penknife


I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Tokens appear in the right-hand bottom corner of the back cover of "Picturegoer Weekly." Affix each Token with paste or gum, NOT plain.

STANDARD SET — 1/10

DE LUXE SET — 2/9

STYLE OF NIB

A Nib can be filled in the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like.

BROAD

MEDIUM

FIRE

STANDARD Style NOT REQUIRED. VERY IMPORTANT

Please do this immediately.

P.O. Number...Value...Date...

Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross / 5 / New and make payable to "Picturegoer Weekly." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 5/5 with triple Inline stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 5/5 with triple Inline stamps firmly affixed. Do not send loose stamps.

Your Signature...

WRITE CLEARLY

NAME...

IN BLOCK LETTERS...

ADDRESS...

Send your Neighbour’s name and address below —

NEWSAGENT...

ADDRESS...

Leave Blank for Office Use.


THE STANDARD STYLE

Above is an illustration of the Standard Set. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

THE SUPERB DE LUXE STYLE

Above is an illustration of the exquisite De Luxe Set with the INLAID ROLLED GOLD BANDS on pen and pencil. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.
for “Picturegoer’s” Great Presentation to every reader

{10" GIFT SET

FOUNTAIN PEN, PROPPELLING PENCIL & PENKNIFE

JUST what I wanted,” “A Writing Set that really is different”—such are the remarks of “Picturegoer” readers who are applying in their scores of thousands for the wonderful Presentation Gift Set which “Picturegoer Weekly” is making to every reader, of a BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS—A COMPANION PROPPELLING PENCIL—AND A COMPANION PENKNIFE, WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR-POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL—all to match—silhouette made—a Gift Set well worth 10s. 6d. If you have not applied you should do so at once before it is too late. This great offer is closing shortly and the Reservation Form below will not appear again next week. All applications will be treated in strict rotation.

It is easier than ever for you to qualify, “Picturegoer Weekly” places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page. Don’t miss this great opportunity. Reserve your Set on Form below at once.

REMARKABLE The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—The Fountain Pen is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the pen cap, protecting the nib when not in use. The Pen is guaranteed for two years.

The Ever-pointed Pencil is of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overturnable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the Pen and the Pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design.

The companion Penknife, finished to match, is fitted with two special quality, mirror-polished, Sheffield steel blades.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE SET? Realising what a lifetime companion this Set will be, “Picturegoer Weekly” has arranged for a limited supply to be produced in a De Luxe Style of rare workmanship and beauty. Not only is every feature of the Standard Set found in this De Luxe Set, but, in addition, the entire De Luxe Set is made more valuable, and more magnificent by the addition of TWO INLAID BANDS OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. But that isn’t all! The Propelling Pencil, too, is embellished by an INLAID BAND OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD.

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of “Picturegoer Weekly.” If he holds no written order from you, you MUST HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.


ORDER FORM

To (Name of Newsagent)
Address

Please deliver or reserve "Picturegoer Weekly" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature
Address

DATE...PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

DO THIS NOW First fill in the Final Reservation Form below. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard or De Luxe—and MUST be sent to us at once. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WITH THIS FORM. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH STYLE YOU WANT RESERVED. You should also indicate your Voucher on the opposite page the style you have chosen.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE is your Presentation Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your Set. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and attach to it 12 tokens (Series "A"). From 12 successive issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Begin this week with token No. "A.2." which you will find in the bottom right-hand corner of the back cover of this issue. NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Affix tokens to voucher with paste or gum—not pins.

When your Voucher is completed—after the twelve weeks and NOT before—it MUST be sent in to “Picturegoer Weekly” accompanied by a Postal Order for 1s. 10d. (one shilling and tenpence), which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on your Set. If you require the De Luxe Set send 1s. 10d. extra, making 2s. 10d. in all, which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc. Upon receipt of properly completed Voucher and “With Care” Label, together with Postal Order for the correct amount, your Set, in the style specified, will be immediately dispatched to you.

No person may qualify for more than one Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

APPLY TO-DAY! The last day for receipt of applications is WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30. The only way to make certain of your Set, is to fill in the Form below and post it at once.

Reserve Your Set on the Form Below at Once

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

Send no money with this Form

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" TRIPLE PRESENTATION

FINAL RESERVATION FORM

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.


Please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The Newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." I hereby 1 have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved.

STANDARD SET

READER’S NAME... State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
Full Postal ADDRESS... 

DATE... Last day for receipt of reservations from this announcement, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

"Picturegoer," 19/9/36
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

As soon as you light one you know a Player's by its fine quality Tobacco. Before you light it your guarantee is the name Player's "Medium" Navy Cut on each Cigarette and the Lifebuoy Trade Mark on the packet.

SOON AS YOU LIGHT IT
YOU KNOW IT'S A
PLAYER'S

10 FOR 6"  20 FOR 11½  50 FOR 2/5
ALL THE GOSSIP

ONE of the things you, collectively, complain most about is the quality of "shorts." They are silly, you say; fatuous; feeble. They take up valuable time and space in the programme, to no good purpose. With the exception of the all-too-rare Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies, and a few others, they would be better wiped off our screens . . . and much more to the same effect.

Most heartily of all, you dislike the story short that begins to work out a plot—and then you discover it's an advertisement of some well-known commodity.

Well, I agree that the subject is a vexed one, but for a long time it has been impossible to see a solution.

There is no encouragement to producers to make shorts, for exhibitors will not pay for them; they are frequently "given away with a pound of tea"—or a feature-length film—in order to make up entertainment-time.

Consequently, since they are only makeshifts at best, it is nobody's business to make them of a quality to compare with the rest of the programme.

"Scat!"

However, there's a glimmer of light on the horizon.

The other day, I wandered into Merton Park studios at Wimbledon, and there found an impressive array of talent gathered.

Nat Gonella was there with his band; you know him, of course:

"There was a band-leader named Nat,
Who attempted to broadcast some 'Scat';
But they said: 'Oh, Gonella,
I say, my dear fellah,
We really can't let you do that!'

However, the studios are a little less grandmotherly than the B.B.C., and also realise that it's precious little use paying good money to hire an Emperor of Scat if you don't let him do the thing he's good at.

So there was Nat, hi-de-hoing away at full blast; and in addition there were the Carlisle Cousins, Peggy Ward, Dick Francis, Freddie Carpenter, Muriel George, Andre Charlot's Starlets, and a host of other entertainers, including a special chorus.

"What's all this in aid of?" I asked, intrigued.

"We're making an advertising film for Beecham's Pills," I was informed.

Chicken-Fed Artistes

Doesn't that put a new complexion on the matter? Doesn't it open up new vistas? Consider, for a moment, another medium of entertainment, which is getting more and more mixed up with the cinema; broadcasting.

We seldom hear internationally-famous stars on our radio, such as they have in America, because the B.B.C. can only afford to offer them fees which they regard as chicken-feed.

This is because the B.B.C. derives its revenue from listeners' licences and royalties on wireless-sets sold. Broadcasting in the U.S. has tapped another and more fertile source—advertising.

If you listen-in America you will hear the announcement before and after each item—and frequently in the middle as well—"This broadcast comes to you by courtesy of the Curall Drug Company Inc. Take Curall Drugs every night and morning . . . and so on, irritating at times, it's true, but that's when the announcements are overdone; there isn't anything to be gained by repeating the sponsor's name and qualities all the way through. If the listener doesn't keep tuned-in until the end, it's a poor broadcast anyway.

"Story Shorts"

The point to notice is that the advertisement is not incorporated in the entertainment, as it is in our advertising films. It is "kept" separate as Disko Troop remarked.

And it is enormously popular—and profitable.

Thus, why shouldn't we have films produced on the same principle? The advertiser would pay for the production of a "straight" short film, and this would go free to cinemas, proceeded and followed by a "credit," showing who was responsible for the entertainment.

Thus we should at least be spared the necessity of choosing between cheaply and badly made short films, and films that, having worked up our interest, suddenly betray themselves as an advertisement for soap or matches or gripe-water.

In inconsequential films of the Beecham's Pills type you can sing songs about pills all the

(Continued on page 6)

Bergner talks to Picturegoer

I HAVE just received my lovely gold medal and I am so filled with joy and gratitude that I must write to thank you straight away.

It could not have come at a better moment; to-day is the opening day of my last picture, "As You Like It," and I felt very down-hearted, and now this lovely symbol of appreciation from the readers of your paper fills me with encouragement beyond words:

I thank you and the readers of the Picturegoer from the bottom of my heart.

Yours sincerely,

Elisabeth Bergner

Elsieh Bergner in her new British film, "Dreaming Lips"; she made a great success in the original German version some years ago.
way through if you like, as they do about Ovaltine from Radio Normandy; but the short-story type, which is badly needed, won’t bear mixing. And this is one way we may get it.

We Err

We have shocked, offended, and grievously wounded the susceptibilities of our American cousins; we have sent them a film, made in Britain, which is abhorrent to their sense of propriety. It is immoral; it is deleterious; in fact, it is living dangerously.

This B.I.P. film, featuring Otto Kruger, has been so favourably received here that it was almost assurred of success in the States—which, of course, means a lot to a British film at this juncture.

But the American Purity Code Authorities have banned it, for two reasons. First, it shows a doctor (British; it’s true) selling drugs illicitly; and secondly, at the climax of the film a doctor shoots a blackmailer, and the suggestion is that he will escape scot-free.

Blessed in Britain

It is laid down in the Code that no evil-doer shall go unpunished on the screen; this objection, by the way, does not apply in the first instance, for the drug-vendor is imprisoned and also struck off the Medical Register.

The same rule applies in Britain, but the British Board of Film Censors gave this one its blessing, evidently considering that the blackmailed doctor had suffered enough already. And so another chapter is added to the long, long tale of “uninternationalship” of films. It is not that films are more “national” in character, or more calculated to offend other nations, than they were a decade ago, when a film produced in any country could be shown in any other country, with only one proviso—that it must be good enough.

World Importance

The change is due to the importance which films have attained in the scheme of things; films which ten years ago would be merely an evening’s entertainment are now a matter of world-interest, not merely to picturegoers but also to that vast body of men and women, ranging from statesmen to school teachers, who know what is good for picturegoers.

Another factor contributing to the general “jumpiness,” of course, is the fact that Europe, and not only Europe but practically the whole world, is like a powder magazine that awaits only a spark.

HURRY FOR OUR GRAND TRIPLE PRESENTATION

H ave you yet sent in your Reservation Form for the “Picturegoer Weekly’s” Grand Triple Presentation—if not, you have not a moment to lose. On page 3 of this issue we publish the VERY LAST Reservation Form. It’s definitely your FINAL opportunity to make certain of these THREE beautiful Gifts in One. So act to-day, or you will be too late.

Just think! A gold nib Fountain Pen guaranteed for two years, a superb Propelling Pencil and a handsome Pocket Knife—All to match.

The Pen is fashioned in a new unbreakable material. It has a 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium, and it is fitted with a safety device on the pen-cap to protect the nib and prevent leakage. The pencil has spare leads in a special container.

The companion penknife has two blades of mirror polished Sheffield steel.

The superb De Luxe Style Set, a limited supply of which is also available is already in great demand. This set is enriched by the addition of inset bands of 18-carat rolled gold on both pen and pencil.

Remember, after this week no further Reservation Forms will appear and all applications must be received by not later than September 30. Make sure of this thrilling Triple Presentation now. Turn to pages 2 and 3. Apply at once!

The fuss about films started a year ago, with Spain crying out for vengeance upon the producers of The Devil is a Woman. Paramount, burned the film as a “grand gesture,” and it’s whispered that they were glad of an excuse to do so, for the film (until it was burned) was “not so hot.”

You May—You Mayn’t

Canada is odd in its decisions, too. Its Prime Minister banned The Green Pastures as a “cheap burlesque of the Scriptures ...” and then removed the ban under pressure by the Press and the clergy; but the ban in Britain remains.

Even China has done her bit of banning; Harold Lloyd comedies have had to be withdrawn because “supposedly Chinese characters were an insult to the Chinese nation.”

Well, you can’t blame them for that; the usual screen Chinaman is a piggtailed absurdity. France, you may remember, forbade Para-

mount to picturise the novel Paths of Glory, under pain of barring all Paramount products from France.

And so it goes on, with the producer having to tread warily between the pet corns of a dozen nations.

Are We Awakening?

So we at least have the comforting assurance that Britain is not alone in offending. In fact (may I say it quietly, so that America will not hear that I am a Briton boasting), British films have offended rather less than those of other nations.

It’s rather a sign that films are waking up; Living Dangerously is a well-made film dealing with a subject of world-importance. Therefore it is banned by the Board.

And British films are waking up (I am continuing to speak very quietly). On pages 32 and 34 this week, my colleague “The Thinker” Publishes readers’ letters, selected from hundreds, on the subject of British films.

Some praise, some blame; some criticise constructively, some destructively; but they all testify to the awakening interest in our home-grown product.

Choosing the Best

This being so, I’m glad to hear that one Old Hollywood Custom has now come to England.

For years we’ve been accustomed to hearing about Hollywood awards (the Academy award and a dozen others) for the best film, the best acting, the best photography, the best script, and so on; so many and so frequent, that it is becoming merely confusing.

Over here we have the Picturegoer Gold Medal awarded by readers, for the best acting performance in each year, but no authoritative selection of the best film.

Now the British Institute of Cinematography has founded an annual award, and so long as its example is not followed by others and less responsible bodies, I feel that this is a step in the right direction.

Certainly the B.I.C.’s decisions will carry weight, if the names of its founder governors go for anything.

Impressive

Here is the list—a truly impressive one:


Every one of these is the production chief of an important British company; their names are widely known in Britain, and in some cases in America and on the Continent as well.

What good will this do? It will foster competition, which is one of the surest roads to progress; and it will ensure at least one British film a year attracting the widest possible attention in America, for the production that carries the stamp of approval of the whole film-hierarchy of Britain will certainly be considered worth a good deal of attention by the inhabitants of the United States, who are quick to spot new possibilities.

However, we must not lose sight of the fact that the opinion of these gentlemen would not have been worth a nickel.

Cesar Romero, Pat O’Brien and Margaret Lindsey in a hair-trigger moment in “G-Man’s Wife.”

September 19, 1936
at the American box-office if some of them had not made, without benefit of the B.I.C. or any other body, pictures which have removed the reproach from the tag "British" in America.

Where's That Kiss?
What has happened to the Final Fade-out Kiss? Time was—and not so long ago—when it would have been almost unthinkable for any film except stark tragedy or cutesy-pie comedy to have dispensed with the "terminal oscillation," as the highbrows uniformly term it.

We still have kisses—in the opinion of some of our younger readers, a darned sight too many—but they no longer monopolise the screen in enormous close-up during the last thirty feet or so.

Consider the recent pictures from which the final kiss was absent; you could probably think of dozens, but here are a few from memory, straight off the reel:—Mutiny on the Bounty, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The White Angel, Anthony Adverse, Bullets or Bullets, A Tale of Two Cities, The Petrified Forest, Ceiling Zero; and I am assured that future films such as Bengal Tiger, Polo Joe, and The Charge of the Light Brigade will have kissless finishes.

Growing Up
British films, it's true, have been a little slower in departing from tradition, but at least the two H. G. Wells pictures, Things to Come and The Man Who Could Work Miracles, end with any incidental love-making forgotten. This may seem a trifling matter in itself, but it is a sign of the times.

It shows that our films are no longer dependent upon a love interest for their main theme, or, more encouraging still, that we no longer need a false ending tagged on to make us feel we have been watching a love-story.

Any sign that we picturegoers are growing more intelligent, or that producers are giving us credit for more gumption, is welcome. And now, speaking of The Man Who Could Work Miracles, a word about Wells, who can't.

As a writer of imaginative, pseudo-scientific romances he is without a rival since the days of Jules Verne; as a political and social-economic pamphleteer he, more or less, obtains the attention; but as a complete reviser of the basic principles of kinematic entertainment, he must be written down as a failure.

Celluloid Lectures
It is common knowledge that Mr. Wells had a vast deal to do with the making of the two London pictures which proudly bear his name—Things to Come and The Man Who Could Work Miracles. The former was based on a book, the latter on a short story, and both had sufficient theme and plot to be made into a first-class motion-picture by anyone who understood the needs of the cinema and the business of supplying such needs. And what happened to them?

The narrative, which should in its own development have made clear at the message it was intended to convey, was in each case interrupted while characters struck attitudes and delivered long orations full of Wellsian theories and philosophy. The Man Who Could Work Miracles could be a moving thing; it could—and does—show that no one can wield a power which comes into our hands promiscuously.

But, not content with this, Mr. Wells must rub in his lessons in flowery language, and meanwhile keep us waiting for the action of the film to go on.

Comparison
To appreciate this, consider films made from two Wellsian stories—this Man Who Could Work Miracles, and The Invisible Man, made in Hollywood.

This latter conveyed a message, too—that invisibility, or any other great gift, was not in itself sufficient to secure one's happiness. But this truth was implicit in the subject; it was left to the intelligence of the audience to grasp what was meant; and, even if they missed it, they had an hour's rattling good entertainment, uninterrupted by any University Extension Lectures; in fact, they had what they paid for.

I have heard it said that it was originally intended (by Mr. Wells) that The Invisible Man should be supervised by Mr. Wells; but when the contract with Universal was drawn up, this proviso was omitted, and the omission was not discovered until too late.

Whether this is true or not, The Invisible Man was grand entertainment; The Man Who Could Work Miracles is "excellent in parts". In the difference lies a moral.

On the Cover
One of the most intriguing personalities to have "hit" the Film Capital for some time is Luise Rainer, who adorns our cover this week. Born near Vienna just before the War, she became a famous stage actress in that city before she was twenty.

Max Reinhardt starred her in Berlin, where she scored a terrific success in Six Characters in Search of an Author—on the stage. Bob Ritchie, in search of talent for M.-G.-M., saw her in that play in Vienna, went to her dressing-room after the show, and made a contract with her on the backs of menu-cards. In Hollywood she was "nursed" until she made a triumphant screen debut opposite William Powell in Escapade; and on the strength of this she has been given one of the three leading parts in The Great Ziegfeld—that of Anna Held.

Her performance in this seems likely to send her soaring to fresh heights.
Continuing "I GUARD THE STARS" CHARLES C. BLAIR

WORKING with

SCOTLAND YARD

At one time or another, nearly all the major kinema stars have had to deal with purported relatives—mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles or cousins—who have turned out to be impostors. Sometimes these impostors land in jail cells. Other times no legal action is taken, though the frauds are effectively dealt with. Very often, unfortunately, a celebrity allowed himself to be victimised for fear that if he complains to the police the story may somehow leak out and the publicity harm his career.

Just recently a man in the eastern part of the United States made newspaper headlines by claiming to be Mae West’s husband. Her denial of any such relationship was prompt and decisive. Yet he persisted in his assertions. He made an issue of the matter in the courts, seeking to establish his claim and compel Miss West to acknowledge the alleged relationship. At last reports, he had appealed an adverse lower court decision, and the case is pending at this writing.

Now, irrespective of how sincere “Mr. West” may be, and regardless of the truth or falsity of his particular claim, his case is but one of hundreds which are to be found in the files of my department.

I recall the time an Indiana carpenter came to Beverly Hills claiming to be the father of Mae Busch, then at the height of her career. He had previously sent her letters over a period of a year. These she had disregarded. When, however, he appeared on her doorstep to create a scene, she sent for me. After questioning the man I suspected he really did believe Miss Busch to be his daughter who had run away many years before to join a circus. At any rate, he held to his story very stubbornly even when confronted by Miss Busch herself and her real father, in my office. Investigation revealed that the impostor had very little money in his possession—so I suggested to Miss Busch that she let the wisest course, in order to avoid publicity, would be to advance him enough money to return to Indiana. This she did. I warned the fellow that further annoyance would land him in prison, and I had him escorted to the train. He has not been heard of since.

“Mr. West” and the Indiana carpenter may have had no other motives in their assertions than a desire for recognition which they believed rightfully due. Not so with most other claimants to a kinema celebrity’s reflected glory. Some seek notoriety. Others desire to share the celebrity’s opulence. Still others demand hush money to keep their alleged relationship secret. A few are “cranks” or psychopathic cases.

Understand, some of the claims prove genuine. There have been cases where celebrities have denied the parentage of their children. There have been instances where abandoned wives or forsaken husbands have appeared out of the past. But the genuine claims among the fraudulent are less than one in ten.

To illustrate the trouble and embarrassment such impostors cause stars I will select one case from my departmental records—a case in which, incidentally, I had to solicit the co-operation of Scotland Yard—I refer to the activities of Conrad Nagel’s “brother,” his fraudulent impersonation and defalcations and his final arrest by Scotland Yard. This case, besides, represents another aspect of the impostor racket, for in many cases a crook poses as a celebrity’s relative or manager, not to victimise the celebrity, but that he can plunder the celebrity’s friends. Such crooks are far more difficult to apprehend—their “trails” are cold by the time the deception is discovered. They usually are immaculate in appearance, have a convincing manner, a sharp brain and a clever tongue.

Such a man was Albert William F——, a painter of English nationality, who first was convicted of theft in 1910 at the age of 19, and who subsequently served sentences for at least six counts of obtaining money under false pretences.

F—— bearing a marked resemblance to Conrad Nagel, conceived the idea of posing as the actor’s brother. He was smart enough to know that he would need inside information regarding the actor, his personal life, his address, his activities and his friends. This information he obtained, perhaps through a confederate in Hollywood, or perchance through some other channel in Hollywood. At any rate fortified by the knowledge, and forged documents, he set himself up as “George Nagel” and commenced his activities in the summer of 1928.

So persuasive was his manner that he was able to deceive, among others, Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce and Adolphe Menjou—who knew Conrad Nagel well—while they were on holiday in Europe. His manner of operation was to watch American Express Company records and hotel registers for the names of American tourists from Los Angeles or Hollywood. This procedure he followed in London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna and Rome. Having selected a prospective victim, he next determined whether that person knew Conrad Nagel, or took a chance that the person might. Then he would strike up

The author of this series, with the late Will Rogers.

Alice Joyce was one of the people victimised by “George Nagel.”
acquaintance perhaps by sending such a letter as this which he addressed to Louis D. Lighton, famous Hollywood producer, and which repose before me in the dossier of the case.

Carlton Hotel, London, S.W.1.

Dear Mr. Lighton,

Having heard you were staying here I called to see you, if possible, as my brother, Mr. Conrad Nagel, of Beverly Hills, is in company with Mr. Lighton of Kansas City in Hamburg at the Wuterburg Hof. So I thought I should like to see you. I will call you on the 'phone to-morrow at 10 a.m.

I remain, yours sincerely,

George Nagel.

Once he had met his victim, the impostor volunteered details of Mr. Nagel’s intimate affairs, and before long it was not difficult to negotiate a loan for a few days “to meet a pressing obligation.” As he was modest in his requests, the loans ranging from £5 to £50, he was usually successful. Having obtained the money, he would disappear.

As many of the victims continued in the belief that he was Mr. Nagel’s brother, and since the amounts were comparatively small, they hesitated to embarrass Mr. Nagel by mentioning their loss. In this way F—— was able to continue operating, until a Mr. William Brown met Conrad Nagel upon returning to Hollywood from abroad and displayed this letter given him from the impostor:

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear George,

I am sending this by our friend (Mrs. Ashenfield) who is going over to Europe. Have signed a new contract with Metro so am taking Ruth and the children over for a visit. We expect to sail on the S.S. Ascania on August 19. While in London I wish you would call to see Mr. Brown

Below, Conrad Nagel, whose brother the swindler claimed to be.

and family and give them my best regards. Love from brother

Conrad.

Denying authorship of the letter or relationship to its writer Mr. Nagel then learned that Mr. Brown had been approached for a loan, which had, however, been refused. Mr. Nagel approached his attorney who put the matter in my hands.

I immediately had prepared printed bulletins describing “George Nagel” and his operations. These were mailed to the police departments in the principal European cities.

To the Commissioner of Police of Scotland Yard I wrote on August 11, 1929, a personal letter as follows: “Knowing the splendid reputation your organisation enjoys throughout the world and feeling sure that your department will co-operate in apprehending an adventurer of this type, who is victimising British subjects as well as Americans, I am taking this opportunity of sending you the enclosed circulators with the suggestion that the same be placed in leading hotels.”

Scotland Yard soon apprehended the impostor and we closed our case upon receipt of the following letter:

New Scotland Yard,

February, 1929.

The Chief of Police,

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 11th August and his reply of the 15th September, 1928, regarding a man using the name of George Nagel, I am directed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to transmit for your information and retention copies of the finger-prints and descriptive form of Albert William F—— C.R.O. No. S131386, and to ask that you will be kind enough to forward any additional convictions which may be known concerning this man.

I am to add that in committing the offence of which he was convicted on 17th December, 1928, in London, the prisoner called upon the editor of an American film publication and by false pretenses represented himself to be George Nagel, brother of Conrad Nagel of Beverly Hills, obtained the loan of one pound. He was arrested when calling for a further ten pounds.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

H. E. Archer,

Deputy Assistant Commissioner.

Two years after the impostor had been convicted in England, our department again received word that a man was posing as Conrad Nagel’s brother, this time in St. Petersburg.

Florida. There the impostor had become involved in some shady deals, and the newspapers of that city referred to him as the actor’s relative.

When the facts were wired to me I approached Mr. Nagel who immediately denied the relationship. By the time the St. Petersburg police learned of the deception, however, the impostor had escaped.

Whether this case had any connection with the London one there is no knowing. It appears that the modus operandi was similar in both instances. Certain it is, at any rate, that neither F—— nor the St. Petersburg impostor has ever succeeded in duping people since by claiming to be George Nagel.

In other cases brought to my attention of impostors in other parts of the world, our procedure has been along lines similar to that in the above instances. I might say that I have always found British police agencies quick to co-operate and efficient in matters of this nature.

Adolphe Menjou also was taken in by the false "George Nagel."
Above: No, this is not Jeanette MacDonald who is being filmed, but Gladys Holmes, who is impersonating her in "Scenes from the Films," which is being shown supported by the personal appearance of the Amami Film Star Doubles. On the left are Betty Browning as Myrna Loy and Lola Cordell as Ginger Rogers.

Just an old Spanish custom: Madge Evans watching a Mexican girl breaking a paper egg filled with confetti over the head of her dance partner.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been preparing for his role in Criterion Films' forthcoming Scottish war picture by taking fencing lessons. Here he is being coached in the grounds of the Wharton Hall studios by Ernest Froeschlen, the European champion.
WE CAN HAVE ROMANCE declares Basil Rathbone

ONE of our most romantic actors, who has come home to play opposite Ann Harding in *Love From a Stranger*, for Trafalgar Films, points out in this interview with Max Breen that glamour and romance are to be had for the asking.

"There is a breed that is dying out, in an age fairly equally divided between hearties and sissies, rumbustious he-men and pallid half-men.

We only—more's the pity!—see this true romantic strain in the race in time of war; then the band lifts the head high, and danger curves the lips and adventure sets that sparkle a-dancing in the eye.

We get our adventure now—vicariously—from the films. We who have grown into a nation of adventure-watchers such as the world has never known, are a nation also of adventure-watchers. We sit in a cinema and watch the great battle of life go on, and perhaps sigh a little for the dear dead days.

Ask Basil Rathbone.

"Dead days? Rubbish!" he exclaims, with that fanatical look which every now and then makes way for a flash of white teeth to show you he isn't too serious about it all... and then an immediate relapse into seriousness to show that the smile was only foiling you.

"Don't you believe it! There's romance everywhere you look for it, but you must really want it, to begin with.

"Adventures! I tell you, life's ram-jam-cram full of adventure; a great deal too full for comfort, sometimes!"

"What's your idea of adventure?" I asked him.

"Oh, to play worthwhile parts on the screen or the stage. Have you ever thought what grand fun it would be to get into somebody else's body, see out of his eyes, think with his brain? My God, what an adventure!"

"Well, and now and then, with the right role, well conceived and skilfully written, with a good producer, a good make-up, the right audience... an actor can experience that. He can be the character.

"Who wouldn't be in a job that gives you that?"

"Yes, that's all very well for actors," I argued. "But that's a glamorous profession anyway. You said *anyone* could have romance, adventure, if they knew about the people in humdrum occupations. Clerks, shop-assistants, factory-workers."

"I can stretch the first part of your argument in just one case," he replied. "I know actors, very sound and reputable actors at that, who find no glamour in their profession. To them it's just a job of work to be done, and that's that—their very existence is still. It's something you can apply like a—well, rather like switching on an electric torch."

"But some jobs are pretty hard to illuminate," I reminded him.

"Unfortunately that's only too true," he agreed soberly. "In fact, I'm often appalled by the number of people who seem to be working merely to live, with no interest in their work beyond what it brings them in at the end of the week."

"And for yourself—what's the adventure you want most?" I asked, knowing him to be a born wanderer and also with the means to indulge his fancies.

The "most expressive eyes on the screen" gazed out for a moment at some distant vista, and I thought he was going to say: "To take cocktails in the Forbidden City of Chootabarraga, behind the Himalayas"... but the actor prevailed over the adventurer.

"I love the screen," he said earnestly, "but no one can belong to the theatre as I have belonged to it without having a hankering.

"I want to make a lot of money out of films and the theatre; and then I want to do as Leslie Howard is doing—put it, or at least a great deal of it, back into the theatre by presenting plays; plays I believe in, with parts I want to play."

"When you can do that, it seems to me you have a right to call yourself an actor."

"But don't run away with the idea that I want to rob Peter to pay Paul—exploit the screen for the benefit of the stage."

"The screen has given me some grand parts to play—in *Loyalties*, in *Anna Karenina*, *Kind Lady*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*—for which I am deeply grateful.

"And I'm grateful to it for something more besides; while it can show a multitude of people—as it does—a broader view of life than we would otherwise get, and helps us to pack out the glamour in the dress, I think it's an art eminently worth serving, and I'm proud to be one of its servants."
Having seen Edward G. Robinson on the screen, a small, dynamic figure lording it over a bunch of gangsters who positively wilt beneath his flashing glance, I approached him with some trepidation. In my mind’s eye I saw the newspaper headings announcing: “Importunate Interviewer Bumped off. ‘He Sure Had It Coming To Him!’ says Famous Star,” and I determined to proceed with all caution.

However, I need not have worried, for the Edward G. Robinson of private life is anything but a forbidding person. In fact, I had not been in his hotel suite overlooking the Thames for five minutes before I realised that I was in no danger. The only ride I was likely to be taken would be in the hotel lift!

Naturally I asked the star about those gangster roles which he plays with such success.

“Don’t in the least mind taking the role of a super-crook,” he said cheerfully. “A gangster part is as good as any other, and better than most, but what do I want to avoid is always playing the same type of part. What the nature of the character may be is quite beside the point. A gangster or a ‘G’ man, a politician or a priest—it’s all the same. If you portray one sort of character year in and year out, you are bound to become typed.”

“After all,” he continued, “crooks do not differ to a vast extent, and it is impossible for an actor to ring the changes indefinitely in his characterisations. If one is condemned to play only one type of character for years, it is inevitable that sooner or later some smart guy will come along with a wisecrack to the effect that ‘Edward G. Robinson gave a grand impersonation of Edward G. Robinson impersonating a gangster’ and I don’t want that to happen.”

“Variety is the spice of an actor’s life, then?” I suggested.

He nodded emphatically.

“As a matter of fact,” he went on, “although many people are inclined to associate me only with those ‘tough guy’ roles of mine, I have played more straight parts than gangster ones during my screen career.

“Some folk,” he went on, “seem to imagine that the average crook is wholly bad the whole of the time, but, of course, this is not so by any means. All of us have a certain amount of both good and bad in our spiritual make-up, and it is only when the bad and anti-social side predominates that your crook comes into being. In many respects he may be perfectly rational, and in real life it is most unusual to meet a man who has not got at least one redeeming point to his credit.”

“You seem to have studied the subject very thoroughly,” I ventured.

“It’s no good trying to make me out as being a professor of psychology!” he protested laughingly. “As an actor I am naturally interested in my fellow-men—that is all. Obviously, unless you can get a line on a man’s mental reactions, it is impossible to build up a character satisfactorily.”

“Of course,” he continued, “heavy make-up, false whiskers, padding and all that sort of thing can be a help in acquiring a physical resemblance to a certain character, but it is not the trappings that make the actor. No, it is the ability to get the right line on a man’s mental equipment that really matters. To understand how he would think and act in any given circumstances, to see life through his eyes rather than through your own, in fact, to get right into the skin of the part, is what counts— that is what really matters. Good acting must always come from within.”

He went on to elaborate the theme further.

“A few decades ago,” he said, “people were much more typed than they are today. The Frenchman with his little pointed beard, conical silk hat and pointed boots was as easily identified as the Turk with his embroidered jacket, baggy trousers and fez, and the Irishman with his green tail coat and knickerbockers. But nowadays, national characteristics are becoming more and more standardised and the ubiquitous lounge suit makes all men seem to have been cast in much the same mould.”

There was even a time when a man who smoked a large briar pipe was immediately identified as an Englishman.” I added.

The star laughed. I had counted no fewer than fourteen such pipes lying about his sitting-room, and he was even then contentedly puffing at yet another one!

“I get you!” he said. “But doesn’t that just illustrate my point? With people growing more and more alike in appearance, manners and dress, it is essential for an actor to delve beneath the surface and get to terms with understanding and sympathy with the mental and spiritual make-up of the characters he is to portray.

“Nowadays, the average criminal no more looks like, say, Charles Peace, than the manly and upright hero resembles one of Ouida’s dashing young men. Naturally, a certain amount of convention still clings to all branches of
home the great truth that crime does not pay, has not only awakened public conscience to a tremendous extent but—and this is equally important—it has also prevented many a youth from throwing in his lot with the gangsters.

"Selflessness and greed are the motivating forces behind your criminal, and if it can be made clear that he stands to lose much more than he can gain by pitting himself against law and order, he will think very seriously before trying his hand at the game; and it is just this lesson that the cinema has been hammering home to such good effect.

"And do you think the cinema is as valuable a medium in international affairs?"

"I am afraid it is impossible for it to be," he answered. "After all, the prime duty of the films is to entertain. If a moral can be pointed at the same time, well and good, but the play's the thing, still. Anything approaching world-wide propaganda would be quite impracticable, for censorship is very powerful in many countries and a film which voiced any social, political or religious views that were contrary to those approved of by the powers-that-be would stand no chance of being shown.

"So you see," he went on, "censorship of films makes anything remotely approaching worldwide unity impossible, and even in more local conditions it often acts as a brake to enterprise in picture-making. I do not believe for one moment that the big companies would take advantage of the removal of a censorship to produce pictures of questionable taste or violently controversial themes, but they would at least be able to present sincere and important stories without having to worry continually about minor dialects and prejudices displayed by official bodies.

"After all, the cinema-going public would never stand for films in bad or questionable taste, for it is the ordinary man-in-the-street who constitutes the most powerful censorship in the world—the censorship of inherent good taste."

When I asked the star what were his future plans, he told me he is returning to Hollywood in the autumn to make another picture.

"But I may be back here later," he added. "I certainly like England and enjoy making pictures over here."

"And are you always going to play 'tough' parts?" I asked.

He laughed. "I don't know about that, but I guess I'm hardly cut out to play dashing heroes!" he said cheerfully. "After all, physical limitations must exercise a certain influence over the sort of part that art can undertake with the reasonable hope of success. And if you want to give a sound performance, it is essential to keep this in mind. Can you picture me as Romeo, for instance? No," he went on while I was still groping for the right answer. "I haven't any aspirations in that direction. In fact I'll let you in on a great secret."

"What is it? I demanded eagerly.

He looked preternaturally solemn. Then in grave tones which the twinkle in his eyes betrayed completely, he announced: "During the entire course of my career, I never once had the least desire to play Hamlet!"

And that is Edward G. Robinson in a nutshell. He refuses to take himself seriously off the screen—which is probably one of the reasons why he is so successful when he is on it!
Luli Hohenberg

The Viennese star who is Edward G. Robinson's leading lady in "Thunder in the City," the Atlantic Films production made at Denham under the direction of Marion Gering, Hollywood is keenly interested in her work, and she is now under contract to B. P. Schulberg.
**IS MODERN FREEDOM AN ASSET?**

**Norma Shearer answers the question**

"I suppose no one could actually advocate suicide and death for modern youth," she mused, "but there's no denying that they do add a piquancy to the taste of life."

Surmounting difficulties, overcoming obstacles, always intrigues me, as I believe it intrigues most people. When things were held back from young people they looked forward to them with a more eager appetite. If getting something called for winning it from a reluctant elder, there was more delight in the game.

"Who is interested in a race unless the track is a tricky one and the competitors have to put forth every effort to win?"

"Girls who are not easily won are usually the ones who have most suitors."

"Girls of other ages were more feminine. They were mistresses of all the arts of coquetry. They knew instinctively how to manage men, for all their dependence. To-day we have the compensation of living on a plane nearer our husbands. We can do the things that appeal to us, and we follow whatever path we wish, in a direct and simple fashion, because we are a direct sort of people without much subtlety."

"Coquetry belonged to other ages, to other generations. It was a pretty thing when a girl understood it. Juliet knew how to play with words, to toss them back and forth, and handle a situation like one born to it. Girls of our grandmother's, if not of our mother's day, could have great fun with a flirtation, carrying a dangerous flame under a gay shawl of graces and laughter, yet never letting the flame burn their fingers."

"Girls-to-day are not so adept. They are too direct to do such things as Juliet did."

"We are not repressed to-day, as every one knows," observed Norma. "But neither was Juliet. I think repression came in at a later date, with another and colder rage."

"Elizabeth Barrett was repressed, for example, but she was not the wise, impatient, eager chid that was Juliet. Juliet waited for the day after they had met. She couldn't wait, once she fell in love. Elizabeth was always trying to give him impetuous love off, to warn him, to get out of marriage, not for her own sake, but for his."

"When I speak of freedom I am not referring to the sort, freedom that makes it possible for people to marry and divorce every other year, nor the sort that 'makes allowance' for affairs on the side."

"I don't believe any true woman permits her eyes to wander once she has pledged herself to her husband. I don't believe that Juliet, for all her disregard of conventions of her day, would have looked at Romeo twice if she had not met him until she was safely married to Paris, instead of being merely in process of becoming engaged."

"She had met Paris for the first time that evening, and she was ready for love. Then she met Romeo and his love was overwhelming. But she would not have allowed herself to glance at him if she had first given her love to Paris as his wife."

"Juliet was a woman, although she was but 14. I feel after living with her for more than a year now that I know how she would feel about anything. One symbol of modern freedom is a woman who can dress. The 1936 modern girl takes her shorts, slacks, brief bathing suits and simple dresses as a matter of course. Less than a hundred years ago, getting up in the morning was a much more complicated affair—what with eleven petticoats and numerous other undergarments."

"Now that we have related health to sunlight and air, and discovered the benefits of being lightly clad, there's no way to do without. And then we still have to add: "Clothes—slavery."

"Lack of ceremony is another advantage of to-day's freedom."

"To modern people ceremony as our ancestors knew it seems a complete waste of time for all concerned. It's a matter of course, a matter to which ceremony doesn't belong."

"Only occasionally can we slow up enough to enjoy the ceremony of things."

"Perhaps we miss something because we have no time for the courtesies of yesterday. I think it likely. But we never get something precious without waiting for it, and we can have much more freedom if we can have gained independence, but they had to sacrifice a certain sweet protectiveness for that liberty."

"So I think we have too much stress on freedom. No one can be absolutely free. When we cut every tie that binds us to our families or shed every responsibility toward other people, are we really free or are we merely alone?"

"Love, whether romantic, filial, parent or friend, is not part of freedom. When we love one, we take on a certain sense of responsibility for him. It is up to us to make him happy, to comfort him when he is despondent, to share his joy, to hope with him and never let him down."

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Finally, Cherry accepted the offer of a milk-carrier's lift to Boston, and arrived in New York to find herself the object of newspaper headlines as to her mysterious disappearance. Pressing past the crowd and the notice in front of the Van Steeden house, "Cherry Chester returns," she entered the drawing-room.

"I've considered the situation thoroughly," Lucy told her. "There's only one way to silence the malicious gossip that's been going around. I've known for some time you left. Your engagement to Horace must be announced at once. Well, what are you looking like that for? The reporters are waiting."

"Granny, it's absolutely impossible. Suddenly, Cherry felt like giving way to tears. "Suppose I were to tell you I'm married?"

"I'd rather it was your way of avoiding an issue."

"But I am. To John Smith."

"Who's he? Where does he come from? What does he do?"

"I--I--don't--Granny, you've simply got to believe me—but I don't know."

"Produce him, then!"

"I--I really don't know where he is just now."

Moreover, as the days flew by, Cherry was no nearer knowledge of these all-important facts. The Simpsons, the proprietors of Moonsock Hotel, in reply to telegrams alleged that John Smith had left without forwarding address. Pictures of Cherry and Horace as prospective bride and groom appeared in the papers; but what good was that to a man who had wooed and won Cherry under the name of Sarah Brown?

Cherry showed a lamb-like agreement to interviews and press-photographers which was in itself alarming. She was even dressed to please her grandmother and Horace. After all, the Moon was her home; and what did terrestrial things matter provided there were no exhausting quarrels? Horace's New Year's Eve party, to be given at the Club Continent, was to mark the apex of his entertaining as a bachelor. Wearing white with white fox stole, a bandeau of brilliants in her fair hair, Cherry posed with Horace at the club entrance for press photographers, conjuring up a smile simultaneous with the flash. Girls, demanding autographs, crowded round. Sick of the publicity business, Cherry was signing mechanically when she caught sight of John, heading for the bar.

"Excuse me—no more now," she murmured and went over.

John, with—surely it couldn't be—quite his one-time gaiety, was asking for two double Martinis when Cherry, coming up behind, added:

"Make it four."

"What's new?" she added, looking into his eyes.

"I haven't seen you before?"

"Possibly, in the girl you married once."

"I knew it. Never forget a face. Don't try to get away from me again."

"I won't. Why didn't you tell me it was my perfume, and not me, that night?"

"I was too ill. It's got musk in it, and musk always makes me go green. That day I jumped into your carriage, some girl in a shop I was in, came up to me smothered with it. Hence my rushing into the street."

"Oh! I thought it made you remember some girl you couldn't forget."

"There's only one I can't forget—Sarah Brown."

"There's something I want to tell you. They spoke together and then again. "I'm Cherry Chester."

"I'm Anthony Amberton."

"Darling, are we bigamists! Do you mind?"

"Cherry asked.

"I love it. We had fun, didn't we?"

"We'll have a lot more when you've given up Hollywood. We'll go everywhere. We'll live in the moon."

"But I'm not retiring from the screen. Why should I? I suppose you're not giving up your writing?"

"Certainly not."

The interview, begun in words, ended in blows. They were chasing each other along a deserted corner of the bar when Horace appeared. Nothing perturbed Horace. Speaking in his usual quiet voice, he performed an introduction: "Johnnie Smith. This is my fiancée. I didn't think you were listening just now, when I told you we were getting married."

Arthur Amberton, rubbing his ankle, got to his feet. "I see, I owe you an apology, Miss Chester," he observed. "You certainly are an actress—a great actress. You might try Paris for a divorce."

"Certainly, and I'll marry Horace there, too," Cherry riposted.

But, after all, it was at Newark Airport, on her way to Hollywood, that Cherry's temperament finally and for ever met its match. In the airport corridor, following an attendant on their way to the 'plane, Cherry found herself seized, covered with a straight jacket, and placed in an ambulance.

"Don't struggle; it was the only way," Anthony said beside her as the ambulance shot forward. "I talked to your grandmother, who was an absolute sport. She arranged for Boycie to take Horace for a ride in the deer van, and here I am. Don't try to do things with your arms. Wait a minute now.

"I'm so tired of having them around me," Cherry confessed, freeing herself.

"Kiss me, darling!"

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**CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS**

**AS YOU LIKE IT**

It is with a dignity and consciousness of the importance of the work that he is the most active of actors, and it seems clear that Paul Czinner has approached the direction of Shakespeare's romantic comedy—a fairy tale for grown-ups, if you will.

He has not departed widely from stage traditions—in fact, I feel that a fuller exploitation of the screen's resources for action would have been warranted—but he has kept the spirit of the original, set it with delicacy and taste, and brought out to the full the poetry of the dramatist's play.

Produced in this manner Shakespeare ought to appeal to those who reverence his works as well as those who have an eye only on padding terms with them.

In other words, I think the picture definitely adds to the prestige of the screen, and any criticisms about the individual performances are subservient to that fact.

The whole thing is exceedingly well planned. The artificiality of action which makes it a potential fairy tale is in fact, quite insidious.

The poetry is brought out by the ability of a strong cast, which contains many names famous on the stage.

Pride of place I give to Leon Quartermaine, whose melancholy Jacques is an outstanding piece of work. The famous "Seven Stages" soliloquy is masterly and a model for any young actor.

Next, in order of merit, I would place Kay Aylmer's Duke Frederick, a finely digested characterization which makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

I am in something of a quandary regarding Elisabeth Bergner's rendition of Rosalind. It takes a little time to accustom oneself to hearing Shakespeare's words spoken with a foreign accent. I intend no criticism of Bergner's ability, but it seems to me a mistake to try to attune our ears to an essentially un-English intonation in an essentially English masterpiece.

Again, she seemed to me to present Rosalind with an over-emphasis of ingenuousness; a little too much effulgent girlishness.

Later when she was posing as a youth she seemed more in her element, and I would applaud her ingenuity and her attempt to create a more than the atmosphere of quirkiness that characterizes her interpretation in the earlier scenes.

Laurence Olivier delivers his lines as Orlando, but he seems to lack the robustness of a lover and his bewilderment caused by the grand passion of his life is overdone.

**THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**

An excellent performance comes from Sophie Stewart as Celia, Rosalind's sweet cousin, while I particularly liked Dorris Fordred as Audrey, the country wench.

Henry Ainley's voice shows to full advantage the role of the exiled duke, and MacKenzie Ward's Touchstone is in the true tradition of stylised clowning.

J. Fisher White is admirable as Adam and Austin Trevor is good as Le Beau.

There is beauty of design in every foot of the production. Interior palace scenes and pageantry in the courtyards are equally effective, while the Forest of Arden is a place such as dreams are made on, and is very much as you should like it.

The costumes are notably good and praise is due to John Armstrong and Joe Strasser for their work in this direction.

The production has been artistically photographed by Hal Rosson, who gets full value from the excellent settings.

As I said in the beginning of this review, I would have liked to have seen more cinematic treatment, but if it is to be played "straight," as it is, the effect could not have been bettered.

**THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**

In his lifetime Florenz Ziegfeld set out to glorify the American girl, this production sets out to glorify the impertinent's work in that direction.

That it is technically excellent and extremely well acted goes without saying—it took two years and cost $400,000 to make—but it lacks that essential of all biographical films, a soul.

With all its lavish settings and careful detail work one cannot take a great deal of interest in the fate of its main character.

Ziegfeld is just a name to most people in the country and I am not sure that his romances and escapades of, when viewed coldly, are quite commonplace, are going to raise anyone to any particular pitch of enthusiasm.

He was apparently, judging by the film, a showman who made money, spent it and succeeded in making it again. That he had a genius for providing the needs of the tired business man, an unerring eye for beauty and an extremely fertile imagination in the stixers a huge cast is an intercurrent, but otherwise his life story as here presented has little of the essential of drama.

Emotional space is divided roughly into three parts. The first introduces him as a fairground backer with the strong man Sandow as his main asset as allowed by his capture of Anna Held, his romance and marriage to her. The second deals with more spectacular sequences supposedly taken from the shows he produced with a glimpse of his relations with other women. While the third depicts his break with Anna, his meeting with Billie Burke, his marriage to her and his death after he had lived it on the stock market.

The first part is undoubtedly the best. It introduces his friendship with a rival showman Billings whose talent matching his own in his own game. It also contains his romance with Anna Held which strikes a hugely and a transparent in spite of the fact that it is extremely drawn out. This sense of sincerity is mainly induced by the emotional acting of Louise Rainer as the temperamental French star.

She gives an excellent performance but whether she in any way resembles her famous prototype I am not in a position to state.

William Powell I should say has had very little resemblance either in looks or temperament with the late Ziegfeld; he puts over a typical Powell performance with a certain royalty and polish but without convincing particularly as to his outstanding qualities of showmanship or with any particular degree of intimacy.

Mynna Loy gives a clever rendering of Billie Burke and introduces, without over emphasis, certain little mannerisms of that artiste who had made a big name for herself in England before coming to America.

Frank Morgan is extremely good as Billings and adds the requisite touch of comedy with a characterization that may or may not resemble the original.

I particularly liked that Pendleton's representation of Sandow; it was difficult to recognise the even delightful portrayals of dumb gauders in the blood haired and moustached weight lifter.

A clever little study comes from Virginia Bruce and to a girl Ziegfeld tries to make a star but who lets him down by her loose living and eventually causes the breach between him and his wife, Anna.

The late Will Rogers and Eddie Carlin's roles were "made" by Ziegfeld are well interpreted by A. A. Trimble and Buddy Doyle, Fannie Brice—she's fine—Harriet Howard, who appears respectively as themselves.

Reginald Owen has a rather thankless task as Ziegfeld's accountant, but he plays it well. Robert Z. Leonard has been inclined to over- portray his sequences which leads to dullness. There is also too much repetition especially in the drawing of the character of Anna Held.

The acting runs for approximately three hours and that, I contend, is too long for any film, especially one so slight in its dramatic farce as this is.

I should say that with drastic cutting, especially in the opening and closing scenes, the stage sequences the entertainment would be greatly increased and that even present danger of boredom completely banished.

**MERCHANT D'AMOUR**

Edmond T. Greville has directed scene dealing with the case of a temperamental, middle-aged film director for a fully ingénue actress with extreme subtility and makes that touch of satire at the expense of film studios.

It is remarkable for its very sprightly pace and for which pictorial development is substituted. Consequently it is perfectly easy for a person who has no French to follow the action with hardly a recourse to the sub-titles that have been imposed on it.

The plot is a simple one dealing with Jack Stephen, a successful director, known as the Merchant of Venice (or Love) because of the passion he puts into his pictures and his private life, who manages to put his wife, Lily, on a "bus and turns her into a star."

For the first time in his life he is genuinely in love, but she becomes the mistress of his leading man and refuses to work in his next picture. Disillusioned, he makes a film of star who has is derided by the critics and the public.

No one will engage him, and he drifts into obscurity. Meanwhile Lily has gone to Hollywood and returned because of a scandal which spoils her screen prospects. Hearing of Stephen's plight, she manages to obtain capital to finance a new production. She is only just in time to save him from committing suicide, and so makes amends for her heartlessness.

Intimate and human characterization is the keynote of the picture which has a deep underlying note of bitterness in its comedy. The director has built up the complex nature of his hero in a human and entertaining manner and Jean Galland plays the role admirably.

He reminds us somewhat both of Eric von Stroheim and Conrad Veidt, depending one with his...
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The PICTOGEROK's quick reference index to films just released

***MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY***

by Lionel COLUMB

MEN OF YESTERDAY

A ny effort that is liable to be of assistance to the promotion of world peace is deserving of everyone’s sincerest support.

This pretentious little picture sets out to support the idea of the re-union of ex-servicemen of all nations and while there is, to my mind, a tendency to underline sentiment rather heavily, it is obviously sincere in its aims.

It is directed by John Bradfield and stars Stewart Rome as an ex-major who loses his job after the war, but whose idea to get ex-servicemen to visit each other gives him a further incentive to carry on when he felt that he was of no further use to anyone else. He is helped in his scheme by men of his old battalion.

Reconstructed war scenes are good, and a clever party, comedy of lines includes such artists as George Robey, Ella Shields and Dick Henderson.

Willy Piffe, Sam Livesey and D. H. Petrie all give clever character studies.

On the Screens Now

***MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY***


Charles Laughton.......... Captain Bligh
Clark Gable ............... Fletcher Christian
Frank Coghlan ............ Koko
Robert Young ............ Mowat
Eddie Quillan ............. Smith
Donald Crisp ............. Burkin
Noah Beery Jr. .......... Skipper
Francis Lister .......... Captain Nelson
Van Johnson ............... Frank
Mervyn Peak .............. Teahan
Byron Russell ............. Paddy
Percy Marmont ......... Quinlan
David Torrence .......... Lord Hood
John Harker .......... Mr. Parry
Douglas Walton .......... Stewart
Ian Wolfe .......... Mago
Edward Arnold .......... Morgan
De Witt Jennings .... Fryer
Vernon Dobtchev .. Rayford
WilliamTabbert ........ Hentih
March Clayton .......... Edison
Stanley Fields .......... Murrapt
Wallis Clark .......... Mardon
Crauford Kent ............ Lieutenant Edwards
William Daunt .......... Alick Craig
Charles Lannell .......... McCay
Dick Wilson .......... Tinkler


In spite of occasional weaknesses, this is a very notable piece of screen craft and one which utilises the full scope of the screen in beautiful Colour. With great care has been taken to produce a look on the high seas in the Year of Grace 1789.

Historically, the story of Captain Bligh, whose brutality leads to a mutiny, may not be accurate, and certainly his character has been drawn in the blackest of colours, with little or no relief, but as a fine piece of spectacle, superb in camerawork and rich in characterisation it is very hard to beat.

Although the brutalities are over-stressed and spectacular plays such a big part, neither the one nor the other are allowed to obscure the main thread of the story, which is gripping and logical in its development.

Charles Laughton gives a remarkable performance in spite of the fact that only one side of the nature of a remarkable sailor is presented; his working qualities of leadership are not sufficiently stressed.

As the chief officer who eventually leads a mutiny and settles down to running a colony on Pitcairn Island, Clark Gable is virile and impressive. His sincerity of purpose is always apparent.

No less good is Franchot Tone as Byam, a young midshipman who is forced to sail with the mutineers and is finally tracked down and taken back to London on trial by Captain Bligh.

The three hold the stage most of the time, but they are admirably supported by the strong cast, of which Eddie Quillan is particularly noteworthy as a young press-ganged sailor.

Frank Lloyd’s handling of the subject is admirable. Detail work is perfect, and every character is etched with an eye to the design of the production as a whole.

Settings are highly realistic. The Portsmouth of the period, storms at sea, and the contrasting peace of a Tahitian island are all noteworthy.

Women native appearing in the island sequences are graceful and natural and the production as a whole is an extremely praiseworthy piece of work.

***OURSELVES ALONE***


ANTHONY CUSACK .......... Norman Elliott
NIALL McGINNIS .......... Terence Elliott
MAIKE O’FELLA ........ John Noble
GILLIAN ELLIS .......... Sally Craven
SHEILA MARKS .......... Frances Langford
TERRY HARRIGAN ......... Patricia Hitchcock
PETER EDMONDS .......... Stanley Hooper
SUSAN CLAYTON .......... Mozley
EVA BROADBENT .......... Ward
WILLIAM HAMILTON ......... Ogden
SUSAN HART .......... Lavan
MARGARET MINTY .......... Mimi Judd
WYNN PRATT .......... Sergeant
MARGARET FIELDING .......... Miss Mannin

Directed by William A. Seiter, from the novel by Frank Craven. Premiered April 4, 1936.

William A. Seiter, the director of this most amusing romantic comedy, evidently found it so good that he could not bear to bring it to the screen, which is an impression gained by the prolonging of the final sequences and their rather artificial finish. Start from that, however, it is first-class entertainment. It deals with the love affair of a temperamental screen star; with the trouble she believes to be a thief, but who turns out to be a famous novelist. The heroine is pleasant and temptingly but they are finally married, only to part on another temperamentlly.

The screen novelist runs her to earth again and holds her in his arms—all being well, apparently, until the end of the novel.

(Continued on page 30)
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Pictures! Pictures! Pictures! This is the outstanding feature of "ZOO," Britain's Great New Nature magazine—on sale to-day. There are nearly one hundred packed inside this 64-page number, magnificently printed in art photographure, showing animals wild, rare and tame. Exciting jungle adventures that thrill—fiction by famous animal lovers to amuse and instruct, advice about your pets... every page will enthral. Let's take a peek inside.

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY talks about animals whose lives are saved by the peculiar colours they adopt.

CARL AKELEY'S BIG IDEA. A marvellous way of grouping animals in a museum which has taken over ten years to perfect.

H. GANDAR DOWER describes his thrilling capture of the giant Forest Hog.

THE 45 LIONS. Telling why Lions in the modern animal market are dear at anything over £5.

DR. BURGESS BARNETT describes the peril of the Azure Poole during his regale hunt in the land of the Incas.

MARIE LEBOUR, D.Sc., F.Z.S., talks about Sea Midges which feed Sea Monsters.


ADVENTURES OF FAMOUS NATURALISTS. Charles Darwin's voyage round the world.

ERNEST LEWIS takes you to some Sheep Dog Trials and describes how they are run.

This is just a glimpse of this wonderful number of "ZOO." The September issue is selling out fast. Get your copy to-day before it is too late.

ZOO
The National Nature Magazine

ALL PHOTOGRAMUORE 6d MONTHLY

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REVIEWS—Continued

It is not the plot that matters so much as the clever detail work and character drawing. Margaret Sullivan makes the screen later that year, in "Wildly Woman," a wildly wayward creature, while Henry Fonda is equally lively and subtle in his novel love interest.

This pair make a fine team, and get the utmost out of every line and situation.

Clever supporting studies are given by Charles Butterworth as Horace, a meek and mild gentleman whom the film star's hastily temperamental grandmother wants her grand-daughter to marry, Beulah Bondi as the star's companion, and Hennesa Crosman as grandmother herself.

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Fat American, "A" certificate. Adventure melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.


 Poor and unimpressive treatment falls to do justice to a plot which certainly has quite a good idea behind it.

It is not helped either by the rather raucous voices of some of the players or by its excessive verbosity.

The plot concerns Mary Beekman, an ambitious waitress, who marries Kenneth Allen, a society man down on his luck, and sees in him an easy way to society. In return for launching her, she promises Kenneth a percentage of all she may gain by a wealthy marriage, and a fashionable hotel then is made the centre of their operations.

Clarissa Stanhope, a former flame of Kenneth's, sees through their scheme, and in attempting to wreck it Clarissa not only wins Kenneth for herself, but also gains to a rich husband in Pat Brennan, an ex-bootlegger.

Her best performance comes from Irene Ware as Mary. Her acting is good and she gets full character value for her part. Sidney Blackmer too, is good as Kenneth, but the rest of the cast is definitely weak and too inclined to naivety for the peace of mind of their hearers.

**SILLY BILLIES


The Royal Eagle, the well-known Thanes pleasure steamer, forms the novel background for this crime drama which in spite of its ingenuousness succeeds in being fairly entertaining.

It deals with John Hornby, a dispatch clerk to a riverside warehouse who finds himself suspected of being in league with Barnock and Vale, two crooks wanted for robbery and murder.

His fiancée Sally, a dance-hall hostess, and her mother and father take him on a pleasure trip to Margate and who should be on the boat but Barnock and Vale! Sally recognises the crooks and, following a series of hectic events, John Garrick is sound as John and Nancy Burne quite as Sally.

Edmund Willard, and Lawrence Anderson admirably fill the roles of the crooks, while two clever little support players are given by Hugh E. Wright and Muriel Aked.

*A MADCAP


Some old timers such as Rod La Rocque and Bryant Washburn put in sound performances in this naive and very familiar gangster story.

The former is cast as Dick, a young lawyer who is engaged to curb the recklessness of June, a wild society girl.

He manages it with a fair amount of success. The latter plays the role of Graham, a racketeers who "bumps off" one of June's friends and is finally brought to justice by him and the dead man's girl, Hazel.

The experience makes her mend her ways, and Dick on as a permanent guardian.

Maxine Doyle gives a spirited performance, and June and Barbara Pepper is fair as Hazel.

Light relief is provided by Donald Kerr as an enthusiastic reporter.
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**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**WHERE are the BRITISH HEROES?**

Picturegoer Readers Discuss the Product of Our Own Studios

MANY people have a good reason for preferring American pictures to British, when you think of the few really handsome heroes we have on the British screen. Many of the “big” British pictures feature such stars as Sydney Howard, Leslie Fuller, Jack Hulbert, Stanley Lupino, Tom Walls, Lupino Lane, George Robey and others who are nearing “middle age,” and are exactly the opposite to handsome. They are amusing at times, but more serious romantic films with younger actors are needed. Why not some Clark Gables, Fred MacMurrays, Gary Cooper, etc., who are pleasant to look at?

F. Emery, 11 Sea View Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

I have seen several British films lately with at least 75 per cent. of the faults here tabulated—some 100 per cent.

1. Lack of attention to detail with sets, props, effects, and consistency of plot. (We can confidently criticise Britain and things British.)
2. Actors so obviously talk to camera, director, or microphone, elocution is too “stagey,” and movements rigid.
4. Too many “imbecile” policemen and half-witted “domestics,” belittling them in a criminal manner.
5. Terrible imitation of “dialects” by voices betraying their “refinement!”
6. Bad lighting and make-up.
7. No study and creation of “film” fashions in clothes.
8. Little use of Britain’s natural amenities.
9. Poor film “titles,” which can themselves be a powerful “draw.”
10. Lukewarm efforts to discover and groom film stars in “their own right,” and lack of publicity for them.

How long must we wait before such elementary faults are rectified?

G. McCandless, 5 Morningside Court, Somerset Road, Ealing, W.13, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

**Where Credit Is Due**

Nearly every week there are letters published deploring British inferiority in the film world.

I for one do not; it seems that instead of encouraging the British film industry in their endeavour to compete with Hollywood, some people do their best to push it down by bemoaning and criticising the films the British studios turn out.

People have not been invited for complaint, but not to the extent of denouncing the British studios completely. When doing that those people forget such pictures as Tudor Rose and The Private Life of Henry VIII, etc., and choose the poorer type to make comparison with Hollywood’s best.

Come Outside

The centre spread of a recent issue of Picturegoer illustrates the heading that “Men still attract,” and to the (I hope) mortification of British film producers it should be noted that not one British film was mentioned—for the reason that there “ain’t none.”

True, there have been signs recently of a swing toward strong open-air dramas in this country, but have we made any films to seriously compete with Bengal Lancer, Hell Divers, The Lost Patrol, Captain Blood (with British actor Errol Flynn), Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Ceiling Zero, and the recent sensational Fury, to name but a few of this particular type?

Have—or have had—suitable actors in our studios simply waiting for the chance to get their teeth into a real he-man role, but in nine cases out of ten it was Hollywood that gave them the chance.

Come on, British producers—stop deluding us with so-called “light comedies,” and get out into the open and produce men, and where might definitely is right!—Edward H. Nash, 92 Dunch Lane, Melksham, Wilts.

Boost British!

Why do not British films “boost” a little more? American films do so at every opportunity.

For instance, if there is the slightest excuse for it, the wonderful lights of Broadway and New York’s skyscrapers are shown in an American film, while a British film would expect the picturegoer to conjure up London from an ancient omnibus, a few cars, and a policeman directing a few shabby persons across an equally shabby roadway.

American films show America’s police, army, navy, and air force in their best light, while British films seem to regard our police as comic characters who possess no sense.

We have the best scenery, the loveliest buildings, and the finest army, navy and air force in the world.

Let’s tell the world!—Una Nielsen-Jones (aged 15), 78 Syde Ins, Rickhams Park, Isrew, Bucks.

**British Photography**

The photography in most British films still leaves much to be desired.

Hollywood stars appearing in our pictures are sometimes scarcely recognisable. Until I saw her in The Tunnel, I did not know that Madge Evans had a disfiguring mark on her cheek, it has never been noticed in any of her American films. Compare the handsome Robert Donat of The Count of Monte Cristo with the rather sharp-featured young man of The Thirty-four Steps and The Ghost Goes West.

Through Hollywood cameras George Arliss had a very distinctive appearance, but he certainly lacks the magnetism the Southerners bring to the screen. Notice, too, the vast improvement in the appearance of a British star when in an American-made film. Appearances mean a lot, and as we are (Continued on page 34)
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LIPSTICK wasn't made like this for nothing!
What girl hasn't thought at times: "If only my fiancé would say the kind of things to me those gay, reckless screen-lovers say! If only I knew he was really thrilled and carried away by being with me? So he will if you make him feel the allure of the glamorous film-stars in you—and you can do this by using their lipstick, the famous indelible KISSPROOF!

Hollywood experts put it in the stars' dressing-rooms in preference to all expensive preparations. Be sure and try the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1s.—it's the smartest most attractive lipstick you've ever seen! At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the new exotic baion at 6d.

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JESSIE MATTHEWS' Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

Maurice Chevalier

Born at Mentonmont in France on September 13, 1888, he stands 5 ft. 11½ in. He has light brown hair and blue eyes and weighs nearly twelve stone. He has a long and successful stage career behind him, having played in many Paris revues and was once Mistinguett's dancing partner. He appeared with Elsie Janis at the Palace Theatre in London, with Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris and later, as a star, with Yvonne Vallée.


Chevalier served with distinction during the Great War. He was wounded and taken prisoner but later escaped disguised as a Red Cross worker, and it was while in a prisoners-of-war camp that he learnt his English, his instructor being a fellow prisoner, Ronald Kennedy.

Ruth Chatterton

Born in New York City on Christmas Eve, 1883, she stands 5 ft. 2½ in. and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Miss Haez's private school at Pelham Manor and began her stage career in chorus in Washington. At fifteen years of age she was playing in stock companies with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord, Lenore Ulric and became a star at eighteen. Among the many stage successes in which she has appeared are, Daddy Long Legs, The Man of the Kitchen, A Marriage of Convenience, Mary Rose, The Little Minister, The Man With a Load of Mischief and The Green Hat.


Mady Christians

Born in Vienna, she is the daughter of professional parents. Standing 5 ft. 5 in. in height she has been a beauty since early days. In 1912 she accompanied her parents to New York where they established the German Theater. She made her stage debut in 1917 to study under Max Reinhardt. She appeared in plays by Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, Molliere, Pirandello and others, and the pictures she made in. She appeared in The Song of Bernadette, and many other pictures in the French and German versions of Dick and Jane, Mon Amour and Fate of the Renata Lancers, and one New York picture, The Girl in the Green Bag.

When invited by M-G-M to make pictures she was signed up by M-G-M. Her pictures since that time have included, The Lady in Red, Witch Woman, Escape, and Ship Café.

Charles Chaplin

The most internationally famous of all comedians and one of the uncrowned kings of Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin has been making pictures since 1913. In 1925 he joined the Keystone Company. Born in London on April 16, 1889, he joined a troupe of juveniles—the Six Lancashire Lads—at 12. He later played "Billie," the page boy in Sherlock Holmes. Some time later, he joined Fred Karno's company and made a personal hit as the dude in Mummifying Birds.

Other companies for which he worked in his early films days were Essanay, Mutual and First National, and he became definitely established as a leading film comedian by his work in Tillie's Punctured Romance. In 1918 he built his own studios in Hollywood and is an owner-member of United Artists' Distributing Corporation and is an independent producer of silent comedies in his own right. He has been twice married, first to Mildred Harris and second to Lita Grey, both marriages having been dissolved; he has two sons.


What Do You Think? Cont.

making such rapid strides in other directions, it seems unfortunate that this big fault should remain.—H. J. Layall, "St. Moritz," Sidford, Sidmouth, Devon.

Scathing

I do not think "Hollywood's Ten Commandments," as given recently on this page, are half so good as those followed by the British film industry:

1. Do not boost our productions—somebody might hear.
2. Film audiences must be "played down to."
3. Characters must be "illiterate," or "old school tie."
4. Talkie films must not interrupt talkie patrons.
5. Avoid "sentiment": the public like it, but it's no good.
6. Actresses must always be "naive."
7. Do not build new "stars"—second-hand ones cost more.
9. Our "commentators" are funny.
10. "Loots in a name:"—from Hollywood—Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton.

Where Is Our Comedy?

Are there no competent comedy writers in British studios? The majority of the British successes of recent times have been costume pictures, spy thrillers and spectacular films like Things To Come. The only comedy produced by our studios is the slapstick variety as expounded by the Halberd, Gracie Fields and the rest. I consider it surprising that the enormous success achieved by such films as It Happened One Night, Forgetting All Others, and The Bride Comes Home has not prompted our studios to attempt something in the same vein.

A perusal of Mr. E. G. Cousins' current article shows that there was nothing in the way of a romantic comedy in the course of production. It is not that we lack the actors and actresses; what Claudette Colbert and Jean Arthur could have been done by Madeleine Carroll, for example.

The touch of an Ernst Lubitsch would go a long way in our film studios (Mrs.) N. Arnold, 23 Cassilis Crescent, West Street, London, E.S.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting and original letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlet House, Martlet Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

The Thinker

September 19, 1936
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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.


Howard Fan (Kent).—(1) Robert Donat, making Knight Without Armour with Marlene Dietrich. (2) Yes, Stuart Robertson is a brother of Anna Teague. (3) You must write to the film companies about the reissues of Airship Enterprise to Radio, The Scarlet Pimpernel to London Films, and Smiles Through the Changing Years to the Path-Mayer.

Powell Crazy (Edinburgh).—Wrote to Chas Mask, Stauantion, Illinois, America, for details of the Dick Powell Fan Club.

B. Inigo, (N. Z.).—Chief actors as follows: Not So Damned—Bill Nagant; The Temporary Widow—Lawrence Olivier; Reducing—Buster Collier and John; and William Bakewell; A Notorious Affair—Basil Rathbone; Evangeline—A Lady of Chance—Johnny Mack Brown; The Price of Things—Alfred Hitchcock. Latest film: Conwy T kept. Chief actresses: Beat Sabour; Evangeline; Miss Blanksy; Loretta Young; Afraid to Love—Florance Vidor; Latest Woman's Fan: Winnifrith; Latest Recommended film: Husbands.

Shirley Temple Fan (Malmesbury).—Articles published on Shirley Temple in this magazine as follows: "Poor Little Rich Girl,"—Sept. 3, 1936; "Take a Beat!"—May 16, 1936; and "Shirley Temple's Intelligence Test!"—Feb. 15, 1936. Write to the Publishing Dept. 6, Catharine Street, London, W.C.3, for back numbers, price 3d. each, post free.

Reader (Glasgow).—Chief players: Trail of the Lonesome Pine—David Harrow, Mary Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone and Nigel Bruce; and in Starlight—Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak and Roy D'Arcy.

Crazy (Worcs.).—Music in Reckless as follows: "Reckless" sung by Jean Harlow, composed by Jerome Kern, published by T. B. Hyams; "Told at Twilight" composed by Herron, published by Boston Music Co.; "Oh, Promise Me," composed by Dr. Kopen, published by "By the Stream," composed by Kapoor and Ast, published by Robert Kelly; All other music—property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (2) Cesare Romano, b. New York, Feb. 15, 1907, of Italian parentage, born as professional balloon dancer and then actress. Address, c/o Columbus.

The Important Film Club are holding a dance at Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2, on September 26th. Saturday. The well-known "Georgians Dance Band" will be in attendance while the bar will be fully licensed until 11.30 and there is a free car park. Dancing will be from 8 p.m. until midnight during which time there will be a special Paramount Hour which will include tunes from the latest Paramount Films and has been specially arranged in conjunction with that company. The tickets obtainable at the door are priced at 2s. 6d. and every effort is being made to make the evening a pleasant one—as the club are donating a portion of their receipts to the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. All film fans are welcome.

The Leslie Banks Fan Club are holding a social and dance meeting every Thursday, 7.30 to 10.30 p.m. for all those interested in this club, which is personally recognised by the star, write to John W. Deacon (Hon. Sec.), No. 8 Ethorne Mansions, Ethorne Road, Holloway, N.19, or to Miss N. Harrington, 74 Trinity Road, Wood Green, N.22, for full particulars.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Will all readers interested in the Conrad Verdi Fellowship write to Miss M. Morris, 14 Dudley Road, Ilford, Essex, for full particulars.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 278 (New Series) Vol. 6 September 19, 1936


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M.8.

1936 Ribbon bow tongue tooth, chubbly toe,

4-inch heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

sock and scarlet, brown made, same like

with black. 6/2 button, brown kid, black made.

1935 Black kid, in brown kid trimmed shoes, navy kid

trimmed black shoes, silver patent, brown metal, all

red kid.

1926 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe,

navy kid and made, brown made, black and

gold patent and shoes, brown, patent and

black made.

1925 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

patent and black made.

1920 Black 12-inch heel, chubbly toe, 4-inch

heel, black shoe and gunmetal, navy

slipper, brown made, grown kid, black

made, black and gold patent and shoes, brown,

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patent and black made.
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P. E. 300

September 19, 1936

Leave it to ANNE

WHEN you are in perplexity, two heads are better than one. Let me help you solve your problems. Write a note, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

If your holiday tan is already beginning to look patchy maybe you are beginning to regret your much sun bathing. You almost wish you had content with a synthetic tan.

Your skin is already so dry with sunburn that if you are going to fade out this holiday legacy, it must be done by gentle means. Strong bleaches will make an already dry skin, drier.

An ordinary tomato is a wonderful aid for getting rid of unwanted tans from the left over patches of a faded one. Squeeze a tomato through muslin, catching the juice in a saucer. This may be applied to neck, arms and hands, and unless your face is hyper-sensitive, to that too. Let the juice dry on. Repeat the treatment for one or two nights, if necessary.

Cucumber is a well known household remedy for soothing and cooling the skin. You can use it simply by rubbing slices over the skin. If, however, you are prepared to take a little trouble, you can make it into a lotion.

Cut your fresh cucumber into cubes. Put them into a stone jam jar, stand the jar in a pan of boiling water, and cook till quite soft. Then squeeze the chunks through butter muslin till you have extracted all the juice from the pulp. Measure the juice, add up to as much water, and mix well. Add half a teaspoon of powdered borax. When dissolved, add one teaspoon of glycerine. Mix well by shaking, and finally add, one drop at a time, five drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

Cleanse the face before using it, with tepid water and a very mild soap. Rinse well and dry. Dab on the lotion with a pad of cotton wool, and leave it to dry.

Freckles

Freckles are an annual nuisance to many girls. The truth is that it is easier to prevent them than to get rid of them. Those who are subject to summer freckles should always wear a shady hat, or an eye-shade that casts a shadow across the upper part of the face and the nose. It is also wise to cover the tops of the arms.

But, if you have acquired them, here is a simple bleach for fading them out. You must be patient in using it. It is never possible to fade out freckles safety overnight. So strong a bleach, would be harmful to your skin.

Take a freshly dug horseradish and shred up an ounce of it. Add to this a half teaspoon of powdered borax, and pour over them a cupful of boiling water. Allow to get cold, strain through muslin, and bottle the lotion. Use by dabbing on the freckles several times a day.

Hair Tonic

R osemary, which grows so freely in country gardens, provides an excellent tonic for the hair. This is well recognised for it forms an ingredient of many well known shampoos. If you grow any in your garden, you can use the tonic rinse from the leaves. Gather a handful of rinse off the fringe (if you live in a town) tie up in a bit of butter muslin, and suspend the bunch in a jar of water.

You can use some of this liquid to mix your shampoo, and the remainder may be used to make a final rinse.

There are many other products of field and garden that are good for the toilet table. But these need expert handling before they are turned into beauty products. These must, of course, be bought ready prepared for use.

The apple has astringent qualities which tone up the pores and helps a skin that is prone to greatness. A cream may be made containing the juice of both fruit and flowers and many women find it extremely helpful.

Cowslips were known for their beautifying and whitening properties as long ago as Queen Elizabeth's reign. They are still used to-day, but pounded into a skin-food.

Elder flowers have a cooling and soothing effect on the skin. In their season the freshly gathered flowers may be steeped and added to the bathwater. The dried flowers are nearly as effective, and these you may buy from many herb shops. They are very soothing when the skin has been exposed to the sun. But if you cannot be bothered to make your own concoctions, you can buy a massage cream in which elder flowers are incorporated. If the back of the neck and shoulders, and the upper arms are sore from exposure to the sun, elder flowers will soothe and restore them.

Bleaching

Lemon juice is one of the most powerful bleaching agents. So powerful is it, that some people find it too drying. Therefore you need discretion about its use. If it is used, it is best mixed with rose water. To three tablespoons of strained lemon juice, add one of rosewater. Mix well. Apply it with swabs of cotton wool. Let it dry on and leave for five minutes only. Bath off with warm water, dry and afterwards apply almond oil or a good skin-food. Leave this on for ten minutes. It takes from two to three weeks of daily treatment to restore a discoloured neck to whiteness.

For the face, a lemon cleansing cream is the better choice. It is more kindly in action, and is less bother as it combines the bleach and the cream treatment in one. A lemon cream is not only whitening, but is an excellent and certain method of freeing the skin of all traces of cosmetics before going to bed.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. R. Pilswell, 40a Minors Row, Redruth, Cornwall, for—

Come Out of the Pantry
The Goose Hangs High
It's in the Air
Keep It Quiet

Prices of half a crown each are awarded to Miss G. Thornton, 9 Thames Street, St. Albans, Oxford, for—

Dark Victory
What Price Glory?
Wuthering Heights
Forgotten Men
S. A. Olive, 125 Queen's Road, East Grinstead, Sussex, for—

Cat and the Fiddle
Too Much Harmony
The Milky Way
Absolute Quiet

Miss G. Tanley, 63 Andover Street, Leicester, for—

Gaye Bride
The Wedding Night
My Wife's Mother

Mrs. L. Parsons, 40a Minors Row, Redruth, Cornwall, for—

After the Dance
Car of Dreams
Stranded
1 Dream Too Much

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard to Picturegoer Weekly, P.O. Box, W.C.2.

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

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"NOW...
IM SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

She's proved for herself that Palmolive is far more than the best of all complexion soaps—it's the nicest bath soap too! It soothes all her tiredness away and leaves her wonderfully refreshed; and its rich olive oil lather makes her back and arms and shoulders as smooth as her face.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment; and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates School Complexions.

3d per tablet

Dissolve
Superfluous Hair
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TEST NEW CREAM
FREE
The NEW VEET makes nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out-of-date. It removes hair at the roots—beneath the skin. Apply the cream, wash off with water—your skin is left smooth—all trace of hair gone.
Send 3d. in stamps (for postage, packing, etc.) to DAE HEALTH LABORATORIES, LTD. (Dept. 139K), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10, for generous sample of NEW VEET.

Lovely, SLENDER
Finger-tips
Your finger-tips will look lovely and slender when the natural beauty of your nails is framed by a soft smooth line of cuticle. Now, thanks to the discovery of a new nail cream called Nailoid, you can soften and remove your cuticles in one operation, and reveal bigger "half-moons" and more slender, shapely "frames," than ever before. This new cream is so simple and quick to use that you can apply it with your nail-brush at any time. It gives your nails a complete beauty treatment in one operation and is splendid for removing stains and blemishes. It also enriches the nails with natural oils and keeps them smooth and healthy, free from cracks and brittleness. Try a jar to-day. Ask at your Chemist, Hairdresser or any Store for NAILOID—the amazing new nail cream, price 1 6d. Money refunded if not satisfied. Or send 6d. in stamps for generous trial jar to Alcock's, Dept. P.R.3, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

Under the spell of
MICHEL

The rosebud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating colour to lips...makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayer, more permanent lipstick to-day. Insist on Michel, the Creator of the Permanent Lipstick which changes colour to suit every complexion. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

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8, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.
I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel Lipstick in Shade
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Address

(PW.2.)

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The perfect dry-cream and ideal foundation for powder. Pots 1 3/4 and 2 1/2. tubes 1 1/2 and 6d.

4711 " Face Powder nine shades. Boxes 1 3/4 and 6d.

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Thrilling Autumn News & Secrets!

Wild rumours...hasty guesses have been made...everybody has been kept on tenterhooks wondering what fickle fashion has up her sleeve for the autumn. Wonder no longer...her secrets are OUT on September 18th.

They're yours if you hurry with your order for a copy of the lovely October issue of "Woman's Fair"—out to-morrow, Friday, price 6d. There, in its host of fascinating pages, you'll see the cutest outfits—romantic evening frocks—dared coats for the "wide open spaces"—alluring afternoon creations with the new style shoulders and necklines—or perhaps tunics are your fancy—there are heaps of lovely things to choose from.

And another thing—Astrakhan will be all the rage—you simply mustn't miss the fascinating new ways and ideas for using it in this number of "Woman's Fair."

The Deadly Sins in Dress. What are they? Are you a sinner? You'll be amazed when you see what Norman Hartnell has to say—he is, of course, England's most famous fashion creator.

Arresting Ankles. This is no police court case!—it's what you've always wanted to know—the secret of slim ankles—try the simple exercises given in "Woman's Fair,"—they'll work wonders.

Square Face? There's a new art in hairdressing—the "Woman's Fair" expert calls it "styling"—it means dressing to suit your face. This is something you ought to know about.

Talking in Six Figures. Are you the "hip" type, the "away back" type, or has your figure difficult lines—there are some useful "figure" secrets for every type—the sort of "coaxing" advice you've waited for, for a long time.

Love among the Pirates. You'll adore this long, complete story, it's just one of three other thrilling grand tales of fiction—bubbling over with romance and excitement. And, you will be right on the spot to start Reita Lambert's great new serial, "The Glass Slipper." The fiction section alone of "Woman's Fair" this month is worth the sixpence you pay for the whole magnificent number.

All this and a wealth of other wonderful features—on beauty, health, diet, etc., await you in this glorious October Number of "Woman's Fair."

And here's the greatest thrill of all—it's

A Wonderful SURPRISE for every reader

What is it?...we can't tell you now...we wish we could...but it's a SECRET...we can tell you this—you'll be sorry if you miss it!

So stop anything you are doing and hurry for a copy of this grand issue of "Woman's Fair" before it is too late. Price 6d.

To-morrow, Friday, September 18th, everywhere.

Woman's Fair

All Photogravure - Sixpence Monthly
10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so
Mine's a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

In tins 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/-
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De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED
“What a shame—every drop of perfume spilt!”
“How old-fashioned—why don’t you carry AZIADÉ?”

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COMPACT PERFUMES
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Delightfully fragrant
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More luxuriant waves

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No. 1 for Fair and Medium Hair.
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Give it new sparkle
More luxuriant waves

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She’ll be tired when to-day is over, but wait until this evening! Between the day’s work and the evening’s fun comes a treat that’s a beauty treatment: ten fragrant minutes in a bath with a Reckitt’s bath cube in it! All her weariness drifts away in that soothing alkaline water. Every tiny pore is freed and freshened, cleared and cleansed of waste. She steps into the car as fresh as a flower—gloriously alive!

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BATH CUBES

2d. each and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 cubes for 1/若

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ROMANCE...

ACTION...

COMEDY...

all in colour

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL CINEMA

SYLVIA SIDNEY • FRED MACMURRAY • HENRY FONDA

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

with Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Beulah Bondi, Robert Barrat, Spanky McFarland, Fuzzy Knight • Actually filmed outdoors in Technicolor
Directed by Henry Hathaway • A Walter Wanger Production • A Paramount Picture

THERE was a time when love-making on the screen was treated in the grand manner. The hero set about the task of wooing the girl of his heart with a fiery ardour and a passionate sincerity that implied that love was not an emotion to be treated lightly, and even if such scenes did not always soar to sublime heights, they usually provided the "big moment" for which the audience had been waiting eagerly.

However, fashions in love-making appear to change as much as do fashions in clothes, and nowadays it is so seldom that one comes across scenes in which palpitating passion holds the stage that one is tempted to ask: "Where are the great lovers of yesteryear?"

Modern Methods

There is no lack of screen lovers to-day, but their technique is usually the poles apart from that which made Rudolph Valentino the idol of a million feminine hearts. We have the calm and collected lovers who not only lay their hearts before the women they adore, but proceed to dissect them to discover exactly why they should beat so fast in the presence of only that one certain woman.

We have the "hard-boiled" lover whose method makes up in directness for what it lacks in subtlety, and whose avowals are accompanied by a hearty sock on the jaw of the girl he would wed; we have the terribly sophisticated lover whose proposal is usually made over the table of a restaurant or night club where the popping of champagne corks all but drowns the popping of the question; and we have the oh-so-cheerful lover who keeps up a barrage of badinage and wisecracks with the girl who adds her own display of verbal pyrotechnics to the scene.

A Closely-guarded Secret

Of course, no one can say with any degree of confidence that any one method of love-making is wrong, for man is the most reticent of all human creatures when this subject is under discussion. His closest friend may not hesitate to criticise his taste in ties, his irritating habit of telling funny stories that were old when Norman Williams fought at Senlac, or his habit of dropping tobacco ash on the best carpets. But never will he question him on how he proposed to his wife and in what words he spoke.

That is a secret which men share with one person only and therefore we cannot say "This scene is all wrong. No man would conduct his wooing like this."

Whether cinema audiences as a whole appreciate the modern fashion of love-making is another matter. One school of opinion will insist that it is the duty of the films to reflect modern manners and, as this is a cynical age, colourful romance must go by the board. Others say that a certain amount of idealism is not only desirable but necessary in art, and point to the indisputable fact that really beautiful love scenes have outlived all others through the centuries of our national drama.

How Hard is "Hard-boiled"

Well, there it is. Despite the tendency in many quarters nowadays to regard all sentiment as slop, there must be many cinemagoers who still cherish an affection for love scenes on the grand scale. Whether they are in the majority or not, is quite another matter, but I am prepared to wager that among the audiences who will flock to see Leslie Howard and Norman Shearer in Romeo and Juliet there will be many up-to-the-minute, "sophisticated" moderns.

And their genuine emotion at the glorious poetry of Shakespeare's classic will be equalled 

(Continued on page 6.)
Frances Farmer, Walter Brenner and Edward Arnold indulge in a little vocal exercise. They are appearing in "Conne and Get It," and if it is that top C they hope to get, they look like succeeding!

The benefit of the same technicians and personnel that will go to the making of the super productions.

The first of the latter productions are to be Riviera by Franz Molnar, the script of which is entrusted to Robert E. Sherwood, whose work includes The Ghost Goes West and The Petrified Forest, and Bonnie Blue, a Technicolor picture directed by Dudley Murphy and with a script written by Hugh Walpole.

Mlle Howard will star in both these pictures.

Author! Author!

Often fine acting and brilliant production is heavily handicapped by a mediocre story, but Associated Artists pictures will certainly not be guilty in this respect for a first-rate team of authors are already at work on their stories. Liam O’Flaherty, the author of that grim story of the “trouble” in Ireland, The Informer, Dashiell Hammett whose This Man made screen history, and James Hilton of Lost Horizon and Mr. Chips fame are three of them, and so we can count on something extra special in the way of stories.

It certainly looks as though Associated Artists are heading straight for success and to wish Leslie Howard and his colleagues all the fortune they deserve. And that is a lot!

An Expert Shot

Cecil B. De Mille is an expert in more forms of shooting than that of the film camera, for he is not only first appearing in "Colossus," but can manipulate a bow and arrow with the best of them. So, when anyone has to be shot with a pistol or an arrow in one of his productions, he makes sure the job is well and truly done by undertaking it himself.

He is in for a busy time in the near future for in The Plateau he will star and Jean Arthur, bullets and arrows will fly as thick as autumn leaves in Vallavrosa.

The Luck of the Game

During the filming of The Crusades, De Mille personally fired the arrows which the camera showed striking the man.

"It was too dangerous for me to trust to anyone, so I did it myself," he explains.

"There was a specified spot prepared for it which was a layer of cork. If the archer burned it, the arrow would have missed the man completely, regardless of the steel mail which he wore."

As a matter of fact, there was one casualty as a result of this phalophoric activity in The Crusades. A man was struck on the jaw by an arrow when he peered round a shield; and the victim was none other than De Mille himself. And that’s life all over!

Schooldays in Hollywood

Just because you may be lucky enough to be a youngster who is working on the films you cannot hope to dodge the stern round, the common task, of school lessons. At the rear of one of the M.-G.-M. stages is a little wooden building which houses the regulation desks, blackboards and equipment similar to that of any other school classroom, and here Miss Mary MacDonald preaches over her class comprising contract children.

Hers is by no means an easy life, for she averages nine hours work a day, six days a week, and her duties start as early as 8.30 a.m.

Tutors for Stars

Her first pupil was Jean Parker, and others who have studied the "three Rs"—to say nothing of music-appreciation and etiquette—under her guidance include Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, John Wayne, Durbin, Peggy Ryan and Gareth Joplin, while the latest star in embryo to be "entered" for the school is little Juanita Quigley who is now four years old.

Youngsters who have attained star rating enjoy all the dignity of private tutors, however, and neither Freddie Bartholomew nor Jackie Cooper answer the call of the old school bell, or its Hollywood equivalent.

Signing on the Dotted Line

A whole batch of new contracts have been signed, sealed and delivered by M.-G.-M. recently. Five writers, four players, a director and a musical conductor have all signed on the dotted line. Among the M.-G.-M. have in their ranks author S. N. Behrman whose latest Broadway success, End of Summer, brought many summons to the box-office staff, Eleanor Griffen, James Rickard, Andrew Northland and William Roberts.

Players who have signed new contracts are Hugh Haydon, Ariane Borg, Juanita Quigley and the Viennese baritone, Igor Borin. The Director to renew his contract is Sam Wood who will be responsible for the Marx Brothers picture, A Day at the Races, and Franck Waxman is the musical director.

Following in Father’s Footsteps

It certainly looks as though in the course of the screen the family will have its famous families which will follow in the respectable footsteps of the generations just as the stage has them to-day. The Kemble, the Kendalls, the Jerrolds and the Terrys of the Theatre may yet have their counterparts in the studio if certain young people of to-day have a say in the matter.

For instance, Hollywood’s old daughter, Mary Jane, is hard at work studying dramatics, dancing and singing as is her brother, Roscoe junior. Ida Lupino is so determined that the family she started in the screen as it has already won on the boards, that she is encouraging her fourteen year old sister, Rita, in her dramatic and dancing studies, and

only by their determination not to let anyone suspect that so tender a quality has been included in their spiritual make-up!

Leslie Howard’s New Venture

Mentioning Leslie Howard reminds me that when he sailed for America recently he did so in the happy knowledge that his great plans for making pictures over here are on the highroad to completion. Three years ago he and Dudley Murphy, the director of many important pictures including Emperor Jones, Twenty-four Hours and The Night Is Young, discussed the possibilities of co-operative production and now the seeds have borne fruit in the shape of Associated Artists Ltd.

Founded on entirely new lines which will make it possible to utilise the finest brains and talent in the industry, the company is to make fifteen pictures over the next two years at an expenditure of £875,000.

A Novel Arrangement

An interesting point about the venture is that the stars, writers and directors, will work on a co-operative basis, holding shares in the company and participating in its profits. This seems an admirable idea for it certainly makes for really good team work and adds just that personal interest in each picture which often makes all the difference to a production.

Leslie Howard will star in one picture a year and Hugh Walpole, whose screen plays include David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities and Little Lord Fauntleroy, will write exclusively for United Artists and will occupy the post of Scenario Editor.

A Question of Costs

The fifteen pictures to be made will be divided into three major productions costing approximately (£85,000 each), and twelve productions averaging in cost about £35,000 each. I am glad to see that these latter pictures are not going to be treated with any less care than their more expensive fellows and they will have

(Continued from page 5)
Marlene Dietrich’s daughter, Maria, is being schooled in music, dancing and dramatics in case she should wish to follow a screen career.

And, of course, we have Douglas Fairbanks, junior to carry on the good work begun by his father.

On the Cover
Mary Astor has figured so prominently in the news of late that many people have allowed their private life to obscure the recollection of what a talented actress she really is. One of the Old Brigade in leading roles, Miss Astor made her screen debut at the age of fifteen when she appeared in *The Beggar Maid.*

It was a performance in *Don Juan* in which she played with John Barrymore that first brought her into prominence and she has done much good work since then. Her latest picture to be seen in this country was *They Had To Get Married* in which she plays with a sure touch of comedy.

The Rustic Note
One would scarcely associate a Mae West picture with life on a farm. Orchids rather than Orpingtons would seem to be indicated, yet an American farmhouse is the unusual setting in which she will appear in her new picture, *Personal Appearance.* This is an essentially modern story and is the screen version of the stage success of the same name.

Warren William, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady and Isabel Jewell will be in support, and Henry Hathaway will direct. It should be a rare sight to see the exotic Mae complete in a pink bonnet and gingham frock seated on a rustic stile and inviting the local hayseeds to “come up and see me, sometimes.”

However, if you expect to witness any such idyllic scene, you are doomed to disappointment. There is not likely to be much of the “back to the land” business about Miss West’s latest characterisation!

Wanted: a Bed
Milton Rosmer, the director of *The Great Barrier,* the Canadian railway adventure drama now being made by G.-B., in the mountains of British Columbia and Alberta, wanted a bedstead of the type used in 1880 for a bedroom scene. George King, the property master of the unit consequently spent many hectic hours dashing round Revelstoke asking its surprised inhabitants what sort of bed they slept in.

Faint yet pursuing, he carried on until a dame named Ruby blushingly admitted that hers was “a very old bed” and when “Props” inspected it he found that it was just what he required.

Such is Fame!
With Ruby’s puzzled permission the antique was dismantled and rushed to the studio, and the next morning Richard Arlen was reclining on it before the camera’s gaze. Ruby and her four-poster are now the object of feminine envy in Revelstoke, for the star of *The Great Barrier* autographed the bed before it was returned safe and sound to its fair owner.

A Word to the Wise
Only a few days remain in which to make certain of the grand Triple Presentation which PICTUREGOER WEEKLY is making to its readers —THREE beautiful Gifts in ONE—a gold nib Fountain Pen, a propelling Pencil, and a Penknife—all to match.

The final Reservation Form and Your Presentation Voucher appeared last week, and all applications must be received by WEDNESDAY next, September 30th. After that it will be too late.

Both the fountain pen and pencil are made of black unbreakable material. The pen has a 14-carat gold nib and is guaranteed for two years. The propelling pencil carries its own supply of spare leads. Then, of course, there is the companion pocket knife. It has two blades of Sheffield steel and the case is in black. A limited supply of a superb De Luxe Set is also available—in this set both the fountain pen and pencil have inlaid bands of real 18-carat rolled gold.

Every day of your life you need this lovely triple gift. Don’t miss this last opportunity to make it yours. In a few days it will be gone, so find the reservation form which appeared last week and complete post it NOW! 

Greetings to Mickey
It is hard to realise that the great little Mickey Mouse and his fair Minnie are so old that they are approaching very near double figures. Yet here we are this week, hastening to wish them happy returns of the day on their eighth birthday.

Many and varied have been the changes that have come and gone in the world of the cinema since Walt Disney first picked up his gifted pen to introduce Mickey to a world-wide audience. The talkies have ousted the silent films since that day, and now Colour is knocking boldly on the door of progress; new stars have risen in the Hollywood heavens and many old ones have sunk into oblivion, but through all the changing scene the irresponsible Mickey has romped his way on to greater triumphs.

Still Going Strong
True, Mickey and Minnie may not hold the undisputed sway in their pictures that once they did. Such newcomers to their ranks as Horace Horsecollar, Pluto and, more latterly, Donald Duck, have shown a marked tendency to steal some of their thunder, but they rise superior to such humanfailings as jealousy, and the green-eyed monster is one of the very few creatures that we can say with confidence will never be welcomed in the trophe.

But even if Mickey is somewhat overshadowed in these days, he is still lurking in the background to inspire his irresponsible pals. If he pauses to think of the manifold changes that have come to the fortunes of so many of his human colleagues during the last eight years, he may well quote with justifiable pride those lines of Tennyson about the stream:

Men may grow old—men may go
But I go on for ever!”

Film Folk
A Screen Boys’ Club has been formed in Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew, Bennie Bartlett, Jackie Cooper, David Holt, Billy Lee, Micky Rooney, Sherwood Bailey, and Buster Slaven as founders, and the aim is sixteen.

The cast of M.-G.-M.’s *Chained Lightning* includes Stuart Erwin, Betty Furness, Edmund Gwenn, and Robert Armstrong.

Fred MacMurray, much to his disgust, has had to let his curls grow for three months for *The Texas Rangers.*

“Samuel of Speen,” a Shetland pony destined for Shirley Temple in Hollywood, has been on exhibition at the London Zoo.

In the 20th Century-Fox film *Pigskin Parade,* 172 dancing girls will perform complicated routines.

Gloria Stuart has had her poem “San Francisco Street Cars” accepted by a committee of well-known writers for inclusion in *“Muse,”* an anthology of contemporary American poetry. She has had about thirty poems published.

One of the biggest star casts of the year is in the 20th Century-Fox production of *Ladies in Love,* including Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, and Brian Donlevy.

*San Francisco* has smashed summer attendance records in many key cities in U.S.A.

GUY BEACON.

Happy returns and many of them, Mickey. His eighth birthday sees Mickey Mouse going as strong as ever. Here’s to Donald Duck congratulating Walt Disney whose genius has made him world-famous.

Leslie Howard
Thanks PICTUREGOER readers

The winner of the Gold Medal voted by PICTUREGOER readers for the best screen performance of 1935 is now in New York. Before he sailed he wrote the following letter:

"JUST a line to thank you and your readers for the beautiful gold medal and the sentiments which prompted it.

"It is wonderful to carry away with one such an expression of appreciation for work done from one’s own countrymen.

"I shall be back fairly soon to do my bit in making English pictures the best in the world.

"With many thanks.

"Very truly yours,”

Leslie Howard

*PICTUREGOER* Weekly

September 26, 1936
THE Chief of Police of Beverly Hills describes in this article some of the many sharks who try to pounce on the would-be film star. He explains what steps are taken to protect the interests of aspiring actors and actresses.

That a person's vanity must do half the harm another plans against him never was more true than along "Quickie Row" where, mingling with second and third-rate movie-making outfits which are conducted legitimately if precariously, fake producers set up gilded fronts to trap the unwary film aspirant. For here swindlers play upon the screen aspirant's ego, holding out golden offers of stardom in return for a small investment; and when they have managed to transfer the would-be star's entire fortune to their own pockets, they search out others to dupe.

Here, too, the bogus drama school and rascal literary agents set up offices, canvass a "sucker list" by mail, advertise in cheap magazines, and sit back like bloated spiders to await their victims who have been attracted by visions of fame and fortune. Needless to say a "sucker list" contains the names of persons who will rise again and again to snap an attractive prey. They never seem to profit by experience. The lists circulate among fraudulent promoters of all types.

Now the "star racket" as it is known, has been exposed by Better Business Bureaus. It has been attacked by legitimate producers whom it harms indirectly. It has been kept under police surveillance. But still it continues a vicious existence, with clever refinements from time to time which keep its practitioners just out of the law's clutches.

Suppose a man from London with a bank balance of £15,000 comes to Hollywood on a holiday, and like most visitors he wants to see the inside of a Hollywood motion-picture studio. Suppose further he is inclined towards vanity and has thought on various occasions that he probably could act as well as many of the stars. There you have the perfect mark for a swindler.

The swindler with an uncanny knowledge of human frailty, picks his victim carefully. Next he learns as much about his victim as possible. Then he arranges a meeting. He may strike up a conversation at the hotel bar or elsewhere. If the victim even faintly resembles some actor—or actress—so much the better. Meeting the visitor at the check-in desk in the lobby, the fake producer will exclaim, "Well, as I live and breathe, if it isn't old Clark Gable himself! How are you, Clark? Thought you were on location."

Secretly flattered, the victim murmurs, "There must be some mistake. My name is Lovelace."

"No-o. Well, I'll be—You're surely a dead image for Clark! Guess it's because I was thinking about him for a role in my next picture, that I made the mistake. I could have sworn—Say, you ought to be his double."

Being interested in making friends with this person who apparently knows the stars and produces pictures, Mr. Lovelace accepts an invitation to a drink. Skilled allusions to friends in the movie colony entangle him further. Realizing he has cornered the Quackie Studios Ltd., of which his new friend is head. Then the producer excuses himself to make an important telephone call, and prepares his associates for the visitor.

At the "Quackie Studios" Mr. Lovelace is introduced to the "office boys" and "film directors" of the concern. He is led past doors marked "scenario editor" and "publicity director" into the producer's private office. There the producer agrees to visit the deal with several matters requiring his immediate attention, continues his web-spinning. Before long his secretary, in an outer office, puts through a call purporting to be from Louis B. Mayer.

"Hallo, Louis B.," the producer answers airily into the instrument. Pleasantries follow. Then says the producer, "Listen, Louis B., I'm counting on you to let me use Clark Gable in my next picture Hearts and Darts. It's an original by James Smith. I don't need to tell you how that'll wow 'em at the box office."

As the conversation proceeds, Mr. Lovelace overhears that Gable can't play the leading role after all, and the producer, when he puts down the telephone, falls into a brown study.

"I was thinking," he soon confides, musingly, "you could double for Clark Gable in some of the long shots. That is, had you been interested."

Mr. Lovelace would have been very interested, and says so. Suddenly the producer exclaims, "By George! Why couldn't you play his part all through? If it's made for him, it's made for you. Yes, sir, it's written to fit like a glove. You'd be a sensation!"

Unable to withstand such flattery and weak from joy Mr. Lovelace is taken in. The fact that he couldn't play the smallest role in a church theatrical without causing titters doesn't enter his mind. He sees his name in lights, reveals already in the envy of his friends, and in his imagination is hailed as a Great Lover by the film reviewers. He even agrees to invest his $15,000 on a profit-sharing basis!

More bogus telephone calls ensue, as the now enthusiastic producer pretends to arrange with Central Casting Bureau for extras and with a well-known film distributing firm for releasing the film. Orders of all kinds are issued to respectful subordinates. The picture is scheduled to go into production the next day. Mr. Lovelace signs a contract to star in the picture and put his money into the Quackie Studios treasury. From this time on the producer and his fellow racketeers lose no opportunity, you may be sure, of getting Mr. Lovelace's money out of his and into their own pockets. This they
manage to do by entering bogus expenditures on the books, by overcharging themselves for actual materials purchased, and by drawing actual salaries.

To keep Mr. Lovelace from penetrating the deception, one or another of the racketeers always stays by his side, advising him as the star of the picture to hold aloof from the extras and bit players who are to form his supporting cast. Frequently the supporting cast is drawn from the enrolment of a bogus acting school operated in conjunction with the studio or operated by other racketeers with whom an agreement has been made. Mr. Lovelace, of course, believes these extras are on the payroll. Often, however, real players are engaged at low salaries, perhaps even an unsuspecting bit player of some prominence, or a former star who is willing to work for very little.

Already well inflated, Mr. Lovelace's ego balloons almost to the breaking point when he beholds flashed upon the screen of the projection room the first "rushes" of himself. More than likely he is impossible as an actor, but the fact never dawns upon him. The picture is rushed towards completion. If there is any chance of getting him to make a further cash contribution, the treasury, never fear, soon requires filling. Otherwise the producer contents himself with the original sum. When the picture is finished, nine times out of ten it is a failure. If not shelved it is released through the very cheapest cinemas.

Occasionally it happens, though, that the would-be star is not without talent, and in that event the picture when released may bring in considerable money for the producer, but not nearly enough to pay Mr. Lovelace's investment out of the profits, particularly as the accounting system is all in favour of the producer.

I mentioned earlier the gypsy drama schools which pay attention to the talented and untailed alike. These, like Quackie Studios and like fake scenario schools operate within the law for the most part. Victims may sometimes have grounds for civil suits, but usually they have no funds, once the operators have fleeced them and dismissed them with diplomas. There's a tragedy of acting schools—that clients most times are left both penniless and disillusioned.

More than one young girl has been lured from a distant city by acting school advertisements promising jobs after completion of a course. And more than one has taken poison in despair, or flung herself with grim irony off the "Hollywood woodland" sign erected in 60-foot letters on a craggy mountainside overlooking the film city. For the players is to be in cheap productions and of short duration.

Students of acting schools first pay a stiff fee for a screen test. Some racketeers specialize in giving tests only. The test, is, of course, promisingly brilliant, if it is given by a school. Then there are fees for voice culture, fees for exercises to develop poise, fees for acting instructions, fees for this and that. During the course of instructions, students are often persuaded to gain practical experience by acting free of charge in such pictures as Hearts and Darts, starring Mr. Lovelace. At best, students learn little in comparison to the money expended. At worst, what natural talent they may have had is perverted.

Similar racketeering tactics are practised by disreputable literary agents. Studios to avoid plagiarism suits return unsolicited manuscripts unopened. They prefer to buy only published material and then have it adapted by staff writers. They do, however, read original manuscripts submitted by reputable literary agents, and while the scenario departments pull all the honest agents from the dishonest, the struggling author cannot.

Hence the author with a scenario which he believes has screen possibilities and which has been returned from studios unopened, consults advertisements of literary agents in trade journals. If, by chance or intuition, he selects a reputable agent, he is fortunate, his manuscript may sell if it has merit, but will be returned if worthless as screen material.

He pays a reading fee—sometimes charged also by honest agents—and he pays to have the manuscript revised and to have it copyright. Failing in the end to make a sale, he is urged to take a course of lessons in scenario technique at an exorbitant rate. As in the case of the acting school client, he may profit soon by the advice received, or he may have wasted his money. In any event, he does not accomplish his purpose by selling the manuscript.

Before passing on to touch upon a few of the mail order schemes conducted from filmland, I should like to mention how Beverly Hills as a city has adopted legislation affecting agents and prohibiting studios. While literary agents do not come under the law, employment and theatrical agencies very definitely do. It has been brought to light that in certain other cities there are wreaths posing as employment agents who promise girls for white slave operators and supply companies for rich clients. To prevent this happening in Beverly Hills, all agencies must keep records open to police inspection and any irregularity is sufficient for revocation of license to operate.

Unfortunately, however, concerns which would not be allowed to operate in Beverly Hills can have Beverly Hills mailing addresses. In addition to drama schools giving personal instruction, there are others offering to teach aspirants "How to Become a Motion Picture Actress" by mail. In return for sums ranging from $5 to $50 they send out a series of pamphlets on such subjects as "make-up," "registering emotion," "posing for close-ups," and the like. These schools may be located miles away, even in foreign countries, and they describe, operate from Beverly Hills or Hollywood through a mail post-office box for six shillings a quarter.

Not only brazen drama schools operate in this way, but many legitimate and shyster outfits of all types take advantage of the "pulling power" of a Beverly Hills or Hollywood address. A Hollywood newspaperman recently discovered that a North Carolina man who teaches Hawaiian music by mail operates, even in dealing with residents of his own state, through a Hollywood box. A Seattle firm, the reporter found, receives its letters in Hollywood and pays a telegraph company to forward them.

Dealers in cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, bust developers, love potions, and other things which may have romantic possibilities employ an alluring film city address. Astrologers, autograph dealers, jewellers, clothiers, and others who conduct a business by mail find such an address effective advertising.

**FLEECING THE KINEMA ASPIRANT**

Left: The alarm sent out by the Chief Clerk is received by armed officers in a cruiser car. Saturday Pickford hands to Police Chief a cheque for charity in recognition of the protection afforded her.

**NEXT WEEK**

Another Magnificent Supplement!

Next week's issue of Picturegar will contain a free sixteen-page full photogravure supplement of Ronald Colman's greatest triumph, "A Tale of Two Cities." This moving and colourful screen adaptation of Charles Dickens' historical novel was worthy subject for our Famous Films series.

Every aspect of this great M.G.M. production will be fully covered. To avoid disappointment we advise all our readers to place their orders early for the demand is sure to be tremendous.
THIS consistently good actress has repeated on the screen the success she scored in the stage version of "Show Boat." Her first important role was in "Cimarron," which established her amongst the foremost artistes on the screen. Her latest picture is "Theodora Goes Wild."
FROM SMART SET TO STUDIO SET

by Jane Wyatt

I'm constantly receiving fan letters asking me how it feels for a daughter of an old New York Blue Book family to be ruled out of the sacrosanct volume of the socially elect. Well, I can truthfully say that I've never regretted becoming a professional stage and screen player for one single minute.

I would rather have my name in electric lights than in all the aristocratic rosters of Those Who Matter ever published. A name in the flickering incandescent is a symbol of worth and achievement resulting from hard work—a sort of badge of merit for superiority of brains or artistry.

A name in the Social Register typifies a certain prestige, too, but it is the kind that comes from the accident of birth and generations of good breeding, rather than from self-attainment.

Furthermore, one can't eat prestige, and I happen to have a healthy appetite! Since it was necessary to earn a living, I naturally chose the field that interested me most. And if I had been rolling in millions, I would still have preferred the thrill of self-expression to society life.

Just now, I am doing something very interesting, but it is interesting to me at least. Universal has loaned me to Columbia to act in the screen version of Lost Horizons, the drama told in flashback episodes, in which I appeared on Broadway a few seasons ago.

The picture is being directed by Frank Capra, and I have the same leading role which I played in the theatre. Yet, so different is the technique of the movies from that of the stage, that in interpreting this once familiar part of a girl who commits suicide and when she gets to heaven learns what would have happened had she not destroyed herself, is an entirely new experience for me. I have to study my role right from the beginning again, just as though I had never seen the part before.

In the theatre, one has to build up for plot and characterisation, with sustained effort, scene by scene, in consecutive sequence of events. Before a play opens, the cast must rehearse the entire three or four acts, over and over, for at least three weeks. But in the pictures, the middle or even the end of the story may be shot in advance of the beginning.

Various episodes occurring within a given locale or interior or exterior, are completed and then the players and camera move on to the next setting. This means we rehearse as we go along. Before each scene, the director calls his players together and tells us briefly what he wants. Then we run through the action a few times.

Of course, we have learned our lines beforehand, and the whole rehearsal may not last more than ten minutes to half an hour. This procedure seemed to me very confusing, at first, after the more leisurely stage methods, but it keys one up tremendously and is very exciting.

As soon as Lost Horizons is completed, Universal has two pictures awaiting me. The first is The Luschiest Girl in the World, by Ann Jordon. It is being adapted by Henry Myers and originally ran in The Ladies' Home Journal, under the title of "Kitchen Privileges". This will be the first production to be made by Morrie Ryskind, who was recently signed by Charles R. Rogers under the unique contract of writer, director and producer.

The story revolves around an attractive, wealthy and self-willed twentieth century girl who thinks she is madly in love with a society hanger-on who has about $15,000 per month. Her distracted parent says he will consent to the marriage only if his daughter can first learn to live alone on that sum. She accepts the dare and meets many surprises including real romance.

The second Universal property for which I am being favourably considered as the lead, is a screen version of Rachel Field's highly popular book, *Time Out of Mind*. This fine and unusual literary achievement with its inspiring theme of strength and perseverance in the face of tremendous odds, is one of the most tender and beautiful love stories ever written, and with James Whale scheduled to direct it, the picture should prove quite as entrancing and outstanding as the novel.

The role of Rose Pernard in *Time Out of Mind* was originally intended for Margaret Sullivan, but as she is returning to the theatre next autumn to star in the new George Kaufman and Edna Ferber drama, *Stage Door*, I am next in line.

It is curious how Margaret and I have followed the same trail from Broadway to Hollywood. You will remember, it was while Peggy was playing in New York in *Dinner at Eight*, in 1933, that Universal signed her for pictures and I succeeded her in that play when she left for California. Then, some months later, the same movie company also gave me my first film contract.

Although there have never been any footlight favourites among my conservative forbears, somehow I always wanted to be an actress from my earliest childhood. I was born in Campgaw, New Jersey, but was only four years old when my parents took me to New York to be educated in private schools. Throughout my classes, I counted my calendar, not as most children do, from the Christmas holidays to the summer vacation, but from last year's school play to next year's. For me, the outstanding event of my girlhood was not my coming-out party, but the time I donned a false beard and played Shylock in The Merchant of Venice.

At the end of my second year at Barnard College, I definitely made up my mind to choose the stage as a profession. The following winter, instead of returning to Barnard, I entered the Apprentice School at the Berkshire Playhouse at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to learn acting in a really serious way. That was in June, 1930, and by September of the same year, I obtained my first Broadway engagement as understudy for Rose Hobart in *Tradewinds*.

I'll never forget that play. The first time I ever went on in place of Miss Hobart, I was so nervous and fell over the side of a ship's set, plunging through the canvas ocean and colliding with a Chinaman carrying a basket of eggs, who was just about to make his entrance at the gangplank.

After *Tradewinds*, I had a long run of short run plays such as *The Tadpole*, *Fatal Attraction*, *Olivia Bows to Mrs. Grundy*, *The Mad Hopes*, *Evening Song*, and *Quo Vadis*. It was just like being a member of a stock company—I found myself learning a new role almost every week. But tides have a way of turning, and *Dinner at Eight* brought me a six months' steady engagement in New York and Chicago.

As I never want to give up the theatre altogether, I have a clause in my screen contract which permits me to return to the stage, every year, between January and May.
DO WOMEN MAKE OR BREAK ACTORS?

We put the question: "Is your professional life in the hands of feminine film-goers?" to several of the screen's most popular leading men. Here are their replies which provide some startling surprises.

But the situation takes on peculiar interest for the reason it includes men stars. Naturally, perhaps, the chief effect is upon the popularity of so-called romantic actors. Inevitably, then, it brings up the question: Do women make or break actors?

"There isn't any question about it," declared John Barrymore. "Feminine interest is of excessive importance to the actor, provided"—this with the flicker of a smile—"it doesn't meet him off the screen without his make-up on. Inasmuch as possibly three-fourths of every audience is composed of women it's a cinch they can make or break an actor. But I don't think the actor's work itself is affected by any influence. No actor worth his salt plays deliberately to an audience any more than Paderewski plays to a Steinway—he plays on it. I don't know whether women's approval of an actor is for good or bad; but it's very pleasant, a most agreeable sensation."

"Incidentally, I don't believe there is anything sexual about it. So far as that goes, some feminine stars have a great following of their own sex. This was proved years ago by the thousands of girls and women who adored Marie Adams on the stage and waited for her at the stage door to show their affection.

"When my own sister Ethel gave a matinée in her earlier days she was fairly mobbed by them. Both the same sort, the two stars of the screen, particularly Clark Gable, is evident to-day. It may at times embarrass them personally, but it's all to the good of their professional success. It makes them, whereas the lack of it would break them."

Herbert Marshall put all his sincerity into: "Whatever women do in the bulk, and of course they do constitute the bulk of movie audiences, means that their effect on the fortunes of the actor is enormous."

"Meanwhile he is left to the bewilderment of wondering how to keep in their good graces cut out of their bad ones. An accidental word dropped here or there in a women's club may be disastrous to him. This is perfectly disgraceful if it happens to be unjust, in such case the actor may well ask if the women are discerning enough to hold that tremendous majority which they do in the picture theatre. But of one thing we may be certain. Women are emotional, and for this reason are sure to respond to emotions. It is through their emotions they have become the greatest influence upon the welfare of the screen actor."

William Powell was frank to say: "Certainly women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. There are outstanding cases where an actor has definitely been made by women. There's no better example than Rudolph Valentino. I think handsome men have a definite appeal for women, young ones in particular. When playing a part, however the thought of an audience as men or women never occurs to me. It is only later that I realise what a tremendous force women are in determining the popularity of an actor."

Nelson Eddy took this view: "One cannot underestimate the influence women have on the box-office, which is the be-all and end-all of success. Women set the trend in screen heroes. There was Valentino.

"Then came the era of the rugged actors—Gable, Cagney, and so on. From a romantic angle, women are in a position to know what type they prefer, and their preferences often determine whether an actor will 'go over' or 'float'. As to his being handsome, that's a matter of individual taste. Some of our best actors are not handsome, so you can't measure ability by physical appearance. I believe women have a fine understanding of characterisation, and that they judge by the quality of an actor's performance."

That idol of the feminine world, Clark Gable, spoke from experience: "There's no doubt that women determine an actor's success in a box-office sense. This is particularly true of the 'romantic' type of actor. This fellow's chances are practically at the mercy of women. But this doesn't signify that he has to be handsome. Some of the men on the screen who aren't handsome are most successful—Charles Laughton, Paul Muni and many more."

"This doesn't minimise the fact that the great majority of moving-picture audiences are women, and so an actor's chances of success are largely in their hands. They are sensible enough to know that handsomeness is not the true secret of attractiveness. I'll admit, however, that good looks might help an actor along. But, above everything else, women like sincerity. All an actor can do is to play a part, good or bad, with as much sincerity and understanding as he can put into it. Then he can only hope to have the women on his side."

With British conservatism, Leslie Howard reflected: "This is a sweeping question. But if women as a body are against an actor I don't think he has much chance of success. Charles Frohman, who was the greatest maker of stage stars, believed that the ultimate appeal and put his ultimate faith in women stars. To me audiences are neutral, no cult, just human beings. But women have more leisure than men, so they are likely to have more opinions about actors."

"In this respect men are apathetic, with no violent preferences as to screen favourites.
Robert Montgomery, seen here with his wife, suggests that "Women express themselves more freely than men."

"Smiling, Ronald Colman was gallantly poetic with:

'What can I say, since Sylvia be ever faire to me?'

No one knows better than producers how essential the good opinion of women is, for it is the lady of the household who decides what picture the family will go to to-night.

Then it remains to be seen whether the actor is worthy to share in her good graces. If he has the romantic appeal this is unquestionably an asset. But almost every romantic actor, in my opinion, must have reached the age of thirty or forty before this appeal can satisfactorily be made to women. He must have experience behind it, and women know he couldn’t have it at twenty-five.

"If he can please men as well, so much the better for him. But first of all he must please women to be a successful actor. Not that he should obviously and definitely seek to win his way into their hearts.

"I don’t think of an audience at all when I’m working. But afterwards I do realise that the greater part of it is made up of women and that success or failure rests with them."

That rugged actor, Spencer Tracy, hit out straight from the shoulder: "Sure women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. As a rule they have more time for, and are more interested in, pictures than men. It’s just like anything else. Women can make or break a man in business."

They can determine whether a book will be a ‘best seller,’ whether a motor car will go over, whether a certain type of home will be popular—so why shouldn’t they be able to make or break an actor? Women single out a certain actor they like particularly in a certain kind of part. It’s my guess they don’t go out of their way looking for handsome fellows.

"Of course, if their preference is for handsome men in real life, then the chances are they’ll want that kind of screen hero. But it takes all kinds of men to make a world—and that’s where we actors get a break!"

Fredric March took this surprising angle: "I think men are more romantic than women. It’s part of their make-up. They idealise women, whereas women take them pretty much for granted—lucky thing, too!"

Women are more intuitive, men more sentimental, and they appeal sentimentally to women because of their chivalry. The actor can bank on this, and if he’s wise he does. It’s what might be called his sex appeal."

Ernst Lubitsch believes that even comedians have sex appeal, and I agree with him. But if you try to play to one sex you’re lost. You’ve got to satisfy yourself. If you do this you may satisfy women, though you never can tell.

"The main thing to bear in mind is that women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March that’s what he gets! This domination by women extends to actors. It’s just a case, all round, of feminine rule of the screen. If a picture doesn’t have romantic appeal for women, the actor has a hard nut to crack. That’s the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Place aux dames! And while you make way, let them make or break actors."

Women are louder in their praise or commendation, and it is this difference which makes them a power. All movie audiences are like matinee audiences in the New York theatre—that is, preponderantly feminine. Naturally, then, their opinion is of vital importance to the actor.

Robert Montgomery was of similar belief in one sense. "Women are more audible than men. They express themselves freely. This makes them powerful in settling the fate of an actor. Collectively they are charming, and I must say they couldn’t have been nicer to me. But there was one individual exception."

"I had a funny experience at the pre-view of a picture in which I ingloriously figured. With me was a woman star who was also in the picture, and both of us were suffering agonies. My groans at the things I saw myself doing finally caused a woman sitting just in front of us to object, ‘I’m terribly sorry, but you’re making me uncomfortable.’ ‘But, I protested, just to get a rise out of the innocent companion beside me, ‘did you ever see anything worse than that damn woman?’ Without turning her head and blissfully unaware of my shameful identity, the lady in front snapped, ‘Wait till that uncouth rat appears on the screen again.’ That was me! But, I repeat, women have been very nice to me. And that’s why I’m now bowing low."

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Shots with Our Candid Camera

Cecil B. De Mille has a cheery word with his latest screen discovery, Helen Burgess, who makes her film debut in "The Plainsman." She takes the part of the wife of Buffalo Bill.

Right: Robert Woolsey, complete with cigar, manfully hides his emotion while bidding au revoir to his partner, Bert Wheeler, complete with fiancée, Sally Haines, on their return to America. The two comedians will soon be at work again on a new Radio picture.

Poor Little Fish Girl: Shirley Temple, who has been on holiday at the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C., with an 11-lb. spring salmon which she played for twenty minutes before landing. Her arms must have ached pretty considerably after the tussle.

The Children's Hour: Joan Gardner, who is under contract to London Films, gives a helping hand to Miriam Hopkins's adopted son at the Children's Garden Party given by Alexander Korda at the Denham Studios.
SEVENTY-THREE YEARS YOUNG

OUR special correspondent interviews C. Aubrey Smith, who after forty-four years on stage and screen is still winning new laurels. He has made a hit in *The Garden of Allah* recently.

ACTORS come and go, but bushy-bridged C. Aubrey Smith seems to go on for ever. At seventy-three years of age this stern-visaged Englishman is one of Hollywood’s busiest and most popular actors. In the past three years he has played important roles in twenty-six pictures for ten different companies.

Like portwine, Smith improves with age. During forty-four years on the stage and screen he has always been in the top flight, yet he probably achieved his greatest success in his most recent picture, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. As part of the Earl of Dorincourt was made to measure for him. If you look at the original Reginald Birch illustration in the book you will see that Aubrey Smith might have been the model for that unforgettable young hero, of the best and worst in British aristocracy.

As a result of his vivid portrayal of that character Smith has taken on a new lease of his career. The Actors’ Screen Guild in America voted him Dorincourt a tie with William Powell’s Ziegfeld as the best performance of the month. David O. Selznick, the producer of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, signed him on a five-year’s contract, and cast him in a featured role supporting Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in the next Selznick picture, *The Garden of Allah*. On top of this nearly every producer in Hollywood has angled for Smith’s services on loan.

So at an age when most men are enjoying a well-earned retirement, Smith is kept hard at work in private life. He is not unlike his screen self, with a stern, almost forbidding exterior hiding a heart which must be made of gold. He is one of the most generous men. He keeps remarkably fit and active and seems quite unaffected by the arduousness and excitement of filming.

In *The Garden of Allah*, which, by the way, is causing more interest in Hollywood than any other production by far, Smith plays the part of Father Roubier, a desert priest. With the rest of the company Smith spent three weeks on location in the Arizona desert. Every day the sun beat down fiercely, but it became an interesting weather register anything from 120-150 degrees. The heat was so intense that Marlene Dietrich fainted three times and had hysterics on one occasion. Her co-star, Charles Boyer, found it necessary to take as many as seven or eight showers a day. It was hot even in the company just stood around, cursing the sun, and limply hanging on to something for support.

And the coolest man in the whole outfit was—you’ve guessed it—the 73-year-old Smith. During the three days I spent there, the temperature in the sun remained fairly constant at about 125 degrees. Fortunately, I was able to keep in the shade, but even so I felt exactly like the proverbial wet rag. But the actors, following the example of the Lady of the Desert, mad dogs and Englishmen, were forced to spend several minutes at a stretch enacting in the full glare of the midday sun.

A temporary halt was called and I seized the opportunity to hear “Father Smith” in his den, in the one-roomed wooden hut which comprised his quarters. He was lounging in a comfortable armchair, his legs crossed, and peering up at me with those penetrating grey eyes. Traces of perspiration there were none. Except for the incongruity of his robe, he looked the perfect cool, calm and collected Englishman one reads about in books.

His imperturbability under such tryi-~g conditions was something to wonder at, but the Grand Old Man indignantly denied that he had any elaborate formulas for keeping fit and active. “I keep in condition by the simple process of not worrying about keeping in condition. I walk, and play cricket, but I assure you I don’t indulge in any stunts like a mile run before breakfast.” He shuddered. “The mere idea of it horrifies me.” “Smoking?” he reached for one of his large collection of pipes. “A doctor once told me that if I didn’t give it up I couldn’t live much longer. So I stopped it for four months.” “When was that?” “About forty years ago,” he replied complacently.

Nor does he have any strict rules about drinking, but he confesses a life-long fondness for an occasional whisky-and-soda. “I think it wise never to drink before sundown,” he remarked, and then added with a dry smile, “but I am only wise some of the time.”

Smith’s first ambition was to become a doctor. He was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge University. While at Cambridge he became a member of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club, but it was as a cricketer that Smith achieved his first fame. He was known as “Round the Corner” Smith, because of his unique style of playing. His estate is called “Round the Corner,” in remembrance of that nickname. He was captain of the Cambridge University cricket team and played for English teams which toured Australia and South Africa.

At the end of his South African tour he stayed on to become a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, returning to Europe in 1890 to settle down to a similar career in London. Two years of business was enough for him, so he became an actor and made his professional debut on tour with the Tapping and Cartwright company.

The complete account of his stage appearances sounds like a list of the most famous plays and players of modern times. Among the great actors and actresses in films he has appeared are included Ellen Terry, Sir John Hare, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Hawtrey and Ethel Barrymore.

It was in 1915 that Smith made his first screen appearance, and during the last twenty years he has divided his time between pictures and the stage. His early pictures were made in New York for the Froham Amusement Corporation. Unlike most stars of the early silent days he does not feel that the public’s point of view there has been a vast change in technique. “Acting never changes very much, my boy,” he said, and I must say it makes me feel back in my fifties once more.”

Just then a third or fourth assistant director put his head in the door. Would Mr. Smith return to the set for one more take before lunch, please?

And so Hollywood’s 40-year-old, 73-year-old First Gentleman took his place in the blazing sun while I stood back in the shade and marvelled.
MEET Mr. and Mrs.! They became one and indivisible after a chance meeting in a Hollywood studio where they were both playing. An attractive pair? We think so too!
E L A I N E  B A R R I E , who played "Ariel" to John Barrymore's "Caliban" in a real life romance, declares that her engagement to the famous actor is at an end. The attractive little brunette from New York announces that her sole interest in life is her film career. She has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her mother is with her, so she is very happy.

Meanwhile, John is convalescing in a Hollywood hospital from a severe illness. But do not take it for granted that this love affair is ended. "Ariel" may decide to be reconciled to her "Caliban." The romance has "see-sawed" so much that anything is likely to happen!

**Champions**

Merle Oberon and David Niven are the official doubles table-tennis champs of the Santa Monica movie colony. The contests take place on a table in the patio of Merle's home. Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Douglas Fairbanks, Ronnie Colman, Bert Marshall and others who have played this team, proclaim them champions.

**Stars’ Doubles**

In such a place as the Brown Derby, where everyone is waiting on tenterhooks to recognize someone else, ludicrous situations often arise.

Mrs. Jan Garber, who is a striking replica of Mary Astor, was surrounded by fans and sensation-hunters outside the Derby.

Harpo Marx, quiet and little noticeable in private life when he wants to be, amusingly watched a crowd of tourists mob another tourist who happened to look more like the screen Harpo than Harpo really does himself.

Another unidentified tourist, who resembled Joan Crawford, was followed for blocks when she emerged from the Brown Derby and no limousine rolled up to receive her.

These are just a few instances of doubles of screen stars who can be seen on Hollywood Boulevard. We also have the hopeful extras who try to change their appearance so they look like film celebrities!

**A Cautious Mother**

Norma Shearer does not intend to lose the affection of her two children, Irving jun. and Katharine, so she hires a new nurse every six months.

She noted that many children appear to love their nurses more than their mothers, particularly when the parent, if a film star, is frequently absent from the home. Much of Norma's time is spent at the studio, so she is taking no chances of losing her children's affection.

There was no need for the cameraman to ask these three regular players to "smile please." Martha Hunt, Ray Milland and Gail Patrick were in-fectiously gay.

**Tibbet the Hermit**

Lawrence Tibbet, who is equally famous in grand opera and the films, is searching for a secluded home near Hollywood.

The reason for his desire for privacy is that he exercises his magnificent voice many hours every day, and he realises that it would be trying to his neighbours.

**Frantic Admirers**

Police reserves had to be called out in South Pasadena recently to handle the crowd which stormed the location where Katharine Hepburn was appearing in a wedding scene. Hundreds of fans converged on the little church where the scenes were being shot and were threatened to break through the camera lines which had been established. Katharine and Elizabeth Allan, the bride in the scene, had to be spirited later out of a back door of the church, to escape the admiring fans who wanted their autographs.

**Film From the Sky**

Jean Harlow's mother could not come to Los Angeles to see a preview of Suzy, her daughter's latest film, so Jean flew Suzy to her parent.

Vacationing at Santa Catalina Island, Mrs. Jean Bello, the mother, had not seen her daughter's newest screen hit. Taking a morning off, Jean flew to Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, with a print of Suzy, and had it screened for her mother in a theatre there with the two as the entire audience. She flew back to Los Angeles in time to resume work in the afternoon.

**Odd Footage**

Greta Garbo has moved into the Colonial residence in Brentwood formerly occupied by Jeanette MacDonald.

Freddie Bartholomew plans to be a barrister when he grows up.

William Powell is receiving instructions in fishing from his son, William jun., who attends a boys' mountain camp.

Robert Taylor has a specially-built radio for his portable dressing-room.

King Baggot, still in the movies, started his picture career in 1909.
BOWER MASON COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

JUST as famous theatres such as Drury Lane, the St. James's, the Haymarket and the Gaiety seem to acquire distinct personalities of their own which have little or no bearing on the plays that may be running there, so do our film studios appear to develop their own distinctive individualities. There is no more possibility of confusing the general atmosphere that permeates, say, Denham with that of Elstree which, in its own turn, differs vastly from the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush.

Confounding the critics each has developed a personality and an atmosphere of its own that provide a full and complete rebuttal to those uninformed but assertive critics of films in general who are never tired of declaring that the making of pictures is, at best, a mechanical and soulless business. If those who still profess to believe that British pictures are made by turning a handle and thus producing them like a string of sausages were only privileged to make a round of the studios they would soon be singing to a vastly different tune.

And now another important arrival has appeared on the scene to swell the ranks of British studios.

A “Moving” Scene

This baby of the studios, in length of days but not in size, is Pinewood, the new home of the Herbert Wilcox Productions which is situated at Iver in Buckinghamshire. The new infant has not been allowed a life of ease for work and plenty of it is already the order of the day—and night.

Having cleared up a number of small scenes in his new production, London Melody, at Elstree, the energetic Mr. Wilcox, metaphorically speaking, folded his tents like the Arab and moved across to Pinewood. And so efficiently were the preparations for the change-over arranged that London Melody was anything but a broken one, work being resumed in its new home without any delay at all.

Quick Work

A fleet of lorries was pressed into the service of moving and everyone from the Director to the newest clapper-boy rallied round to such good effect that work on the picture was soon under way on one of the huge stages. For the benefit of those who lack a taste for statistics, I may mention that the measurements of the aforesaid stage are 165 ft. by 110 ft., which is pretty considerable!

Rough Stuff

Anna Neagle who co-stars with Tullio Carminati—and their work in The Three Maxims showed how well they team—has been having a strenuous time on the London Melody set of late. She has had to “run a riot in a ‘thieves’ kitchen’ in Soho, and the amount of energy she put into the task would most certainly have aroused the grudging admiration of any International Rigger forward!

She plays the part of a Soho castaway who is caught up in the whirl of cabaret life while Carminati has the role of a cultured member of the Diplomatic Corps who adopts her.

And, believe me, he needs all the diplomacy he possesses to handle the fair young castaway of the slums effectively!

Ambitious Programme

Herbert Wilcox had the very proper distiction of shooting the first scene at Pinewood where a million pound production programme is being undertaken. Apart from London Melody this includes a new Sidney Howard comedy to be called Splinters in the Air and also The Navy Eternal.

This last picture is a saga of the British Navy and it is good to know that both the Admiralty and the Navy League are rallying round with their wholehearted support.

A Tongue-Twister

Another branch of the Fighting Forces, to wit, the Army, has been very much in evidence in the Gaumont-British studio where work has been pushing steadily forward on O.H.M.S. Wallace Ford looking quite unusually dignified and every-inch-a-soldier in a smart blue uniform was busy on a scene with Grace Bradley, when I visited the studios recently.

Grace, whose first British picture this is, was having a spot of bother with one of her lines. She had to allude to one of the characters as “an old Rip van Winkle” but somehow the words just would not come right, try as she might. However, the elocutionary difficulty was finally overcome by Wally taking over the line and all was well.

“Tagging” Along

Although Wallace Ford has certainly acquired the correct military bearing, all the King’s horses and all the King’s men could not break him of his penchant for wise-cracking at every possible moment. He just can’t resist introducing a “gag” line that is as funny as it is unexpected, but when it comes to exchanging wisecracks, he finds his equal not only in Grace Bradley but in Raoul Walsh who is directing the picture.

The Call of the Turf

Walsh, who has such robust pictures as What Price Glory? Klondyke Annie and The Cockeyed World to his credit, has infected everyone at the Gaumont-British studios with his own enthusiasm for horses. Back home in California he has a racing stud of between fifteen and twenty horses and he has brought his keen interest in the sport with him.

When he is not busy studying his scenario he is busy studying form in the racing editions, and to hear him explaining just why the favourite cannot hope to be first past the post in the 3.30 is a revelation in itself.

The Director Relaxes

Hawks on weekends are devoted to visiting Newmarket to watch the horses at exercise and so great is his devotion to the sport that he has bought two racehorses in this country which he intends to race in America. One is a two-year-old named Caymanas with which he hopes to win the Santa Anita Handicap, the richest race in the world and worth £20,000, and the other
Race special! Michael Beary, the famous jockey, visited the "O.H.M.S." unit at the Gaumont-British studios recently and, judging by the smiles, he must have had something interesting to say. With him were Wallace Ford, Anna Lee, Grace Bradley, Director Raoul Walsh and John Mills.

horse is Sunset Trail which is destined for the Kentucky Derby. Meanwhile Raoul Walsh has been forging ahead with O.H.M.S. which does not stand for, "Our Horses Must Succeed!"

With The Errin' in Erin

Donovan Pedelty, back from location in Ireland, has been busy at the Wembley Studios on interiors for his latest film for Paramount. Titled Never Go Home, it deals with the exciting adventures of an over-ambitious emigree whose perpetual praises of the "Ould Country" so get on the nerves of his friends that they ship him off home in an autogyro. He runs into a gang of men who are operating illicit "still"s—the potheen, not the photographic sort. I hasten to add—and later runs into all sorts of troubles before reaching London once more.

Richard Hayward is in the leading role and the heroine is Dinah Sheridan. The latter is a newcomer from the Dublin stage where she has already made a name for herself. And unless your acting is good indeed, fame does not come your way in that most knowledgeable and critical of theatrical centers.

A Super Set

Down Denham way, London Films recently built what must be one of the largest sets ever erected for use in Triangle in which Miriam Hopkins is starring and which is being directed by that brilliant continental director, Walter Reisch. It comprises not only the entire front exterior and wide foyer of the Savoy Hotel, but also the greater part of the ground floor of the hotel itself together with the approach from the Strand and the Savoy Theatre.

For another sequence in Triangle a room at Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy, has been built. On the walls hang many genuine paintings which have actually been on the line there. This is a pretty gesture to a sister art, but I have grave doubts whether the selection Committee for next year's Summer Exhibition will return the compliment by hanging stills from the film in question in one of their rooms.

A Famous Name

Among the cast of Triangle is Lawrence Grossmith who plays the part of a theatrical producer. A member of the famous theatrical family, he is the brother of the late George Grossmith who was Chairman of London Films.

Although Lawrence is better known for his work on the New York stage, this is not his first appearance in the London Films Studios, for he has already filled roles in three earlier productions to wit: Cact, Council's Opinion, and Don Juan.

Hollywood Bound?

Sebastian Shaw is Miriam Hopkins' leading man, and those responsible for Triangle are loud in their praises of the work he has been doing. He recently scored heavily in the West End stage productions of Hervey House and Green Waters, but his family associations are more musical than theatrical, his father being Dr. Geoffrey Shaw and his uncle, Martin Shaw, is the noted composer.

Whether he will be lured to Hollywood is still to be seen, but he will be taking the leading role of a new play due on Broadway in the not far distant future, and Hollywood's scouts are to be found there, not as single spies but in battalions nowadays. And there discerning people have given ample proof that they know a good thing when they see it.

A Border Affair

Ben Ray who was married recently to George Peabody, the composer of Goodnight Vienna, has received a delightful wedding present in the shape of a contract to play one of the biggest and most important parts ever written for a female star in this country. She will act opposite Douglas Fairbanks, junr, in the £20,000 Scottish Border picture which Tay Garnett is making for Criterion Films.

She was chosen for the part after exhaustive tests had been made at Criterion Studios, Wharton Hall, and work has already started on the picture somewhere on the Northumberland-Scottish border. Others who will be seen in the picture which has yet to be titled, include Alan Hale, Richard Ainley and Googie Withers.

A Life on the Ocean Wave

Will Hay has become all nautical of late. Gaumiborough Films recently chartered a cargo vessel of 1,100 tons which was brought from Leith to Falmouth for use in Windbag the Sailor, and every morning he has been steaming out of the harbour with members of the unit. Under the watchful eye of her master, Captain James Cruckshank, Will has been taking lessons in navigation, and on several occasion he has taken the good ship Rob Roy, as she has been renamed, from the quayside into the open sea.

When Thrills are Absent

Speaking as an experienced motorist and airman, Will Hay doesn't think such an awful lot of this navigating business, although his skill has won the admiration of Director William Beaudine and the members of the cast who accompany him on Rob Roy.

"There is no thrill about steering a big ship," he confesses, "except the mental pleasure in knowing that I have control of a big vessel and all the power she possesses. There isn't the emotional exhilaration that one gets out of feeling a 'plane or even a car respond to the controls. Still, it's a new experience for me and I am enjoying it."

A WORD TO THE WISE

ONLY a few days remain in which to make certain of the grand prize in the Picturgoer's contest. Picturgoer is making its to readers— THREE beautiful Gifts in ONE—a gold-nib Fountain Pen, a propelling Pencil, and a Penknife—all to match. The final Reservation Form and your Presentation Voucher appeared last week, and all applications must be received by WEDNESDAY next, September 30. After that it will be too late.

Both the fountain pen and pencil are made of black unbreakable material. The pen has a 14-carat gold nib and is guaranteed for two years. The propelling pencil carries its own supply of spare leads. Then, of course, there is the companion pocket knife. It has two blades of Sheffield steel and the case is in black.

A limited supply of a superb De Luxe Set is also available—in this set both the fountain pen and pencil have inlaid bands of real 18-carat rolled gold. Each.

Every day of your life you need this lovely triple gift. Don't miss this last opportunity to make it yours. In a few days it will be gone, so find the reservation form which appeared last week and complete and post it NOW.
Robert Hichens' novel, adapted by Lipscomb, is Marlene Dietrich's latest vehicle. It promises to give the artiste full opportunity to display her talents. The Selznick production is directed by Richard Thorpe and made through Technicolour. The cast includes Charles Boyer, Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut.

Domini (Marlene Dietrich) arouses the curiosity of native boys engaged in the national pastime of begging for "baksheesh."

Joseph Schildkraut plays the role of Domini's guide, Bartouche.
The Sand Diner (John Carradine) tells Domini and Boris (Charles Boyer), who love one another, that Destiny will be cruel.

Left: Father Roubier (C. Aubrey Smith) warns Domini in front of Count Anteoni, against marrying Boris. Above, Fate plays strange tricks with the lives of the three characters seen in a luxurious desert encampment.

Basil Rathbone in picturesque garb for his role as the strange Italian Count Anteoni.
WHEN, consequent on a forced landing, one is stranded to an 'plane, ninety miles from the nearest settlement in ice-bound Labrador, one may be grateful for the aptitude for sleep.

Irene Campion found it so. Muffled under a fur rug in the cabin corner of the grounded 'plane, she waited no time in speculation about the not very alluring situation of being a fixture on an apparently unending snow-field, with only a minimum of water and provisions on board.

After all, Sir James Felton had left her to reconnoitre, and anyone so dominating as Sir James was sure to find help sooner or later. Truth to tell, on the journey from New York to Montreal, Irene had found her fiancé a little overpowering.

Glad to be alone, she drifted into a doze, from which she was awakened by Sir James' vigorous query: "Irene! Irene! So you are alive?"

Slightly unwilling, she emerged from the fur rug. "I'm all right. I was just hibernating. Oh, I see, you’ve found an Eskimo, and a sled! We spend the night in an igloo? I've always wanted to."

"No. This fellow belongs to the wireless station we passed a while back. "He tucked the sled blankets about her in a highly important and mysterious manner. "Listen, Irene!"


The Story of the Film

Petticoat Fever

by

Marjory Williams

You’ve got to be frightfully careful not to irritate him."

"What? The Eskimo? He looks harmless."

"No; the chap in charge of the wireless station. He's an Englishman at the moment. His hair hasn’t been brushed for months. He looks like a wild being from the woods. I want you to keep as far away from him as you possibly can. Don’t do anything to excite him."

Prepared for anything, Irene, closely followed by Sir James, in due course approached a well-built shack which, in conjunction with a hut and an aerial tower, gave the snow-bound landscape a less forlorn appearance. Their host must have been immediately behind the door ready to open it, for Irene, on entering, cannoned into a young man, both tall and good-looking. His hair, moreover, was perfectly brushed and smelt of expensive brilliantine; his face was newly shaved and his well-cut tweed coat correctly fastened. Could this be the lunatic?"

"Welcome, most welcome!" he greeted with an unquestionable English accent. "My name is Dinsmore—D’ascomb Dinsmore."

Next moment, in the most polished manner, he was relieving Irene of her furs and was kneeling to undo her storm-resisting boots, when Sir James intervened. "Your first crash?" Mr. Dinsmore inquired, in spite of having to stand aside, so obviously addressing Irene that she was obliged to answer; "Oh, yes!"

"Pleasant, I hope it was?"

"Delightful, thanks!"

"No—no. I feel I should thank you. The delight is all mine. Shall we move closer to the fire?" If there was anything eccentric at all about Mr. Dinsmore which appeared doubt-ful, it was his openly expressed admiration of Sir James’ fiancée.

Irene was used to being looked at. None the less, the ardour in Mr. Dinsmore’s blue eyes and his determination to keep as close to her as possible could not be attributable to her well-chosen tweeds and practical black blouse, meeting at the base of the throat beneath a diamond star brooch. Sir James sensibly asked if they could go to their rooms.

"I could stay by this fire for ever," Irene sighed.

"Not now," Sir James negated firmly. "Calling Kimo, the Eskimo, to show the gentleman into the store closet, grandiosely termed the East Room, Dinsmore startled Irene by personally conducting her to the West Room, so called.

"Are you staying here all night?" Sir James was furious at finding Irene in Dinsmore’s arms. "I've been looking high and low for my boots."

He seemed so concerned for her welfare, yet she felt safer, as it were, to lag back by the living-room fire and accepting the offer of soup.

While Sir James, in the East Room, could be heard calling Kimo for hot water, however, Irene discovered that she had merely jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Sitting close to her on the room’s one sofa, Dinsmore’s eyes became so eloquent that she said hurriedly: "I’m sure you and Sir James will hit it off. He’s such a man’s man."

"But I’m not, though I don’t get much of a chance to be a woman’s man out here. D’you know that you’re the first beautiful woman I’ve seen in two years?"

"It’s very kind of you to say that, but I’m sure it’s because you’ve seen so few women recently."

"No. I’ve kept my standards very high. I’d stake my life—I’d bet you five pounds, if you’d rather—that you’re beautiful. Are you on?"

"I think this is an excellent time for me to make an announcement," Irene said with an access of dignity, raising her left hand. "Sir James and I are engaged. Sir James’ appearance, in Harris tweeds, very neat as to hair and moustache, caused Dinsmore to merge intimacy into politeness. "Congratulations, Sir James!" Then, turning to Irene, he added: "You must have been awfully unhappy at home. Engagement is such a frail institution."

"I meant to ask if there were a clergyman in the neighbour- hood," Irene said hastily.

"Not within a hundred miles. Miss Campion and I am happy to say I’m not a Justice of the Peace. People do get married up here, certainly; but not in the winter."

(continued on page 24)
NEW MIRACLE SHAMPOO

brings radiant beauty to dull, ordinary-looking hair

The amazing liquid soapless shampoo discovery gets rid of film—makes dull hair gleam with life

Your hair has life and loveliness that you have never seen. It has softness and beauty you have never suspected, highlights and colour tones you have never experienced. This new liquid soapless shampoo, Drene, cleanses so effectively that after your very first Drene shampoo your hair will be revealed to you for the first time—a glinting crown of loveliness.

Cleans Hair With a Thoroughness You Can Feel. Drene works this apparent miracle for the simple, understandable reason that it washes every hair of the head clean. Drene isn’t an oil—it isn’t a soap—it is a completely new discovery—beauty experts say “the greatest shampoo discovery of all time.”

For years, quite unknown to you, microscopic bits of soap-scum have been dulling your hair after every shampoo. This happens because soap combines with the minerals in water and turns into a sticky, unrinseable scum like the ring left on the bath. This scum coats each hair! Drene, being neither soap nor oil, cannot form this grey soap veil. In fact, Drene removes it. It washes out every trace of scalp oil, dirt and loose dandruff. Every single shaft of your hair is washed gleaming clean.

Gives 5 Times More Lather Than Soap. A few drops of Drene sprinkled from the bottle on to your wet hair rub instantly into a glorious billowy lather—even in the hardest water. No before mixing, no mess. One quick lathering washes the hair cleaner than you’ve ever washed it before.

Clear Water Rinsing—No Special After-Rinses. Drene lather is so highly soluble that only plain water rinsing is necessary—and out comes every bit of that abundant lather. It’s goodbye to messy lemon and vinegar rinses and goodbye to that sticky film which mars your hair and makes it so hard to set. With Drene your hair is left clean to feel, lovely to look at and easy to set. It will gleam with new life, sparkle with fascinating highlights and be revealed in all its glorious beauty.

Children and Men Like Drene Too. There’s a rare tingling, invigorating freshness about Drene that men like. That generous, penetrating lather cleanses so deeply, so thoroughly.

Drene too, is the quickest, easiest shampoo for children’s hair. Just one lathering—then quick rinsing—and the job is done. Drene is so pure and gentle that even if you splash a little of the lather into the child’s eyes, it smarts no more than an eyelash of plain water. But the great point about Drene for children apart from its quickness—is that it washes clean. It is the healthiest and finest tonic-shampoo you can give them.

Try Drene This Week-End and For the First Time See How Lovely Your Hair Really Is. 6d. bottle gives 2 shampoos, 16 family size gives 8 shampoos or more.

Buy Drene at All Chemists Including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and Department Stores.

Send 3d. in stamps for a trial bottle of Drene containing ample for two full shampoos. One bottle only to each family. Fill in coupon and post to address below in 1d. stamped envelope.

Sample Offer

To Thomas, Hedley & Co. Ltd., Dept. Drene X.I, Queens Lane, Westminster, London.

I am enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage and wrapping. Please send me a half-ounce trial bottle of Drene containing two full shampoos.

Name:

Block Letters

Address:

Block Letters
"Operator!" Sir James called Dinsmore briskly from the door.

"Be so good as to transmit this message to St. John's immediately. I've asked to have a ship sent up.

"Of course, Sir James. England expects every man to do his social duty. I'm sorry to have been late.

"You're not. You've been most hospitable," Irene conceded. She stressed the fact when and with Sir James. "You may think him delightful, my dear Irene," that gentleman declared, "but you don't know all about him. I've just discovered something. Come with me." She followed him to the smaller of the huts and, tip-toeing, peered through the window.

"Jim, native women! Horrible! Do you suppose they're young?"

"Hard to tell with an Eskimo. Anyway, there's a story of degeneration for you."

During the night Sir James touched on a subject much nearer his heart:

"Might I inquire, Dinsmore, if you sent me a written message in your will with the rest of your papers?"

"Sorry; I've been too rushed. As a matter of fact, it's not the slightest good asking for a ship. Harbour ferries come over in the first light from St. James. As a matter of fact, it has frozen over. Thermometer stands at sixteen degrees below zero. Whooper!"

Dinsmore accompanied the manifestation of triumph by sending Sir James's written message in Hopscotch. "Mad—absolutely mad! He may go violent," Sir James prognosticated when Dinsmore had left the living-room and taken his place before the fire at the edge of the snow-drift they had called Gog and Magog. "I'm not going to go for it, first thing to-morrow."

Secretly, Irene's acknowledged pleasure was outrun by duty, the following morning, Dinsmore, having offered to drive her, handed her into the trap.

"Where is Sir James? I thought he was following with Kimo," she said at their first pause. She began to feel uncomfortable. About her stretched a snow-slope with never a tree. The air was still, but insidious. She smelled her breath, her slight, but the landscape refused to yield sign of a human being.

"Don't worry. Sir James is probably waiting for you at the plane by now," Dinsmore said.

"Why didn't you tell me there was another way round? You really are trying this morning," she challenged, finding it impossible to stand still, and embarking on a cross country hike through the Northern Labrador and Hopscotch. Dinsmore, keeping pace with her antics, was not to be outdone in cavilling. Growing a little exasperated, Irene felt herself accused of wanting to marry money and a title.

"Nothing of the sort," she assured him, with the conviction of one whose inward conviction is crumbling. "Sir James and I had a beautiful romance. He saved me from drowning at the risk of his own life.

"We shall always have a soft spot for Sir James," her companion returned, with all the gravity possible to a man-literally on the lip. Waiting for that gentleman in the cabin of the plane, whither he had definitely not arrived, Irene hoped the gentleman and his companion might prevail. Aware that his manner, if not exactly familiar, was certainly not to be taken either for granted or for granted.

"Are you staying here all night?" he demanded. "I've been looking high and low for my boots. Kimo was an old friend of mine. I expect he was at the dentist's when you were making your speech about the foundations of a new world."

"He was, like nothing she had ever known, stirred Irene into denying herself happiness. When Sir James appeared, most unexpectedly, she accepted Dinsmore's clever return with the gun and assumed a threatening attitude. "Ha! I'll get your fun on," Sir James ordered.

"They're in the wireless room," Dinsmore said quickly. I thought they were going to camp, so I didn't know where."

Barbarely had she entered the wireless room when Irene saw a laughing face, framed with straight hair, a fur wrap flung over her head and shoulders, and the voice of Dr. Kimo's young lieutenant in broken English telling her to sit down. Her mind flew to Big Seal and Little Seal, the two Eskimos who had shocked Sir James —result, as Irene had learned, of Kimo's attempt to enliven his master's loneliness. Overhead, there came the sound of a monstrous, overdre Dinsmore asked, "Are you going to see him, too?"

"Happy. Cordially received. No boat until spring. Will stay on for winter sports.

"That settles it," Sir James exploded, Dinsmore having retired from the living-room. "I was convinced he was trying to trap us. We'll leave to-night for the mission, and the Rector there can marry us.

GET ME THOSE TRINKETS OF YOURS, OLD GIRL, AND I'LL BUTTER UP KIMO." "But, Jim, it isn't safe. It's awfully cold outside."

Dinsmore, feeling safer than this, Buck up! We'll pull through."

"Not at all sure that she wished to be addressed from the Rector —or not. Irene nevertheless took Sir James' hint of being left to tackle Dinsmore alone. From the humpy mattress in the无线 room, in which the Rector was then imagined, by the sounds issuing from next door, that Sir James was trying to convince his host of the wisdom of forbidding matters, suddenly the door opened inwards and Sir James, clutching his automaton, almost intrinsically, shouted, "Sir James!

"I say, Irene! I'm in a bit of a hole. I absolutely refuse to let you go. Hold him off while I'm changing. Be quick —the catch is off. Keep him at a distance of ten paces and pop him if he approaches. N—no need to make it fatal. Shoot him in the leg."

"You're not going to marry that poor old man," Sir James' young lieutenant announced. "There," that's better. Catching Irene off guard, he secured the revolver and sat beside her. "You know I love you. First saw you. You could marry me, I'm quite respectable. I am, really. One of the rooms was reserved for my uncle, Lord Braxley, and myself; so, being the younger of the two, I just, Irene."

"You're a fine fellow, a gentleman, and as soon as I get to the mainland, I'm going to ring for a stage."

Yes, the lady was fond of him. But worse was to follow. Irene's pride, hitherto a somewhat sleeping partner, was roused. She burst into an exclamation of astonishment. "I didn't know Dinsmore when he chose the West Room for an explanatory interview. It was natural. Having done so, she did not expect Dinsmore, while disclaiming love for Clare, to pity her for it. She was ready, however, to powerless, and neglected party if her engagement did not end in marriage.

"You see, if you want to," Irene flung out. "I release you—willingly, joyfully; and I'm going as soon as Captain Landry will take me."

"Sorry to disturb you," Clara said, coming in. "You seem agitated about something."

"I was rescued from drowning once by a man who risked his life for her, and it seems to have gone out of his head," Dinsmore said caustically.

"Better than having Petticoat Fever," Irene countered. "No, I don't want any help packing, that is unless you thank you. One piece of parting advice, Miss Wilson. The trouble with your man is—"

On the deck of the ice-breaker, Irene, feeling somewhat unsteady, tried to comfort herself that Captain Landry, also slightly unsteady from the ship's action, was marrying her to Sir James. Mechanically, she put a hand to receive Sir James' signet, the only ring in his possession. It felt to slip past her fingers. He noticed the knackle. She retired to her cabin to find her own when a shout brought her to the porthole. Foiled, she turned away, and, with a shrug, she jilted the spot. You're coming back with me. I'll be right along. Hey! Captain! Help me on board. . . .
A secret service agent with instructions to remove a foreign spy. To help him in his revolting task, a beautiful wife he had never previously seen.

MADELEINE CARROLL
PETER LORRE
JOHN GIELGUD
ROBERT YOUNG

in

"SECRET AGENT"

From the play by CAMPBELL DIXON
Based on the novel "Ashenden" by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
A GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Showing at Cinemas throughout the country, SEP. 28 onwards
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN., gives a very good performance in this, his second Criterion production; but as a whole the picture is rather too thin and obvious in plot to hold the attention very long.

It is another back-stage murder plot which allows for some lavish stage spectacles which are quite well done of their kind.

Douglas Fairbanks is cast as a dancer—Tony, whose wife, Gabby, is jealous of his association with the leading lady in the show in which they are appearing.

One night the star, Yvette, is found murdered and Gabby is suspected. Tony knows that a man had visited her that night but cannot find him. Actually the man was her husband and a convict, John, who had come for money.

At the trial it all looks hopeless for Gabby, but the knife she used in her dance had been found in the body—until Tony manages to unearth the man he had seen on the fatal night.

At the last minute the man confesses him to the witness box and Gabby is cleared.

Her husband, however, is not. The murderer,lut another character who is so gratuitously brought in to give the plot a twist which proves very artificial in its effect.

The action takes place in France but the atmosphere is not a convincing one although the court scene itself is well presented and has a fair share of dramatic force.

The Fairbanks part is not seen to become intensely interested in the characters, they are rather sketchily drawn and development is too pedestrian and obvious.

Technical work is very good indeed, and Thornton Freeland, the director, has the ambition, but is brought in some good human touches.

Dolores Del Rio acts well but somewhat under what she is capable of doing, that attractive vivacity and fireyness which has always been her main characteristic.

As Yvette, Florence Desmond is somewhat colourless, and Gogie Withers slanders far too negligently throughout her part as a show girl, a friend of Gabby.

Esme Percy gives a character performance as the producer, and Basil Sydney is definitely good as the defending counsel.

John Roberts, too, is good as the President of the Court of Justice.

Edward Rigby scores in the part of a garulous old actor who cannot forget that he once played with Sarah Bernhardt.

Altogether, the picture is entertaining in parts, it does not give the artists interpreting it a chance to shine to any great extent.

Poor Little Rich Girl

In spite of a very indifferent story material, Shirley Temple will doubtless have thousands of ardent admirers in her latest picture. She has several songs to sing and puts them over with that artistry which has made her a star from numerous juvenile artistes and made her a rating star.

But the hit of the production is a dance number which she performs with Alice Faye and Jack Haley.

The plot simply deals with the daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer who walks out into the streets of New York and is found by two radio artists.

They believe she is an orphan and put her into their turn which proves a tremendous success and is booked by a rival soap manufacturer.

Later her father, who had believed she was at school, recognises her voice over the air and gets her back.

The child's escapade results in the amalgamation of the rivals soap concerns and she sings on the air for both of them.

A slight love interest is introduced between the star's father and his rival's secretary.

Shirley Temple carries the whole weight of the production on her shoulders and is very swell. It is a pity that better material could not have been found for her talent.

Alice Faye and Jack Haley are quite good as the radio stars; the former sings pleasingly.

Michael Whalen has little to do as the father, nor has Gloria Stuart as the woman he loves.

A very good performance comes from Claude Gillingwater as the inscrutable rival soap manufacturer whose heart is softened by Shirley Temple's charm.

The production is well set and introduces radio concerts.

Sylvia und ihr Chauffeur

There is a very slight plot to this semi-musical confection, which has no air of original good acting and some clever directional touches. It is pleasant enough entertainment, but not remarkably strong in any department.

The story deals with Sylvia von Polonska, wealthy widow, who flirts with her chauffeur—also driver—Dale Harteneck. Her trustee, Von Polewitz, to divert her mind from love—he wants to marry herself—induces her to adopt a daughter.

She agrees to take one of her husband's relations, but, unable to find her, Polewitz substitutes her cousin, Angelika, a charming girl.

Dr. Harteneck, who, with his friend Melchior, is caretaker of a large house, accidentally meets Angelika and falls in love with her.

Melchior wants his friend to marry Sylvia, and Sylvia herself is not adverse. She engages him as her secretary, and then Angelika, believing Harteneck is in love with her, discloses the deception. However, Sylvia manages everything right for the lovers and agrees to marry Polewitz.

The acting honours go to a robustly humorous performance by Leo Slezak as Melchior.

Ahce also sings excellently. Olga Tschechowa is charmingly graceful as Sylvia, and Gusti Huber is a piquante Angelika.

Wolf Albach-Retty is sound as the lover, and Paul Helderemann amusing as Polewitz.

The story is treated in a whimsical manner, which helps to conceal the thinness of its plot. Songs are cleverly introduced, and, while characters are not particularly well delineated, situations are handled with a good eye to detail. Continuity is at times rather ragged, and one is entertained by individual sequences rather than by the design of the production as a whole.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

In spite of some excellent acting this picture fails to be convincing.

The reason is that the characters are intrinsically theatrical and the melodramatic situations—in spite of the polished treatment they are accorded—remain definitely stagy.

I have the utmost admiration for Barbara Stanwyck and it is en-

chanted with the degree of her performance but part she is given in this production, she is still deserving of that big "break" that never seems to come her way.

She is cast as a model designer, Rita, who gambles in her spare time and falls in love with a young irresponsible director, Chris, who is going to South America to isolate the germ of spotted fever.

They fall in love after a week of hicasious gambling and she persuades him not to go on his assignment.

However, his staid elder brother, Tom, forces him to change his mind and takes him by a cheque held by a gambling hell proprietor, "Fish Eye."

Rita, furious at his change of attitude, takes over payment of the cheque by offering to bring "mugs" good as "Fish-Eye" on percentage.

Chris sails and Rita makes a dead set at Tom, marries him and promptly leaves him.

Chris comes home on leave and discovers that Tom is degenerating and sets to save his life. He takes Rita back with him when he goes.

She, believing he is only waiting for Maria, her wife, to arrive with the men of the expedition, but when Chris gets news that his brother Tom is restored to normality and has married Rita, orders her to go home—feeling that he had paid her back in her own coin.

Rita, but is able later to prove her love by inflicting herself with spotted fever so that Chris can save her.

Good and bad by turns, Rita's character is a wholly incredible one, but Barbara Stanwyck at least makes it vital and compelling.

Robert Taylor is very good as the young doctor and John Eldredge gives a good study of the strait-faced brother.

Jean Hersholt has little to do as the laconic proprietor of the scientific expedition, but makes that little convincing, while Joseph Calle-

aue is well in character as the propriety of the scientific expedition.

The opening treatment is light and sophisticated and has many amusing moments when one gets down to the underling melodrama that the general artificiality becomes too noticeable to hold the interest to any great extent.

EDUCATED EVANS

I have rarely seen anyone work so hard as Max Miller does in this typically English farce based on a series of short stories by the late Edward Evans.

That the picture is a complete and riotously humorous success is mainly due to his amazing vitality and unerring, quick-fire patter. The picture is the British equivalent to an American wise-cracking farce and Max Miller directed with a speed and a perfect timing of gags which makes it equal to the best of the prototypes.

Dealing with a racing tipster whose bounce and cheek are irresistible, it gives an amusing side-light on the Fraternity at large and scope for real English humour which will keep any audience in a squeal. I have to meet a cheque held by an gambling hell proprietor, "Fish Eye."

Florence Desmond, Tony Wild, Moore Marriott and Edward Rigby in "Accused."
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September 26, 1936
**REVIEWS**

The **PICTUREGOER**'s quick reference index to films just released

***THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE***

***PETTICOAT FEVER***

***THE SECRET AGENT***

***WHERE'S SALLY?***

***STRIKE ME PINK***

***FARMER IN THE DELL***

***THE COUNTRY BEYOND***

***SOMEONE AT THE DOOR***

***FAMED***

***CODE OF THE MOUNTED***

***COLLEEN***

***MELODY OF MY HEART***

***MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL***

***FIND THE LADY***

***THE AVENGING HAND***

What the astersisks mean—

* An outstanding feature.
* Good.
* Excellent, suitable for children.

***THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE***


SYLVIA SIDNEY —— June Toller
HENRY FONDA —— Dave Toller
BART ROSS —— Jack Hale
NIGEL BRACE —— Thurbur
FRANK SULLIVAN —— Judd Toller
BEULAH BONDY —— Melissa Toller
LUCY MCFADDEN —— Nellie Toller
ROBERT BARRY —— Buck Faller
PICKY KEEfer —— Tylie
OTT FRIED —— Conley
SANTO B. HENDI —— Tony Sorel
HENRY KLEINBACH —— Wade Faller
Directed by Henry Hathaway. Previewed May 23, 1936, Adapted from the novel by John Fox, Jr.

A very fine example of an outdoor picture in colour, which does not rely on any "stunt" values for its entertainment, but is definitely strong in acting and story and acting. I dealt with it very fully in our issue of May 23, to which reference any interested readers may require more details than I have space for here.

The story is the sort of the family feud variety, and is somewhat stark in its tragic moments and a little over-sentimentalised at times, but it is finely acted throughout.

Sylvia Sidney—who, by the way, does not benefit by being photographed in colour—acts convincingly and natural as a young country girl who falls in love with a railway engineer.

Henry Fonda is excellent as her cousin, who wants to marry her, and Fred MacMurray is equally virile and convincing as the engineer who eventually wins her.

Fred Stone and Beulah Bondy give strong characterisations as the heroine's parents, and Nigel Bruce is thoroughly convincing as a solid unimaginative Englishman who helps to give the story its texture.

Other little studies come from Fuzzy Knight, as a rural character, and Martha O'Driscoll, as the heroine's kid brother.

Colour work is exceptionally good and brings out the beauty of the scenery. There are one or two


**PETTICOAT FEVER**


This is a lighthearted and farcical romance. It is a sequel to "Swanson Loves Me," and it is similar in every way to that picture.

The story is about a young girl who is engaged to be married to a young man who is a member of a famous family. She is taken to London by her father, and there she meets a young man who is a member of a famous family in England. She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. She is then forced to choose between the two men.

The picture is full of laughable moments, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

**THE SECRET AGENT**


This is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

The story is about a young girl who is engaged to be married to a young man who is a member of a famous family. She is taken to London by her father, and there she meets a young man who is a member of a famous family in England. She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. She is then forced to choose between the two men.

The picture is full of laughable moments, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

**WHERE'S SALLY?**


This is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

The story is about a young girl who is engaged to be married to a young man who is a member of a famous family. She is taken to London by her father, and there she meets a young man who is a member of a famous family in England. She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. She is then forced to choose between the two men.

The picture is full of laughable moments, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

Fred MacMurray in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

Fred MacMurray is excellently cast as the lead character, bringing a depth to his portrayal that makes the audience invested in his journey. His performance is a testament to his talent and his ability to bring a complex character to life on screen.

The picture is full of laughable moments, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

**STRIKE ME PINK**


This is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.

The story is about a young girl who is engaged to be married to a young man who is a member of a famous family. She is taken to London by her father, and there she meets a young man who is a member of a famous family in England. She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. She is then forced to choose between the two men.

The picture is full of laughable moments, and it is a very good picture for a light-hearted evening.
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(GarTriab) (This offer applies in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only).
wife proceeds to "go Hollywood", rents a big house, gives extravagant parties, and encourages the courtship of a lounge-lizard, an extra, with her daughter.

It is here that the delightful humanism and humanity of the opening scenes begin to make way for the conventional and commonplace.

In the story, "Cme returns and puts his wife and daughter—who has also gone high—into their place. Esther Dale is stagey as the wife and Jean Parker has little to do but look pretty—which she does.

As the country lover, Frank Albertson is fair and Moroni Olsen is good as the film director. It is the early Hollywood sequences which provide best part of the entertainment in this picture.

**Framed**


Edward Nugent. ... Bob Andrews

Maxine Doyle. ... Joan Williams

Preston Knight. ... Elmer

Lucille Lovel. ... Rose Carter

Don Alvarado. ... Jack Carter

Nick Sturtevant. ... Joe Bradley

Joyce Kay. ... Patricia Carter

George Cappell. ... Sheriff Williams

Forrest Taylor. ... Richard Shelby

Eric Alagon. ... Major Lampson

Ed Cassidy. ... Police Officer

Richard Kramer. ... Richard

Directed by Bob Hill.

Straightforward gangster story, with twists, romance, and humor put over with artless unpretentiousness.

While Bob Andrews, a "G" Man, is spending a vacation with his sister (Rose), her husband (Jack Carter) is arrested on a charge of murdering and robbing his employer. Bob is convinced that Jack has been framed, and in order to prove the unfortunate man's innocence, he goes to jail by arrangement with the sheriff, intending to gain the confidence of Joe Bradley, a prisoner whom he suspects of being implicated in the murder. He comes off and, after being led to the hide-out of the real killer, he makes a spectacular capture and finally clears the whole gang. His good work gains its reward in romance with Joan, the sheriff's daughter.

While Andrews dresses a dashing hero and Maxine Doyle is pleasing as the heroine. Support is sound.

**Colleen**


Dick Powell. ... Donald Alcott

Jack Oakie. ... Oliver "Bottles" Collier

Hugo Herbert. ... Joe Cork

Louise Fazenda. ... Carol Brute

Marx Wilson. ... Pinky

Mabel Levison. ... Sadie Cork

Horace Cavanagh. ... Noe Cullen

J. M. Kerrigan. ... Pop Reilly

Sidney Freiberg. ... Joe Bazzle

Addison Richards. ... Medley

Charles Colman. ... Butler D. Douglas


Hugh Herbert is an excellent character actor and in this picture he is very badly served, and the plot is so childish that all the lavish settings and technical qualities fail to make it more than mediocrem entertainment.

As the apparently imbecile head of a respectable family, Herbert strikes one as more pathetic than humorous; he presents a pathological case. Dick Powell, as his nephew, who falls in love with a business girl, Colleen of the title, sings a song or two and dance excellently as the heroine.

Paul Draper dances cleverly and models his work on Astaire, but he neither the personality nor the skill of his model.

Joan Blondell scores as a gold-digger, while an "extra" Fawcetta, and Jack Oakie is completely starred as the heroine's fiancé, who eventually falls for the gold-digger. The supporting cast and a splendid brand of ship sequences pad out the production.

**Melody of My Heart**


Derek Oldman. ... Joe Montfort

Alvin Dale. ... Richard McVay

Dorothy Stew. ... Mrs. Dearwell

Spencer Trac. ... Peter McComish

Charles West. ... Dr. Edward Smith

Wesley Russell. ... The Butcher and Marie Tun. ... Mrs. Dearwell

Carl Strow. ... Charles Snell

Wilson. ... Stanley Radcliffe

Hart. ... Jack Macleary

Jack Jarm. ... John Schomburg

Bink Wills. ... Horace Sheldon's Butler

Directed by Wifred Noy.

A thin thread of story, dealing with the quarrels of two men about a woman in a manner vaguely reminiscent of Casablanca, it supports musical entertainment which includes excerpts from that opera and lighter music.

The picture attempts to include comedy, boxing, sex drama, romance, and opera in its scope, and is unable to say, unable to do so satisfactorily.

It is on its music that it makes its main appeal.

Lorraine La Fosse, Derek Oldham, and Bruce Seton all have pleasant voices and accurately interpret the leading roles.

**Code of the Mounted**


Kerr McIvor. ... Herbert Breck

Lillian Miles. ... Jean Prince

Edward Chang. ... Harry Prince

Sybilla Strow. ... Miss Prince

Wheeler Oakman. ... Dave King

Bink Wills. ... Horace Sheldon's Butler

Directed by Sam Newfield.

Typical western, dealing with the North-West Mounted Police, which has plenty of stirring fights and good horsemanship.

Action concerns the rounding up of a gang by a corporal who masquerades as a brandit for that purpose.

He is helped by a girl member of the gang, who falls in love with him.

Kerr McIvor is a fine horseman and puts plenty of punch into his fights as the corporal.

Sylvador provides comic relief, while Wheeler Oakman and Roger Williams make sound gang leaders. Julian Miles is sound as the heroine.

**Find the Lady**


Jack Gillett. ... Alphonso Dart

Scheerer Doyle. ... Winter White

Alfred Halsey. ... Miles Doane

Violet Compton. ... Mabel Fawcette

Directed by Ronald Gillett.

Dealing with the faith-healing schemes and the excitement that the plan of the Miracle Man, this picture fails to provide much in the way of suspense or entertainment. It is ambitious in design and too niggligently in treatment.

The direction is tame and pedestrian, and is not marked in any department.

Jack Melford is too apt to overdo his part while the performances of the rackets, while Althes Henley shows very distinct promise as his sister. George Sanders is poor as the third member of the gang.

**The Avenging Hand**


Noel Bailey. ... Lee Barwell

Irving Gene. ... George Lott

Louis Bottom. ... Here Charrell

Charles Oliver. ... Tom Visitt

W. P. London. ... Cedric Collet

Fulvio Parker. ... William Modine

Bella de la Vida. ... Mrs. J. B. McEwan

Directed by Pog. "Sling" Clark

W. H. Speakman. ... Bill Sanders

**Muder at Glen Aylth**


Johny McElroy. ... Bill Holt

Irene Warren. ... Jane Maxwell

Veronica McLeod. ... Susan Bartol

Barry Norton. ... Tom Randel

Iris Arment. ... Miss Mabel Randel

Oscar Appel. ... Ren horizontal Marshall

Betty Byrde. ... Ann Randel

James F. Burris. ... Mike Jeffers

Harry Holman. ... Hampd starred Snowden

James Eagles. ... Harry Randel

Wilton Bingle. ... John Miller

Paul Ellis. ... Constable

Directed by W. Victor Hemmings.

A Western and a Burtis mystery with a feable gangster element which does not succeed in getting you anywhere in particular.

It deals with an American gangster who determines to muscle in on a big racket, but in an altruistic moment turns the swindlers over to a young couple so that they can get the reward for their capture.

This is the second in this interpretation of the gangster, while, except for Kathleen Kelly as the manicurist, the cast is weak.

**The Secret Agent**

Melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

Kerr McIvor. ... Ansel Bell

Directed by Frank B. Strayer.

Incredible plot, machine-made thrills, and a general air of B-picturebery renders this mystery drama of little entertainment value.

It lacks ingenuity of construction and is made possible by the introduction of several characters to spread "red herring" trails.

John Miljan is fair as a detective and Peter Keene makes quite an appealing heroine.

The remainder of the characters are overdrawn to convince to any extent.

Moderate production values.
PICTUREGOER

not to-day. No.

alluring wipe.

not.

31.

from peach

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**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**WOMEN in COSTUME**

**Are Men More Adaptable?**

As men more adaptable than women for playing costumed roles? Practically every heroine in an historical or costumed film that I have seen, has given me an impression of artificiality. The men have been much more natural.

I do think that Elizabeth Bergner, Flora Robson, Athene Seyler, Gwen Frangc-Davies, and Sybil Thorn-dike are the only actresses worth seeing in an historical film.

Loretta Young was thoroughly artificial in *Cleopatra* of India and in *The Crusades*.

Binnie Barnes and Wendy Barry were equally so in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Nova Pilbeam disappointed in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Although she could not be termed artificial, I thought her acting rather poor.

Historical films seem to require heroines with great ability and experience, and as this type of film is popular at present, I hope to see more capable heroines in the future than I have in the past.—M. Wilmot, *Iveragh Lodge, Louth, Lincs.*

**Producers’ Complex**

What manner of men are these film-producers?

One is reminded, by them, of one of the late G. K. Chesterton’s characters. This character was a newspaper editor who, whenever he encountered the word “God” in a manuscript would hastily alter the offending word to “Providence” or “circumstances.”

Producers have this complex. A film must neither mention nor deal with God. Events must always be brought about by “circumstances.”

They know that this age is not notably a church-going age. This may explain their attitude; if it does then they can know nothing of to-day’s genuine interest in religion. With the exception of a handful of films such as *The Scoundrel* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* no attempt has been made to satisfy this interest.

It was a “smart Alick” who discovered this age to be “sex-conscious.” It will be a smart producer who discovers this age to be God-conscious!—*Tom Menzies, 30 Simonside Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,* who is awarded the first prize of £1 1.

**Make-up That Mars**

Surely this “grooming” process is reaching the height of absurdity.

One sees a new star and is charmed by her vitality and freshness; later, when she has undergone various treatments to “improve” her, what do we see? Just a copy of doyens of faces.

Eyebrows trained to give the face a perpetual expression of vacant surprise, sweeping eyelashes obviously false, and a mouth grotesque in its heaviness.

What a joy it was to see Rene Ray in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

She was content to look the part she played.

When she wept, she did so convincingly; we were not inflected with the usual glycerine globule, dript off a ½-inch-long eyelashes, of a face in pe-rect repose.

Make-up which improves is welcome, that which disfigures is ridiculous.—Mrs. Lavers, *Ninefields, Jennings Road, St. Albans, Herts,* who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Unconvincing Characters**

There are two characters no film actor has yet been able to portray convincingly—*The Drunk,* and the “Film Father.”

The “camps” are not a bit like the real thing; every word and gesture is exaggerated, with lapses into the normal; they seem to think a few stumbles and mis-placed “hics” are all they need do in the way of acting drunk.

Screen fathers, in connection with their screen daughters, are even worse, usually acting things like elderly lovers. What real father is constantly kissing, and looking yearningly at his daughter?

Both are utterly unconvincingly—*H. Berne, c/o Heath, “Draper,” St. Mary’s, Bedford.*

**Who Said It First?**

There must be a considerable number of phrases and quotations which the cinema has made alive and impressed upon our memory for the first time, although we have many times read them before without finding them notable. Let me illustrate by referring to an expression which very many picturegoers must have read without being impressed, namely, “I’m no angel.”

Those words were first used by Rebecca Sharp in Thackeray’s “Vanity Fair,” but I doubt whether anyone to-day would know them in that connection.*F. John, 185 Glaedsmore Road, London, N.15.*

**What Is Love?**

“Is dying for love a thing of the past?” asks Gladys Hall in *Picturegoer Weekly,* August 29. If not, it should be. What the stage, the screen, the novelist, and all other sorts of folk, including that arch offender, the poet, has depicted as Love is, for the most part, the inane desire for possession.

In other words, selfishness.

The sooner that kind of love is debunked the better. For true love, gives, and does not set to receive in return; pays without expecting discount or receipt; lives rather than dies to help the loved one.

In the glamour created by desire it is comparatively easy to die for love, but the fellow who loves his wife or child well enough to put in all his laborious days to secure their welfare—or the woman likewise—is doing a “far, far greater thing” to prove that Love is the greatest thing in the world.—*H. J. Reynolds, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.*

**Why the “A”?**

It is generally agreed that many films are of great educational value. Photographs of the Colonies or foreign countries shown in a film will impress a child far more than a rough description from a master at school. The same thing applies to various historical films.

Once a boy has seen *Sanders of the River* or *Rhodes of Africa* on the screen, his history will become far more attractive to him.

It is, in short, pleasure combined with education in an interesting manner.

Considering all this, why is it that such outstanding films as *Cleopatra of India* and *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—to give a typical example of an (Continued on page 34)
By thinking that “any old lipstick” will do these days, you are merely letting yourself down instead of letting yourself in for something exciting. And, if there ever was a fashion for “hard,” exaggerated or exotic effects in make-up, there’s none now. Paris, as usual, spoke the last word—and killed all such unpleasant notions stone dead—when her great colour genius, Louis Philippe, discovered the secret of a lipstick that matches the living colour of the blood itself: true to the principle that the only purpose of make-up is to make you look your best.

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Marguerite Churchill

She was born in Kansas City on Christmas Day, 1910, and stands 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Auburn-haired and blue-eyed, she is descended, to George O’Brien and was educated in the Professional Children’s School in New York City. At the age of fourteen she entered the Theatre Guild Dramatic School in New York and was later signed by Winfield Sheehan while playing in The Wild Man of Borneo, in New York.

Her first screen assignment was in The Diplomats, and her subsequent films include the lead opposite Paul Muni in The Valiant. Other pictures of hers are Pleasure Craved, They Had to See Paris, Seven Faces, Born Reckless, Good Intentions, Harmony at Home, The Big Trail, Girls Demand Excitement, Charlie Chan Carries On, Quick Millions, Riders of the Purple Sage, Ambassador Bill, Skyline, Forgotten Commandments, The Inside Story, Dinner at Eight, Girl Without a Room, Without Children, Man Hunt, The Walking Dead, Murder by an Aristocrat, and Dracula’s Daughter.

June Clyde

Standing 5 ft. 2 in., she was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, on December 2, 1909, has brown eyes and blonde hair. She was married to Thornton V. Freeland in 1930 and they are a keen horsewoman, lawn tennis player, dancer, and swimmer. Educated at Gallileo High School in San Francisco, she was for some time the star of Fanchon and Marko Revues and played for one season with the Duncan Sisters in Topsy and Eva.


Claudette Colbert

The famous French star, whose surname is pronounced Kol-bare, was born in Paris on September 13, 1905, Standing 5 ft. 5 in. in height, she has black hair and brown eyes and is married to Dr. Joel Pressman. She was educated in Paris and later at the Washington Irving High School in New York, where she was a member of the Art Students’ League.

She made her stage debut in The Wild West-cots and later became leading lady in The Marionette Man, and from then on always played leading roles, apart from the occasion on which she appeared in the all-star revival of Leah Kleska. The plays in which she has appeared include Let’s Go to Heaven, Money, The Cat Came Back, High Stakes, A Kiss in a Taxi, The Ghost Train, The Pearl of Great Price, The Barker, in which she scored her greatest hit, and Dynamo.

Claudette Colbert made her screen debut in the silent film, Love O’ Mike, which was followed by The Lady Lists. Her subsequent films include The Big Pond, Young Jerusalem, Man-Mountain, Murder, Secrets of a Secretary, Honour Among Lovers, The Smiling Lieutenant, His Woman, The Wisdom of Women, The Man from Yesterday, The Sign of the Cross, The Phantom President, To-night’s Ours, Three-cornered Moon, Broadway Singer, Four Frightened People, It Happened One Night, I Cover the Waterfront, Cleopatra, Imitation of Life, The Gilded Lady, Private Worlds, She Married Her Boss, The Bride Comes Home, and Under Two Flags.

Constance Collier

She has a long and distinguished stage career to her credit, and was born in Windsor on January 22, 1878. As a child she appeared in The Silver King, and later became one of the famous Gauty Girls. Later she played in Tommy Atkins, and other plays in which she has appeared include The Cross, Oliver Twist.

In 1914 she retired for a time, returning to produce Peter Ibbetson. Her films include a silent version of Macbeth, made during the war, and The Bohemian Girl. She went to Hollywood as special director for The Taming of the Shrew, and has appeared in Shadow of the Doubt, Peter Ibbetson, Professional Soldier, Anna Karenina, and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

One eagerly looks forward to the films of one’s favourites and when one is assured of a good performance whether as a “tough guy” or “white shirt front” breaker of hearts, Gable will always be “tops.”

But films are their slovenliness in exploiting their “finds” in a series of films while their success is fresh in the memory. Examples of this were Griffith Jones, Barry Mackay, Richard Kiel and Gail Leaver. These were embryo British matinee idols who would have been equal to the Hollywood quick-fire successes, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray or James Stewart.

Let British producers catch their youth, hold it and cherish and not let it fade into oblivion as we did years ago with our John Stuart who might have been the Gable of British films if properly nursed...—“Glen.”

(Many other readers have written in the same strain about Clark Gable.—“THINKER.”)

Who’s Who

What Do You Think? Cont.

historical and a scenic film—generally include something, probably very slight, but nevertheless unsuitable for children, which necessitates its falling under category “A”?:—A. F. Roberts, Dunchurch Vicarage, Rugby, Warwickshire.

Let Yourself Go!

We Britishers are poor filmgoers. There is a definite “something” in our human make-up which just prohibits us from letting ourselves have one heck of a time at the movies. When I saw my hard-boiled boss close to snivelling over the antics of the Shirley Temple, he just glared at me, blew his nose and tried to make out that tobacco-smoke affected his eyes. I saw a very self-opinionated high-brow acquaintance of my own in the cinema. He was howling with mirth over a Mickey Mouse cartoon. Yet, when I saw him later he just smiled in superior fashion and avowed that such cartoons were a lot of nonsense, nothing more.

It always seems dangerous to accept the opinions of any film from personal acquaintances. So many of us just admit that a film made us cry, or that another actually succeeded in making us laugh.

Why should this be so I do not know, but it isn’t really fair to the stars, is it?:—Leila Turney, 112 Tennyson Road, Portswod, Southampton.

Keep Them Fresh

I heartily disagree with the reader who states that Clark Gable’s popularity will decrease if he does not limit his appearances in films.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your views, 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting essays, for examples of the newspaper letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 300 words.

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It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to fan clubs on any business matter. In the case of the Financial Order, obtainable from your local Post Office, for American clubs, to ensure a reply.

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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 wish your casts of films, releases, etc., please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martell House, Martell Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

September 26, 1936

FAN CLUB NOTICES

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the great Journal of Beauty, this month to celebrate its amazing progress, announces a wonderful GIFT TO EVERY READER OF A 2½ BOX OF THE FAMOUS “Morny” PINK LILAC COMPLEXION POWDER FREE! Your Golden Voucher, entitling you to secure this gift despatched to you at once—Free—is actually inside the October issue of “Woman’s Fair” JUST OUT—SILENCE! You simply must not miss it. And look at some of the fine features of this issue—N. I. N. E. T. Y. big, embossing pages... scores of magnificent illustrations—and the most fascinating contents you’ve ever seen between the covers of any magazine—dealing in a dazzling new way with every vital subject that contributes to your charm... your health, your appearance, your clothes, your personality!

LOOK: Deadly Sins in Dress—Fashions from Paris—Pressing Ankleys—Why Doesn’t He Propose?—Six Types of “Figure”—Great new Serial by Reita Lambert—these are just a few of the fascinating array of articles and stories in this issue. You’ll never forgive yourself if you miss this superb issue of “Woman’s Fair” containing your Golden Voucher for your Free Box of “Morny” Powder. Get your copy at once!

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**Leave IT to ANNE**

IF you have a beauty query, I am here to help you solve it. All letters are treated in confidence, and if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed a postal reply is sent. Readers in the I.F.S. and the Dominions should enclose a postage coupon instead.

**What a bugbear pimples and blackheads are to young people! I am always very sorry for the young girl in her teens, suffering from these skin blemishes. Just when she wants to look her best, the chances are she gets a new crop of pimples and her outing is completely ruined because she cannot forget the blemishes.**

In adolescence the body is undergoing certain great changes, and as a result there is a great greatiness of skin and scalp to be suffered. All the pores seem to work overtime in pouring out oil. Hair becomes lank three days after a shampoo, and make-up simply will not stay matt. A certain amount of skin soreness may be endured for a time, but wise dieting and careful external treatment can mitigate the symptoms until Nature herself completes the cure.

The diet side of the treatment is every bit as important as the external treatment. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that if you decide to carry on as usual with your diet, no external treatment will have beneficial effect.

Sugar and starch in large quantities are both bad for this skin trouble, and they must be restricted. First of all, a wholemeal bread instead of white. Pastries, cakes and all floury puddings should be omitted. Do not eat a lot of cooked carrots. Cut down your sugar consumption as far as you can and also avoid fried and greasy foods.

This cuts into your everyday diet quite a lot, doesn’t it? But you substitute something that is both satisfying and healthful if you take egg, fish and cheese dishes, plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruit and salad. Meat should not be eaten more than four times a week. The meat may be beef or mutton, but not pork or veal. Chicken is good.

Don’t drink cocktails, avoid strong tea and coffee, drinking China tea if you like it or very weak Indian tea if you do not. Drink as much barley water as you can, freshly made every day and with a squeeze of lemon in it to give it a flavour and improve its health-giving qualities. Drink lots of cold tap-water too, but take it between meals, and not with them.

A little raw grated carrot taken daily is a wonderful skin beautifier. Take orange juice and lemonade and grapefruit. But a word about oranges. There are some people who cannot tolerate orange juice well. Oranges contain an oil that upsets some digestions. If you have proved this to be so in your own case, then dispense with oranges, tomatoes are as valuable and they generally agree with the somewhat irishish kind of folks who cannot take orange juice in quantities.

Skin cleanliness should be equally important. Take a warm, soapy bath every day. If you live in lodgings and there are any difficulties about this, substitute a sponge down. It doesn’t matter how you take it, provided the skin has this stimulant every day.

Use a friction brush till the skin glows, and tone up the circulation by drying with a Turkish towel. Both towels and face cloths need to be kept scrupulously clean. For the face I would suggest that a cloth be dispensed with and the hands used instead.

Use paper tissues that are afterwards burnt for taking off all toilet preparations, and instead of a powder puff lay a stock of cotton wool and burn each piece after you have used it. While this condition lasts avoid the greasy, rich creams and skin foods. They will have their place in your toilet regime when your complexion is clear. The pimples will tend to clear up more quickly if they are kept dry, or given a liquid dressing that soon dries on the skin.

An only skin affected with pimples and blackheads can take a liquid foundation for Powder. A dry and flaky skin with these blemishes does better with a vanishing cream.

In any case use make-up lightly and, generally speaking, foundation and powder in a cream or rubber tint so that it does not show down the angry redness of the spots.

It may be laid down as a rule that pimples should not be squeezed, picked or irritated in any way, but that blackheads must be pressed out. Do only two or three each day, so not to injure that skin. What is first with the good hot soapy lather, press with the fingers through a silk handkerchief, and afterward press the places with a little pure alcohol to close the pores.

Blackheads that are allowed to persist generally become surrounded with inflammation. If they have already reached this stage, the inflammation should be allowed to subside before the blackhead is pressed out. Following on the extraction of the blemishes, it is necessary to tone up the skin and cleanse the pores to prevent more plugs from forming. This can be done by twice or three times a week applying to the skin a mixture of turpentine, green soap and fine oatmeal. Equal quantities are worked up with warm water and then rubbed well into the skin with the hands. This is rinsed off and a mild astrigent applied and allowed to dry.

I have a good lotion that has helped many sufferers from acne. I shall be glad to forward the recipe to any readers who send a stamped addressed envelope.

**Answer to Correspondent**

T. O. (Aberdeen).—Yes, the powder puff is the best. Also insist on your trying the new Powderflirt Wonder Puff which is not only washable wherever you wish, but is almost everlasting. Obtainable from 1s. to 5s.

**Talkie Title Tales**

**This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to:**

B. L. S. via Railway Cottages, Grangtown, Sunderland, for—**Follow the Flock**

**Below the Sea**

**Resurrection**

**Bottoms Up**

**Prices of half a crown each are awarded to:**

Miss M. Skelley, Dungarvan, Lower Woodfield, Noflend, Malvern, for—**The Ingenious Lady**

**Forbidden Heaven**

**Condemned to Live**

At the Bottom of the World

Miss G. Tyler, Glenrowan, Plough Lane, Wallingford, for—**The Wine, Women and Song**

**Waged Love**

**Absolute Quiet**

**Outside Orders**

Thomas H. Haines, 56 Horsham Street, Oldham, for—**Travelling Salesman**

**Way Down East**

**That’s Your Life?**

**Oil for the Lamps of China**

**Lady Lamps**

**To the Case of the Curious Ride**

**Be Careful, Young Lady**

**Men Are Like That**

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

Address your entries on a postcard to **PictuGoer**, Martell House, Bow Street, W.C. 2.

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

GUY BEACON.
**My Hair is Golden, but My Eyelashes Are Dark . . .**

Lovely girl with golden hair and dark curling eyelashes. Yet you need not envy her. Whatever the colour of your hair, you, too, can develop long dark eyelashes quickly—pleasantly— for good—by using Lashtone. Lashtone is not a mascara, but a scientific eye-lash tonic. Buy a tube to-day. Use it regularly. In a week or two the difference will be apparent to all—your truly lovely eye-lashes— your eyes and face will take on a new vivacity—a new beauty. Your name will be added to the thousands of delighted Lashtone users.

**Lashtone**

**THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC**

From Boots, Timothy White, Taylors, Bank, Felixstowe and all high-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlers, etc. Price 2/6 per tube.

**3 STEPS TO LOVELINESS**

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**NO MORE BRITTLE NAILS**

Split, broken nails grow strong, long and lovely in 5 days!!!

No more hands with fingers nails like a scrub-woman's! You can change those ugly, cracked nails and make them the admiration and envy of your friends. Simply apply KERIFORT Cream which hardens nails amazingly and prevents splitting; then makes nails grow tough and strong. KERIFORT is absorbed by the nail itself and replaces the natural oils which are deficient when nails split and crack. Do not confuse with polishes and creams which cannot counteract brittleness—KERIFORT is specially made for and guaranteed to cure brittle nails. Money refunded if not satisfied. From Boots, Taylors and Timothy White branches within 14 hours (from fresh supplies at depot), or send P.O. 2½/- to-day to Tower Products, Inc., 2nd Floor House, Plasbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

**KERIFORT ends BRITTLE NAILS**

**Pale, Thin, and Anaemic**

**WOMAN WHO WAS "FIT FOR NOTHING."**

"Last September I had twelve teeth extracted, and as a result I became 'sick as a dog.'" states Mrs. E. Marsh, of 4, Lowman Road, London, N.7. "I grew pale and anaemic and lost weight rapidly. I had no appetite, couldn't sleep, and suffered acutely from depression. I was very irritable and nervous, and had such terrible head pains that I thought I should go out of my mind. I was fit for nothing.

"After trying various remedies without avail, my mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. I felt the benefit almost at once; my appetite picked up, and the head pains eased off. My nerves grew steady, and I was able to sleep well. As I continued with the pills, I began to pick up my lost weight, and now I am as well as ever I have been.

"There is a scientific reason behind the wonderful results obtained from Dr. Williams' pink pills. In simple language it is this: the pills actually create red, rich blood, which gives new life and energy to the whole body. You will be amazed by the manner in which you will feel at once you begin to use the pills. I have an overpowering desire to eat, and so far I am sure of the improvement in my health."

**Why did she seem different from other girls? Always so fresh, so adorable, her skin of such a pearly texture.**

He did not know her secret was BUTY-TONE, but that was how she won his admiration.

The marvellous Buty-Tone Foundation Cream is made in two types, 1/- for normal skins, No. 2 for dry skins. Both are perfect bases for powder and rouge. Buty-Tone Face Powder is the result of scientific blending of the purest ingredients. In seven fashionable shades.

**MADELINE HAS HER EYE ON YOU**

One of the many entirely new POSTCARDS

The "PICTUREGEE" new postcards have been hailed with delight by collectors who appreciate artistry, quality and superb finish. Madeleine Carroll (here she is) is a particular favourite. She has been snapped in two new positions and you will have great difficulty in deciding which one you like best. Leslie Howard ruminating over his pipe is another strong candidate for highest honours. Look down the list below and then hurry to make your selection of the new cards. Remember that "PICTUREGEE" gives you nearly 2,000 cards from which to choose—the best in the world.

Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining the "PICTUREGEE" Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album free to hold 300 cards. The book is a beauty, made to resemble snakeskin and lettered in gold. An album de luxe bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen of the new or other postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. doz. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here. All new cards. Real photos, 3d. each, 2/6 doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

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To "PICTUREGEE" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of the "PICTUREGEE" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "PICTUREGEE" postcards, price 2/8 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album de luxe is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name:  
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P.O. No.  
Amount:  
"Overseas readers send enclosed 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 2/- extra if album de luxe is required. Croy, P.O. Box 44 and make payable to "PICTUREGEE WEELY." Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

My Signature:  
Post, 18/9/36.
I'D LOVE TO GO ... but how can I, with legs like mine

IF YOUR LEGS ARE SPOIL-SPORTS, LET ELASTO PUT THEM RIGHT

Her Friend Said—
Take Elasto!

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not a promise of an impossible cure. Elasto is the result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy—which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

You Can Test Elasto FREE!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copious copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, whilst you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

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Picturegoer's Famous Films Supplement

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

with

Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan
THE STORY OF THE

A

S the lumbering coach drew up in front of Ernest Defarge's wine shop in the Rue Saint Antoine, in the early stages of the French Revolution, the occupants saw ragged, half-starved Parisians swarming about a burst wine cask that had fallen from a dray. They collected in the still running beverage in cups or in their hands and gulped it greedily.

An elderly man climbed out of the coach, and helped a handsome, olive-skinned girl of about eighteen to alight. She was followed by a middling-aged serving woman, from her hair and face to the extraordinary tight-fitting costume she wore. M. Defarge, seeing them approaching, went hastily inside the shop where several of the "Jacquiers," as that early revolutionary organisation of the oppressed common people was called, were talking with his wife.

"Strangers coming—the rose!" he cried to Mme. Defarge. She stuck a red rose in her hair, and the various "Jacques" in the shop scattered and appeared to be immersed in different occupations.

The three strangers entered the shop and the young girl went directly to Mme. Defarge. "You are Mme. Defarge?" she asked. Receiving an affirmative reply, she said: "Recalled to life." The three words evidently held a meaning for Mme. Defarge, for she replied:

"Yes, yes, we have some fine old wine upstairs. Defarge will show you.

When they had followed the winekeeper up rickety stairs, Defarge dropped to his knees and kissed the girl's hand. "You were too young to remember me. I was his servant.

"Where is he? Is he greatly changed?" she asked.

"Changed!" exclaimed Defarge. "He was imprisoned for eighteen years in the Bastille!" He inserted a key in the rusty lock of a door. At their astonishment he explained: "He lived so long locked in a cell that an open door would terrify him.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the elderly Englishman who accompanied the young girl.

"All things are possible in France!" cried Defarge, fiercely. "Just as all things will be possible later." He warned the girl to wait at the door, and approached a haggard, white-haired, stoop-shouldered man who sat by a window making a pair of shoes. He spoke quietly to him. "You have a visitor, Dr. Manette. Show him your work.

Obediently, the old man displayed his handiwork.

"What is the maker's name?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"You ask my name? One hundred and five North Tower." He looked up, his eyes bright, a puzzled frown on his brow. And then the young girl went swiftly to him, knelt by his chair.

"Who are you?"

"Your daughter, Father. You are coming back to London with me and Mr. Lorry."

Dr. Manette broke from his grasp, went to the wall and began feeling the bricks. "But where is the place!—the brick was here. I can't find the place. It's gone!"

"Something he wrote while in the Bastille," explained Defarge in a low voice. "He is always talking about it.

Upon Lucie's promising her father that they would find what he was seeking, Dr. Manette allowed himself to be led from the room. As the coach carried them away from the wine shop, a splendid carriage with the crest of the Marquis of Evrémonde on the door drove galloping through the street. At a cry of horror from the bystanders the coach came to a halt. Men picked up a small boy from beneath the wheels. A trembling footman cried to his master, the periwigged, fashionably clad rider in the coach: "The child is dead!"

The Marquis of Evrémonde addressed the crowd: "It is extraordinary to me that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. How do you know what injury you might do to my horses? Drive on—faster, Jean."


On the boat from Calais to Dover, Lucie Manette and her father received the respectful attentions of a young French aristocrat, Charles Darnay.

His courtesy, good looks and desire to be helpful awakened an answering interest in Lucie's heart, and she was greatly agitated when Darnay, upon disembarking at Dover, was arrested, charged with treason against the English government. She besought Mr. Lorry's intervention in the young Frenchman's behalf, with the result that the following day a prominent English advocate of London, Mr. Stryver by name, was engaged by the bank of Tellson and Co., to defend Darnay in court.

In Mr. Stryver's office was a man in his late twenties, upon whom Stryver placed much reliance despite his associate's habits of slothfulness and intemperance. Stryver was aware that Sydney Carton possessed a brilliant mind and had an abundant knowledge of the law; in fact, much of Stryver's own success in his profession was due

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THE CAST

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PICTUREGOER Weekly Supplement
"Where is he? Is he greatly changed?" she exclaimed. "I called him!" claimed Defarge. "He was imprisoned for eighteen years in the Bastille!"

"You must put your mind on this case. I, Carton, am up for treason and Mr. Lorrry asked our special consideration.

"It's your consideration he wants. Give it to him. You're becoming a great man in the law courts."

"You mean my brains, Stryver."

"Well, I pay for it. Really, Carton, with a man's life at stake, how can I do otherwise?"

"I don't know, Mr. Charles Darnay—and I hate all Frenchmen."

"But I tell you Darnay is lost unless we find some way to counteract the evidence of these witnesses, Barsad and Cl."

Barsad, Barsad, seems to me I've heard the name. Involved in a treason case once before."

"I believe we've discovered something here, Carton." "Carton, ignoring him, took up the brief. "Well, Mr. Darnay, it seems Fate and Mr. Barsad have it that I should handle your case. Your life is in my hands."

"Then you'd better stop your drinking or I—"

"I wouldn't wonder but that Jerry Carstairs knows the man."

"You can't go hobnobbing with Cruncher—he's a grave-rober!"

"You're in luck, Stryver. Cruncher probably knows the tavern Barsad frequented in pursuit of this case in congenial atmosphere. I'll lay you a wager I drink you to victory!"

From Cruncher, who was a messenger in Tellson's Bank, Sydney Carton learned that Barsad frequented a certain tavern, and over their liquor he exchanged confidences with the fellow. Carton boasted of having been the brains in a stage hold-up and of later getting all the booty from the robbery by lodging a treason charge against his confederates who were imprisoned at Newgate and later drawn and quartered. Craftily egging on Barsad to confide the details of a case of his own, in which treason had figured, by pretending to be interested and a disbeliever in Barsad's ability to make such a charge stick, Carton learned all that he needed to know in the Darnay case.

When the French aristocrat appeared at the Old Bailey for trial, Carton, disguised by a wig and keeping his face concealed from Barsad, prompted Stryver. They put off cross-questioning Barsad, and had no questions to ask Lucie Manette, who was obviously troubled and uttered the hope that she had said nothing to injure the young Frenchman who had been so helpful while crossing the Channel.

When the prosecution's evidence was all in, and the jury as well as the spectators appeared convinced of Darnay's guilt, Stryver asked that Barsad be called again for cross-questioning. He made Barsad admit, after he had said that he lived off his property, that at present he had no estate. Prompted by Carton, Stryver then asked:

"Do you know a French Marquis?"

Barsad, a wretched little man, paled as he denied such an acquaintance. Stryver continued:

"Now, Mr. Barsad, the Attorney-General has told us that this case rests on your identification of a certain man whom you saw enter a cabin on the Dover boat. You say that man is the prisoner here—Charles Darnay. Now I want you to be very, very careful. All we want is the truth. Are you quite certain the man you saw was the prisoner you have sworn it have been someone else?—me, for instance, or his Lordship?"

"Oh, no, sir," interjected Barsad amid a burst of laughter in the box.

"Well, then," continued Stryver, "could you have mistaken him for my learned friend here?" He nodded at Sydney Carton, and moved aside so that Carton's face was revealed to the witness. Barsad started to say "No," then stopped dead, his eyes popping in amazement. "Ah, now you seem to think otherwise?" cried Stryver and turned to the judge. "Would m'lud bid my learned friend to lay his wig aside for a minute?"

Carton removed, and Stryver continued his questioning:

"Now, Mr. Barsad, couldn't you possibly have mistaken the prisoner for Mr. Carton here?"

"I don't think so.

"But you're not sure."

"It might have been him, sir."

Then it might have been this man or that—any one of a hundred others. In fact, now that you refresh your memory and look upon my learned friend, you wouldn't want to swear that the prisoner was the man you saw on the boat—now would you?"

Barsad continued to stare at Carton. The latter, with an exag-
aggrated innocence of face, winked slyly at the witness, who
swallowed, hesitated.

"No, as a matter of fact," he replied slowly, "come to think of it, it wasn't the prisoner at all."

"That's all, m'lud," said Stryver.

After the verdict of Not Guilty had been returned, Carton followed Barsad to the court house. "Bardsed," he said, "I think you have favoured England long enough. I suggest you shed your light on another country—perhaps France, or China."

"Mr. Carton, I love to travel, sir."

And Barsad beat a hasty exit, while Carton joined Lucie and her father and the group congratulating Darnay on his acquittal. At Darnay's invitation, Carton joined him at dinner, consumed great quantities of wine all but in-
sulted his host—all because he had seen a light stronger than sympathy in Lucie's eyes as she told Darnay how glad she was that the jury had freed him.

Charles Darnay became a frequent and welcome guest at Dr. Manette's establishment in Soho; Lucie's eyes told him that she returned his love. And then, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Jarvis Lorry told Darnay something that sent him hastily to Soho.

"Dr. Manette," he said when alone with the Doctor, "I have just learned from Mr. Lorrry something that distresses me deeply. He has told me of your sufferings at the hands of the Marquis of Evremonde."

"It's true, Charles. I've been trying to forget that awful time."

"It's bitter irony that this man who did you such dreadful in-
justices—would be my Judge in Heaven."

"Charles! What are you saying?" cried Dr. Manette.

"It's true. He is my uncle. My mother was an Evremonde. I have no choice but to confess it, Dr. Manette. If for no other reason, than because you are my father, I had to tell you."

Dr. Manette whispered: "Evremonde. . . . The North Tower. . . . would you mind very much . . . closing the door. . . . No, I am here! Evremonde !

"Dr. Manette! Are you ill?" asked Darnay, frightened, "What's wrong?"

"I feel . . . safer . . . with the door shut." Dr. Manette's eyes still held that look of terror.

"I'm very sorry, but you understand, I had to tell you. I am an Evremonde, but I love you, and yours. Can you forgive me?"

I have no blame for you, Charles. You showed character in coming to me. I've learned in my sufferings not to punish the innocent. But you must promise me one thing—you must not tell Lucie."

"But, I must! That would be—"

"You must let me tell her, in my own time, in my own way, or you will destroy not only your happiness, but hers, too. You must trust me."

Darnay perforce, had to agree.

On the way to church for the Christmas Eve service, Lucie and Miss Pross passed a tavern just as Sydney Carton came out of it. He was not too drunk to be in a good humour, and rather quizzically accepted Lucie's invitation to accompany him to the church. When Lucie lighted a candle to the Infant Jesus in the manger where the Little Star of Bethlehem was recreated in a corner of the church, Carton found himself profoundly touched and was very quiet as he walked back with them to Dr. Manette's residence in Soho. Miss Pross left them on the doorstep.

"We're having a little Christmas celebration. Won't you come in?" said Lucie.

"I'm afraid not, thank you. When you met me I was not on my way to church; I was going from tavern to tavern—my Christmas custom.

"I know," she said softly. "We can't always be at our best. Please join us if you have nothing better to do."

"I certainly have nothing better to do—but not like this."

"If you like some other time.

He was firm in his refusal, but after she had left him he remained looking thoughtfully at the door through which she had disappeared for a long time. From that evening a change came over Sydney Carton; he was more particular about his dress and his personal appearance; he was not drunk so often or so completely.

If he was not in love with Lucie that night, he was soon to become deeply enamoured of her. She welcomed him to her home.

"I really believe you have completely captivated Pross," said Lucie, one afternoon to Carton.

"She's part of the flavour of this house to me, Lucie."

"She's been here so long that she is so much to father and me. You bring us a breath of the world.

"And what do you think it has meant to me?—to be able to come Continued on Next Page
lay their hands upon, the populace stormed the Bastille, that fortress-like prison which was the symbol of their long oppression.

That night, M. Gabelle, who had been employed by the Marquis of Evremonde, and who had been Charles Darnay’s tutor, was captured in the Jacobéerie and taken into the basement of the Defarge wine shop, where he was reviled and tormented as a friend of the aristocrats, a lackey of Evremonde’s.

“...I always fought for the people!” cried Gabelle in indignant denial of that charge. “I taught Charles Darnay to love the people! Ask him if that is not true.”

Mme. Defarge advanced upon the tutor. “We know Citizen Darnay’s views—that he never sold his estates and is a friend of the people. His word could save you.”

“But he is in England!” cried the wretched Gabelle.

If you taught him the views he holds, he should be willing to return and testify for you,” replied Defarge.

Not until Gabelle had written the letter and put down Darnay’s London address, and the letter had been snatched from his hands by La Carton, did the tutor realize how he had been tricked into giving Darnay away. He pleaded with them not to send the letter, but his pleas were cut short by a knife thrust through his heart.

Charles Darnay received that letter from his old tutor at the bank of Tellson & Co., where he had been given employment by Jarvis Lorry. Lorry was himself in Paris looking into the value of the assets the French emigré wanted to put up with Tellson’s Bank for loan. M. Manette, Lucie and her daughter were in the country. Darnay, learning that a call was going to be made on Jarvis within an hour, wrote a letter to Dr. Manette explaining the reason for his departure.

But Dr. Manette, upon reading Darnay’s letter, following his return to Soho with Lucie, Prosper and little Lucile, realized that Darnay was running so great a danger—for the Revolutionaries had passed a new law proclaiming the life of any aristocrat who returned to the country, and they knew that the tutor was a friend to the Revolution. They immediately sent to save him. Lucile, her father, Prosper and little Lucile arrived in Paris to find that Darnay had been arrested and locked in a cell of La Force prison. They went at once to Jarvis Lorry, who was living in residence at the quarters over Tellson’s Paris bank, Leboeuf and Dr. Manette’s daughter and Prosper in Mr. Lorry’s rooms, Dr. Manette joined the tumultuous crowd which received him as a hero, when he could make himself heard, and carried him off upon their shoulders. Anxious hours passed before he returned in the stream of sans-culottes and Liberty-bespattered women, with their reddened weapons. Dr. Manette, in his attempt to save Darnay’s life, had recourse to his old servant, Defarge, the winemaker of the Rue St. Antoine, who, with his wife, had been chiefly instrumental in rescuing him from the Bastille. They were leaders of the Jacobéerie.

As you befriended me once before, I come to you, good friends, for help again. My son-in-law, Charles Darnay, is in a cell of the Bastille,” said Defarge.


“He prefers to be Charles Darnay. It was only by a miracle that I was able to save him at the massacre at La Force—I appeal to you to help me get a speedy trial.”

“I shall do all I can to see that the new Marquis of Evremonde gets a trial at once, and that it serves the ends of justice. Encouraged by this promise, Dr. Manette and Lucile attended the trial of Darnay. They entered the Tribunal—the mob’s trial-court—just as a little seamstress was being tried for having associated with a counter-revolutionary who had spoken disrespectfully of the Revolution. She was quickly pronounced guilty, and Darnay called. He explained that he had returned to France to help his old tutor, Gabelle, who had taught him love of the common people of France. But when the judge called upon the librarian, Dr. Manette’s assistant, to explain why he had not come forward, he could not explain why Gabelle was not in the court, but stated that Dr. Manette would testify in his behalf.

Dr. Manette advanced to address the Tribunal.

“Citizens, you all know of my long imprisonment and of my release through the aid of my good friends, the Defarges. I know the prisoner well. I know where his sympathies are—with the people. They are ours, too. It is not true that any man of the Revolution.

“Words are easy!” cried a derisive voice.

“What better proof could I have than that, when Charles Darnay asked for my daughter’s hand in marriage, I consented gladly? Charles and I were married eighteen years ago. We have lived in the Rue St. Antoine, in the heart of the Bastille. Could I have given my daughter to a man whose sympathies are with those who tortured me? There is very little left for me in the world, but my daughter’s happiness is the only thing in the hands of the prisoner. I have suffered enough from my enemies. From you, who are my friends, to whom I owe my freedom, may I not ask a final blessing?—the liberty to enjoy what is left, in peace?

“Crowds were made a reception of the prisoners and the spectators. There was an outburst of approval from the people, and the jurors began to vote individually: ‘Not guilty,’ ‘Not guilty,’

On the way to church for the Christmas Eve service, Lucie and Miss Pross passed a Tavern just as Sydney Carton came out of it.

(Continued from previous page)

to church for the Christmas Eve service, Lucie and Miss Pross passed a Tavern just as Sydney Carton came out of it.
As the President arose to pronounce Darnay free, Mme. Defarge cried sharply: "Stop!"

"The President rang a bell. "Citizens, you are out of order."

"I defy the bell! I accuse Evremonde, as one of the family of tyrants who used their privilege for the oppression of the people!"

With a roar of approval, many of the spectators sided with her. The President of the Tribunal asked: "Who are your witnesses?"

"Three—Ernest Defarge, Therese Defarge, and—Dr. Manette!"

"I protest! It is a lie!" cried Dr. Manette. "Who dares say I denote this man."

"I do," said Mme. Defarge. "You depose him in words that can never be taken back. Look, Citizens, I have the record of Dr. Manette's sufferings in the Bastille—written by himself, in his own blood. Dr. Manette has told us he spent eighteen years in the Bastille, but he did not tell the cause of his sufferings. This letter tells us why—I found it in his cell in the Bastille. As a young doctor he was summoned to the bedside of a young girl who was dying after being outraged by the Evremondes. Her brother was cut down like a dog for trying to defend her. The letter describes the agony of those two young people." An outcry of rage drowned her voice. When it was quiet again she continued: "That boy is dead—that girl is dead. All that peasant family but one died from the cruelty and oppression of the Evremondes. That one, a sister, was hidden from them. She lives. I am that sister, and I demand the life of the last of the Evremondes! I demand it!"

"But that boy here had nothing to do with all that!" protested Dr. Manette.

Mme. Defarge read from his letter her denunciation of the Evremondes, and cried to the assembled revolutionaries: "Citizens, vote."

A simultaneous roar of "Guilty!" pronounced the doom of Charles Darnay. His execution was set within forty-eight hours. . .

Sydney Carton followed Dr. Manette and Lucie to Paris as soon as he heard the reason for their sudden journey. It was the day after the trial that he presented himself before Jarvis Lorry and learned the result of the trial.

Mr. Lorry had taken Jerry Cruncher to Paris with him and from Cruncher, Carton learned that Barsad was in France—appeared to stand high with the revolutionary leaders.

"Thanks, Jerry. That information may come in handy."

Sydney Carton called on Lucie just after she and little Lucie had returned from an unavailing call on Mme. Defarge to plead with her as a woman and a mother to help save Darnay.

"There are still Evremondes," the half-crazed La Vengeance had said, leaning at the child clinging to the hand of the departing Lucie. Lucie had been too despondent to notice the evil glances directed towards her daughter, but when Carton learned from Miss Pross that Mme. Defarge had seen the child he was greatly disturbed. Dr. Manette had been to plead with Danton himself, but his interview had no better result than had Lucie's with Mme. Defarge. Dr. Manette was back in that borderland of sanity in which he had been when rescued from the Bastille. Mr. Lorry put him to bed.

"There's no hope now," cried Lucie wildly to Carton. "Why don't you say it?" Carton tried to comfort her, but there was little he could say, and Lucie continued: "It's going to seem a long time, Sydney, afterwards. . . If only I could see him once! But I can't even do that!" Miss Pross appeared and told Lucie that her father was calling for her. When Carton was alone with Mr. Lorry he asked him if he had a permit to leave Paris whenever he pleased. Upon Lorry's affirmative nod, Carton continued: "Lucie, Dr. Manette, Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher have theirs. You'll have to move fast."

"But why? These passes are valid any time."

"I don't know —certainly we both have. But what I've gathered Mme. Defarge will see that they are cancelled. The Doctor is suspected from his behaviour at the trial. It is death to sympathise with the condemned. And to that tigress, Mme. Defarge, even the child—is an Evremonde."

"But that's unthinkable!" cried Mr. Lorry.

"I can get to see Charles—I know a man—the way we drinking fellows do. Mr. Lorry, lend me your coat and hat. Take the Doctor's permit—Lucie and Miss Pross's, too—and here, take mine and keep it until tomorrow. No, no, don't protest! Take the word of a drinking man for once. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning have my horses ready. If Lucie hesitates, you must force her. Tell her it is Darnay's last wish that she leaves before the execution."

"Do I wait for you?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"You wait for nothing but to save my place occupied. Keep the bargain, Mr. Lorry. I shall keep mine."

He left hastily and sought out Barsad at La Force prison. By a threat to reveal to the Committee of Public Safety that Barsad had been a spy in the employ of the Marquis of Evremonde, Carton forced him to aid in his scheme to save Darnay. Barsad had authority enough to get Carton introduced into Darnay's cell for ten minutes. The latter was writing farewell letters when Carton entered and was left alone with him. Darnay sprang to his feet, astonished. "I bring a request from Lucie," said Carton, with an air of authority. She begs absolutely—she says—"I don't understand, Carton, what you have in mind? . . . It is utterly useless to attempt to escape."

"I won't fail you, that's what I dictate. At once! Write, 'It is my last message to you. I ask you to recall the words that passed between us on a certain occasion. I am grateful that the time has come when I can prove to you. That I do so is no object for regret or grief—. . . I said if ever I could do anything for those dear to you—. . ."

"I'm faint. What's that queer smell?" Darnay, looked up, saw Carton roving a handkerchief. Carton threw the handkerchief over his face, hid it there until Darnay became unconscious. Then he began quickly to change clothes with the prisoner. The exchange was complete when Barsad returned at the end of ten minutes, and Carton had pocketed Darnay's farewell letters.

"Remember, Barsad. Get him to Mr. Lorry's by eight o'clock. We'll tell the guard he was overcome—I staggered in entering, so that the guard would think I was half drunk."

The plan worked; the guard suspected nothing . . .

At seven o'clock in the morning, Carton heard the door of the cell being unlocked. Despite the gloom, he recognised the form of Lucie. To prevent her crying out in amazement he said loudly for the guard to hear: "Lucie, my darling, it was brave of you to come, but there is nothing you can do—nothing—" but say good-bye. Remember, as you have given you I give freely. Say good-bye quickly, my dear. To make a protest would endanger the lives of the others." He whispered: "all the others—even little Lucie!" Then in a louder voice: "Say good-bye to the others for me. . . . Say good-bye to me now."

Clinging to him for support, she looked up long into his eyes. There was no shadow of fear in them. She drew his head down and kissed him as the keeper of the door and said her time was over. Carton pushed her through the door, which was again locked . . .

The permits of the fugitives being in order, they were held up at the Paris gates only long enough for a careful inspection . . .

As the busy guillotine began its daily, grisly task that afternoon, Mme. Defarge was not in her accustomed seat of vantage.

Sydney Carton, awaiting his turn, held tight to the hand of the little seamstress who had been found guilty because she had listened to a criticism of the Republic. She knew that Carton was not Evremonde and had pleaded with him to give her courage by holding her hand. As her number was called she stood up, "Am I to kiss you?" she kissed him. "You are not afraid. It's almost as though you welcomed death."

"Perhaps I do. Perhaps in death I receive something I never had before: I hold a sanctuary in the hearts of those I care for. It is a far, far better thing I do now, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

When the little seamstress had been despatched, he walked firmly up the steps of the guillotine.

Carton threw the handkerchief over Dagney's face and held it there until he became unconscious.
RONALD COLMAN

SPAKES ABOUT
SYDNEY CARTON

In the part of Dickens' romantic hero Ronald Colman has realised a seven-year-old ambition. In the following article he gives his impressions of the character and the reason why it so impressed him with its possibilities.

Ronald Colman waited seven years to play Sydney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities. Finally his waiting was rewarded when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer selected him to play the role.

A modest, retiring English gentleman, Colman seldom speaks of himself or his work, yet, he admitted recently that one of his secret dreams had been realised when he made A Tale of Two Cities.

In the summer of 1928, in an interview with a magazine writer, Colman declared that the one role above all others he would like to play was that of Sydney Carton in Dicken's immortal A Tale of Two Cities. Colman goes on to say:

"In Sydney Carton he conceived a character that only a genius would know, a whimsical, sardonic, bitterly disillusioned fellow who successfully—or almost so—masks his emotions beneath an unmoved exterior. Dickens wrote of this man with a glorious power. He has lived for me since the first instant I discovered him in the pages of the novel. I can only dare to hope that my portrayal of the character will be received kindly by the millions of others who know and love him in the book."

Ronald Colman's enthusiasm for his part increased from day to day and it is no exaggeration to say that he lived the role of Sydney Carton in his waking hours and dreamed of it while he was asleep. There is some intangible quality about the works of Charles Dickens that grips the reader more and more the deeper he delves into the storehouse of literary treasures.

With this genuine enthusiasm to inspire his natural genius, it is small wonder that Ronald Colman gives a performance which, for sympathy, understanding and real inspiration, he has never equalled. He himself realises that his acting in A Tale of Two Cities surpasses any of his previous performances.

"At the risk of being considered unduly immodest," he declares, "I firmly believe that the role of Sydney Carton is the most human and interesting character I have ever created."

Colman once remarked that he is afraid he was born two hundred years too late!

"I wish I might have lived in those days," he said.

"It seems to me, the swashbuckling days were at their most romantic in the last years of the eighteenth century. It was a time of adventure, and I suppose there is a yearning for adventure in all of us."

"But I wonder what I would have done in those days! There were so many courses open to a man. I might have cast my lot with the nobility of France, doomed—although they didn't know it—to early extermination at the hands of the rabble. Or I might have been an earnest worker for the Revolution, confident that only a blood purge could cure the ills of the nation."

"But I am more inclined to believe I would have been a chap like Sydney Carton, the slightly critical, occasionally interested in the outcome of events of such world-wide importance, only slightly moved by the happenings all around him."

The period, those fourteen years between 1765 and 1789, marked the turning point in the history of France. Revolution, long brewing, burst into flame. And Dickens was able to write of those memorable events with a power that made them live in the memories of his readers. And yet he was able, at the same time, to hold the focal interest on the handful of men and women whose lives were being fatefully shaped by the momentous events going on around them.

Very few changes were made in bringing the Dickens' story to the screen. Certain deviations had to be made for screen purposes. First, there was the rearrangement of the sequence of events necessary to keep the character of Sydney Carton as the constant focal point of interest. In the book he was ignored for long periods. Then the facial resemblance between Carton and Darnay, which could be obtained effectively only by trick photography, had to be eliminated. But those were the only liberties taken with the story. Otherwise, it reaches the screen as a faithful transcription.
THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MAKE A BIG PICTURE

Almost 5,000 persons in three countries were required to solve the problems of bringing to the screen Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. This vast army of workers laboured day and night for weeks before a camera turned.

In England, France and America, regular employees and special retainers of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer launched their work on September 11, 1934, when Producer David O. Selznick first contemplated the production, which stars Ronald Colman. The first scene was filmed almost a year later.

Studio departments involved in the preliminary work included legal, accounting, research, property, wardrobe, architectural, executive, production, casting, scenario, publicity, music, camera, drapery, drafting, engineering, hair-dressing, location, make-up, paint, personnel, planning, sound, story, telephone, telegraph and art.

Back of these matter-of-fact statements, in a production report recently completed in Hollywood, is a dramatic story of the unifying of thousands of individuals' efforts into the final picture.

Dickens needed no more material tools than a pen, ink, and paper, but the picture-makers had to bring scenes and people to life upon the screen.

First, what did the Bastille look like? It is gone now, torn stone from stone; only a modest plaque marks the spot where it stood. And then, in bewildering confusion, thousands upon thousands of other questions. What did Paris look like in that day? What did the people wear, eat, drink? Of what materials were their clothes? Did the rooms have wall-paper? There are authentic answers to most of these in so far as they concerned the royalty and nobility, but to find the answers as they concerned the peasants was a task that involved the work of thousands of earnest researchers.

It is due directly to their earnest efforts that Ronald Colman was able to step correctly and interestingly garbed into a setting which breathed the authentic spirit of the days of which Dickens wrote.

Was the guillotine of 1789 different in construction from the guillotine of to-day? How were the tumbrels built, that carried the unfortunates to the place of execution; did they have two wheels or four, and were the wheels solid or spoked? What sort of shoes did the people wear? Thus question upon question piled up, questions that could be answered only by earnest delving into books which most people do not know are in existence.

Cameramen were dispatched to France and England to find ancient relics, old rooms which have not been changed in two centuries, old wall-paper, door-knobs, inns, houses. Hundreds of things were purchased and shipped to the studio to be used or duplicated. Thousands of other things were photographed so that those who had to duplicate the items could be guided accurately.

Dickens' passion for intimate description was a tremendous assistance to the film producers. Often he paused in his narrative to delineate the styles in furnishings, tableware, clothing. Every sentence of the novel was examined carefully by the readers of the various departments, and hundreds of thousands of words were written in reports of information gleaned from this careful perusal.

The 5,000 who contributed to the picture will never be known to history. They are the "little people" without whom the studios could not exist.

1. Some time before he went to Hollywood and found fame, Ronald Colman appeared in "A Son of David" with Poppy Wyndham for the old "Broadwest" company.


3. Left: A more mature and polished Colman. With Joan Bennett in "Bulldog Drummond."

4. In 1930 he appeared in "Condemned" and added further to his already great reputation.

5. Right: 1931 saw his triumph with Tully Marshall and Fay Wray in "The Unholy Garden."

6. "Arrowsmith," also in 1931, gave him another chance to prove his talent and popularity.

7. He played his first dual role in "The Masquerader" in 1933. His fine distinction between the two characters was acclaimed by public and critics alike.
8. In 1934 he repeated his "Drummond" success with the sequel, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." He is seen with Charles Butterworth.

9. As the hero of "Clive of India," with Loretta Young, in 1935.


12. You will be seeing him soon in "Lost Horizons," an unusual story told in flash-backs. He is seen with Jane Wyatt.

The EVOLUTION of COLMAN
A VAST UNDERTAKING


Jack Conway, the director, discusses the script with Ronald Colman. Right, below, Claude Gillingwater, Henry C. B. Walshall, Elizabeth Allan, Jack Conway, Edna May Oliver and Ronald Colman take a little exercise between shots.
The appeal of Charles Dickens is a universal one. His books have been translated into almost every language under the sun and the characters he drew so vividly are known and loved the world over. Of all the books the great Victorian dramatist wrote none possesses greater power, charm and excitement than the story which centres round the brilliant, wayward Sydney Carton, and it has been left to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a talking version of the romance which will live in screen history as surely as the original book will live in literature.

**A Screen Favourite**

The film world has long realised what a wonderful fund of material lies waiting in the pages of Dickens's books, for his immense humanity, his deft and sure character-drawing and his ability to tell a tale that is in itself full of incident, all help to render his works very valuable from the cinematic angle. Many countries have filmed his works, and years ago in the days of the silent films a Danish film company, the Nordisk, made pictures in which Karina Bell starred and which captured the atmosphere and types to a wonderful degree of fidelity.

**Other Successes**

Both in England and America, producers have from time to time given us versions of one or other of the works of Dickens. Not so long ago, Sir Seymour Hicks appeared in a delightful version of *Scrooge,* and America has already given us the brilliant interpretation of *David Copperfield,* which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made. It is no exaggeration to say that the last named company has risen to even greater heights in their new Dickens offering, and the wonderful story which many critics consider to be one of the best-constructed and most movingly told of all Dickens's tales takes on added significance.

**Getting it Right**

The amount of research called for in the preparation of such a picture is colossal, and the unexpected problems connected with details of furnishing and dress are greater than the average member of the public ever realises. Such research is both tedious and costly, but M.-G.-M. spared no pains in doing their utmost to ensure a perfect version of the book being presented. The vastness of the undertaking can be gauged to some slight extent from the facts concerning the production dealt with in this supplement.

**Dickens and the Stage**

It would be most interesting if we could only get the immortal author's reactions to the film version of his book. In his lifetime, Dickens was a keen lover of the stage and was himself an amateur actor of no small merit. In many of his books, the stage and the actors of his day figure prominently and there can be little doubt that the sense of the theatre that was so integral a part of his nature is one of the reasons why his books are in the main such great material for the dramatist.

Were he able to return to the work as it is to-day, one cannot but feel sure that the fidelity with which his characters have been portrayed would excite his admiration no less than would the wonderful care that has been taken to produce the authentic atmosphere in the scenes, costumes and properties generally. As a practical craftsman as well as an inspired genius, he could not fail to appreciate the enormous technical difficulties that have been successfully overcome in the making of this version of *A Tale of Two Cities.*

**Months of Work**

More than eighteen months in preparation, fifteen weeks in actual filming, a cast of 112 speaking parts including some of the most popular stars and featured players of the screen—these are a few of the extraordinary values David O. Selznick and M.-G.-M. built into *A Tale of Two Cities.* David O. Selznick is the producer who gave the screen David Copperfield and previously, *Viva Villa!* and other great hits and in *A Tale of Two Cities* he again retained Jack Conway, who directed *Viva Villa!* In point of spectacular values, it is conceded that nothing has been attempted so pretentious as the mob scenes of the French Revolution.

**A Great Story**

M.-G.-M.'s international success with *David Copperfield* prompted the filming of this Dickens story, conceded by many authorities to mark the height of the novelist's powers. It is perhaps the only major work which Dickens created without an ulterior motive; it was written for entertainment and it did not contain any veiled preachment. It has come to the screen in this same spirit, and W. P. Lipscomb, the noted British author-playwright, is responsible for the screen play.

**Difficulties Overcome**

While *A Tale of Two Cities* comes to the screen "just as Charles Dickens wrote it," three-quarters of a century ago, adapting the novel to the films was not an easy task, as was made clear by David O. Selznick, the producer, who devoted months of careful study and research to the task before him.

"In adapting *Copperfield,*" he said, "the problem principally was one of eliminating a sufficient number of characters and story tangents to bring this magnificent work within the time limits of a single photoplay, and still give an impression of preserving intact the original. In adapting *A Tale of Two Cities* there was no such problem, because the story itself was not too long for picturization. Different problems, however, confronted us. For instance, there are long stretches in the book in which the character of Sydney Carton, played in the picture by Ronald Colman, does not appear. As we worked on the script it became obvious that, granting an interesting portrayal, the audience would become intrigued by the character of Carton and would expect to follow him—the more so because of the casting of Colman in the role. The cure for this lay in a rearrangement of the sequences."

**An Essential Change**

Intensifying the romantic interest between Carton and Lucie, played by Elizabeth Allan, was another major problem," he continued. "Dickens left this attachment almost entirely to the imagination of his readers. On the screen, it is given more stress. Transferring the vivid scenes of the French Revolution from Dickens's descriptions to powerful visual scenes, working in the important characters—the Defarges, La Vengeance, The Woodcutter, Gaspard—without losing the focal interest in the major characters, was still another problem of no small consequence.

There is one change we made which I hope will not meet with criticism. In the book, Dickens stresses a strong resemblance between Carton and Darnay—in fact he made it double. In a picture, the only way this effect could be obtained would be to have both roles played by the same man."

**Working It Out**

"This matter was discussed at length by W. P. Lipscomb and S. N. Behrman, writers, Director Jack Conway and myself," Selznick explained. "We finally decided there was nothing inherent to the basic story elements that made it necessary for Carton and Darnay to look exactly alike. We also decided that an audience would be conscious always of the camera trick of double exposure with the resultant loss of realism; and that it would be very difficult to get an audience excited about Ronald Colman, playing Sydney Carton, going off for some time to save Ronald Colman, playing Charles Darnay."

(Continued on next page)
Fidelity In Detail

The Old Bailey sequence referred to by Mr. Selznick, was reproduced just as it looked in 1785. To the cobwebs in the corner and the cracks in the plaster, the setting was said to be an absolute copy of the Old Bailey that existed in the days when even the most minor offences against the law were punishable by death.

Ancient books, some with sketches by contemporary artists and others with minute descriptions of the court as it existed almost two centuries ago, were used by M-G-M art directors to create the setting. One of the dramatic scenes of the spectacular picture is enacted in this setting. It is the trial of Charles Darnay, played by Donald Woods, for high treason and his brilliantly successful defence by the nonchalant Sydney Carton, created by Ronald Colman.

Colman Sums Up

Reams have been written in description, analysis and eulogy of the character of the immortal Sydney Carton, but it took Ronald Colman to reduce these reams to one pungent sentence. Carton, he maintains, is literature's outstanding example of the popular phrase, 'Be yourself!'”

"He never was anything else than entirely natural," the star says. "It was impossible for Carton to make compromises with others, with himself or with the problems of life. He was the most unheroic of heroes, but he had the fundamental fortitude to walk to the guillotine with a grin on his face because he was strong enough to be himself.

"He lacked utterly any desire to court popularity although he was a man of brilliant talents. Indeed, he lived his life without a thought for the impression he was making on those around him. And it was this trait of character that, in my opinion, has made him live vividly for almost a century."

An Unusual Event

It was just this keen interest in the story of Sydney Carton that prompted Colman to break a habit of a professional lifetime. Recognised as the screen’s shiest star, he had never been known to visit a film set when he was not actually working on a scene until he started on A Tale of Two Cities. Then, however, he became an interested observer of every scene of the picture as it was being filmed.

His friends were astonished, for this was not at all like the Ronald Colman they knew, who usually when he is not actually working on the set is out on the tennis courts or reading in the seclusion of his own home. However, he admitted that no picture he had ever made had so intrigued him.

"Some years ago," he said, "I told a fan magazine interviewer that I would like to play Sydney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities above all other characters I knew. I have repeated that statement often since then and I still feel the same way about it."

And that is surely as excellent a reason as any for Ronald to break a long-established custom!

To Go Into Details

A Tale of Two Cities was actually before the cameras and microphones for five consecutive months.

Apart from stars and featured players, forty-nine thousand, two hundred and eight men, women and children were employed as actors and actresses.

Six thousand, two hundred and seventy-three persons appeared in a single scene—the storming of the Bastille. They were photographed simultaneously by fifteen cameras, their voices recorded by twenty-seven microphones, and their actions guided by fifty-four assistants under the guidance of Director Jack Conway.

Nine different settings each utilised the services of more than one thousand extra players, and twelve others more than five hundred extras each.

Sixty-seven tailors and seamstresses worked for eight weeks and three days preparing eight thousand, two hundred and sixteen costumes especially designed and created for the principals and minor players.

Lumber used in the construction of the sets totalled 7,645,300 board feet, or enough to build the entire residential section of an average town of ten thousand inhabitants.

The nails used would make a pile eighty feet square and twenty-two feet high.

Enough electrical energy passed through the studio meters to illuminate the sets to light every lamp in a fair-sized city between dusk and dawn every night for seven months. By contrast, one scene, a close-up of Colman, was filmed by the light of a single candle.
WHO'S WHO IN THE FILM

Elizabeth Allan

The English actress who has done so well in America plays the part of Lucie Manette, the heroine of the play. She was born at Skegness on April 9 and was trained for the stage at the Old Vic. She appeared on the London stage in 1927 and toured in Shakespeare with Ben Greet and stock Companies. Screen career began in 1930 in Alibi. In 1933 she went to America and played in Looking Forward and The Solitaire Man, followed by a number of pictures, amongst the most recent being David Copperfield, Mark of the Vampire, The Phantom Fear and Java Head.

Edna May Oliver

In the role of Miss Pross this delightful character actress scores another well-merited success. Her real name is Edna May Nutter and she was born in Boston, Mass. She has had twenty years stage experience and started her screen career in 1923. Her early films included Ice Bound and Saturday Night Kid. Some of her notable successes have been in Only Yesterday, Little Women and Alice in Wonderland. She has created a definite character as a female detective in such pictures as The Penguin Pool Mystery, Murder on the Blackboard, Murder on a Honeymoon, etc. In fact these crime comedies in which she appears with James Gleason tend to make us overlook the fact that Miss Oliver is as versatile as she is clever.

Donald Woods

Plays the role of Charles Darnay. His real name is Ralph Zink, and he is twenty-eight years old. He has appeared on the New York stage and made his screen debut in Charlie Chan's Courage. Other pictures include The Story of Louis Pasteur and Road Gang. Donald Woods is married and has a small son.

Reginald Owen

This outstanding character actor of stage and screen, plays the important part of Mr. Stryver, the lawyer, who owes his legal successes to the keen brain of Sydney Carton. Born in England, Owen studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, and for the next twenty-five years was one of our leading actors. Going to America, he repeated his success in numerous stage (Continued Overleaf)

Below: The two lovers, Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay, played by Elizabeth Allan and Donald Woods.

Above: Isabel Jewell gives a clever character study as the little seamstress who dies with Carton.

Henry B. Walthall as the kindly Dr. Manette.
E. Clive, who is brilliant as the judge at the Old Bailey trial scene.

Rights: Barsad the villain, played by Walter Catlett.

(Continued from previous page) plays, and later in films. One of the most sought-after of character actors, he has run the gamut of "types" in his career. The pictures in which he has appeared include Greta Garbo's Queen Christina, Call of the Wild, Voltaire, House of Rothschild, Of Human Bondage, and The Good Fairy.

More recently he has appeared with Garbo and Fredric March in Anna Karenina, and William Powell and Luise Rainer, in Escapade.

Blanche Yurka

A NOTABLE newcomer to the screen from the New York stage, Blanche Yurka has starred in many plays and was especially chosen by M.G.M. to make her screen debut in the important role of Madame De Farge, the fiery, vindictive revolutionary. She plays it magnificently and will be heard of again in film circles.

She was born in Bohemia and married Ian Keith. The marriage was dissolved. She was originally intended for an operatic career but took to the stage instead.

Mitchell Lewis

In the part of Ernest De Farge. Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse, New York, and has been on the stage since he was a child. He has made stage appearances over here and has had sixteen years screen experience. He is married to Nanette Rejan, an actress.

Basil Rathbone

This distinguished actor is admirably suited to the part of the Marquis D’Artremonde which he plays with the dignity and poise it demands. Although educated in England he was born in South Africa on June 13, 1892. He is married to Ouida Bergere, scenarist and playwright.

Rathbone began his theatrical career with Shakespearean roles in 1912.

He went to America to appear in The Caroza and The Masked Bride with Mae Murray at the M.G.M. studios. He then made The Duchess and the Walter after which he returned to New York to fulfill a stage contract.

Went back to Hollywood to play opposite Norma Shearer in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney and was given a long term contract.

His latest pictures include: The Last Days of Pompeii, Captain Blood and The Garden of Allah.

Walter Catlett

An entirely unexpected and unusual bit of casting. Walter Catlett, the comedian, becomes a villain.

He plays the role of John Barsad.

In many respects the selection of Catlett for this role parallels Selznick’s daring choice of Roland Young, also a comedian, to create the role of Uriah Heep in David Copperfield.

Catlett’s type of comedy, however, is even “broader” than that of Roland Young. He is known as one of the wits of New York’s Broadway and of smart Hollywood. He has appeared on the stage in scores of comedic characterizations, and has established himself on the screen as a funny man.

Henry B. Walthall

The late Henry B. Walthall—he died in June, 1936—has a worthy memorial to his art in his performance here as the kindly Dr. Manette. Born in Selby City, Alabama, he was one of the screen’s most famous veterans, having started his film career in 1910 and played the lead in D. W. Griffith’s masterpiece, The Birth of a Nation.

He made one film after A Tale of Two Cities—The Garden Murder Case.

Fritz Leiber

For the first time in his long and distinguished career on the stage, Fritz Leiber has turned to motion pictures. He creates the role of Gaspard, the mysterious figure of tragic vengeance.

While this is far from Leiber’s first Dickensian role, he is generally associated with stage presentations of the works of Shakespeare. As the star of his own theatrical company, he has been one of the bulwarks of the American stage for many years. He has presented Shakespearean repertoire throughout the United States since 1926.

Claude Gillingwater

Many outstanding roles have been played by Gillingwater in his long and distinguished career on stage and screen, but none has offered greater histrionic opportunities than that of Jarvis.

Above: Reginald Owen is “Mr. Stryver,” the lawyer, who employs Sydney Carton. 

He went to America to appear in The Caroza and The Masked Bride with Mae Murray at the M.G.M. studios. He then made The Duchess and the Walter after which he returned to New York to fulfill a stage contract.

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Lorry. The part of Lorry is one of the "key" roles of Dickens' story—a figure who moves serenely through the French Revolution, never forgetting that he is the trusted representative of a conservative London banking house, yet somehow managing to perform heroic feats that surprise him as much as they do his associates. Gillingwater was for many years identified with David Belasco theatrical productions. He entered pictures several years ago and has appeared with distinction in Little Lord Fauntleroy, My Boy, Women They Talk About, Stolen Kisses, Three Wise Fools and scores of others.

E. E. Clive

ALWAYS to be relied upon to give an excellent account of himself, this Welsh actor who was born in Monmouthshire and educated at Aberystwyth University, is cast as the judge in the Old Bailey trial scene. He studied medicine, but at the age of twenty-two appeared at Drury Lane in White Heather. Appeared for four years in London in Are You A Mason? Went to America in 1912 and made his screen debut in 1933 in The Invisible Man. His latest pictures include Captain Blood, Little Lord Fauntleroy and Love Before Breakfast.

H. B. Warner

MOST people remember this actor who was born in London and educated at Bedford and University College, London, for his work in Sorrell & Son—two versions—and The King of Kings. He gives a fine performance here which adds to his reputation. His later films include Rose of the Rancho and The Garden Murder Case.

Billy Bevan

A COMEDIAN who understands character. Billy Bevan is cast as Jerry Cruncher, the inevitable cockney. His real name is William Bevan Harris and he was born at Orange, Australia. He was educated at Sydney University. He began his stage experience with the Pollard Opera Company and appeared on the screen for ten years in Mack Sennett comedies. His feature films include Journey's End and among his latest is Song and Dance Man.

Isabel Jewell

THIS clever little artiste who is chiefly noted for her comedy roles plays the role of the "Little Seamstress" whom fate sends to the guillotine. She was born in Shoshoni, Wyoming, and made her first screen appearance in 1933 in Bondage. Her latest pictures include Ceiling Zero and The Marines Have Landed. The part she plays in A Tale of Two Cities is regarded as a star-making one so we are likely to hear a good deal more about Miss Jewell.

Tully Marshall

BORN at Nevada City, California, on April 13, 1864, Tully Marshall has a stage record of forty-five years. He started his screen career in 1916 when he played in Intolerance, followed by The Covered Wagon and The Merry Widow. He plays the role of Woodcutter.

Robert Warwick

A VERY convincing judge at the Tribunal in Paris is the role assigned to this actor who was born at Sacramento, California, in 1878. He appeared in Unmasked in 1930, and has since played in Whipsaw, Tough Guy and The Return of Jimmy Valentine.
One of the delightful love scenes from M.-G.-M's screen adaptation of the famous musical comedy "Rose Marie". This colourful and tuneful romance forms the subject of our next Famous Films Supplement which will appear shortly.
"... as I told my son—CRAVEN "A" never affect your throat"

"Dad was right!"
For smoothness, coolness and freshness you can't beat Craven "A"! I like the neat easy-to-get-at way they're packed too. Try them yourself and see if they don't give you more smoking pleasure.
“GOOD MORNING!”
Margot Grahame, lovely star of Radio Pictures' latest film, "Two in the Dark," greets the Californian sun from Malibu Beach. She loves swimming, yet her complexion always looks perfectly lovely. "Lux Toilet Soap guards against coarse skin and keeps my skin wonderfully smooth and clear," she says.

Margot Grahame loves the thrill of the races. Isn't she a vision in her Paris creation and latest Hollywood chapeau?

Is Coarse Skin spoiling YOUR loveliness?

Does your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost every woman's skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Margot Grahame's skin looks! Flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with Lux Toilet Soap.

Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin, too, will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap has a quick-acting beauty lather that clears away coarse skin and reveals the smooth young skin that lies beneath.

Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Obtainable everywhere.

Lux Toilet Soap
The beauty soap used by 846 out of 857 film stars

3d. TABLET

LEVER PRODUCT
10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so Mine's a Minor!

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

De Reszke

MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/-
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30 for 1/-

Issued by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED.
A SK the average film star the hackneyed question, "What's in a name?" and the answer you will get is certain to be, "A very great deal." The popular screen favourite of to-day is as much a public institution as a private individual, which means that his or her name should be familiar to the vast army of picturegoers. But if that name is one that comes anything but trippingly to the tongue, or is of the type that presents unusual difficulties in pronunciation, it is obviously a handicap.

Therefore, the powers-that-be give long and serious thought to the selection of players' names, for on their suitability depends a very great deal.

A Problem

When Hollywood catches its players before they have soared to stellar heights, it is a simple matter to arrange a screen name for them. But when foreign stars who have already made a big reputation in Europe gravitate to Hollywood, the position becomes vastly more difficult.

Naturally a player who has built up a big reputation is unwilling to sacrifice a name already well-known in other parts of the world just because it does not sound good to the public. The executive may try a little mild persuasion, but it is very seldom that it is effective, and they have to submit with as good a grace as possible to the old order remaining unchanged.

But much wailing and gnashing of teeth may result from the doubt in the minds of audiences as to the correct pronunciation of some unusual name.

Lessons in French

When Twentieth Century-Fox made Girls' Dormitory, in which the Continental star Simone Simon, acts so brilliantly, they foresaw a veritable avalanche of letters from a public anxious to solve the vexed question of exactly how her name should be spoken. In a desperate effort to forestall the shower of queries which they realised all too well would soon descend upon them, the studio tried to settle the matter once and for all.

Taking time by the forelock, they sent the following wire to the newspapers:

NOTE FOLLOWING CORRECT PHONETIC SPELLING SIMONE SIMON STOP QUOTE SEE DAMOAN SEE DASH MOAN UNGUOTE ACCENT ON LAST SYLLABLE INSTEAD OF QUOTE SEE DASH MONE SEE DASH MORE UNGUOTE STOP IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

Solving the Puzzle

Well, what do you make of all that? At first glance it certainly looks like the sort of cryptogram which Sherlock Holmes himself might have failed to decode. Actually, it is merely to inform all those who may be concerned that the way to pronounce the actress' name is "See-moan, See-moan," and not "See-moan See-moan."
decorous in the extreme, or to the discreet sideways glance of the other, who does not profess to know, but Arthur's appearance has struck awe and respect into the hearts of visitors to the palace. He refuse, however, to credit the story of the stranger to the set who, on suddenly coming upon Arthur in full war paint, raised his hat in silent respect to the funeral that seemed to be passing!

"Bogey! Bogey!"

Most film folk are superstitious, but none more than the coloured folk, and their theories on what constitutes good luck and bad luck are so strong that it is already in the letting down of the mask. Thus, when George Marshall, the director of *Can This Be Dixie?* asked Troy Brown to don the colour of his part of the make-up, to go without a shave, without a waxed mustache, to open up an umbrella in the Colonel's house, it was almost a matter of change the script or change the cast.

"Couldn't we do this scene in the gahden, Mista Marshall?" Troy pleaded piteously. "It's sure is mighty unlucky to raise an umbrella in a house."

Marshall being a man of infinite resource and sagacity, promptly pointed out that the set on which the company was working had no roof, and that anyway you could not call a studio a stage house, and that, therefore, there could not be sun or bad luck. "Try his logic, plus an antidote for evil spirits in the form of a five-dollar bill, proved successful, and the scene was duly shot. But it was a close call!

There's Safety in Numbers

Rochelle Hudson had a shock recently when she mentioned to a friend that she had just been called upon to go into a new piece.

"It's called *Forest,"* thought Rochelle. "I don't yet know what it is all about," she confessed. "Anyway, I'm playing lead in it."

"You may play lead," retorted the friend, "but there are going to be five other leading ladies, too!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Rochelle. "By-George, my mind at rest by explaining that the picture in question is the Dionne Quintuplets' second starting production, and peace reigned once again.

"Safety First" Stars

Poor Herbert Marshall came a nasty purer when the mechanical horse on which he was riding to a scene ended up in a bucking broncho. Such mishaps are sufficiently rare to save this form of exercise from being placed in the same category as the company's films are often worried by the athletic pursuits of their stars. And who can blame them? When a star whose professional well-being is vital to the success of a new picture risks life and limb at his favourite sport, it is time for someone to sit up and do something about it.

Spencer Tracy was reluctantly compelled to give up his polo for the duration of the filming of *Labelled Lady* at M-G-M, and James Stewart has been well advised by the authorities that there must be no more flying. But perhaps the "most unkind cut" of all was that inflicted recently on Robert Taylor. He was sternly forbidden to get his horse until he had finished his role in *Camille!*

The Old Order Changeth

The screen is ever on the watch for talent which is displayed in stage productions. Now comes a reversal of the method, for just before she started work on her newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *The Gorgon's Hour*, Joan Crawford announced her intention of playing for a season with a stock company, preparatory to a Broadway stage appearance.

Although news of this may have caused her to postpone the plan indefinitely, she has been swapped under with shoals of letters and telegrams offering her parts in stock company. However, patrons of America's small theatres will have to wait some time longer for that "person in the play" who is well-known for her services. She and Franchoe Toste are still hoping to appear together in a new Broadway play, but exactly when is still a matter for conjecture.

Treasure trove in "Way for a Pirate." Guy Kibbee, Jane Bryan, Sybil Jason and Fred Lawrence seem to have found prosperity round the corner.

(Continued from page 8) Lee with the equally alliterative name of Augusta Appel.

It is a strange business, this name-changing, but a very necessary one, often enough. The big shots of the film business realise that a star must not only be easy to look at, but must also be easy to talk about, and in eliminating uninteresting and difficult names they render the public a real service.

The "Write" Idea

Telling of names, autograph-hunting in Hollywood is a sport that knows no close season, and many stars are liable to get writer's cramp so often are they requested to "Sign, please." Sir Guy Standing recently set up what must be a record, for, when cornered by a clamorous mob of fans outside the Brown Derby restaurant, he signed his name over fifty times before crying, "Hold, enough!"

When Madeline Carroll returned to Hollywood to play opposite Gary Cooper in *The General Died at Dawn*, she suggested that the stars there should make a small charge, the proceeds to go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. It was a good idea as ideas go, but it didn't go very far. Her colleagues thought it swell, but short of going about with a ledger or a cash register, they did not see how the accounts were to be balanced.

Oil on Troubled--Skins

King Vidor was in something of a quandary, but a solution to the difficulty was soon reached when urgent demands for sunburn lotion were promptly answered. Five gallons a day were needed to soothe the all too red Redskins, and even then they kept halting the battle every ten minutes or so in order to receive first-aid treatment.

Incidentally, Vidor found that no authentic Indian clothing were to be obtained in New Mexico. It was not until a special shipment of unfinished reindeer skin had been rushed from Alaska, and authentic head-dresses had been obtained from Hollywood that the Red Indians could be garbed in their traditional finery.

A Divergence of Opinion

While many stars do not sleep sound of nights until some new contract has been duly signed, sealed and delivered, others there are who infinitely prefer to free-lance. That is to say, they are not under contract to any one studio, but work on a picture-to-picture basis. This method enables them to select the type of work they wish to portray, and incidentally provides for a reasonable amount of leisure and freedom.

One of the most famous of "free-lances" is Adolphe Menjou, who has been working of late for Paramount on the new Mary Boland-Charles Ruggles picture, *Wives Never Know*. He declares that he would not sacrifice the leisure he is able to enjoy as a "free-lance" for any contract, and he likes to feel that once in a while he can take a busman's holiday by appearing in a stage play or a foreign picture.

Another determined "free-lance" is John Miljan, who infinitely prefers this method of business, but although "free-lance" actors are by no means rare, it is most unusual to find women in their ranks. "A contract for me every time," seems to be their motto.

Not so Tough!

Judging by the experience of King Vidor when he was making *The Texas Rangers*, the Red Indian of to-day is not the hardy brave his ancestor was. Vidor and his troupe went on location in New Mexico where he engaged five hundred members of the Navago Zuni tribes to take part in a tremendous battle. These latter-day "braves" were dressed—or rather undressed—to represent their grandfather, and it was then that the trouble started.

The Indian of to-day has been brought up in the effete sartorial traditions of the "paleface." Shirt, jacket, trousers, to say nothing of fancy waistcoats and elaborate footwear, have rendered his skin all too sensitive to the burning rays of the sun, and it was not long before the poor men began to suffer agues. The spirit was willing enough, but the flesh was weak.

The Dignified Note

Arthur Treacher is yet another British actor to battle his way to fame on the screen, and it looks as though our compatriots will soon have made a corner in "gentleman's gentlemen" roles. He has been busy on the Twentieth Century-Fox production, *Thank You, Jeeves*, in which P. G. Wodehouse's famous gentleman of the trouser-press is the central character.

Whether it has been due to the fact that the clothes he wears as Bertie Wooster's valet are
Garbo Experiments

Creta, by the way, is serving as an experimental model for the first time in her life. She is doing so in order to test a new and revolutionary screen make-up for women which her cameraman, William Daniels, has suggested. The new highly sensitive film which is being used to photograph her in Camille made the make-up change necessary, and Jack Dawn, the director of make-up at the M.-G.-M. studios, is greatly impressed with the new method.

It eliminates the old grease-paint idea and, being applied with a sponge, it is the lightest make-up yet devised.

The Price of a Thrill

Stunt men in Hollywood have a regular tariff for the hair-raising deeds they perform before the camera. It costs about $7 a day to hire one of these intrepid lads but this is largely in the nature of a retaining fee and nearly everything in the line of risking his neck adds to the overhead costs.

For example, falling downstairs works out at $15 a tumble. The same price, according to Harvey Parry who has been a leading Hollywood stunt man for fifteen years, is charged for fights in which there is a danger from broken glass, while $20 a day is charged for motor races and ordinary skids.

Parry, with nine other recognised stunters, has been working on the fight scenes of Thank You, Jesus, at Twentieth Century-Fox. He does not mention, however, what is the recognised charge for knocking the audience cold!

On the Cover

Jean Harlow is one of the most glamorous of all Hollywood's stars and one who is seldom out of the limelight for more than a few days at a time. She is known to thousands of people who rarely, if ever, visit a cinema as the girl who created platinum blonde coloured hair, but, as her vast army of film fans know, she is very much more than a creator of a new shade of coiffure.

Twenty-five years of age, she was born in Kansas City, her real name being Harlean Carpenter, and first went to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune in 1929. Beating the lead in Howard Hugh's revised production of Hell's Angels, she was quick to make the most of the lucky break and she has worked hard and steadily at her job.

That she has plenty of dramatic ability of a high standard is proved by her sympathetic performance in her new picture, Swy. Her acting in this picture contains some of the best work she has so far given to us.

A Bobby's Nephew

It is not generally known that James Gleason's uncle, Captain Henry Gleason, gave his life whilst a member of the San Francisco Police Department.

The actor is proud of his valiant relative, and so has donated a silver token, known as the "Captain Henry Gleason" trophy, which is competed for yearly by the best revolver shots in California.

A Great Loss

Poor Irving Thalberg's sudden death at an age at which the average man still has the best years of his life before him has robbed the film industry of one of the ablest men ever to enter its ranks. The story of his meteoric rise to fame and high office has been told too often to need repeating here, for his triumphs are common knowledge.

Never one to spare himself in the slightest when duty called—and the vast amount of work he so gladly took upon himself left him very little freedom—his latter days were spent in a perpetual battle against increasing physical ill health.

The specialists whom he consulted warned him to ease up, but to one who had worked so hard at the task he loved, a life of invalid ease was unthinkable. He had to carry on and so he died as he would surely have wished to die—in harness.

Ideal Comradeship

The married life of Thalberg and Norma Shearer was as an ideal a one as we can ever hope to keep in this imperfect world. It was at once the inspiration and the envy of all who knew them and not only Hollywood but the world at large recognised that theirs was a comradship of a very wonderful quality indeed.

PICTUREGOER takes this opportunity of conveying to Miss Shearer the profoundest sympathies not only of ourselves but of the vast number of readers who have written to us from all parts of the country asking that we will pass on our own condolences.

What of the Future?

Whether Norma Shearer decides to retire from professional life or whether she will continue her work on the films is naturally a matter which rests entirely with her. To suggest or advise one course or the other would be merely an imperception of personal feeling.

Of one thing, however, she may be sure. If she decides to give up work, it will certainly not be a case of "out of sight, out of mind," as far as her wide public is concerned, and if, on the other hand, she continues on her work, people will not be slow to appreciate and admire the motives that prompt her to do so.

Film Folk

James Whale is to direct the screen version of Good-bye, Mr. Chips for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. R. C. Sherriff is writing the screen play of James Hilton's novel, and Charles Laughton will appear in the name-part.

Fredric March will be back in modern days in his forthcoming Radio picture, The Saint of New York. It is a mystery story by Leslie Charteris.

Eric Remarque, whose stark war book, "All Quiet On the Western Front" was a best-seller, has had his story, "Three Comrades," bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Among the many British players to be given parts in Twentieth Century-Fox's Lloyds of London are Elsa Buchanan and Una O'Connor.

Sonja Henie, the skating champion, is one of the latest recruits from the realms of sport. She is to make her début in One in a Million for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Claudette Colbert will play the Lily Langtry role in Paramount's picture, Jersey Lily, which centres round the life of the famous actress. Fred MacMurray is her leading man.

Universal's Three Smart Girls will include Binnie Barnes in a featured role.

The cast of No Hard Feelings, the Warners' production, is headed by Greta Farrell and Barton MacLane.

Al Jolson's next will be Bowery to Broadway.

GUY BEACON.
Ays Irving Berlin—

"When a song leaves a writer's hands and goes to the feet of Fred Astaire, it's a break for the writer."

Says Ginger Rogers—

"I think Fred is a swell guy."

Says Lady Charles Cavendish, née Adele Astaire—

"I wonder if you remember when Fred and I danced together? They always watched him."

Says Fred's mother, Mrs. Ann Astaire—

"He's a grand boy."

Says the studio electrician—

"Nothing's high at all in that show that guy he talks to ya man-to-man."

This, concisely, is Fred Astaire—his character, his personality, his ability, his indispensible genius.

This is the man who has startled the world with his exceptional footwork on the stage, screen, and radio. For whom a whole universe of theatre-goers hold boundless admiration. This is the man on whom critics "round the globe" have showered encomiums for his magnum opus work in the cult of Tersiphere. Of what stuff is this man Astaire made? Why is he so universally loved? Is it only his dancing? Or do his nimble feet support a man of belated traits, of winning mien, of vibrant charm, of democratic bearing? It is all these marks of character—and much, much more.

Motion pictures have a way of projecting personalities into unbelievable heights of popularity through the public's instantaneous recognition of outstanding talent. One conspicuous example of this magical exaltation is embodied in the little Fred Astaire. He has become an engaging favourite, than whom there are few greater to-day. The very outstanding importance of this new picture New York Town is further emphasized in the fact that, although Astaire enjoyed international fame as a stage star before Hollywood claimed him, his vogue was instantaneous. No one has ever scaled the heights of success so rapidly. Astaire did not desist being requested to sing or dance for company be it friends or relatives. His small face would blush and grow rosy eloquently. he'd shrug the small, bony shoulders; he'd grin with an "Oh, no, please" expression on his face; he'd run little, beautifully shaped fingers through a mop of curly, black hair. If these expressions, failed to offset the request, he'd sing "Asleep in the Deep, a plainer melody than his mother taught him. And as soon as his sweet, trembling voice completed the melody's last strains, he'd dash through the living-room into the kitchen, snatch a cake and an apple and rush to the street to join his baseball companions.

Meanwhile, the Astaires were paying a great deal of attention to Adele's dancing. Convinced that in Adele was the structure of a ballerina, Mrs. Astaire took her daughter to New York for more intensive instruction, and went, too.

And here's where Fred Astaire, the world's famous dancer, obtained his first morsel of professional recognition. He was not giving a performance for a casting director; he was not competing for a prize at an amateur show. This recognition, which has earned him unusual mountable exultation in the entertainment world, just happened... because dancing excellence was innate, dormant, waiting for the moment to burst. Now it did.

"Adele looked promising," Mrs. Astaire will tell you. "She was selected to dance with the Metropolitan benefit at a charity benefit. There were many hundreds of contestants, of course, in the competition, taking along the little fellow. He was, oh, so little, and we just couldn't leave him alone at home."

In this setting Fred, "the little fellow," was truly a pygmy. The vast Metropolitan stage glittered with brilliant footlights. Power-ful spotlighted emitted rays which bounced off the white costumes of the corps of ballerinas in a blaze of sparkle. The huge concert grand piano stood at one side, its large, triangular mahogany top propped on a slim support. An imposing director stood before the girls importantly, tapping the floor with a timing-stick shaped like a shepherd's crook. Mother Astaire sat nervously in the wings.

Then the director gave the signal. Music emanated from the gently-struck piano. The dancers began. Then, with the suddenness which accompanies a shot in the stillness of night, Freddie was espied behind the piano. There he was dancing by himself, garbed in his Sunday best and a pair of his sister's ballet slippers. He was tapping away rhythmically and gracefully all the intricate steps the ballet-master taught the seasoned danseuses. The director was dumbfounded. His subsequent action is obvious.

"Come here, son," he called coaxingly to Freddie. "Want to be in the show?"

A shy reply in the affirmative—and Fred's dancing career was officially launched.

Fred and Adele subsequently filled in minor engagements until they went down with scarlet fever. They temporarily left the footlights and lived with their mother in New York to be nursed back to health.

Fred and Adele Astaire undertook their early earning career in rigid training in the work in which they were to earn their salt. Fred worked out new steps, practised hour after hour until he achieved what he wanted. Then more hours of indefatigable, limitless practice with Adele.

Fred's perseverance is history to his co-workers, past and present. Best acquitted...
Fred Astaire’s premier maxim: “Practice makes perfect.”

Hence Fred and Adele Astaire’s act was perfected—at least, so they thought. Now they pondered over a stage name.

“I want something different,” Freddie confided to his mother. And eventually he conjured up a name which was a distinct innovation: vaudeville act appellations in those days—“Fred and Adele Astaire in a Smart Dancing Novelty.”

The act was shown to booking-agents, and soon Fred and Adele Astaire were en route to limitless footlight fame. They were signed for the Orpheum circuit at a salary which was stupendously munificent in those days for such youngsters—$40 a week. Of course, to-day we have Shirley Temples whose weekly recompense runs into four figures.

An unforeseen circumstance arose which threatened to play havoc with this engagement. The Gerry Society in New York, and other groups which look out for the interests of minors, decided that Fred and Adele were much, much too young to mingle with hardened actors and be employed for profit on the stage. In other States, the youngsters found that child-labour laws precluded their stage appearances. Fred, after all, was seventeen at the time, with Adele a year older.

So their initial bookings carried them away from such restrictions to Chicago, where they played the Republic, the Hunt-ington Avenue Theatre and the Great Northern Theatre.

To the dancing-singing-merry-making Astaire pair, vaudeville meant two shows a day. They could only think of vaudeville in terms of the Palace Theatre, New York, where two-a-day vaudeville held forth for many years thereafter. The two-a-day revue was harshly shattered for Fred and Dillie at the Great Northern, where no less than eight shows were given to the customers each and every day in the week. And the kids had to play four of them daily at forty pounds per! It was hard work, but to-day Fred feels the experience well worth it. It provided training and a substantial background which heightened their future theatrical development.

Here is what Fred recalls of those early days in Chicago:

“Adele and I were booked for the Palace Theatre to open the show. We were thrilled when we were moved up from first to third number because we had made a hit. You know, first isn’t a good spot on a vaudeville bill. Ed Cantor played the top bill; ‘Cantor and Lee’ it was at that time.

“After we had scored a hit in the bill and were moved up next to Cantor, I remember him one day running back and forth behind the curtain watching us perform, and explaining, in mock display, after hearing the tremendous applause, ‘What is this? The Gans-Nelson figment? How do you expect me to follow this?’

“To be openers for shows in those days seemed to be our fate. No matter how well we went over, our next engagement found us booked to appear first on the bill. At last a break came when we were playing the Columbia Theatre in St. Louis. We were placed in the Nick Grubb revue. We had ‘arrived’. You can’t imagine our feelings when we went back to the Majestic Theatre in Chicago and found we were again opening the show.

“Astaire came very near giving up the stage then and there, so incensed was he at the subjugated position in which the theatre management—which held his act.

“In those days Fred Astaire never thought of himself for pictures. As it was, the first time he ever saw himself on the screen, it made him feel, as he admits quite ill. He was very camera-shy at first, and frankly admits: “Afterwards, I was amazed when people told me everything was all right.”

“But before films, in which he has enjoyed unequalled fame, before his radio work, in which he was the first major star to appear before the microphone in dancing shows tapping away over the air waves, before his sensational Broadway musical comedy vehicles, Fred Astaire with his sister barnstormed the entire country, appearing in every important vaudeville entertainment in their brilliant, versatile act. Superlatives were elicted from every critic who saw them. “Magnificent team-work!” “Splendid terpsichorean!” “The freshest thing ever to hit our city.” “Elevined the show with their superbly entertaining antics.” These were colourful feathers for their praise-bedecked cap, which never swelled either of their heads.

“Like two fatherless stars in the skelvin, not like brother and sister bound in consanguinity until marriage and other products of Fate parted them, Fred and Adele Astaire were destined to a joint career in the amusement sphere. They danced their first steps together when just out of rompers. They achieved international renown together later on. Their nimble feet and twirling toes must act only in the presence of one another.

“So when the dancing Astaires swapped the variety stage for the musical comedy stage, they went together. It was with Ed. Wynn and Fred and Adele Astaire made their sensational Broadway musical comedy debut. Fred was a young chit then, but the praise their act evoked from the reviewers bejewed a seasoned veteran. Over the Top marked the exit of Fred and Adele from vaudeville into musical comedy permanently.

“Perhaps the title of their first show presaged the fame to come for this youthful brother and sister, now two enviable personages definitely en route to stardom on dancing feet which later became the talk of two continents. Apple Blossoms put the name of Astaire into the managerial light in New York and this was followed by The Love Letter. The Astaires now came under the Aarons and Freedley management, which first discerned Astaire’s unique comedy talent and gave her a role of this type in For Goodness’ Sake.

“The managerial guess was correct. Adele animated the Astaire antics no end, which prompted the producers to send the show to London under the title, Stop Flirting. Their visit to London in this show reached into many months, and we Londoners were to take part in Lady, Be Good for which George and Ira Gershwin composed and wrote the score. Now it appeared that Astaire tradition demanded their appearance in a revue. The producers telephoned that they had been shipped to London intact—which was just what happened to Lady, Be Good.

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The break-up of the Adele and Fred partnership and the star’s personal triumph as a solo artiste—his successes on the stage in England and his introduction to the screen.
ONE of the cleverest wise-cracking comedienne on the screen who can also play drama when she is called upon to do so. Her roles in pictures like "Miss Pacific Fleet" gave her humour full scope. Her more recent films include "Bullets or Ballots", "Sons of Guns" and "Colleen."
BOBBY BREEN, the nine-year-old Canadian, is the latest "infant prodigy" to make his mark in Hollywood. Wilson D’Arne introduces you to this youngster, whose singing has already made him so popular with theatre and wireless fans across the Atlantic and who makes his screen debut in *Let's Sing Again*.

Once in a blue moon a new personality with a distinctive and unique talent flashes across the motion-picture horizon and gains immediate attention and popularity.

Such a personality is Bobby Breen, the eight-year-old possessor of a truly remarkable voice which has thrilled millions of American radio fans who have heard him on Eddie Cantor's weekly radio broadcasts. Bobby makes his first screen appearance in *Let's Sing Again*, which is released by Radio Pictures on December 7. In this picture he not only sings extracts from the opera *Rigoletto*, but other more popular melodies.

Bobby was born in Montreal, Canada, on November 4, 1927. When he was two years old his family moved to Toronto. He first evidenced unusual singing ability at the age of four, when his sister Sally took him to Mme. De Monterey, a well-known tutor in Toronto, with whom she was studying voice at the time. She immediately became interested in Bobby and has greatly contributed toward developing his voice.

In 1931, Bobby made his professional debut at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. He was an immediate sensation, and the boy appeared at least one night each week, gaining radio experience broadcasting with the club's orchestra for the next two years. He next was engaged at the exclusive Savarin Restaurant in Toronto, where he sang for one year. Later he played in the vaudeville and motion-picture theatres in and around Toronto.

In 1934 Sally who incidentally is Bobby's accomplice and used her own earnings to defray expenses of his musical education, decided to take the boy to Chicago, where she secured an interview with the stage producer for the Balaban and Katz Theatres, a well-known circuit in and around Chicago, and obtained Bobby a two-week engagement at the Oriental Theatre. Bobby became so popular that he was booked for the other theatres.

Playing at the Chicago Theatre, Bobby met Gloria Swanson, who was making a personal appearance. She declared that Bobby was the most unusual child singer she had ever heard.

The stage producer gave Sally a letter of introduction to Boris Morros, at that time producer of stage prologues for the Paramount Theatre in New York. Sally and Bobby waited for almost numberless days at Morros' office, but were unable to secure an audience. Determined, the two youngsters continued their wait for an audition. One fateful morning, while passing through the ante-room, Morros noticed Bobby's delicate features and curly hair, and asked his secretary the identity of the "little girl." Bobby resented this slight to his masculinity. Instantly, he emphatically informed the producer that he was not a little girl, and impressed by the youngster's grit, Morros extended Bobby the long-sought audition.

Before the child was half-way through the chorus of *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, Morros intervened and gave him a two-week contract to appear at the Paramount Theatre.

Harry Richman, who was rehearsing for the musical comedy *Say When*, needed a child actor for a comedy skit. He 'phoned the Professional Children's School, which Bobby attended, and Bobby and about fifty other youngsters appeared for an interview. Richman was impressed with Bobby's ability and selected him for the part. The reception accorded the youngster by the first-night audience at Say When caused Richman to declare that "Bobby Breen is a second Harry Richman—only better!"

When *Say When* finished its run, Sally took Bobby to Eddie Cantor for a radio audition. Cantor was greatly impressed by the child's exceptional voice and personality and, although unable to use him on his programme at that time, has since used him for some time, until he is to-day one of the best known names in Eddie Cantor's "hour" on the air. These subsequent broadcast appearances and his phenomenal successes are now entertainment history. But in the interval, Bobby appeared as a featured soloist on one of Alexander Woollcott's *Town Crier* radio programmes. Sigmund Romberg, a well-known American composer, happened to hear the broadcast and immediately phoned Woollcott to learn the identity of the "fifteen-year-old boy who sang so magnificently!"

In April, 1935, Sally invested her lifetime savings in a trip to Hollywood and to the studio of Dr. Mario Marafioti, the voice coach of Grace Moore. Dr. Marafioti bespangled additional laurels on the boy's crown, comparing his magnificent voice with that of Caruso at the same age. He stated that Bobby and young Caruso possessed the same type of voice, a lyric tenor. But a more significant incident occurred at the vocal studio. Here Sol Lesser, one of Hollywood's pioneer independent producers, heard Bobby sing a difficult aria from *Rigoletto* and immediately signed him to a long-term contract under which Bobby's first picture is *Let's Sing Again*.

Bobby will tell, and it does in Bobby's ability. His parents, non-professionals, are musically inclined. Two sisters, Sally, aged nineteen, and Gertrude, twenty-three, are talented singers. Sally having achieved success as a singer and dancer in musical comedies. Mickey, twenty, is a concert singer, a career he began at the age of nine years. More versatile than his family, Bobby uses his lyric tenor voice to sing French, Italian, Spanish and English operatic arias and classical songs, in addition to popular melodies. He also plays the violin and piano.

His immediate ambition is to attend military school. When he reaches maturity he hopes to sing operatic roles on the stage, and if the success with which he sings *La donna e mobile*, from *Rigoletto*, in *Let's Sing Again* is any criterion, then he may realise that aspiration sooner than even he anticipates.
I
t was the great social event of the
Hollywood year. At the party every
star name was present. Jean Harlow,
in the first new evening gown she had
had in two years—an expensive
original created by one of the world-famous
couturières—looked at herself in the mirror
which flanked one side of the anteroom in
which she was chatting with several friends.
She was pleased with herself. It was a lovely
gown and she was glad she had bought it.
And then, suddenly, she saw a face behind
her—a face distorted with rage and jealousy
and hate—the face of a woman she had
never seen. For a moment she was paralysed
with fright, and then she saw a glass lifted
in a threatening hand. She turned too late.
The contents of the glass were hurled at
her. It streamed down her back, down her
arms, down the front of that glamorous
frock. She was too astonished and hurt to
say a word. The woman turned and walked
out of the room.

"Good Lord," said one of the small group
surrounding Jean. "What do you think
made her do that? She doesn't know you!"

White to the lips Jean stood there,
mopping ineffectually at the ruined gown;
and then she laughed, and there was
bitterness in her voice. "Let's pretend it
didn't happen."

If the others didn't know what caused
the incident, Jean knew, as certainly
as if she had looked into the woman's mind.
For this was a gesture not towards the girl
Jean Harlow, but towards "That Platinum
Blonde"—towards that flamboyant per-
sonality portrayed on the screen.

F
or six years Jean Harlow had been in bondage
to her hair and to her synthetically acquired
reputation. She had been invested with a
personality and that personality had been dissected,
exploited, discussed, accepted. Yet the Jean
Harlow the world knows and the real Jean are
tactically different. But from the beginning
her spectacular silver hair has been a startling
barrier to the revelation of her real self. She was
pigeon-holed, catalogued, not only as the plati-
num blonde, but the girl with the platinum soul.

From the very beginning of her career Jean
realised the price she would have to pay for her
fame. When Hell's Angels was released Jean
Harlow became a sensational controversy over-
night. Much to her horror, she, as a woman, was
invested with the qualities she portrayed on the
screen. It was a ready-made reputation which
she neither deserved nor understood.

It was on her personal appearance tour, before
she went to M.-G.-M., that Jean began to pay
a large price for her strange
fame. The night she first
faced audiences is etched
in her memory as a dreadful
nightmare. She came out on the stage to look
at eyes, glaring and leering,
with a covetous stare in
them—dreadful eyes. She
ran to her dressing-room
and cried until it was time
for her to go on again. She
knew at that moment that
her fame would carry a
heavy penalty; and be-
cause she is a courageous
person, she decided to pay
it—knowing full well that

**BRANDED by her**
spectacular appear-
ance—feared and hated
by other women—Jean
risked her career to re-
capture happiness

**A typical photograph
of the Harlow of the
blonde era. Compare
it with the one on the
opposite page.**

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**The Real Reason**

**WHY JEAN HARLOW HATED Her**

**HAIR**

by Mary Altman

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**In one of her early films,**

"Beast of the City,"

with Jean Hersholt and

Walter Huston.
There came a time when Jean Harlow's superhuman forbearance was at an end. Then began a fight to discard her platinum hair—to abandon her trade-mark. She was called unwise—and other names not so flattering—when she first began her campaign to darken her hair, to permit it to be its present shade of brown. 

"I don't want to be a show-piece," she told them. "I'm tired of being a show-piece. If you only want my platinum hair, then get a wig and stick it on some other girl. I have a right to show what I can do with a personality which is my own. You don't know if I can act. I don't know if I can act. Isn't it about time to give me a chance to find out? I'm tired of being nothing more than a platinum blonde!"

Because she wanted dark hair so desperately, she was finally permitted to have it. Even to the first day of production her director pleaded with her. "You're giving up a valuable property. The world knows you by your platinum hair."

"That's just exactly what I'm fighting against," Jean replied.

"I have always hated my platinum hair," Jean says to-day. "Not only because it limited me as an actress, but primarily because it limited me as a human being. It made me look 'hard,' spectacular. If I were quiet and self-possessed, people said, 'Harlow is out of character.' And so I had my job cut out for me—I had to live up to my platinum personality.

At last I have a chance to be myself. The chauvinism no more exists to the recrudescence of people towards me. Suddenly women have become friendly. If I go to a party I am no longer treated as a menace.

In the past, few people took the trouble to find out what was behind my supposed platinum personality. The most extraordinary stories were built around me. I was consistently in love with a prize fighter, with a doctor, with a dance director, with a swain of wealth.

"As a matter of fact, I met the prize fighter through a castigation. 'You're an old-time friend, with whose sister I had gone to school; and I had danced to the band-leader's music once. That millionaire, by the way, was pure fiction."

"I have had to fight against the reputation of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact," and Jean's mouth curled in a wry smile, "I understand that my name was synonymous with it.

"But I couldn't defend myself. There was nothing that I could say that people would believe.

"The past year has been happy because I haven't had to depend upon a platinum personality to sell myself. I have always known all my good qualities and all my bad ones. I am a human being and a woman. At last I have nothing to live up to except my own definite standards; and as long as I never lose a friend or myself, as long as I have the approval of those who love me—that is enough.

"I have learned in this past year, which has marked the great change in me, to depend upon myself for my own happiness, and to find it in my own way. Finally I have self-confidence, self-assurance. Now I feel that I have a far ahead of me—a career not based on a trade-mark."

As Jean has changed in her ideas and in her attitudes, so has she changed in outward details. Long ago if Jean were hurt, if Jean were frightened, she would instantly assume a role she might have played before the camera, and she was the hey-ho girl, voice high, manner care-free.

I remember once when she was scheduled for a general interview with several out-of-town writers. Jean was so frightened her knees shook. But she threw back her shoulders, strutted down the stairs to the drawing-room, where they waited, and magically assumed the Jean Harlow personality seen on the screen. Jean was selling her platinum personality. She was selling it in self-defence.

To-day no matter what the situation is, she is herself. Poised and quiet-spoken, with no undue emphasis given to what might be in the minds of people in regard to her.

Her friendship with Bill Powell has had a vital influence on her. It has insulated her against hurts. In his own man-of-the-world fashion he has taught her a woman-of-the-world attitude.

Jean to-day has moved from an enormous house high on a hill, with its all-white furnishings, its swimming pool, its tennis courts. These were the trappings of a 'Platinum Blonde,' not of the Jean Harlow of to-day.

She has taken a comparatively small house in Beverly Hills. The furnishings are modest, with not one note of flamboyance among them. They are a suitable background for the girl of the present.

Her social life is almost nun-like in its simplicity. As a matter of fact, in the past year she has attended less than half-a-dozen parties. She lives in slacks and sunsuits when she isn't working, and she wears gala attire only when she is before the camera. She entertains but seldom and then very simply. Usually when she has a guest or two in for dinner, they dine on a table before a fire most informally.

Jean Harlow did not begin life with a platinum personality—and neither was she born with "platinum hair." It was something waked on her when she was given a sensational sex role in Hell's Angels. To-day that almost white hair is a thing of the past; and with its discard, the Harlow platinum personality has departed too.

And for this Jean is prayerfully grateful!

Jean Harlow, newly coiffured as a brunette. Is it a change for the better?
Above: A happy family. Hugh Sinclair with his wife, Valerie Taylor, and their baby son, Duncan, at home.

Down at Denham our cameraman "shot" Lawrence Hannay, Paderewski and Charles Farrell, who are appearing in Lothar Mendes' "Moonlight Sonata." Paderewski had never been on an aerodrome before.

Jack Warner and Marion Davies, who are now in England, caught by the camera with Hal Walls at the Hollywood premiere of "Anthony Adverse."

Since "Cavalcade" Una O'Connor has been kept busy in Hollywood. She is seen here chatting to Preston Foster, with whom she is appearing in "The Plough and the Stars."

Left: Jean Harlow goes all domestic when William Powell and Spencer Tracy start an earnest argument over the script of "Libelled Lady," in which all three are featured.
THE mills of the gods may very frequently grind slowly, but the heads of the movie-mills in Hollywood, who are the gods of the film colony, are demons for speed.

Only a few months ago, just before my twenty-first birthday, I was brought to the screen capital by Universal talent scouts to make a test for pictures, and already I’ve seen my name in electric lights.

Like all young girls of to-day, I’ve been an invertebrate reader of the fan magazines. From the time I attended the John Marshall High School in my native city, Chicago, I followed the heart affairs of the stars and devoured the photographs of popular cinema players lolling about the beaches in their bathing suits, picking flowers in sunny California gardens or galloping on horseback along picturesque bridle paths. Hollywood seemed a city of glamour where everyone led a life of luxury and ease.

But as I grew older, studied for the stage and played a number of roles in the Chicago Little Theatres, I began to realise—and to enjoy—the testing and hard work required to make a success in any branch of the amusement field. Hollywood still beckoned to me, but as a land of opportunity for self-expression rather than a paradise for romance.

Meanwhile I threw my heart and soul into a stage career and my big break came when I was cast for the lead of the Chicago production of Girls in Uniform. This led to important roles in Sixteen, Street Scene, Camel Through the Needle’s Eye and various other plays, and then came an offer to do radio work, which meant wonderful experience as I had to appear in a different dramatic playlet each week. In The First Nighter and Grand Hotel series of programmes, I played opposite Arthur Jacobson, a gifted young actor, also recruited from the legitimate theatre, but no one will remember me as Ann Preston, because during our three years as a team on the ether I acted under my own name, Shaimd Kalish.

One evening there was a Universal talent sheet in the audience at the broadcast station. We didn’t know anything about it. But when our act was over he introduced himself, said he liked our work very much and arranged an appointment for a preliminary screen test of Arthur and myself. The test was shipped to the Coast and a few days later a pen was thrust in our quivering fingers. We signed the contracts with a flourish. Before the week was out, with barely enough time to get a trunk and a couple of new dresses, I was on a train, bound for California.

Then things began happening with incredible speed. As soon as I got to the station in Los Angeles there were photographers waiting to take my picture alighting from the train, there were hearty handshakes with people whose names I am only beginning to recall, as I meet them again in my daily work, and there was a big studio car which whisked me away to the studio before I could catch my breath. Then a meeting with the executives followed by an interview with the publicity staff. Before I left the Universal lot my name had been changed from Shaimd Kalish to Ann Preston; I had my first screen hairdressing from the hairdressers, who discussed my features and coiffure, and I found myself carrying away a manuscript with instructions to learn several pages of lines for a screen test to be taken the following morning.

THE young actress who has been given the lead in Parole opposite another newcomer, Henry Hunter tells you how she came from the stage to screen and what she thinks of Hollywood and its ways.

That seemed to me a pretty full day for a starter, but I didn’t know my Hollywood. When I arrived at the little furnished apartment the studio had rented for me till I could get a chance to select my own lodgings, I decided I wouldn’t go out to dinner. I got into a comfortable house dress, unpacked one suitcase, then fixed myself a cold snack and prepared to curl up in a comfortable chair with the test script. But just as I was putting the dishes away in came a newspaper reporter who wanted the story of my life.

Well-meaning friends had warned me that Hollywood was cold, hard and heartless to new-comers until they had “arrived.” I did not find it so. Everybody I met was greeted with a spirit of helpfulness. Celebrated players, seeing me alone, often invited me to join their table in the studio restaurant and soon I was included in parties at the homes of the elite of filmdom.

Contrary to what I had been led to expect, these gatherings were neither wild nor boisterous. True, the conversation invariably turned to pictures, but it was intelligent and constructive talk. Everyone seemed too earnest in expressing sincere judgments about recent productions or an individual’s performance to waste time in malice, wisecracks or petty jealousies. Frank criticism was asked for and welcomed.

While waiting for the results of my tests I was given the freedom of the lot to watch the different units at work and as a course in screen technique a different picture was run off for me every morning in the projection room.

In about two weeks I was notified I had been assigned my first picture. I expected to be cast in several secondary roles and then win promotion gradually, but terrific amount of hard work had the feminine lead in Parole, an original story by Joel Sayre and Kubec Glasmon, dealing with the problems confronting an ex-prisoner when he is returned to society. I was to play his faithful sweetheart who continued to believe in him throughout his darkest moments and most bitter trials.

When I reported for duty to director Louis Friedlander, he told me my tests had turned out best from a field of twenty-three competitors. Then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Friedlander introduced me to my leading man, Henry Hunter, who was also making his film debut. Henry was none other than my former radio partner, Arthur Jacobson, who had also acquired a new name for the screen. There had been no intention of presenting us as a team when we signed our movie contracts, but Henry had won his job as I had mine—on the strength of showing the most promise of all who had been tested for the part.

Well, I feel like a dyed-in-the-wool screen veteran now, but I’ll always remember the difficulties of those first few weeks. Strangely enough for a radio player, the thing that most terrified me in the beginning was the microphone. In the broadcasting studios the mike is right in front of you. You play to it. Even though there is an audience present, the mike is the gateway to your real audience—the thousands upon thousands of the unseen listeners in the “armchairs.” But on the movie sets the mike is always out of sight. It was placed over my head and seemed to follow me about like the Sword of Damocles; I couldn’t place myself in a scene. I caught myself continually lifting my head searching for the mike, fearing my voice would not register properly unless the mechanism could be lowered to a level with my mouth.

Launching a new romantic movie team is almost as gigantic a task as launching a great ship like the Queen Mary, but everyone on our production from property boy to director seemed to lend all possible energy and to take great personal interest in helping Henry and me to overcome our initial self-consciousness and fear complexes.

“The boys are most eager to see you kids make good,” said Mr. Friedlander. That’s the place I found hard-boiled Hollywood to be!
Many films, especially those which deal with historical subjects, lay themselves open to the charge of inaccuracy. Sometimes an incident is at variance with fact; sometimes it is a point of dress or other detail that is at fault. However, sometimes the errors are not accidental, but deliberate, as Max Breen explains in the accompanying article.

\[\text{(a) Historical inaccuracies, intentional.} \]
\[\text{(b) Historical inaccuracies, unintentional.} \]
\[\text{(c) Incongruities and anachronisms, positive and negative (that's a good one; I wonder what it'll turn out to mean).} \]
\[\text{(d) Just plain dumb bloomer in continuity.} \]

Right at the start there we are up against a puzzler. Why should historical errors ever be introduced intentionally?

When we answer this question we also shatter at a blow the hopes of the retired Indian judges, ex-railway-superintendents, costume experts, engineers, architects, Mersey pilots, museum curators, West African resident commissioners, and all the hordes of experts on every subject under the sun who can see a nice snug old-age pension for themselves as "technical advisers" in the film studios.

"Ah," exclaims Rear-Admiral Seaworthy-Tubb, R.N. (ret.), nudding his wife in the dress-circle or thereabouts. "See that? They've hoisted the jolly old White Ensign upside-down, what? Gad, what these film-people want is an expert there to tell 'em!"

But the gallant admiral can keep his shirt on.

They had a naval expert in the studio—Lieut.-Comdr. Wardrume-Knowall, R.N. (ret.). And what happened when they came to hoist the jolly old White Ensign?

He said: "Hey, there, 'vast hauling! It's upside down, you lubbers!" and the script-girl, parking her gum firmly, observed: "That's the way we had it in the long-shot, Mr. Wardrume." And that's it: the truth that comes in Clapham C as a negative incongruity.

Same with these historical things. There's never been an expert on the spot to say what should and what shouldn't be, and a production-supervisor to override his decision.

Imagine, in such a case, the agony of the dry-as-dust historian to whom facts are a religion!

For instance, a friend of mine in Hollywood has been privileged to see the script of the current Warner-First National picture The Charge of the Light Brigade, in which Errol Flynn is starred. This film, I gather, is destined to make some very valuable contributions to history.

To begin with, the regiment making the famous charge was not, it appears, the 17th Lancers as we have always imagined, but the 27th Dragoons.

They are stationed in the Khyber Pass, and are sent to Arabia to round up some horses for use in the Balkans.

On their return they find that the local chieftain, Surat Khan, has massacred their wives and children, and slunk off to the Crimea to join the Russians.

So, all set up, the regiment dashes to the Battle of Balaklava and, against all orders, makes its historic charge. And, of course, Nohan (or Flynn) meets Surat Khan in single combat, and they both expire suddenly.

You see how misinformed Tennyson was.

By Hollywood standards this is good art, because the audience will have no sympathy with men who are burning to avenge the murder of their families than if they were merely victims of a stupid blunder. (b) Indian teemings make more hateful villains than Russians do, (c) no descendant of a survivor of the 17th Lancers can sue for libel of his ancestors, since that regiment is not in question.

To Hollywood, tampering with history is justified if it leads to more dramatic results; Mutiny on the Bounty, for instance, was chockfull of the most glaring historical inaccuracies, yet it has been overwhelmingly successful; indeed, the controversy that raged concerning it did a great deal to make every self-respecting picturegoer decide to see the film, by hook or crook, to mark down such obvious "bloopers" in the film as the ship's doctor saying: "Have a drink of this—it'll kill the germs," at a time when germs had never been thought of.

Our own recent success, Tudor Rose, is by no means proof against the flaw-pickers; but the point is—is it better entertainment for the introduction of a little juggling with facts?

And the answer is probably "yes."

Even The Private Life of Henry VIII is not entirely immaculate—historically as well as morally.

The producers make no secret of these little departures from strict accuracy; for instance, Radio Pictures have declared that "authenticity has been reconciled to pictorial effect" in the case of the current Hepburn-March opus Mary of Scotland.

"In the building of Holyrood," says Pandro S.
Below: A fight scene from "Captain Blood." The sailors the men are using belong to a period two hundred years later, for the weapons of the right period proved to be too heavy to be used easily.

And Mr. Franklin managed to conceal his smile.

The same expert was art-director for Treasure Island, and he had loads of trouble on that.

In the ideal scene, for instance, there were monkeys of a species which is found only in India, a lizard which is peculiar to Galapagos Island, and a cassowary, which proved that the island was in Australia.

Also when the coconuts were tossed from the trees by the monkeys they were husked ready for market!

Berman, the producer, "we have made no effort to duplicate the historical structure. Rather we created an imposing palace of the 16th Century in Scotland which is authentic in detail for that period and reflects the atmosphere of the story. An exact replica of Holyrood would have been out of time with the tempo of the action."

So we are to have a Hollywood Holyrood.

"The same liberty," Berman continues, "is taken with the final scene of the picture in which Mary goes to the block. In the film, the scene is played in the courtyard of Fotheringay Castle, while according to historians Mary was executed in the great council hall.

"As the entire scene is impressionistic, showing only long stairs, dramatic values demanded that an outdoor setting be used. This was done in the New York play also."

The italics are mine; those final words are too rich to overlook.

So you see, to the producer accuracy is not necessarily the most important thing; in fact, it is sometimes repugnant to him—if it seems to interfere with the dramatic effect.

Take the case of those cutlasses in Captain Blood.

Dwight Franklin, technical adviser, was consulted about the size of the cutlasses that the seamen ought to use.

"Pretty short," said Mr. Franklin, "designed for close hand-to-hand fighting, and easy to carry in a sash."

"Oh, shucks!" said the producer.

"We want men's cutlasses,"—and he proceeded to order whacking great things like cavalry sabres.

And these weapons, as it happened, completely wrecked the big pirate battle scene, for the extras who were temporary pirates for the moment found them too heavy to wield.

So the whole scene had to be scrapped and remade, with lighter weapons, hastily supplied from the property-room, some of which belonged to a period 200 years later.

This boner, of course, falls into the negative incongruities class—in all probability someone knew, and spoke up like a man, and the ganger or production-supervisor delivered this line of the time-honoured gag: "What the hell, boys? The audience won't know!"

So what is anyone to do?

And yet the curious thing is that the audience is given a great deal of credit for knowledge in little things, whereas havoc is played in big ones.

For example, although in The Charge of the Light Brigade, as we have seen, history is being handled none too reverently, the details of the period are being reproduced with touching fidelity. Actual postage-stamps of the period are used, and rope has been woven of grass.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are perhaps the strongest sticklers for accuracy—especially after the roasting they got about the pillar-box in The Barretts of Wimpole Street and the banana in David Copperfield.

This attention is particularly apparent in Ah, Wilderness! I haven't heard a single criticism of the period details—which is most unusual.

With a comparatively recent period like that, it is more difficult to keep it free from anachronisms. In making The Crusaders, naturally the crowd people wouldn't wear wrist-watches, modern sports belts or shoes, collegiate socks, or anklets, nor carry powder-compacts, cigarette-lighters, tobacco-pouches with zip-fastenings, or cameras.

But all these things were detected on the Ah, Wilderness! set, and promptly eliminated.

Errors in such details, when they reach the screen, are probably the most irritating, because they're more obviously due to carelessness; in such cases the continuity-girl is usually blamed, but the onus should really fall on the production-supervisor.

Films in which long periods elapse generally contain pitfalls. Many people have commented on Leslie Banks' loyalty to his clothes in The Tunnel—he apparently wore the same jacket and hat for fifteen years.

Then there are positive anachronisms, such as the ultra-modern clothes worn by Merle Oberon in the war-time scenes of Dark Angel; as here, in the case of Cecilia Parker's costume in Three Live Ghosts, it may very well be that the producer considered that the quaint clothes of yesteryear would distract the audience's attention from the action; here is another case in which yesteryear is a much more tricky period than five hundred years ago.

Therefore this to be said for Hollywood producers—some are keen enough to bawl for attention here would not be noticed by American audiences, for whom the picture was primarily made.

Particularly is this true of films showing London street scenes; in I Found Stella Parish, for example, I found also a theatre-sherree-queue consisting entirely of bonneted old ladies, sitting on a stone staircase, each armed with a shopping-basket containing a week's groceries.

And the great American public doesn't realise that that antiquated open-topped London 'bus, which appeared in Stella Parish, Whipsaw, and a host of other films, would be as conspicuous in London to-day as a covered wagon would be in California.

On the other hand, perhaps by way of compensation, when Fredric March drove Merle Oberon to Folkestone in The Dark Angel in 1914, he used a 1936 car.

Such boners in recent films could be multiplied a hundredfold, and would fill pages of the Picturegoer.

Which rather suggests that quite enough unintentional mistakes occur in films without producers going out of their way to "get it wrong" on purpose!
To know her type, to study its demands, to make every accessory of her toilet express and accentuate her personality is the secret of a woman's attraction. And how true this is of her complexion.

Her make-up must blend exactly with her natural colouring, emphasising it a little perhaps, but always in tone.

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The Hollywood Newsreel

Grateful Gable
Clark Gable plans a fitting reward for an honest little boy who evidently lives in Beverly Hills not far from the hotel where the actor resides.

The big moment of millions of feminine fans entered a Beverly Hills drug store near the hotel, made a purchase and then departed. He was almost instantly overtaken by a small boy about ten or eleven years old, who thrust a wallet into Gable's hand. It was the actor's property. The boy explained that he had seen the actor drop it, and darted away as soon as he had returned the wallet, before Clark could learn his name.

The star is still endeavouring to locate the youngster.

A Singer in Love
Jeannette MacDonald is engaged, and it is not to Mr. Ritchie, her manager, with whom her name has been coupled.

The lucky man is Gene Raymond, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, who, whilst the idol of many pretty film actresses, has appeared to be heart-whole and fancy free.

Mrs. MacDonald, Jeannette's mother, made the announcement, and her statement was enthusiastically confirmed by Gene's mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling.

Neither the future bride or groom has been married before, which is unusual in California film circles.

Hollywood likes and respects Jeannette and Gene, and wishes them a happy married life. They are the kind of people who have never figured in lurid headlines.

Her Genealogy
The recent announcement that Joan Bennett has been discovered to be the descendant of England's famed Duke of Argyle, had a salubrious effect on the local genealogy business of Hollywood.

Several stars have commissioned "family trees" to dig about and see what they might find of equal importance.

Three pseudo-experts have told Joan that they have found the correct Argyle coat-of-arms for her. Unfortunately, all three of them are different.

Athletic Sally
Sally Eilers, having won the women's doubles championship at the West Side Tennis Club with her partner, Josephine Cruikshank, is looking about for new worlds to conquer, other than tennis.

This curious trait of Sally's in abandoning what she achieves dates back quite a while. Several years ago she worked and studied months to obtain an airplane pilot's licence and, having secured it, did not venture near a 'plane again.

Sally was one of the most lethal bridge players in the film colony after only six months actual playing, when she became bored with the achievement, and began to cast about for a more competitive spirit.

Possibly the little lady will next try for a stratosphere record!

The Same Old Song
Joan Blondell and Dick Powell deny that they are the persons who booked passages on a steamer sailing from Los Angeles on September 19 under the names, "Dick Powell and wife."

Miss Blondell's divorce from George Barnes, cameraman, becomes effective September 4. Engagements, as we know, are rarely announced in Hollywood, so we shall probably hear about the wedding after it has taken place.

Man and Dog
The favourite hideaway of Richard Dix was, until recently, in the Malibu Mountains. There he could elude friends and admirers as well. A few months ago he sold the place, but, a fortnight after, bought it back! And thereby hangs a tale.

On the former Dix property are three tombstones, erected above the graves of prized dogs. When his St. Bernard died, Dix placed the body of the animal in his car, and drove to his erstwhile hideaway to bury the dog beside the other pets.

The new owner refused to permit the interment, and also announced that he intended to destroy the cemetery. So the star bought back the place for more than the selling price, and the St. Bernard was laid to rest beside the other dogs.

Whilst the other man reaped a financial profit, I know that Dix will win far more, in the respect of dog lovers all over the world, when this story is generally known.

Feathered Pets
Joan Crawford is planning a bird apartment house at her Brentwood Heights home, with her husband, Franchot Tone as architect.

The star has had bird houses all over her grounds, but was unable to cope with the increase in feathered population, so decided to construct one of the finest bird sanctuaries in the country. It will have rooms for one hundred tenants, running water and feeding troughs.

A Marriage Barrier
Betty Grable cannot marry until January, 1937, under the terms of her contract with RKO-Radio.

The pretty little actress, who is engaged to Jackie Coogan, and hoped to wed him in the near future, tried to induce the studio officials to waive the "may not marry" clause, but was unsuccessful.

However, if Betty should decide to marry and retire from the screen, I do not see what the studio could do about it.

Betty evidently desires to retain career as well as romance.
The BRITISH STUDIOS

THEN John Baxter made that charming little picture Song of the Plough there were many who expressed the grave doubts as to its chance of appealing to the public. They argued that audiences who had become satiated with a diet of desperadoes, detectives and racketeers would not appreciate so slow a tempo.

Well, they were wrong. We as a nation do not indulge in load puns of praise of our own country, but that does not mean we are not fond of it and all that it stands for. Indeed, our genuine affection for it is exactly the reverse ratio to our public taste. Therefore, Mr. Baxter confounded his critics and pleased the public who saw his picture.

The Old Order Changeth

Now he is busy on yet another picture which will give us a glimpse of rural England. Entitled Song of the Road, it deals with a drayman who is able to give up his horse in favour of motor transport, but, unwilling to part with his old friend, buys it out of his savings and sets out from London through Surrey into Sussex in search of work for them both. The old drayman and his horse will be seen making their way through London and on into the country where work awaits them.

Rural Life

Already Baxter has completed his location work, and has brought back to Sound City at Shepperton wonderful pictures of harvesting, marketing and other rustic pursuits from the famous villages, Great Bookham and Haslemere. The old drayman is played by Bransbury Williams, whose first starring part in a talkie this is.

It is forty years since this actor first went on the stage, but unlike many veterans he is most adaptable in his work, and his performance in this picture will certainly prove that a fine character actor he is—not that any additional proof is needed, for his Dickensian impersonations are famous the world over. Other members of the cast include Tod Slaughter, Davy Burnaby, Muriel George and her husband Ernest Butcher, Percy Parsons, Peggy Novak and H. F. Malthy. There is no love interest in this picture and it is officially stated that the horse is the hero of the film. Which seems horse-sense to me!

Way Down South

This back-to-the-land movement seems to be spreading. Sark in the Channel Islands is the latest place to attract the attention of the studios, and here Beaumont Film Productions are busy on their picture, The Tilers of the Sea.

Sark is the only entirely feudal state within the Empire, and has more quaint laws and customs than any other of the Channel Islands. However, there is no danger of mistakes creeping into the film, for Mr. L. C. Beaumont, the producer, is the son of La Dame de Sark, who is the hereditary ruler of the island, so if anyone should lose sight of the traditions and customs right it ought to be he.

The Fun of the Fair

It was Robert Louis Stevenson, I think, who sang, "The world is so full of a number of things, that we all ought to be just as happy as kings." I doubt very much, however, if the average Property Master of a film studio would agree with the second line of the couplet. He is only too painfully aware that the world is not full of a number of things, but full of a number of people, and that the producers have a habit of demanding all the most unprocurable ones to be ready for use at the shortest notice!

When I heard that Alexander Esway was to use a complete fair-ground in one of the sequences in Thunder in the City, in which Edward G. Robinson is starring for Atlantic Films at Denham, I had visions of " Props" finding his hair had turned grey in a single night. However, Esway has solved the problem by hiring a fair and transplanting the complete show at Denham.

Watching Robinson and Nigel Bruce manfully going about their work on the set despite the heat, I could not help suggesting that if another title should ever be required they might do worse than to call it Fair and Warner!

A Hardworker

Nancy Burne, who plays an important rôle in Thunder in the City, is one of those people who have a love of acting ingrained in them. When she was still a youngster she was always mimicking her elders, and this habit landed her in trouble with her grave and reverend seniors on more than one occasion. In the new film, she is only tended to make her the more determined to carry on as she had begun, and it was not long before she graduated from impromptu concerts where she showed her versatility by singing, dancing and giving what are known as "slight impressions", to the stage proper.

Plenty of Variety

After playing the Princess in The Windmill Man she had experience in shows as divergent in type as St. Joan and Clowns in Closer, and although she has experienced more ups and downs than have most young women of twenty-five, she has never given up hope or lost courage. And now she is working with an important American star with whom she has several big scenes.

Nancy is one of those people who realises the truth of Edison's remark that genius is ten per cent. inspiration and ninety per cent. perspiration, and realising it, she is bound to go very far on the road to fame.

Lucky Pinewoodians

Work at Pinewood is now in full swing and offers a very nice place it is to work in. I can assure you. Adjoining the studio is a country club complete with self-contained flats, private gardens and tennis courts, not to mention a restaurant that can seat 150 diners. A Turkish bath, squash and tennis courts, cocktail bar and ballroom are only a few of the attractions of the place.

It is intended that the club shall be the centre of all social life at Pinewood, and I will bet my bottom dollar that it will be so. In fact, I expect that anyone who had to leave the place would pine for Pinewood!

This catering for the creature comforts of the film folk is definitely a good thing. Life in the studio is all too often one of stress and strain, not to mention physical discomfort, and anything that tends to enable people to relax completely is bound to make for better work.

First Impressions

Among the first American stars to work at Pinewood are Ricardo Cortez and Sally Ellers, who have come over to this country to play in the new H. and D. film, A Man With Your Voice, which Jack Raymond is producing. They will have a chance to tell their friends way back in Hollywood how England can produce studios that in matters of equipment, comfort, and modernity compare favourably, to say the least of it, with any in the world.

The story does not deal with the adventures of some super mimic as the title might have led you to suppose, but it centres round a rugged shipyard contractor whose first care is for his men and their prosperity. This character is played by that fine actor Randle Aytoun, who has a part that suits him down to the ground. The villain of the piece is Basil Sydney, whose work in Rhodas of Africa showed you what a sound character actor he is. That he will give a good performance in this new picture is certain, but for those who remember him as he used to appear in Ararat, with Doris Keene, it still seems strange to see the hero of that play as a villain of any sort!

A Backward Glance

Herbert Wilcox is busy on London Melody at Pinewood. As I told you last week, the entire production was shifted there from Elstree as soon as the studios were ready, and now Anna Neagle and Tulio Carminati are going merrily to work in their new surroundings.

I wonder if Wilcox ever looks round the Pinewood studios, complete with all the latest gadgets, and fitting them for some smooth production, and remembers the days when he first started on this business of making pictures. Seventeen years ago it was, and down at Kew...
he had built a studio which would seem odd indeed to-day. It was built almost entirely of glass because in those far-off times it was necessary to shoot by natural light, and the English weather being what it is, a very difficult time was experienced by one all and in his miniature Crystal Palace.

Weather Worries

However, even in those days, Wilcox was a man of initiative. Realizing that every minute of sunshine wasted was so much good time lost for ever, he posted a scout on Kew Bridge to act as weather observer and signal when sunshine was on the way. The second the sun shone, Wilcox took his long shot and then the company stood by patiently till the clouds which had promptly arrived in pursuit had made a leisurely retreat and the producer could get busy on the close-up that had to follow the long shot.

If the weather was bad, and it usually seemed to change for the worse the very day work started on a new picture, the film might take as long as three weeks to complete and the budget would soar to the alarming height of some £2,000. Which in those days was a terrible amount of money to have to put down, I can assure you!

Enter a Newcomer

One day a young actor who had already made a name in revue and musical comedy in the West End journeyed out to Kew to make a film for Wilcox. All day long actor and director toiled under the glass roof of the studio, but at the end of that time neither was satisfied with the results.

Regrettably Wilcox came to the conclusion that the actor was not photographic and told the latter so as tactfully as possible. After a long and friendly discussion, Wilcox asked the actor if he would mind dropping out of the cast, and the latter willingly agreed to do so.

Among the new pictures which Herbert Wilcox is to make at Pinewood will be one in which that same actor will have a starring rôle. His name is Jack Buchanan!

An Epoch-making Discovery

Wonders will never cease! The Grosvenor Film unit which has been on location near Salisbury during the making of the racing picture Take a Chance, recently discovered a citizen by whom they were all thrilled. And the reason for the aforesaid thrill was that the man in question cheerfully confessed that he had never seen a film in his life!

Like most of the world’s most startling discoveries, it came about by accident. Director Sinclair Hill invited local inhabitants to take part in a crowd scene, which showed a racehorse being put into a railway box car at Wilton Station watched by a number of villagers, and among the volunteers was a certain Mr. J. E. Turnish.

In answer to a casual query, he stated that he never went to the pictures, preferring to spend his evenings in his tiny bachelor cottage.

An Explanation

So much interest did he arouse that Claude Hulbert, who was with the unit, asked to be introduced to him. In a laudable endeavour to find out just exactly why the aforesaid Mr. J. E. Turnish never drops into the local picture theatre, Claude questioned him carefully, and then the truth came out.

"Well," said the former, tugging for a moment at his short, grey beard, "I don’t believe in ghosts, and that’s all pictures are—people’s ghosts. When I was a lad I used to go to the theatres and see real people, but who wants to see a photograph?"

He did admit, however, that if the crops are good next season he may break his record by going to see himself in Take a Chance, and he accepted quite calmly the assurance Claude gave him that it will be many, many years before that “ghost” goes west!

A Date to Remember

You have an appointment to see "Mother" on Thursday next, October 8—first thing in the morning.

"Mother" is a great new home journal, dedi-
Wings of the Morning

This is the first Technicolor production to be made in Europe, and it also introduces Henry Fonda and Annabella to the British screen. It has been directed by Robert T. Kane for New World Films and the script is adapted from two short stories by Donn Byrne, the well-known Irish author. It deals with a curse which falls on three generations of a family whose ancestor had married a gypsy, and how it came to be broken. One of the highlights is a sequence of the Derby in colour.
Maria, who had been in Spain and managed to escape in boy's clothes, is mistaken by Kerry for a boy. Wings of the Morning had bolted and while trying to find the horse they had to take shelter in a barn.

The Earl of Clontarf meets Marie for the first time in a gypsy encampment with her father (D. J. Williams).

In the prologue, in the year 1889, the Earl of Clontarf (Leslie Banks) proposes to Marie (Annabella).

Valentine shows Marie, who is still dressed as a boy, a miniature of her grandmother, Marie, which he had found in Clontarf Castle.
Robert TAYLOR & Barbara STANWYCK

That brilliant little artiste, Barbara Stanwyck, who sprang into prominence in "Forbidden" is at last being accorded fuller opportunities. She is seen here with Robert Taylor, a leading man who is also rapidly gaining prominence in "His Brother's Wife." Her latest picture is "The Bride Walks Out."
in simple, fascinating competition offered by the makers of **GLYROSA Jelly**—famous for making hands soft, smooth and silky

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£50 | £25 | £15 | £10

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Here is your opportunity to have lovely hands and win some money. The photographs below show the hands of six famous film actresses who use Glyrosa Jelly. The top row shows their left hands. The second row shows the same players’ right hands—but not in corresponding order. All you have to do is to ‘pair off’ the hands correctly, then say in a few words why you think Glyrosa Jelly is good to use. Study the photographs, note distinguishing features such as length of fingers, shape of nails, etc., and decide on your pairs. Then read the competition instructions and carefully fill up the entry form. Simple—and fascinating, isn’t it—yet your entry may easily win for you a substantial cheque.

What lovely hands these actresses have. No matter how rough or red your hands are—no matter how much washing-up or housework or office work they do—Glyrosa Jelly will make them lovely and keep them lovely. Glyrosa Jelly contains a secret ingredient—Salvacine—which gets right down below the pores, feeding the tissues and toning them up. You can have glamorous hands, too. Get a tube of Glyrosa Jelly from your chemist, store or hairdresser and see what a difference even one application makes overnight. Keep the carton, you will want it for this competition.

**HERE ARE THE LEFT HANDS**

1. Jean Matthews  
2. Clerry Courtendge  
3. Joan Gardner  
4. Nancy O’Neill  
5. Patricia Hillard  
6. Chili Bouchler

**AND HERE ARE THE RIGHT HANDS**

7.  
8.  
9.  
10.  
11.  
12.

**RULES AND CONDITIONS**

1. The winner of the first prize will be the entrant whose solution, in any one entry, of the pairing is correct or most nearly so—according to the official solution deposited with the Editor of this publication. The other prizes will follow in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties for any of the prizes, the winning order in such cases will be decided by the reasons given why “GLYROSA JELLY is good to use,” the entries containing the reasons adjudged the soundest and best stated to take priority. Only in such cases will the “reasons” be taken into account.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by the carton of a 6d. tube of Glyrosa Jelly. Two entries may be sent with the carton of a 1/- size. As many entries may be sent in as desired, but not more than two in one envelope.

3. No employee of H.A. Penney Ltd. is eligible for this competition.

4. All entries will be opened on Monday, October 26.

5. Entries must be made on the form in ink in block letters; insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.

6. The judge’s decision will be final and accepted as such. No correspondence will be entered into. Entries are accepted only on these conditions.

7. Names and addresses of cash prize winners will be published in the Daily Sketch on October 31. Winners of cash and consolation prizes will be notified by post.

---

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**ENTRY No. ONE**

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No. 2 pairs with No.  
No. 3 pairs with No.  
No. 4 pairs with No.  
No. 5 pairs with No.  
No. 6 pairs with No.  

**ENTRY No. TWO**

No. 1 pairs with No.  
No. 2 pairs with No.  
No. 3 pairs with No.  
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WRITE IN INK IN BLOCK LETTERS

Any number of additional entries may be submitted on plain paper, with necessary cartons.

Where purchased __________________________

No. __________________________

October 3, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly
The Evidence in due course announced its safe arrival into the world with a feeble cry. The baby was tiny; so tiny that Doc suspected the appearance of twins.

Doc had come to the end of such vague repining. The present difficulty merited all his concern. Only half a box of precious serum left, miles of telegraph wire broken by the intense frost and fresh diphtheric cases coming in hourly.

Leaving Katherine in charge of the patients, Doc went over to Mike’s cabin. From his wheel chair, Mike at a self-made radio set was trying every permutation and combination of controls to get through to Montreal.


With a warm feeling of relief, Doc within ten minutes was talking to his brother as though he was in the next room. “Mr. Paul Luke is a surgeon in one of the chief hospitals of Montreal,” Doc said finally, turning to the beaming Mike. “He’s promised to see Sir Basil Crawford of our Trading Company and send a supply with the first plane.”

“Holy smoke! That’s exciting.”

“You’re right. It’s a funny thing, Mike, as you had good legs, you were just a dumb lumberjack. Along comes a sprouce and next thing your brain’s working. You build a radio which works.”

Between the promise of the longed-for serum and its arrival, was a period of waiting made longer by minor irritations and anxieties. All those were swept away when Doc was rushing bareheaded into the open, like any schoolboy, was the first to greet the pilot of the overdue plane. “Sorry I’m late, Uncle John,” he said, speaking a half-familiar voice, as its owner pushed back his flying helmet.

Here’s the serum. No trouble with Sir Basil. The old buffer’s just one mass of red tape; tried to argue that Montreal was just come within the limits of the company’s responsibility; would offer nothing but form 48 for Dad to fill. Of course, after that, we had to go in on our own. Dad went in on his own, and me, I took the law in my own hands and here I am.”

Doc was not so occupied with gratitude and hurrying the spokesman to hospital as to fall in appreciation of a hiding little-limbed nephew and medical student to boot. The plane in landing had buckled a wing and sustained other

(Continued on page 28)
NEW SHAMPOO REVEALS THE REAL BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR FOR THE FIRST TIME

drene new liquid soapless shampoo rids hair of dull film and shows all its gleaming loveliness

You will never realise how lovely your hair really is until you shampoo it with Drene, the new liquid soapless shampoo. For all hair that has been washed with soap shampoos of any kind is dulled by a coating of lime-scum. Drene gets rid of this dullness — makes hair cleaner than it has ever been before — soft and silky, sparkling with fascinating highlights. Drene makes even dull looking hair gleam with life and loveliness.

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Buy Drene at all chemists including boots, timothy whites, taylors and department stores.

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Please send full-size trial bottle of Drene containing 2 full shampoos, I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

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SUMMER COMES BACK and here’s the lovely design that brings it —

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EXPERT tap dancer

ANYONE who can walk can
tap dance. This fascinating
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both sexes, and few are either
too young or too old to learn.
We can soon make YOU an expert
tap dancer—without drudgery,
inconvenience, or disappointment
of any sort. No matter where
you may live, you can train in
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if you learn by the St. James School's Method. Without either basic
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This easy-to-understand, mistake proof way of learning to
tap dance enables you to perfect your technique in your own home.
There are no irksome classes to attend—and no exorbitant
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SLIM by means of tap-dancing, and you'll be following the method
that is at once SIMPLE, SAFE, and CERTAIN.

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The accomplished Tap Dancer is naturally "in the limelight"
at parties and other social functions. You, too, can soon be
popular, sought after and admired by the opposite sex, if
you will just place your training in our hands. No longer
need you feel out of things—a wallflower or outsider who is
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There are intimate articles, entertaining stories, and—a
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injuries necessitating its remaining—
and fetching by the ship's
calling—in the neighbourhood of Moose-
town until spring.

Doc had satisfaction in being an
apparent silent witness of the
romance which thus had time to
develop between Tom and Mary, delightful daughter of the
judge of Moosetown, Robert Mackenzie.

Whereat Doc sighed for Mackenzie who
ought he build and he, showed his jealousy of Doc by vicious
attempts to nip romance in the
bud.

But even the interest of Tony's
love-affair paled before Doc's
determination to take the spring
steamers to Montreal, and using his
brother as a lever, personally appeal
for a hospital. His mental make-up
excluded him from the hospital—
his eyes first encountered the city's
provision for housing the sick, he
knew a twinge of envy.

"Can you spare me one floor, Paul?" he commented. Inside the
vestibule standing nothing kept him
staring so long as the Gregory
incubator.

"Temperature—humidity—oxygen; all electrically controlled,"
a matron pointed out. Doc's voice,
never ungentle in stressful moments,
too it a deep inflexion.

"Up north we use heated bricks in
a shawl; sometimes the oven.
One hand tried it out but the family
only had a two-baby house. If it
had been bigger, three might have lived.
These are lucky, lucky little rabble.

He was still thinking of babies,
when, after a long wait, he was
shunted into St. Basil Crawley's
private room. The manager of
the North By Trading Company, oozing
self-importance, let flow between
himself and Doc's cherished
hospice, a stream of polite objections
that could not be bridged.

"Sorry, but the proof must be done rashly,"
affirmed with upraised, manicured hand.
"Every step of the way must be
controlled and carefully.

"But in time of epidemic a
hospital...."

"Unquestionably there are dangers
which we guard against, but at
the same time we can scarcely
afford to set a precedent which we
might perhaps not care to
form 48. My secretary will hand
you one. And now, Doctor, you must
excuse me for this hasty
engagement with the Governor-
General—mustn't keep the Governor-
General waiting you know. Good-
bye, Doctor.

Vainly Doc pursued the matter at the Medical Association dinner that
evening, where, much against private
inclination, he spoke, and spoke well.
Though one or two doctors present,
and (though he didn't know it at the
time) the Governor-General, thanked Dr. Luke for a very moving
speech, he went to bed dissatisfied.

All this effort and nothing could be
done, he foresaw. Indeed, as far
as Doc could discover, nothing was
done before the spring steamer
landed at the familiar quay.

Katherine, waiting with the derrick
touare, relaid six months' news.

"I'm in a limbo having no report,"
she added, savouring her final tit-bit.
"Tony tried to take Mary with
him in the spring, but she's not
married. Mr. Mackenzie interfered
and Tony broke his arm with one
punish. They're not that nice. Then
an even-tempered man in Moosetown—
always in a rage.

"It's no joking matter, Katherine.
Mr. Mackenzie sent word to the boat
that he wanted to see me directly
I arrived. That means trouble.
Tony shouldn't have spoiled my
knight to him.

Neither Tony, however, nor
Mackenzie's injury proved to be the
real bone of contention. Before Doc
had reached the parlour, Mackenzie
began: "Never mind me. Here's a
letter for you from St. Basil. He
says you wanted quick action so he's
giving it to you. As a result of your
little trip, taken without my
authority, I may be facing the
situation of putting in a company doctor here
at two hundred dollars a month."

"Two hundred dollars! Look, Mac, I've never taken a regular fee,
only what and when folks could afford to pay, and I certainly didn't go
to Montreal to get myself a salary. I want a hospital."

"I didn't say you were to be the
doctor, did I? Here, Wilson."
Throwing open a door with the uninvited arm, Mackenzie called in a
sleepy looking man with an alert manner. "This is Doctor
Wilson, Doc, the company's new doctor. From now on he will attend
our men and their families without
charge.

"That's fine. fine. The
in-grained habit, the first of the
other fellow enabled Doc to be
sincere. "It's a good thing for the men. Welcome to you, doctor, and
if there's any help you want, I'll
do all I can. Good-bye, gentlemen."

It was all very well to leave with
deity and walk down the single
street waiting for the numbness of the
blow to wear off, afraid to meet the
pain to follow. Swiftly Doc
realised that Mackenzie's hatred of him
had more than one tentacle. Ordinarily Doc was incapable of
arriving at the street's end without
having said good-morning and ex-
changed pleasantries a dozen times.
But now he had been known for
years spoke curtly, eyed him with
ashamed disfavour and made any excuse to keep his conversation
short.

Passing Mackenzie's door again,
he ran into Mary. Her eyes were
full of tears.

"Oh, Doc, I'm so sorry. It's all
because of me. Father's threatened to
sack any of the men who are nice
to me. I feel so ashamed."

He would have comforted her, but a
glance of Mackenzie peering through
the half-opened door of Doc
caused him to rise his hat. It was one of the rare
times when he (more than anyone)
needed comfort. Even Katherine,
whom he talked as he failed miserably to relax in his arm chair
with pipe, paper and the dog
Toby to hand, could only offer an
insupportable suggestion.

Why won't you go, John, to
Montreal? Your brother's
asked you a dozen times to
join him in the hospital, and the
boat leaves to day too.

"It isn't that, Katherine. I've
been here thirty-five years. If
I were young I could do as you
say, but I'm not. Help me work
over for so long. All I know
about tenderness and loyalty I've
acquired from you. I believe I'd
die if I had to go away.

"Oh, John, you—"

Knowing that she couldn't say
another word, he snatched inspira-
tion from the heart. "There's nothing like a good fire after all, is there, Katherine? There's the bell. Maybe it's a patient."

Instead Jim, looking extremely sheriflike-conscious and rather nervous, appeared.

"Any sink at your house?" Doc inquired almost hopefully.

"No. I ain't this business. Listen Doc. That sketch of a new medicin's been poking his nose into records—now he's claiming to Mackenzie that you haven't any licence to practise."

"Never heard of such nonsense."

"I knew it was a lie. I told them they were crazy."

"But wait a minute, Jim. They're right. After I got my degree it cost twenty dollars for a licence. I meant to get it, but, well, I was hard up and somehow it slipped my mind."

"This is dreadful ... awful ... do you realise you can't practise any more?"

"Don't know."

"You'll just have to see Doc's this Jim and Katherine also."

Nevertheless the dire fact urged Doc to make a decision. He must leave Moosetown. Saying good-bye to Katherine was cruel. She alone had stood by his side in the darkest hour. Unashamedly they clung to each other as they neared the gang-plank.

"Good-bye ... you'll be coming back some day," she arti-
ulated chokingly.

"I'm afraid the age of miracles is past," he said.

A voice, strangled by its owner's haste, reached them. "Doc, Doc... just a minute."

"Asa Wurstet! Faithful to the last, Asa, surely your wife's not——"

"And if she is wanting a doctor, it's Doc Wilson you have to fetch." Katherine reminded.

The mild-mannered Swede looked awfully, pulling at Doc's arm. "But please, Mamma can't change the doctors now. She's too used to you," he urged.

"I'd better go," Doc murmured, brightening. He felt alive again, rid of the nightmare of the past weeks. He was turning to leave the gangplank when he saw Jim's slouch hat and heard from under it Jim's voice.

"You ain't thinking of practising without a licence, are you, Doc?"

"Licence. Are you going to start that nonsense again?"

"Aw, Doc, it's the law, and the law says——"

"Then the law's an idiot and I'm sick of talking about it. Call the Royal Mounted Police, if you like, but I'm going to Mrs. Wyatt, and I'm going to look after her and stay with her as long as she needs a doctor—licence or no licence."

"But the boat . . . ." Katherine entreated.

"The boat can go to—Montreal. Come on, Katherine," Doc triumphed.

The never very empty living room at the Wyatt cabin seemed positively teeming with people. Ordering Asa to dispatch them to a neighbour as soon as possible, Doc disappeared into the bedroom. Presently he called to Asa to warm a blanket, and caught sight of Jim's lean figure by the hearth.

"If it isn't Scotland Yard again," Katherine remarked. From then Doc was too busy to talk, though he gathered that Jim was only awaiting evidence of Doc's so-called crime, to arrest him. The "evidence" in due course announced its safe arrival into the world with a feeble cry.

The baby was tiny, so tiny that Doc suspected the appearance of twins. His suspicions only too correct, subsequently changed in favour of triplets.

When not only three, but four babies, all girls, had been wrapped and laid near the hearth with warmed bricks between them, Asa's supply of blankets and cotton wool had come entirely to an end.

Jim, over the "glass of something" he had solicited of Asa to celebrate the first arrival, was heard "to matter that all Doc was doing was to aggravate the case against himself. "Take off your coat and warm it," came Doc's order via Katherine. Asa, who had been to the barn to look for sheep's wool, coming into the room, caught his first glimpse of the fourth child.

"I know. He slid that one in while you were out of the room," Jim said. Obviously the whole thing was too much for him.

While Asa was counting the nites to make certain, Jim's coat was reft from him. Wrapping a fifth baby in its folds, Doc once more emerged from the bedroom.

"You think we're kind of nearing the end of them?" Jim inquired.

"Five of them. All girls. All alive and the weight together not more than two pounds. To think I said the age of miracles was past," Doc reflected aloud.

"If you're sure that all, Jim," Katherine announced. "I guess we'd better get going, Doc."

"Going? What are you talking about? Don't you know enough about babies to know the job's just begun?"

They're alive, but did you know the five babies born together have never lived in the history of medicine. Put more water on the stove, and see if you can't get the clean rags in the house. Get busy!"

All right, Doc. It's a bootleg job, but we're in it together."

Jim conceded, unaware that he was condoning a crime that was to bring world-wide fame to Moose-town and its unlicensed doctor.

In the charming new hospital, dedicated to the quintuplets on their first birthday, in an impressive speech by Sir Basil Crawford, Doc, notwithstanding personal fame, is most at home playing with his five "angels."

Indeed, it is rumoured that on dedication day, Katherine had to drag him from the nursery floor and the society of Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette, and Emelie, to receive the O.B.E. from the Governor-General as emissary of His Majesty.

"All my life I've worked and prayed for a hospital," Doc said, speaking, only after pressure, to the assembly without. "Sometimes I believe that the coming of these children, which gave me my desire, is nothing but a fairy-tale. Then I have only to look into their eyes, see their sweet smiles, and hear their little voices, to know that miracles still happen."

---

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October 3, 1936
THE SONG OF FREEDOM

H ere is much that is good in this new Paul Robeson feature, and there is also an air of artificiality about the action as a whole which precludes one from being entirely convinced. The native scenes particularly have a theatricality which is apt to negative the idea of the theme which is the spreading of freedom and enlightenment to negro populations.

Paul Robeson is, however, exceedingly good and sings magnificently. He is depicted as a dock labourer, Zinga, who is discovered by a newspaper reporter and rises to fame as an opera singer.

Always at the back of his mind is a wish to return to his people; although he does not know which part of Africa they came from.

One day an explorer hears him sing a fragment of a song which he becomes enthusiastic over, and it is as if he were, of an obscure tribe. He tells Zinga that they are under the control of a slave trader and does not discover the medallion he, Zinga, wears round his neck is the insignia of kingship. Zinga turns to them and throwing up his career, sets sail. He proclaims himself king, but is thwarted by the chief 'witchdoctor' who orders him to be sacrificed for having witnessed some religious rites, forbidden to women, he bursts into song—the king's song—and the people acclaim him as their ruler.

There is a prologue which shows how the symbol of royalty happened to be overlooked from the medallion. When a man was condemned to death by a vicious queen who ruled the island in the sixteenth century and its history, until Zinga rediscovered it. It is traced in a clever, kaleidoscopic manner through the dark days of slavery to the emancipation of the negro.

All this is quite impressive and the gradual risal of Zinga to the status of operatic star is also done with sincerity.

It is the final sequences when he returns to his people that does not ring quite true.

Robeson sings in public and in an opera house. In the former he sings a most catchy refrain and in the latter a moving passage which suggests the final scene of The Emperor Jones.

The “Song of Freedom” itself is impressive. The music is by Eric Ansell and the lyrics are Henrik Ege.

Elisabeth Welch, who has sung frequently over the radio, is excellent as Zinga’s wife and draws a vivid character study.

Kame Ferry is on top of his form as the excitable and temperamental Donizetti. He brings both comedy and character to the role.

Arthur Williams is good as a witch doctor and George Mozart scores as Bert, a friend of Zinga’s at the docks.

London dockside settings are effective and technical qualities and camera work are good. There is a good deal of artistry in the composition of several of the sequences.

TO MARY—WITH LOVE

H ere is an intensely human domestic drama which entertains you from the opening shot to the last. It is as ready to laughter as tears, and it is as sincere as it is simple in design.

It is directed by John Cromwell, who has given us a glimpse of the misunderstandings occurring between a pair who should have been overwhelmingly happy because of the depth of their love.

The picture gives Van Hutter, the English actor who never really had the opportunities he deserved in this country, a big part which should establish his reputation very firmly.

He has taken full advantage of it, and plays it with a wealth of feeling and naturalness.

He is cast as Bill Hallam, a lawyer, whose greatest friend, Jock Wallace, marries Mary a woman he had known from boyhood and whom he himself has always loved silently.

He is best at his work in their first quarrel came when Jock refused to go to a house-party. Mary insisted on going, and took Bill with her.

On her return she confessed that she had missed him and had come to change her mind, but the woman’s powder compact in the bedroom caused her to cease her chatter and start to pack.

It took all Jock’s frantic pleadings and professions of innocence to get her to stay.

The quarrel over, the couple settled happily in the news that Mary was going to have a baby cemented that happiness.

But the child was stillborn, and Jock to assuage his grief busied himself in work, while Mary became the leader of a wild set with whom she had nothing in common.

Bill tried to remedy matters but the pair drifted steadily apart till the crash in 1929 ruined Jock.

He and his wife’s home life changed. They had to take a small house and Jock, unable to get work, took to drinking.

Unknown to Mary, Bill supported them, but when she found out she took a job in a shop. While Jock, pulling himself together, also became a shop assistant.

On Christmas Eve he received his dismissal, and tried. It is going home went to his old haunts and got drunk with the woman, Kitty, who had caused the first quarrel with his wife. He happened to be in a motor accident and taken to hospital.

Meanwhile, whilst waiting to see Bill had confessed his love to Mary.

On learning Jock was injured, however, she dashed off to the hospital and, in spite of the fact that she knew he had been with Kitty, stuck by him till he had recovered and found a lucrative job—then she decided to leave him. Going to Bill, she asked him to act in her interests. Close on her heels came Jock. Bill took the two of them to task, re-united them and sent them on their way determined to make their marriage a success.

When they had gone he ordered a luncheon and sent them with a card, “To Mary—With Love.”

As Jock, Warner Baxter is excellent, and so is Mary, whose performance is sympathetic but he succeeds in making you feel that he is not altogether in the wrong.

On Mary, Mary Loy is delightfully natural and human, and although there are moments when she becomes almost too dreamily aloof. It is a mannerism which threatens to type her almost as much as did the exotic portrayals of her “vamp” days, and it is to be hoped that she will be given a part in the near future which will give her a chance to break away from it.

Claire Trevor is suitably kittenish as Kitty, who does not believe in the dump of a man he is free and makes a dead set for Jock.

The direction has subtlety and the human emotions are brought out without exaggeration. There is an air of conviction about it all, and at the end of the picture you feel you have really known and lived with these people.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

I must confess to having been rather bored with Mervyn Le Roy’s non-stop adaptation of Hervey Allen’s best-seller. It is a mixture of some rather clever acting, good direction, and technical excellence, singularly impersonal and never really very convincing. There appears to me to be no reason why it should have been made. Since practically every sequence of its biographical drama would have been picturized, it could have been more short.

As it stands it runs on two hours and thirteen minutes. Unless a picture is superlatively good—so good that it takes you completely out of yourself—it cannot afford to run for more than ninety minutes at a stretch.

I do not intend to do more than briefly sketch the outlines of the plot. It is a story about a child in which is born to a girl who had made a loveless match with a Spanish nobleman, Don Luis, and had a child with him outside of France. She died in childbirth, and Don Luis, who had killed her lover and taken her off to Switzerland, deposits the child at a convent in Lbegorn. She is brought up and apprenticed to John Bonnyfeather, a Scottish merchant who happens to be his grandfather—though neither knew the other. Bonnyfeather christens him Anthony Adverse, and the boy soon works his way up to the position in the firm; he also falls in love with Angela, daughter of Bonnyfeather’s Italian housekeeper.

In spite of opposition Anthony marries her, but by force of circumstances he is forced to sail for Africa.

He enters the slave trade, and becomes obsessed with greed for money. His conscience is pricked by a Roman Catholic priest who is killed by natives and Anthony returns home to find Bonnyfeather and himself the heir to his fortune.

There is no trace of Angela, but later on he learns that she is with her late grandfather’s housekeeper who is going to inherit the money when he passes on, and Don Luis discovers her.

She turns out to be a great opera star and Napoleon’s mistress. So she is going to America on a banking mission taking his little son which Angela had decided was best left with him.

The whole thing is very sketchy and at times banal.

On the other hand, there are some exceptionally well handled scenes and extremely fine actors. One sequence in which Bonnyfeathers’ servant, father of Angela, wins a lotto, and proceeds to insult his master is outstanding.

Amongst the more notable character studies are that given by Claude Rains as Don Luis, and Edmund Gwenn as Bonnyfeather.

Fredric March is rather stilted in the title role, but Olivia de Havilland is extremely attractive as Angela. Donald Woods is sound as a banker, a friend of Anthony, and a most effective support. Anthony as a child is played by Billy Maruch. Except for a rather strong accent his portrayal is an excellent one.

Camera work is one of the features of the production, and the settings generally are extremely good.

LOUISION COLLET
Radium v. Grey Hair

Who'd Dream she was 50?
The Caradium Treatment for Grey Haired Sweeping the World: Whatever the cause of your grey hair—how ever 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 colour with- out dye, stain, or risk of injury.

"CARADIUM" IS NOT A DYE.
"Caradium" re-grows the original colour straight from the hair roots quickly, safely, yet absolutely surely. Containing wonderful Radio-active water.

"CARADIUM" stops your hair falling at once and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.

The FIRST APPLICATION shows why it is the favourite of smart women.

USED AND APPROVED
BY ROYALTY

Obtainable in
40 Fashionable Shades

Rost
Brown
Chocolate
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Ivory
Porcelain
Saffron
Moss Green
Fern Green
Savarina Rose
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Champagne Pearl
Golden Pearl
Grey
Silver
Almond
Avellen
pink, etc., etc.

FROM LOVABLE PETS to Wild Beasts of the Jungle

ALL the mysteries, the secrets, the thrills of the animal world and nature lie before you in the remarkable October issue of Zoo, on sale to-day. SIXTY-FOUR glorious art photographs packed with thrilling photographs—amazing pictures taken at risk of life and limb. There are exciting adventures by famous explorers—gripping tales by well-known authors of animal fiction.

Just take a look at these: winter warnings for your pets, how to treet your dog, your cat, your birds, etc.; when out of sorts; there's an exclusive interview with Lloyd George surrounded by pets at Chart; a battle of "Elephants versus People," a graphic description of an "Antlers Clash in the Forest," a peep at animal babies who never see their mothers; keeping the 6,000 animals at the Zoo happy; a wonderful two-page panorama of when "Rhinocerous meets Buffalo"—all this and much more for only SIXPENCE.

This wonderful number is selling out fast—don't miss it—get your copy NOW.
by Lionel COLLIER

The PICTUERGO's quick reference index to films just released

***A TAIRE OF TWO CITIES

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE MINNE WITH THE IRON DOOR

FLORIDA SPECIAL

TRAPPED BY WIRELESS

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT!

THE RECKLESS WAY IF I WERE RICH

What the asterisks mean—

*** An outstanding feature. ** A good. * A fair. 

Average entertainment. Also suitable for children.

(Continued on page 34)
Refreshes and Beautifies

Your bath is made both tonic and beauty treatment, super-charged with beautifying oxygen and fragrant as a flower garden, simply by crumbling a Reuel Bath Cube into the water. Try these refreshing beauty baths and discover the full beauty and velvety softness of your skin.

Reuel Bath Cube
Oxygenates your Bath

2c.

FIRST NIGHT

Perfume by CALIFORNIAN POPPY*

*Lady Bridgett Poulett, one of Society’s best known first-nighters, would as soon think of missing a big première as of omitting her CALIFORNIAN POPPY Perfume. “One would hardly feel dressed without it,” is how she puts it herself.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY Perfume

1/6, 3/7, 5/-, 9/-

ALSO TRIAL SIZES

PICTUREGOER Weekly

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST - HIPS AND BUST
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with my New wonder fabric
OR IT WON’T COST YOU A PENNY!

JANE CARR
writes: “I cannot conceive of any safer, quicker, or more pleasant means of figure-reducing than that achieved by the wonderful massage-like action of ‘Sylmastik’ Rapid Corsetry perfected by Nurse Sinclair. Her personal service, too, must surely prove most acceptable to the slender woman, and to the slim woman wishing to retain her figure.”

So many of my customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with my improved “Sylmastik” RAPID Reducing Corsetry that I want you to try it for 10 days at my expense!

The Massage-like Action Reduces Quickly

The new “Sylmastik” RAPID corsetry is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. The massaging action is exerted on your figure by the outertycoats which work constantly while you walk, with or without the massage-like action, yet persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

Don’t Wait any Longer—Act NOW

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 easy week or not this very efficient belt will reduce you. You do not need to raise any money. Pay it off in 10 days... then what a sensation you will create when you are looked at the wonderful results... and you will money will be immediately refunded, including the postage. Send coupon or call at my showroom.

SEND FOR MY 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER...

To NURSE SINCLAIR (15/8)
(Cover Franklinphot. Rep.) Photo: Holiday 7468 & 8251.
Without obligation on my part, please send me a FREE 10-DAY TRIAL DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE describing and illustrating the “Sylmastik” Corset, Belt, and Braiser, and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage. My measurements are:

Waist........... Bust........... Hips........... Height...........

Name...................
Address...................

PICTUREGOER Monthly

SEE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

NEW TATTOO

MASCARA

2/6

BLACK for brunettes
BROWN for blondes
BLUE for evening wear

needs no water to apply
—really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising tattoo, the new cream Mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners, far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply squeeze Tattoo out of the tube on to the brush, whisk it over the lashes where they are... instantly dark, luxurious and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can’t smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim; tattoo won’t run or smear! In smart, rubber-lined satin vanity, with brush.

SEND COUPON FOR 30-DAY TRIAL TUBE

To Poulett & Johnson Ltd., Dept. M,
86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

For 6d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.), send 30-day trial tube of Tattoo cream Mascara, with brush.

Each colour desired: black □ brown □ blue □

Name...........................
Address...........................

(Please enclose used envelopes with 1d. postage)
Ah! I see you did

6D MACLEANS
and
1½ MACLEANS PERoxide
TOOTH PASTE

PER TUBE 1'9

If you use Tooth POWDER, try the new Macleans Peroxide Tooth Powder — 6d. per tin-

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

REVIEWS—Continued

romantic interest and unsophisti-
cated thrills. It works out on serial-like lines and concerns Bob Harvey, a young motor salesman, who is tricked into purchasing land in Arizona by a phony company promoter. When he learns to be "Mine with the Iron Door," the secret hiding-place of legendary treasure, is supposed to be located on his property, he takes in Dempsey, a detective, as partner, and the two decide to investigate. In Arizona they meet Thud Hill, an expert prospector, Marta, his daughter, and David Burton, an archaeologist. Later, when Bob is hot on the track of the treasure, Burton, a victim of dementia, determines to kill Marta in the mine, the existence of which he had known all along. Bob, of course, saves her in the nick of time.

Richard Arlen plays with vigour as the hero, and Cecilia Parker is pretty and appealing as the heroine.


Lew Ayres..........................Jerry
Florence Rice.......................Mary
Benny Baker.........................Andy
Edwino Maxwell......................Tom
Charles Wilson.......................Dewey
Murray Alper..........................Skeeter
Wylie Bent.........................Major Bliss
Robert Emmett Keane...............Cillian
Gene Morel in a Degree
Eddie Lee......................McNulty

Directed by D. Ross Lederman from a story by Theodore A. Tinsley.

Lew Ayres puts plenty of vitality into his role of Jerry Tracy, a radio sports commentator, in this high-pressure drama, which, though a slight in plot, has some originality of idea and is certainly plausible. The fact that the radio angle is fully exploited adds novelty to the theme, and it has been well staged and directed in a slick, actionful manner. There is a good kick, too, in the culminating thrill.

As Jerry's assistant, Benny Baker proves quite amusing, and Florence Rice makes a satisfactory and attractive heroine.

Murray Alper succeeds in painting the villain as black as he should be.


Ross Alexander..................Mark
Anita Louise.....................Hazel Robinson
Jacques Catford..................Fred Schultz
Kathleen Lockhart.............Mrs. Ellis Robinson
Aina Lloyd..........................Mary Coleridge
Richard Perceull..................D. Ralph Jenkins
Grace Lockhart.....................John Robinson
Mary Lou Tree......................Jennie
Craig Reynolds......................Carter

Although overloaded with dialogue, there is some pleasant entertainment in this domestic comedy, which combines both business and family life interests.

The fact that words speak louder than deeds gives the whole production a somewhat stagey effect, but the characters are well portrayed, and there are good humanitarian touches in the development of the plot.

It deals with Bill McAllister, an incomprehensible youth, who prefers to sponge on his uncle, Fred Schultz, a prosperous apple-grower, rather than work. By sheer bluff he marries Hazel, daughter of John Robinson, his uncle's business rival, and he plays one relative against the other to keep the wolf from the door.


Mary Nixon.....................Helen Kane
Richard Richmond.............Jim
Inez Courtney....................Laura
Malcolm MacGregor............Dent
Art Howard......................Mr. Stover
Harry Harvey....................Joe
Gloria Gordon..................Mrs. Stover
William Straus...........Mr. Blais
John Peters....................Von Berg
Jone Locke....................Detective
James Guillove...............Process Server
Jack Chesterton..............Detective
Frank Hall Crane............Arthur Delacey Morgan
Dan Hearn.......................Fletcher
John W. Cowell.............Hotel Proprietor
John Wees Dillon.............Mr. Goldberg

Poorly produced story of life in Hollywood, weak in acting, and hardly up to standard in technical quality.

Marian Nixon displays nothing like her true form as Helen Rogers, a typist in a Los Angeles hotel, who poses for a stock advertising and finds herself cited as co-respondent in divorce proceedings started by the proprietor's wife. The publicity brings her a film contract, thanks to the resources of Jim, her boy friend, the hotel clerk, who wins her head, and she proceeds to treat Jim with indifference.

Not to be outdone, he secretly writes the script of her first picture, and when the Englishman engaged to undertake the task is shanghaied he gets his big chance. By the time he achieves fame, Helen realises that not everything in the Hollywood garden is lovely, and in the end she is only too willing to return to him.

Kane Richmond is weak as Jim, and the only player really to score is Inez Courtney in a character part. She has some wisecracks which she puts over well.

The humour, supposedly derived from exposing the follies and foibles of production in Hollywood, is definitely weak and the romantic element is equally uninspiring.


Directed by William McGann.

Kay Walsh.....................Christie de la Motte
Henry Carlisle....................Puttick
Clifford Heatherly.............General de la Motte
Minnie Rayner....................Mrs. Mott
Jack Mask.................Albert Moc
Frederick Bradshaw............Jack de la Motte
Ruth Haven......................Nancy
Quinton McClellan...........Mr. Higginbotham
Pat Noonan......................The Bold

Directed by Quinton McClellan, Farce. A Play by Horace Ameystee Vielche.

The plot of this farce is so thin that the film-makers have to use exhaustive effort in making even mediocre entertainment of it. Jack Melford does his best with what assets he has, and some laughs out of the role of a barber who inherits a title.

The rest of the cast also do what they can with the conventional roles assigned them.

Staging is fair and direction adequate, but it would have taken a laboet to put new life into such old bones.
"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Like so many of her friends, having found Palmolive so beneficial for her face, she has tried it as a bath soap. In its rich abundant Olive Oil latter she has discovered the ideal protection for her lovely arms and shoulders, for Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses.

Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus, in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath, you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.

3d per tablet

FREE A 4d. PACKET OF SHAMPETTE
Which gives new glory to your hair
Stop shampooing your hair. Use Shampette, which is so much better. It cannot encourage dandruff or 'split ends.' Shampette gives glorious new sparkle and colour to the hair and leaves it just right for the softest wave you've ever had.

- No. 1. for Fair and Medium Hair
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Test it for yourself before buying—Write to the address below for a FREE trial 4d. packet and an interesting booklet.

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PICTUREGOER

October 3, 1936

I'LL BET YOU SPEND A LOT ON NAIL POLISH!

LATER

WHAT LOVELY NAILS! YOU'VE EXTRAVAGANT TASTES, BETTY DEAR

HARDLY—WHEN L'ONGLEX COSTS 6d. AND LASTS FOR MONTHS.

One 6d. bottle lasts months

Brush on L'onglex to-day. Notice how smoothly and evenly it flows on to your nails...what a brilliant finish it gives. One coat of L'onglex keeps your nails lovely for a week. With L'onglex there's no cracking, no peeling, no fading— yet a 6d. bottle is as big as the 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes. Sold everywhere in six beautiful shades.

L'onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH
6 SHADES—also CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER
BRITISH MANUFACTURE. 6d.

PERMANENT WAVE
YOUR HAIR AT HOME WITH THE GLORIA HOME WAVE OUTFIT

The "Gloria" gives a real perm. satisfac-
ted by wind, sun, water or rain. Home electric—the perm is guaranteed to last 4 months. Complete outfit, 4 packets, Glorist, 24 Sachets and Gloria P.W. Solution as supplied to leading Hairdressers. Full instructions. Send Post Card for sample. (stamps extra) to Dept. P.G., L'ONGLEX PROD. LTD., 28 Cumberland Street, Edinburgh.

NAIL BITING

STOP IT!
Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable habit and banish it to the wind—ends night. Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No alms, no self-suggestion, no new discovery. Send 1d. stamp for package.

CUTICLE REMOVER

**HERAPS** Hollywood producers can answer these questions:

(a) Since their smashing success in *It Happened One Night*, no actor has been made to co-star with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. Admittedly they work for different studios, but surely the harvest reaped from the above film more than cuts out that snag.

(b) Since Gregory Ratoff’s success in *Eighteen Minutes* he has been put into poor, and about 3-line parts. In some cases his name has been excluded from the kinema billings. I hope some producer will soon appreciate this great actor’s worth.

(c) Why haven’t George Raft and Paul Muni been co-starring since *Scarface*, and why hasn’t the former had good stories to work on? Such films as *Bolero*, *All Of Me*, and *Rage* show his acting talents.—William S. Wright, 26 Hilmorton Road, Camden Road, N.7, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.

**Oh, Dry Those Tears!**

Inspired by the recent pages on this subject advocating a good cry in the cinema to get your full enjoyment out of a sad picture, I decided to let myself go and have a real good bob’s worth of misery.

My bewailing certainly caused a bit of a stir, but after I had explained to the manager that I was really enjoying myself, and he had smelled my breath, he let me in again.

My next cry was worse, and so many of the audience turned round to see what was happening, that eventually they had to empty and dry the kinema for the evening performance.

I had forgotten now it is better to cry your eyes out at home, then you can enter the kinema prepared for anything.—Bernard Heath, 49 Jermy Road, Brighton, 6.

**A Missing Type**

In the ever-changing sphere of films it is surprising to realise how little actually our tastes in film types vary. I used to shirk with excitement when the diminutive Eddie Polo floored his mighty opponents; to-day I still get the same thrill through James Cagney.

I loved the quintessential Mary Pickford’s juvenile screen-character. I dote on Shirley Temple in much the same way now. Through many modern ‘He-men’ heroes I am reminded of the tough Wallace Reid of my boyhood days; and I don’t know that the Wild West has changed much in films since the days of William S. Hart.

But, no! There is one type missing—a type well worth resurrecting, too. Remember the simple country-lad films of Mary Pickford’s? I blame the producers for not having gone back to the type.

Charles Ray was a popular screen type in his day, maybe there’s still room in filmdom for such a type now.

What about it, directors?—Leila Turvey, 112 Tennent Road, Portwood, Southampton.

**Star—ting!**

On a road between Carlisle and Mont-gomery you can March through some fields to the Fairbanks of a Brook.

With an Eddy it goes through a V alley to Lowe Dampier Marsh lands.

West of the Banks L aye some old Mills but I don’t think it’s standing. Heavy Rains and Hale fall nearly every Day, forming Ponds.

Returning by the stream you can C ross the Twelvethrees and the Hardy Laurel which never Wither.

If you H olt in the village, under a Gable of the Stone house which is a Grzy-ish Tone, until Knight, then gaze at the old Temple you can see a Young Brown Neagle.

The villagers, the Taylor, Gauden, sheep-shearers, Chaplin and Coleman watch the Bird when they are Able. The Marshall is going to Hunter as she is dangerous.

When he has Shotted they will Parker body in a show case up A staire in the inn.

Now my tale is Dunn and may you find it O ak—Ms (B) Rogers, 88 Parkwood Road, Boscombe, Hans, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Are British Best?**

I have come to the conclusion that even if a British audience saw a programme composed of The Tale of Two Cities supported by Mr. Deda Goes To Town, with a Syllable Symphony and a March of Turn Shorts, they would still say British films were best.

I can find no other explanation for the incredible stalemate in the box-office. To prove that British films are better, people I have spoken to invariably go back and quote Evergreens and Man of Aran.

Besides the fact that Picturegoer didn’t class these pictures highly, many finer American films have been seen since then. It serves these people’s and many critics’ purposes to forget that.

Don’t such people ever read criticisms in the Picturegoer? Although The Thirty-nine Steps was very good, there have been many American films quite as good if not better. One picture doesn’t make an industry.—E. W. Gibbins, “Woodlands,” 83 Evington Drive, Leicester.

**Show Us London**

How much longer must we wait ere we see the real London from the screen?

Movies give us minor glimpses of the Metropolitan, but no worthwhile attempt is made to screen the Capital, chief seaport and airport, of England—Capital of the British Empire and largest city in the world, which borders the Thames from Kew to Barking.

I do not refer to its principal buildings, Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, the Tate Gallery and similar places, interesting though they are; but have in mind the true city, heart of cockneyism, its many foreign quarters such as Soho, Limehouse—London’s Chinatown, Houndsditch and the Jewish quarter, Petticoat Lane.

Give us a picture that will probe the depths and show us the soul of this great centre—a talkie to tell the true tale of the converging-place of the world, which it will be impossible to witness without a thrill of pride!—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

**Dispensing With Stars**

I have read dozens of articles on the star systems, some saying pictures will not succeed unless with a star or stars, others saying it’s the star that’s the box-office and not the story or vice versa, but from now on I’m taking no notice.

I have just seen Turn of the Tide, a picture with only a slight story and with actors I hardly know; yet that picture in my opinion

(Continued on page 38)
Merry and bright
and free from ills...

Good spirits come from good health. You cannot feel well or look your best when your muscles, nerves and skin are clogged with the products of faulty digestion and incomplete elimination. A single dose of Beechams Brand Pills makes an amazing difference when you are "out of sorts" with sick headache, liverishness, indigestion or constipation. To reduce your weight and clear up skin spots and blemishes take Beechams Pills every night for a week or two —nothing to cause pain or inconvenience.

Purely Vegetable "Sold Everywhere"

She takes her nightly
BEECHAMS
BRAND PILLS
(Worth a Guinea a Box)

Latest "Blossoms" From "The Picturegoer" Postcard Salon

"Picturegoer" Postcards are like a garden full of lovely flowers, in which your eye always finds something new to capture your fancy. Here are some of the latest "blossoms". Pick some to-day and make your Album still more delightful with memories of your favourite stars. Sixteen of the sweetest show Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel" and "Captain January." She is adorable in a Sou'wester, old-time bonnet or just smiling under her curls. All new poses—all quite different.

5/- ALBUM FREE! Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining The Picturegoer Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 500 cards. The book is a magnificent specimen of the binder's art, made to resemble mahogany and lettered in gold. An album de luxe bound in Blue Resin is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 each. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here. Real photos, sepia glossy 3d. each, 3s. 6d. doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

Six ways of setting your 

Hair at Home from a 6" bottle of 

So easy to arrange fascinating new hair styles when you use Amami Wave Set. It guides the hair in precisely the waves and curls you want to achieve, yet leaves it not the least bit sticky or oily. It’s the beauty secret of thousands of smart girls who must never have a hair out of place, must always present an "expensive" appearance at minimum cost. Buy a bottle of this easy-to-use lotion to-day, and try an exciting new coiffure.

Try the new Amami Spirit Wave Set! Quick-drying. Non-oily. Keeps order over every type of hair. Packed in a yellow carton. At all chemists.

Who’s Who


Walter Conolly

BORN in Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 8, 1888, he stands 5 ft. 9 ins., has brown eyes and brown hair and weighs 13 stone. Educated at St. Xavier College in Cincinnati and at Dublin University, he is married and has one daughter. He began his theatrical career on Broadway in 1910, but it was not until 1932 that he was persuaded to go to Hollywood, and his contract with Columbia allows him to return to the stage for a certain period every year. He has made many films in the comparatively short time he has been in pictures, and these include, Invisible Power, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Lady for a Day, Two In a Million, Master of Mines, Eight Girls in a Boat, It Happened One Night, Once to Every Woman, Twentieth Century, Whom the Gods Destroy, A Man’s Castle, Bertrand’s Entrance, The Captain Hates the Sea, Lady By Choice, Strictly Confidential, Father Brown, Detective, White Lies, One Way Ticket, So Red the Rose, Soak the Rich, The Music Goes Round, The Good Earth, and The King Steps Out.

Donald Cook

BORN in Portland, Oregon, on September 26, 1902, he has brown eyes and brown hair, stands 5 ft. 11 ins. and weighs 11 stone. Educated in Portland, he had stage experience in Rebound, Gypsy, and other plays before going into pictures.


A Good Example

In a recent issue of Picturegoer, a reader, Robert Johnston, suggested other readers saving their copies and sending them to hospitals, etc.

It may interest you to know that since I started to read the Picturegoer, six or seven years ago, I have saved every copy, till I have about six months’ issues, and then sent them to a cripples hospital in the city, along with a parcel of second-hand books.

As I pride myself on having a good memory, I do not mar their pleasure of reading by cutting anything out; I send them intact as I get them.

—[Miss] Claud Wragg, 17 Derwent Street, Kirkwhistle Street, Nottingham.

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

Voyeur who has been working 20 years.

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and we will publish them in a letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 200 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Marliett Hospital, Innsbruck Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
October 3, 1936
PICTUREGOER Weekly

GLAMOROUS
Hollywood BEAUTY

At your Cinema to-night

ROSALIND RUSSELL
Miss Rosalind Russell, the beautiful and fascinating M.G.M. star, says:
"You'll be thrilled the first time you use Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, it's the beauty preparation you have longed for, so soft and clinging, so natural and alluring."
There is simply nothing to compare with it for preserving and beautifying the complexion.

Potter & Moore's
BLUSH CREAM
is the ideal cream rouge for use with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You must try them both.
Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for £6.

"My hair was rapidly falling out and becoming terribly thin."

New Hair Growth by using KOTALKO

Blackpool.
"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had tried different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff."
Thousands of men and women have regained fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They remove the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-7iding dandruff and all other pollutants and malodorous pore-clogging, softening the hardened scalp, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd., 5 Ferry Street, (H.B.P.), London, W.I.,
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .................................................................................................................................
ADDRESS ..........................................................................................................................

You can taste the Cream!
Anne meets her schooldays sweetheart and marries him

PICTURE FAN—Ricardo Cortez, b. July 7, 1899, Vienna; real name Jack Krausz; dark hair, blue eyes; married American actress, Miss Horris. (c/o Filmart House, 69 Hanover St., London, W.C.2.)

MOTHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK?—Alan Astley is coming up to Town; he's asked me to meet him next Wednesday, why you haven't seen him for five years.

WHY NOT TRY KNIGHT'S CASTLE DEAR YOU KNOW IT'S ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

WHY ALAN-HAVEN'T YOU COME TO TEA ON SUNDAY? I SOOOO FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO BE BACK ON FRIDAY NIGHT

ANNE—WHY THAT'S WONDERFUL.

MOTHER, ALAN'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

Anne didn't realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffy indoor atmospheres soon can make "tired skin" unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight's Castle. Knight's Castle is specially made for the face. That's why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny packet of Knight's Castle to-day.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWNING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this scale will be those of general interest. 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, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

PICTURE FAN—Ricardo Cortez, b. July 7, 1899, Vienna; real name Jack Krausz; dark hair, blue eyes; married American actress, Miss Horris. (c/o Filmart House, 69 Hanover St., London, W.C.2.)

FAN—Lloyd Nolan, b. Los Angeles, Aug. 11, 1903; 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair and eyes; married Melissa Efdb. Latest film Texas Rangers. (2) a letter to studio ltd. For the return postage you must obtain an International Money Order from your local Post Office—they will tell you the required amount—and enclose it in your letter.

Mother, what do you think?

Alan Astley is coming up to Town; he's asked me to meet him next Wednesday, why you haven't seen him for five years.

Anne—Why that's wonderful.

Mother, Alan's asked me to marry him—isn't it wonderful?

Anne didn't realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffy indoor atmospheres soon can make "tired skin" unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight's Castle. Knight's Castle is specially made for the face. That's why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny packet of Knight's Castle to-day.

Let George Do It!

Owning to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this scale will be those of general interest. 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, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.
NEW "MYSTIFYING" FACE POWDER

Clings to the skin like a needle to a magnet

An amazing and entirely new idea in face powder. A powder with what scientists call "electro-static affinity for the skin." This means that the powder is attracted and held on the skin by a mysterious force similar to that with which a magnet holds a needle or a piece of steel. Clings tighter—longer than any powder before known. Gives a lovely "matt" complexion that remains the same all day long—and which the worst wind and rain cannot spoil. With Pondre Tokalon—the only powder with this "electro-static" secret—you can dance for hours in the hottest room and have a complexion as fresh as when you began. Pondre Tokalon enables you to say goodbye forever to ugly skin shine. Try a box to-day—you will be delighted to see the fascinating girlish complexion it gives you. If not, your money refunded. 6d. and 1/2 everywhere. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Pondre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skin Foods for both day and night use. Send 5d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 32916), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Glorious Perfume

WHICH WILL NOT SPILL

Wis girls always carry Aziade Compact Perfumes which are always fresh and fragrant, won't break, spill, or evaporate; and are so economical. All the favourite odours, including Jasmin, Rose, Violet, Lilac, Chypre, Lavender, Santal, Spring Flowers, Eau de Cologne, and others, 1/-, 1/6 (double size) and 2/6 each.

SEND FOR YOURS

POST FREE AZIADÉ LTD. (Dept. G), 172 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Kissproof

NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence a night! You can use this lipstick, the very same lipstick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter, insist on having in the stars' dressing-rooms. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1/- smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

TANG

TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Tooth Paste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Dental decay germs cannot live with Euthymol—laboratory tests show that it kills all toucher in less than 30 seconds. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves. You can get a large 1/3 tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 44/103, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

Are your NAILS SHORT?

Grow them to fashion's length—quickly. When using Filtex rapid nail grower you will have lovely long nails. Works wonders for nails shortened by typing. Try it—for only a little—That's all! Testimonials daily. Mish's supply 250 Paste Free!

Leaving IT to ANNE

LET me know the point that is bothering you. Whatever your query send it to me with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

WHICH brings us to the subject of arm make-up. With autumn and indoor festivities in the offing, this becomes important.

You really need a good liquid powder as a foundation. Liquid powders in this days are available in wide range of tints. So see to it that you get one that matches your skin. This or so darker than you use on the face. Avoid White, it just looks clownish. If you have a very dry skin you may need to smear on a tiny trace of cold cream before applying the liquid.

Then take a swab of cotton-wool and wiring it out of tepid water. With this pat on the liquid powder. This way you will get smooth results. Get someone else to do shoulders and back for you.

Answers to Correspondents

Blonde.—6 stone 2 lbs. or thereabouts is considered an average weight for your height.

Cream of Cucumber will suit your purposes.

Unhappy.—Join a class for physical culture.

After a small entrance fee, the classes cost free.

Annabel (Greenwich).—Here is a way of correcting a double chin. Put a little cold cream on the tips of left hand fingers. Hold up the head. Snap vigorously upwards on the muscle under the chin. Remove surplus cream. Renew the slapping with an appetizer.

L. H. S. (Coveney).—Send a stamped envelope for details of a course of treatment that has helped many readers.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to W. Stewart, 26 Spinney Road, Cotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:

—Now We're in the Air
And So to Strike Mr Pink

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robert Street, Bristol, S.W. 6.

Grand Old Girl
A Grand Old Virgin
Old Invitations to a Waits
Don't Break My Heart

K. Nightly, 171 Moorside Road, Eccleshall, Bradford, for:

Abyssinia
The Man in Possession
Little Caesar

D. Fleet, 29 Beckers Road, Mile Oak, Portsmouth, S. W. 6, for:

The Devil is a Woman
The Man Who Could Work Miracles
The Taming of the Shrew
Don't Go Away My Love

G. Pont, 52 Primrose Street, Leith, N.B., for:

Schoolboys
Over the Garden Wall
Leaded Doors
The Medicine Man

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard to Prevostcows, Market House, Bow Street, W.C.3.

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

Guy Beecham.
So make sure it's a
PLAYER'S

There is only one genuine Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut—Make sure you get PLAYER'S by seeing the lifebuoy trademark on the packet and the words PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT on each Cigarette.
INTO London these days come lovely women from their holidays—bent upon turning themselves from careless summer beauties into creatures of radiant, formal loveliness... hurrying to one famous House in Bond Street as first step in the transformation.

In almost all the world’s smart capitals, a similar scene is taking place. Lovely women everywhere are hurrying to the outposts of this very English Complexion House for the same fine beauty products.

Yardley’s simple formulas have marked a new era in beauty practice. All over the world women have accepted them immediately as the last word in skin care technique. Yardley’s century-old skill as fine perfumers ensures their exquisite purity, delicacy and efficacy.

One single preparation (varied, of course, for each skin type or special problem) has been created for each important skin-beautifying factor: cleansing—nourishing—stimulation. The result is a fine, firm, youthful complexion—within the reach of every woman. For no matter how busy you are, you can spend the few minutes a day at home this régime requires. And Yardley things are so widely used they’re far from costly at your own chemist, shop or coiffeur.

Let experts in our Bond Street Salon show you the simple new application method which enables you to secure results as delightful as a beauty specialist’s. Call in—or send for the free, entrancing new book in colour, “Beauty Secrets from Bond Street,” with the same information. Find out about this world-wide beauty renaissance today!

FOR SKIN CARE: English Complexion Cream, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Liquefying Cleansing Cream cleanses pores, removes make-up, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Toning Lotion, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Skin Food, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Skin Lotion, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Foundation Cream, 2/6; Trial Beauty Boxes, for each type of skin, 5/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Rouge Cream, 2/6; Lipstick, 3/6; Eyeshadow, 2/6; and Nail Enamel, 1/6.

THE YARDLEY BEAUTY SALON
33 Old Bond Street
Yardley Beauty Treatments by skilled operators. 5/6, 10/6 and 15/6. Call in any time for a fresh outlook on loveliness.

YARDLEY, 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

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**HISTORY** is being made—records are being broken—by No. 1 of "Mother"—Just Out. Already this marvellous new Home Journal, with its three world record Celebration Gifts, is being discussed and praised by hundreds of thousands. At this very moment thousands more are buying it. In a few hours this first valuable issue will be completely SOLD OUT! Unless you get your copy to-day you may be too late. No "Mother" or Mother-to-be should miss seeing "Mother"—how astonishingly different it is—a really NEW IDEA—the journal home-loving women of all ages have been waiting for—INTIMATE—FRANK—FRIENDLY—PRACTICAL!

**FREE** Inside every copy is a BEAUTIFUL COLOUR PLATE, suitable for framing, of the DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCE EDWARD, reproduced from an oil painting by a distinguished artist.

**FREE** Also inside every copy is a beautiful 36-PAGE "MOTHER'S KNITTING BOOK," with a coloured cover, specially prepared with the assistance of Messrs. Patons & Baldwins, and containing over 20 new designs in knitwear.

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**MOTHER**

BABYCRAFT • FASHION • COOKERY • DIET • HEALTH • BEAUTY • KNITTING • FURNISHING

GARDENING • HOMEMAKING • GREAT NEW ROMANTIC SERIAL • FINE SHORT STORIES
Queenly beauty on the screen

and in private life

Kay Francis has the same superb beauty

Life on the ocean wave agrees with this lovely star. She says she loves to feel the sun and the sea breezes on her face, yet never has even the slightest traces of coarse skin. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin clear and smooth," she says.

Is Coarse Skin spoiling your loveliness?

Does your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost any woman’s skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Kay Francis’ skin looks! Flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with LUX TOILET SOAP. Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin, too, will be radiantly clear and smooth.

Lux Toilet Soap’s quick-acting beauty lather dissolves these scales, clears away coarse skin, and reveals the smooth skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Obtainable everywhere.

Lux Toilet Soap | The beauty soap used by 846 out of 857 film stars | 3d. A TABLET
SHE revels in those energetic ramps with the children! She's mother and pal in one.

Working or playing, her cheery smile and ready energy make the home a haven of happiness. She's never irritable or out-of-sorts—enjoys her meals and sleeps like a top. Yet—her children are a blessing—her work is a blessing—her WHOLE LIFE is a BLESSING TO HER! She takes YEAST-VITE!

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE

HOME, without a healthy, happy mother, is a cold, dark and cheerless place. For when mother is unwell, when all her happy, bubbling energy is gone . . . when she sits in her chair utterly weary and worn-out . . . her one-time joyous smile overshadowed by tired lines of pain . . . when she is racked by a thumping headache . . . the hearts of her children and husband are made heavy by the burden of her suffering.

If you are a weary mother, worn-out by the cares of your home . . . or if you have a suffering mother or father . . . or if someone near to you is being tortured by Pain, "Nerves," Rheumatism, Indigestion or Sleeplessness, then—it is—within the power of Yeast-Vite to bring SWIFT RELIEF.

YEAST-VITE has brought the inestimable boon of QUICK PAIN RELIEF and LASTING HEALTH BENEFIT within the reach of all.

YEAST-VITE drives away a headache or nerve pain and brings GLORIOUS RELIEF IN A FEW minutes!

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YEAST-VITE brings strength to the exhausted—relief to the pain-racked—sleep to the sleepless—health to the healthless!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME TABLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FROM</th>
<th>TO</th>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>NERVE PAINS</td>
<td>Glorious Relief</td>
<td>IN 5 1/2 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>HEADACHES</td>
<td>Deliverance</td>
<td>IN 5 1/2 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LASSITUDE</td>
<td>Vim and Vigour</td>
<td>IN 10 20 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>DEPRESSION</td>
<td>Buoyant Energy</td>
<td>IN 10 20 MIN.</td>
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<td>&quot; NERVES &quot;</td>
<td>Steadiness -</td>
<td>IN 10 20 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>INDIGESTION</td>
<td>Keen Appetite</td>
<td>IN 15-30 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>EXHAUSTION</td>
<td>Animation -</td>
<td>IN 15 30 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>SLEEPLESSNESS</td>
<td>Calm Repose</td>
<td>IN 30 60 MIN.</td>
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<tr>
<td>RHEUMATISM</td>
<td>Pain Relief</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>IMPURE BLOOD</td>
<td>Purification</td>
<td>IN 36 HOURS</td>
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NO CURE—NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Yeast-Vite

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/4 and 5/.
ALL THE GOSSIP

WHAT a rich storehouse of memories a regular picturegoer has to draw upon! Just think how much poorer you would be without the memory of certain film scenes which you can conjure up at will. It would be interesting to compile a list of, say, ten scenes, in the order in which they impressed us. We should probably find that the best scenes were by no means always in the best film, or played by our favourite star.

To be impressive, to be really memorable, a scene must have more than just good acting; it must have an idea behind it; it must be cosmic and dynamic. Work out your own list; if it has no other effect, it will refresh your memory of some great moments.

As a rough guide, here is a list which Lionel Barrymore has compiled for his own satisfaction out of his twenty-five years' experience of films.

Thrilling Moments

He places them in this order:
1. The arrival of the klan men in Birth of a Nation.
2. The funeral in Imitation of Life.
3. Marie Dressler being taken to prison, the final scene in Min and Bill.
4. Renee Adoree following the army trucks, searching for John Gilbert in The Big Parade.
5. The scene when Wallace Beery slapped Jackie Cooper and then broke his fist on the wall, in The Champ.
7. The chariot race in Ben Hur.
8. Jean Hersholt handcuffed to Gibson Gowland in Death Valley in Greed.
10. Lon Chaney selling his sacks of hoarded candles to show his love for Patsy Ruth Miller in The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

And not a single love scene in the lot of them!

Do You Agree?

Three of these films it has not been my good luck to see—Imitation of Life, The Scarlet Letter, and The Great Ziegfeld, though I hope to repeat this last omission before long.

As to the other seven, I am not at all sure that I should agree absolutely with Barrymore's choice.

No. 1, yes. No. 4, perhaps. No. 7, certainly. No. 8 stands a good chance, though the colour in which this scene was taken was so crude as to detract considerably from the effect.

Similarly in No. 10, Chaney's make-up was so obviously artificial as to rob the scene of much of its conviction. Here, as in No. 3, Lionel Barrymore was obviously influenced by the spirit of self-sacrifice depicted.

I admit to being greatly swayed by spectacle, provided it is done with conviction. I think, for this reason, I might be inclined to include the sea-fight in Ben Hur, certainly the charge of wild elephants in Chang, possibly the storming of the Bastille in A Tale of Two Cities.

Too Many

The difficulty would be to determine what to leave out. Could we dispense with the scene in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town in which the hard-boiled girl reporter reads her lover's poem? The posthumous conferring of the V.C. in Lives of a Bengal Lancer? The storming of the jail in Fury? The 'psychological attack' of the Officers' Regiment in the Russian film, Chapace?

And what of the scene in Mutiny on the Bounty in which the officers refuse to eat the cheese? The scene in At Will's Wilderness in which Lionel Barrymore (of course he had to leave this out of his own list) had a heart-to-heart talk with his son, Eric Linden? Hepburn's declaration in Morning Glory that she wanted to be an actress?

Did you see the recusatation of the sick horse in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch? Dare we omit the shattering five minutes in The Country Doctor in

(Continue! on page 6)
The Quins were born? The episode of the feeding-machine in Modern Times? The opening scenes of Escape Me Never? The scene in Sin of Man, in which Jean Hersholt’s deaf son first hears?

Boiling Down

Then there is the scene in Lady for a Day in which the Governor and Mayor of New York and all the aristocracy turn up to save the apple-woman’s credit; and the moment in Thirty-nine Steps, in which Robert Donat is arrested by Sheriff Frank Cellier; and the bit in ... but one could go on for pages and pages.

Face with such a choice, it would be a very difficult matter indeed to boil it down to a mere ten; and these, mind you, are all from comparatively recent pictures: Barrymore for his list, ranges over a score or so of years.

Heaven knows how many "memorable moments" would come to light if we began groping back in our memory of the earlier talkies and into the silent era.

Try putting down the moments that have remained in your memory—and why—and get your friends to do the same. It will refresh your memory of some grand occasions . . . . and it will also throw a valuable sidelight on the characters of your friends.

Swell Person

Talking about thrills, Barbara Stanwyck experienced one recently.

Barbara is one of the most popular people in Hollywood. Of course, not being dumb, she must be aware of this, but she certainly wasn’t prepared for what happened on the last day of production of His Brother’s Wife at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Barbara had been playing opposite Robert Taylor in that; and when she appeared for the final scene, the company assembled, including everybody from prop-men to Taylor, and after a short speech from Director "Woody" Van Dyke, she was presented with an engraved scroll, stating:

"We, the undersigned members of the Van Dyke Troupe (His Brother’s Wife) wish to go on record endorsing you, Miss Barbara Stanwyck, as Number One Actress and Swell Person. Your thoughtfulness will long be remembered." The scroll was signed by every member of the company.

Seventy-four Sets

I wondered, when Dolores Del Rio’s husband was over here some weeks ago, why he seemed so interested in the Houses of Parliament.

He is, of course, Cedric Gibbons, chief art-director to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood, and I realise now that he was getting the “atmosphere” of the place, preparatory to reproducing it for M.-G.-M.’s forthcoming film Parnell, in which Clark Gable and Joan Crawford are to be starred.

To capture the Irish backgrounds, John Stahl (who also, you remember, directed Magnificent Obsession) has sent a camera-crew to Ireland; and Mr. Gibbons (who dislikes being called “Mr. Del Rio”) just as much as you would like to see seventy-four sets, including the House of Commons as it was in the ‘eighties.

This set will be the largest ever built at M.-G.-M., just beating Juliet’s garden in Romeo and Juliet.

Keep Going!

Before they started on that one, however, Cedric and Joan are to team in Lone on the Run, in which they will have, for company, Robert Young, Reginald Owen, Melville Cooper, and Edmund Gwenn. (Three British, you will note, in “captive” settings. Lone on the Run is about an American newspaper correspondent and a Duchess who seeks escape from an unhappy marriage.

The news hawk offers her assistance in fleeing the country in return for an exclusive story for his paper; but complications set in, and before many hours have passed they are being hunted by the police of three countries.

London, Paris, and other European cities provide a setting for their hairbreadth escapes and hilarious and romantic adventures; which is just as well, since it helps us to distinguish the plot from that of It Happened One Night.

Plucky Arline

It’s a pleasure to be able to record acts of pluck in the studios.

The legitimate theatre has a fine tradition of devotion to duty, summed up in the phrase “The show must go on.”

In the film studio, with its more elastic conditions, this isn’t often necessary: but when it is, the players are equal to the occasion.

The other day Arline Judge was finishing a dancing scene in a film when she struck a table with her side and broke two ribs.

The next day she was due to play in some strenuous dramatic scenes in Valiant is the Word for Carrie at her “home studio,” Paramount; so she just had her ribs strapped up and didn’t say a word to anyone.

And for three days she went through those scenes—and considerable pain as well—until her husband, Wesley Ruggles, who was directing the film, found out.

It seems that valiant is a pretty good word for Arline, too.

A pastoral symphony—without pipes; Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in “Wines Never Know.”

Slaughter

Speaking of accidents, it’s some time since any company has had as many mishaps as the location unit making Cecil B. De Mille’s The Plowman.

In an exciting stampede of six horses driven by Jean Arthur, who plays the part of Calamity Jane” opposite Gary Cooper’s “Wild Bill Hickok,” Buffalo Bill’s right-hand man, poor Jean was thrown from the stage-coach in which she was riding and sustained a badly-sprained wrist.

The stage-coach scene was re-shot with a double for Jean, and this time Gary Cooper was thrown out. Result: bad bruises and several minor injuries.

Ten of the location troupe collapsed from the heat and were taken to the field hospital; six gave up work for the day, suffering anything from a crushed finger to a kick on the chin; and two were bitten by virulent insects.

Four doctors were in attendance during the location trip.

“A Strom-Zoom”

From my favourite Indian film-paper I pull some gems of narratives for your delectation. They are from “The story of the film,” entitled The Mark of Zero.

Excitement:

“The treasure is on its way. Kashmir triumphantly driving a four-horse chariot. All of a sudden an arrow pierces Pahadshin—there is a rumble.

“Madam’s hiehilees fall on the treasure. But lo! a storm in the shape of a beaggar zoom in the Jungle. This beaggar ‘The Mark of Zero’ punishes the conspirators and saves Kashmir from indignity.

“The Princess gives him her ring as a token of friendship when they part.”

Arch Dabbler

Aud romance:

“When Kashmir takes a stroll in the garden, Madam goes there and starts serenading love. The young heart of the Princess pines for a companion.

“Amidst the wild fragrance of flowers and the twittering of birds, she succumbs to Madam’s entreatings voice, but they are checked by the constant noises of the gardener’s shovel

PETERGOER Weekly

(Continued from page 5)

October 10, 1936
Isabel Jewell and Gladys George have a little patience in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

"This upsets Madam, who pounces on the gardener. They fight and depart. It is again the Mark of Zero, the arch dabbler in the affairs of Madam."

**Fisherman's Paradise**

However, it is in the editorial & columns, when the editor is paying a rival for "sharp practice," that he is at his grandest. "Paid for flattery and sycophanship in journalism is much worse even than coercion and blackmailing, for, whereas the latter aims at a morsel, the former lives to the patting. "That much, we think, is enough, to provide our friend a tip that in foraking honesty and straightforwardness doesn't lie the boldest that is not the pride of 'spineless.' If, however, Mr. — thinks otherwise he is living in a fool's and a fisherman's paradise." Which may or may not mean somethingpretty crushing.

**Interviewing Garbo**

There are said to be more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream; but there seems to be only one way of interviewing Garbo—and that is by appearing to be doing something else. Barbara Barondess did just that—and got away with it.

Barbara was a Broadway columnist, responsible for a column headed "Little Bo-Peep on Broadway"; and her editor bet her she couldn't get an interview with Garbo. She promptly took train for Hollywood, where she managed to wangle for herself a part in a film with Garbo. Friendly advances broke down Garbo's reserve, and Barbara obtained her interview and won her bet.

However, Hollywood had its revenge. Barbara Barondess "got an acting bug," and didn't trend in the realm of costume jewellery for the Autumn."

You'd better see this film, girls, before ordering your supply of Autumn rings.

**Detective Temple**

If Shirley Temple has her own way—which quite frequently happens, I may tell you—she will be a detective in her next picture.

It's all because she went one night lately to the movies to see the latest Warner Oland picture Charlie Chan at the Race Track.

Next day, fired with an ambition to become a "detectatif," she spent the whole morning detecting like anything, all round the Temple homestead, and in the afternoon she had an inspiration, and rang up Darryl Zanuck, chief of production at Twentieth Century-Fox.

"I've got a swell idea for my next picture," she announced. "I'll be a 'detectatif,' and I'll be called 'Curley Chan.' What do you think of that, Mr. Zanuck?"

What Mr. Zanuck thought of it has not yet been ascertained: but one thing seems positive—if anyone can sell the studio the idea of making a film called Curley Chan, Shirley can.

**No Rest for Fred**

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are teaming for the third time. After The Gilded Lady and The Bride Comes Home, they are now together in Maid of Salem, the witchcraft story which Frank Lloyd is producing as well as directing for Paramount. Lloyd, an Englishman by birth, was responsible for Mutiny on the Bounty.

Very few players have ever made the sudden rise to fame that MacMurray has enjoyed. He has been with Paramount only eighteen months, and Maid of Salem is the tenth production in which he has had a leading role.

And now he has had his work cut out for him for some time to come—Champagne Waltz opposite Gladys Swarthout, Panama Gal with Carole Lombard, That's What Girls Are Made Of with Sylvia Sidney, and High, Wide, and Handsome with Irene Dunne.

He may also play the lead in Diamond Riff, a story of the Johannesburg mines.

**Film Folk**

Carly Grant has become so brown with sun and brine at his Santa Monica beach house that he will need no make-up for his new Paramount film, Wedding Present, in which he plays opposite Joan Bennett.

Pete Smith, the M.-G.-M. screen commentator, is conducting a national movie-making contest, open to all bona fide amateur American picture makers.

Joan Crawford has been given a clock with the letters of her name instead of figures, and gold hands.

Stuart Erwin plays the leading comedy role in Pigskin Parade, a musical with a college football background.

Walter Wanger will co-star Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in Three Times Loser, and intends to develop them into a screen team.

When Wuthering Heights is made in Hollywood, not only background scenes from the actual country described will appear, but also the sound of curlews and larks, of which a special record has been sent to America.

The cast of Camille includes Greta Garbo as Marguerite Gautier, Robert Taylor as Armand, Henry Daniell as Varville, Elizabeth Allan as Nichette, Lenore Ulric as Olympe, Mary Robson as Nannie, and Lionel Barrymore as Duval.

M.-G.-M.'s Labelled Lady has Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy.

The title of the M.-G.-M. film Charmed Life has been changed to Where's Elmer?

**Interviewing Garbo**

**Garbo in Gems**

A drian, the famous dress-designer for M.-G.-M., has commissioned a Hollywood jeweller to construct an entire gown of jewels to be worn by Greta Garbo in Camille.

This conception, creation, or what you will, consists of a mass of jewels fastened in crown settings, on a background of fine gold mesh.

It features antique French rose-cut diamonds and square-cut emeralds.

To be worn with this simple Autumn outfit, the jeweller is also evolving an elaborate necklace, tiara, and bracelets.

Throughout this film every jewel, and every jewelled ornament to be worn by the star, has been specially designed for the corresponding costume.

"For example," says Adrian, "a collection of interesting rings promises to create a definite

PICKTUREGOER Weekly

A heart-to-heart talk between Lea Ayres and Joyce Compton in "Murder With Pictures."
Fred scored a tremendous hit in the stage production of "A Portrait of Democracy," in which he played in New York and London. He is seen here in the film version, which was no less successful, dancing the "Continental" with Ginger Rogers.

Returning home, they were starred in "Fanny's First of May," a musical comedy. Rockwell J. Graham, reviewing the show, said that the appearance of Fred and Adele Astaire in a show boasting music by George Gershwin was sufficient to keep anyone brilliantly entertained for the space of a couple of hours. To his critical mind, Fred Astaire "ran away with the whole affair, even leaving his delightful little sister somewhat panting for breath. A couple of years in London seem to have done him in, in particular, a lot of good, for he sings more smoothly than ever before, and has better command of a naturally pleasing personality. The two of them manage to stop the show several times, but the real dancing hit of the show is Fred Astaire's 'Alone.'"

There may have been other shows in which Fred and Adele appeared, but memory serves to recall only the ill-fated Ziegfeld extravaganza, "Smiles," with the late Marilyn Miller, before the Astaires made their final stage co-appearance in "The Band Wagon." "Smiles" was a costly affair, lavishly put up, and opening in the newly-completed emporium of forthcoming Ziegfeldiana, the Ziegfeld Theatre. Its construction was utterly radical, but very gratifying, and the location was many blocks away from New York's theatrical district. Maybe these characteristics of the theatre were portent, but none the less "Smiles" was accorded an ephemeral New York run. It was not the fault of the Astaires, nor that of Miss Miller; they were superb.

Adele's romantic interludes always proved the age-old matrimonial adage, "Always the bridesmaid—never the bride." Adele was in love four times. Her escapades in the sphere of romance were levelled by the Astaire Astaire gaiety. But there came the day when Cupid scored a direct hit, for one of his imaginative arrows punctured Adele's affections. While she and Fred were engaged in "The Band Wagon," their next show after "Smiles," the vehicle which marked the termination of the breath-taking partnership of Fred and Adele Astaire.

The Band Wagon opened to the usual critical applause which accompanies Astaire productions. Fred and Adele achieved the same in serio-comic Terpsichore. Frank Morgan was a brilliant comedy partner, holding forth in unexcelled droll merrymaking. Tilly Losch's ballet gyrations were splendid. And then, right smack in the middle of the run, Adele Astaire announced her betrothal to Lord Charles Cavendish. She was to share in the inheritance of some of the richest estates in England, and was to become a member of one of England's noblest families.

An inquisitive international audience of Astaire devotees awaited the outcome of Adele's engagement. Would Fred continue? Could he carry on without his partner? Or would he seek a new partner?

The fate of Fred Astaire is now entertainment history, but the story of Adele's revelation of marital plans to her brother Fred is, not as it was then he was Adele's dressing-room after the show that she revealed the state of her feelings to Fred. "Fredie," she said, "I want to get married." If she expected him to show surprise she was disappointed, for—"Okay, Dolie," he replied.

"But," faltered Adele, "I want to leave the stage."

Fred was quiet. He stood in the presence of his devoted and estates. He waited anxiously for his answer. They realised that Adele's marriage might spell the end of his own career. "It's sort of going off, I said softly, 'I'll get along. I want you to be happy."

After closing her career with Fred, Adele later admitted that always "Fred's had what he's got now, but it never got a chance to show until I left. He was always staying in the background, pushing me forward. He'd stand back while I got the laughs. Always playing straight for his. So when I finished, things came out he didn't know he could do himself."

All the numbers we used to do, they were all Fred's ideas. I couldn't think up a thing, if it killed me. It was all his. It certainly wasn't mine. And one day Fred's going to knock 'em cold with his acting. I know. I knew it first when he did that ballet with Tilly Losch in "The Band Wagon."

To Fred Astaire, the dissolution of the partnership was a signal for concentrated work to carry on as a solo star. Broadway and theatricals stroked their chins and wondered. "I don't know if he'll be able to do it," they mused.

An interviewer once asked Fred the age-old question: "Mr. Astaire, what is the secret of your success?"

Fred raised his head slowly, the inscrutable Astaire smile broadening on his countenance to its full luscious, a bit dumbfounded, but remained in tranquil composure. Of course, he inwardly realised that he could not expect anyone to see what he went through to perfect his dancing.

Then he replied:

"More than ninety-five per cent. hard work. Dancing, professional dancing, of course, is just that—ninety-five per cent. hard work. And the other five per cent. all the work has gone into it. The more effortless the dance appears, the more effort has made it so."

For the remainder of his life, devoted to his art, although it was based on endless hours of gruelling practice, Fred continues to carve an unforgettable niche in the theatrical Hall of Fame.

Spurred by a carry-on inspiration, driven by a desire to show the wisesaces of Broadway that Fred didn't go so far above all, moved by his personal intensive interest in his art, Fred Astaire appeared in "The Gay Divorce as his next Broadway production after "The Band Wagon."

The blonde and beauteous Claire Luce was his dancing partner in this one.

Now Fred was really on his own. There was no Adele with whom to swap witticisms. There was no Adele with whom to do the show-stopping "com-pah" trot. There was no Adele with whom to step in precision movement, four fast-moving, dancing limbs tapping away as if one. And Freddie made good—very good.

He scored a tremendous personal success. Reviewers had already exhausted their superlatives. The Astaire name was thrust into the air, shoulderied Freddie and toted them through New York, shouting "Bravo!"—in effect, of course. Who could forget the Astaire dance to the jungle strains of the verse of "Night and Day"? Who could forget the rhythmic grace in which Astaire gyrated, when the stage programme, the footlights to the sweet-flowing, entrancing notes of the chorus? The melodically irresistible Cole Porter had provided in "Night and Day" the tuneful aria by which Fred Astaire will ever be remembered.

The Gay Divorce remained in New York for a long engagement, but not long enough. Despite clamouring audiences who wanted to see the grand Astaire, the producer brought "The Gay Divorce to London. The dearest person which greeted Astaire in his solo debut in "The Gay Divorce followed him across the seas. Londoner forlorn plaudits were equal to, if not greater than, those of its neighbours on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. And a small minority of these plaudits—small in the face of the inestimable amount—came from his elder sister, Adele Astaire, now a member of the British nobility as Lady Charles Cavendish.

Adele reports the performance and her reactions to her brother when she saw "The Gay Divorce" during its London engagement: "Her Gay Divorce opened in London and I could come over to see it—I'd been ill and couldn't make the opening—I went to see it. I'd never seen him from out front before. It was also the first time I realised that Fred had sex appeal. Fred! Wherever did he get it? He's so unconcealed-looking.
FRED ASTAIRE"

NOT until the famous partnership between Fred and Adele Astaire was broken up by the latter's marriage did Fred really "find himself." Read how he carried on alone, in the second installment of this fascinating series.

"I've heard about that sex appeal since. All the women I know tell me about it. In England they say they want to mother him, to nestle that funny face of his. He's got sympathetic appeal."

Fred Astaire's return to his native America was marked by two decisive milestones in his life: (1) marriage; (2) he entered the movies.

Fred had been introduced to Mrs. Phyllis Potter at a Long Island golf tournament. The effervescent Astaire had frequently been seen in the charming company of the comic society divorcee. Their friendship blossomed into romance and, in July 1933, Fred and Mrs. Potter faced the parson.

Little did he devotess dream—in fact, little did Fred Astaire dream—that after The Gay Divorce he would perform his inimitable art in the cinema. To him the cinema was a medium of expression for talented Thespians, for exceptional vocalists, for brisk chatter by smart-cracking comedians. What could a dancer contribute to the realm of celluloid? True, dance teams had hitherto been cast in a plethora of dancing-musical entertainment ground out by Hollywood cameras; but none scored significant acclaim.

But those omnipresent emissaries from filmdom, the "talent scouts," cast their bread upon the waters and back went winged-footed Fred Astaire, elegantly garbed in top hat, white tie and tails. Back he went for his premier rôle on the screen with Joan Crawford in Dancing Lady. As the title implies, the gorgeous Crawford was seen as a leading damsel in a lavish musical comedy. To Fred fell the rôle of "Joan's partner."

Needless to say, Fred's performance was outstanding. It was marked by several characteristics which distinguished Fred Astaire from his first appearance on the screen. He transplanted his grace, his poise, his inescapable, effortless manner of dancing with an ostensibly amount of ease and polished perfection. His orientation to this new medium, the screen, was, to put it tersely, "all there."

Fred and Joan's dance only lasted five minutes on the screen. It pictured a magnificently-adorned night club—such as they can devise only in the movies!—glistening with a mirrored floor on which the pair performed their intricate routine. Suddenly, with the magical touch of Hollywood genius, Joan's devastating white gown changed into that of a barmaid, while Fred's evening dress was altered to that of a Tyrolean guide. And Fred and Joan were amidst a mob of beer-drinkers in Bavaria. The mirror floor opened its silver mouth wide, up came a revolving pedestal, and Fred and Joan swung into the rapid steps of a clowning, Bavarian dance.

Only five minutes these terpsichorean antics took, but Fred was instantaneously boomed as "a new and refreshing personality with a distinctive talent the screen sorely needs."

The enterprise of one motion-picture studio, RKO Radio, influenced it to secure Astaire immediately. This was December, 1933. Fred's first vehicle under this new aegis was to be the first dancing musical staged in the clouds. It featured an aerial dance on the wings of 'planes soaring on high—a whim of the authors which materialized into a screen oddity and an audience sensation.

The feature which should be consecrated for a museum, for it introduced Astaire in his first big rôle, was Flying Down to Rio. Invested with tuneful rhythms by Vincent Youmans, Flying Down to Rio is memorable on three counts: (1) It served to give Fred Astaire extensive publicity; (2) it enabled him to display his dormant talents as a singer and comedian as well as a dancer on the screen; (3) it marked the formation of the supreme dancing team of the screen, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; (5) it introduced the sensation-making Carioca, a tantalising, body-swaying rhythm made popular by the dance team.
One of the strongest star teams for some time is to be found in M.G.M.'s "Lady of the Nile"; and here they all are—Myrna Loy, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, and Jean Harlow, all ready to go into action.

Right: Dance Director Leslie Roberts apparently enjoys teaching Grace Bradley some new steps as much as she likes learning them. Grace will show them to you in the cabaret scenes in the Gaumont-British military comedy-drama, "O.H.M.S."

Above: Henry Fonda, star of the New World picture in Technicolor, "Wings of the Morning," seen on the set with Denham with the wealthy New York social registra, Frances Brokaw. The sequel to their meeting was their recent wedding in New York. Right: Murray Silverstone rallies to Elizabeth Bergner's assistance at the dinner given recently by his company, United Artists.
JEAN ARTHUR 

Makes HISTORY

The leading lady of Cecil B. de Mille’s new picture, The Plainsman, talks to Guy K. Austin about her role. Although it is poles apart from the sophisticated parts she has recently taken, she thoroughly enjoys the change. She started her career in slapstick comedies and is now rapidly gaining steller distinction.

WHEN Cecil B. de Mille selects a leading lady for one of his epic pictures it sets a stamp upon her as a star as surely as a hallmark sets its stamp upon silver. Claudette Colbert, Berengaria, wife of Richard Coeur de Lion, in the persons of Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young have won such approval in his pictures in recent years.

Now one more lady from the pages of history is to step across the screen, but from history that is more up-to-date than anything — C.B. has yet attempted. For the new picture is The Plainsman; "Calamity Jane" is the story of Buffalo Bill, of General Custer’s Last Stand, of the riding of Wild Bill Hickock and the sweeping hordes of Indians who roamed the western plains but sixty years ago. "Calamity Jane" is the lady and Jean Arthur is the star.

Jean Arthur, the attractive sophisticate of The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town and other recent hits, "Calamity Jane" of the days of Buffalo Bill! From the boudoir to the bull whip in one reel! It seems hardly possible. But "C.B." has never miscast an actress yet.

My first glimpse of Jean in her new role was over breakfast table. I saw her as Calamity Jane. Seventy acres had been turned into a reproduction of Fort Leavenworth in the ’70’s. Jean stood in a circle of old-time western characters brandishing a 16 foot ball of steel circles she spun in two of the faces of a lot of tough men who seemed to be very anxious to get acquainted. Under the eagle eye of de Mille she put in some excellent practice. Then a short scene was shot.

I cornered her later on the shady porch of the frame hotel.

"And how," I asked her, "is Calamity Jane getting along?" jean smiled. "It’s a perfect title. See the bruises!" She bared her arm and showed some nice patches of blue. "Calamity is just the word! We were on location yesterday at Calabassas. I had to drive a stage coach with six horses at a mad pace down the road. The horses took fright and around one hairpin bend I thought the whole bunch was going to turn over the ravine! I got thrown against the brake lever and almost off the coach!"

"Here’s the business!" I put in.

"Fortunately," said Jean, “Gary Cooper was on the box seat with me. He brought the horse round without the coach, nearly passing out, were James Ellison, who plays Buffalo Bill, Porter Hall and Helen Burgess. It was a great ride while it lasted!"

"Calamity Jane," Jean told me, "must have been a grand girl. She ran a saloon in Leavenworth and also drove the stage between the river towns. She was supposed to be the loveliest woman in the west — a siren who handled men with a bull whip."

Jean started her career in custard pie comedies. In the old days she had the reputation of the straightest aim of any comedienne. Then she graduated to Westerns. So this part is not altogether strange to her, though it is years since she played such a vicious role.

"For the first two or three days of production I suffered from ‘six gun slump’," said Jean. "And what on earth is that?" I asked.

"Well, it’s bad enough acting at all in this heat," she went on, "but after several scenes with Gary Cooper I felt terribly depressed. I told ’C.B.‘ I did not think I could go on. He looked me all over. Then he noticed that the revolver I carry, which weighs several pounds, was resting right on my ’tummy‘! He flipped my belt off. The gun resting on my stomach made me feel sick! Now I take it off directly after every shot and scene."

"The original ‘Calamity Jane‘ must have been tougher than I am!"

"How are the Indian scenes going?" I asked her.

"More realistically than ever ’C.B.’ thought," Jean answered with that grand grin of hers. The location troupe making the scenes of Custer’s last stand up in Montana nearly met with fearful casualties. de Mille had rounded up more than a thousand Cheyenne braves from the reservations. In one of the battle scenes the Indians raced round and round a band of white men. Suddenly real bullets began to sing. One embedded itself in the camera platform. Action was stopped. Several Indians searched. They found several hundred rounds of live ammunition in their possession! It was nearly a case of de Mille’s last stand!"

As we chatted a massive, red-haired Westerner in a long black coat strolled over to where we sat, I stared at him, and then recognised him Charles Bickford.

"Meet Latimer," smiled Jean Arthur, "the dirtiest blackguard west of the Mississippi!"

"Thanks," laughed Bickford. Then he sat down and joined us. He looked over the enormous set, busting with activity. "It’s great to be working for de Mille again," he said. "This is the first part I’ve had for a long while in which I can really get my teeth!"

"You’ve no idea what a dirty dog he is," Jean put in. "When I wind that bull whip around his neck it’s really a pleasure."

"Nice girl!" returned Bickford with a grin at Jean. "It’s a C.B.‘ who brought me out here from Broadway to play in pictures. In This Day and Age I was a downright villain. Fifty bugs were captured on me and hung up a circle in a pit full of live rats! Since then I’ve only been cast as a really bad egg once."

"You wait until you see him in this," said Jean. "According to history it was Latimer who was responsible for the massacre of General Custer and his men. Latimer smuggled guns and ammunition to them. He’s a swaggering, ‘orner‘ brute! But only in the picture, of course. Outside his role I think Mr. Bickford quite a nice man."

"What happens to Latimer in the end?" I asked.

"He gets what’s coming to him from Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickock," Jean explained with evident enjoyment. "He gets shot down in my saloon."

"I’m wondering what a de Mille picture without a bath in it will be like!" I put to them both.

"Too often the famous producer showed Florence as a bad woman in The White Shadows. For New years ago there has been a bath sequence in every de Mille picture. He is said to have fashioned the plumbing for more swinger homes than anyone in the business!"

"I know I don’t take a bath in front of the camera," Jean replied, "but I believe, just to keep the old traditions alive, Gary does."

When he returns from his campaigns against the Indians he is shown at a frontier barber shop behind which baths are sold at twenty-five cents a dip! Whether it will be the rain barrel variety, popular at the time, or a new de Mille creation I do not know!"

There was a whistle from the set. Then a shout, "Miss Arthur, please. Places everybody!"

"Here we go!" laughed Jean. She buckled the heavy holster on a three inch brass-studded belt about her elegant hips and picked up the bull whip. Charles Bickford also heaved himself out of his chair and vanished into the crowd.

"We’ll try that scene of Jane coming down the steps once more," said de Mille. "Let’s go!"

A group of pioneers were grouped at the steps of the saloon. Charles Bickford harangued them for a few moments. It was evidently trying to stir them up against the owner of the place, none other than "Calamity Jane."

Suddenly a door burst open. Down the steps and into the ring of men swept Jean Arthur, locks flowing, eyes a flam, the husky voice shouting, I could not hear the dialogue, but the action was vigorous enough. The circle of men fell back. In the centre stood Jean and the bull whip swung in circles. The crowd scattered.

"That’s good!" said the producer. "But just swing that whip a little closer to their heads. And some of you men duck. If she hits you you’ll know it!"

Those who have recently seen Jean and Gary in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town will have a great thrill in The Plainsman. As usual Cecil B. de Mille has gathered a wonderful cast together. James Ellison, promoted from the Hopalong Cassidy series, plays Buffalo Bill; Helen Burgess, a newcomer, his wife. Porter Hall, Victor Varnoni and John Miljan as General Custer are other principals in a cast of the thousands you will see.

Jean Arthur in a scene from "The Plainsman," with Gary Cooper.
FOR ten years Joan Crawford has been a prominent figure in the film world. Many changes have occurred during the decade but now, after a period of nerve strain and unhappiness a new, and more tranquil Joan has been born. This revealing article introduces the star of 1936 who is headed for happiness and greater achievements in the studio.

a village in the Austrian Tyrol. The camera was set up at the foot of a slope leading to an archway. Instead of an hour to light up it took but minutes, or so it seemed. Instead of the weary waiting, stars slumped in chairs idling away the interval, extras slouching around watching the clock, everything was precision with no time to go stale.

Joan Crawford, in a blue smock, black tammy and sabot cut too much large for her, stood under the archway. Van Dyke was giving final directions to her and to Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. Joan looked years younger than when I had last seen her. Her eyes no longer stared. They looked rested. Shone. Her laughter was not forced, but sincere. Her movements were spontaneous, not laboured. She and Clark and Franchot banded quips up and down the hill.

"Don't grab me too hard!" she shouted through cupped hands. "My shoes will come off!"

"Let 'em come off!" shouted Van Dyke.

"All right, I will!" laughed Joan.

Almost standing on my toes were Gable and Franchot. Both of them were enjoying things as much as Joan and every other person in the picture.

"When do we go?" called Clark.

"When I signal, returned Van Dyke.

"All ready. Quiet! Roll 'em! O.K., Joan!"

Joan stared down the hill. Then she waved and beckoned. "Michael! Come on! They're after me!"

Clark Gable, dressed in Tyrolean costume, and

Below: A photograph taken two years ago showing Joan (right) with three other members of the "Forsaking All Others" cast. They are Billie Burke, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth.

Above: Joan and her husband, Franchot Tone, happy in their Hollywood home.
Clark Tone, in a smart town suit, rushed up the hill. Each grabbed one of Joan's arms, lifted her off her feet and carried her out of sight. One take. The whole company moved off to another set on the lot.

During the interlude I managed to capture Clark Gable for a few minutes. On the lot was his brand new super-charged roadster in yellow and black. A crowd of admirers was around it. Clark got in it and drove around the corner for some pictures to be taken.

"Quite a toy!" I remarked.

"A hundred and thirty miles an hour!" replied Clark proudly, "and ninety in second!"

He parked his new "bus" against the curb of the New York street scene on the lot. I walked with him to the new location, representing another part of the Austrian village.

"I want you to tell me something of your association in pictures with Joan," I put to him.

"Well," returned Clark, "it's almost exactly five years ago that Joan and I were first co-starred. That was in Possessed. I've never been happier acting with anyone than with her. Ever since that picture we've been pals. I'm proud to think that she used to discuss her problems with me. I know what she has been through. It made her the nervous and self-conscious person she was until she met Franchot. You can see for yourself the difference."

"I certainly can!" I agreed.

Reaching the new set Clark sank himself down in a chair but a moment before vacated by the Maharajah of Indore, an interested spectator of the shooting. "Now," he continued,

"I don't believe Joan has any problems, except to catch up on some of that happiness she's sought for so long."

We looked across the street. Franchot and Joan sat side by side chatting and laughing without a trace of embarrassment. They are not the least ashamed of the fact that they are in love with each other. And they don't care who knows it.

"Five years ago, after making Possessed," Clark told me, "Joan gave me a gold cigarette case inscribed in a replica of her own handwriting. 'To Clark Gable, from his pal Joan Crawford. I've used that gift ever since. The other day 'Woody' gave a surprise anniversary party for us on the set. It doesn't seem like five years ago. Time goes fast in Hollywood."

In a few minutes the scene was ready to be taken. Van Dyke called his trio of stars together. The shot was a continuation of the previous one. A florists' van was parked at the side of the narrow cobble-stoned street. Clark and Franchot were to be seen still carrying Joan along. They reach the van, push her into it, and the three drive off and make their escape from the pursuing police.

Waiting for the whistle Joan stood between Clark and her husband. I watched them carefully. All morning I had never once seen that happy, carefree smile leave Joan's face. Nor Franchot's either, for that matter. His hand stole into hers. Their fingers interlaced. They stood there waiting. Then a call from the director.

Joan was lifted up as before by her two rescuers, carried down the street and hustled into the van.

"O.K." yelled Van Dyke. "Cut."

But the three mad-caps in the van did not seem to hear. The engine started up and away it went, scattering extras on all sides. Roars of laughter went up from everyone on the set.

"Hi! Stop! Back up there!"

Clark and Joan tumbled out as Franchot backed the van up. Just one take again. The crew got busy to move to the next position. Everyone seemed to be imbued with the same happy spirit. Van Dyke is the genius of Hollywood for making everyone who works with him feel good. His camera captures more finished scenes in a day than most of them do in a week. Joan Crawford deserves every bit of success and happiness that can come to her. She has worked harder and taken more knocks than most of Hollywood's great.

Best wishes and sincere admiration, Mrs Tone!
Here are two British players who have been doing plenty of good work in the studios of Hollywood where they are both very popular. They are pictured above in a scene from the Reliance production "The Last of the Mohicans" which brings Fennimore Cooper's famous adventure story to the screen in realistic manner.
His is the first time I have ever confessed it in print, but the thing I'd like to do most on the screen, right now, is to play the part of a man on a one-cent stamp. This man is not Benjamin Franklin, whose portrait graces the green penny stamp of the United States. I daresay only a few Americans have ever seen or heard of the individual I have in mind, because the stamp that carries his name is usually not seen in this part of the world. My one-cent hero is—or rather was—a Cuban, and his portrait ornaments the Cuban postage. His name is Jose Marti. Among other accomplishments he managed to be my mother's godfather.

Jose Marti was a poet whose poems were read all over the world, in his day. He was also a famous soldier who fought to liberate Cuba from Spanish rule in the revolution which finally brought on the Spanish-American War. Yet, with all this writing and fighting, Marti found time to be a great lover. I believe there is more romance and drama in his story than in A Message to Garcia, another story about the Cuban Revolution, which was recently made into a picture. Marti's career ought to make an especially good subject for a colour film because of the Latin-American locales and costumes.

I mention this cherished ambition because I get so many letters from fans and from personal friends as well, asking what sort of roles I like best and suggesting parts I should play. But outside of the Marti part, which is just a dream that probably will never come true, I don't care at all what sort of parts are assigned to me—they can be juveniles, heroes or villains—every kind of character interpretation interests me. I deliberately started out to follow this line of action from my very first picture because I want to learn all there is to know about acting.

When I went to California for my movie début, I knew from my stage experience and my preliminary tests that I would be "natural" to casting directors for Latin-American parts, spiced with an attractive flavour of villainy, unless I put my foot down—and as heavily as an ex-ballroom dancer can. As a result, since my movie début a little over two years ago, I have been an Indian prince in Clive of India, a French Consul in British Agent, an opera tenor in Metropolitan, a young hundred-per-cent-American business man in Love Before Breakfast, a gangster in Show Them No Mercy and a real estate racketeer in Nobody's Fool.

My career as a dancer, a stage actor and a screen Thespian has been largely a case of seizing opportunities Lady Luck cast in my direction. If I believe in the old saying that one knows definitely what he wants out of life and concentrates on it, sooner or later he will get his break. In my own case I have wanted to be an actor from the start. The first time I first learned to lisp the Mother Goose rhymes I very likely, heredity had something to do with this childhood ambition as my mother, before her marriage to my father, was a Martilla, one of Cuba's most gifted singers.

My dad, however, had no connection with show business, but he held an important executive post with a big Cuban sugar office in New York, so you see I'm really a Latin at heart. Manhattan. Father tried to talk me out of my ambition, but he wanted me to go into his firm, learn the business thoroughly and eventually succeed him. But by the time I was 16, I had graduated from High School in New York, the depression had hit the sugar business a hard blow and I had to look for some other kind of work. I finally landed a job as a messenger in the National City Bank. It paid £3 10s. a week. £1 10s. of that went for a hall bedroom in a boarding house just across the street from an enormous apartment-building we once owned before the crash. Meals and other essential items raised havoc with the remaining £2.

It began to look as though my fervent hope of rebuilding the Romero fortune, as an actor, was not going to be achieved very rapidly. Then, when least expected, the tide changed. I met Lisabeth Higgins, a young society girl, who was mad about dancing, and was looking for a professional partner. We found our styles and steps fitted so well, that with only three months' practice after my office hours, we were engaged to dance at the Park Central Roof and other swanky metropolitan night spots. That helped the financial side of life considerably; and for the next three years I tripped the light fantastic in restaurants and Broadway musical revues. But I was far from satisfied I wanted to act, not dance.

One afternoon, out of a clear sky, my agent telephoned me that Tullio Carminati was shortly leaving the leading role in Strictly Dishonorable to go to London. The producers were looking for someone to take his place. Could I do it? Although I had never spoken ten lines of stage dialogue in my life, I was not passing up such a chance. I managed to wangle a ticket for three consecutive performances. I watched Carminati like a hawk. Then, before a mirror at home, I tried to imitate his every gesture and intonation. A few days later I read the part and got the job.

I continued in this production for a whole year on the road. Margaret Sullivan, who had been the understudy for the feminine lead, played opposite me when we toured the South. After appearing in Social Register, Cobra and other plays, I met Margaret again in Dinner A Eight, the show that was to send both of us to Hollywood, as well as Jane Wyatt, who succeeded Miss Sullivan in her role. Now we are all three making pictures for the same company—Universal. The only time Margaret and I have played in a film together was in The Good Fellow. I was a supporting star and I had a small supporting role.

My very first picture after I arrived in Hollywood, in 1934, was The Thin Man. Although I was the thinnest man in the cast, I did not play the title role. It was just my part that was thin—a supporting bit as Minna Gombell's boy friend. But I used it to the best advantage I could, studying the star, William Powell, and watching how he gets those smooth effects of his. I've been observing him again, recently, when he was away a few weeks ago, making My Man Godfrey with Carole Lombard. I always learn something new from Powell. He is such an experienced trooper that he will do even the smallest piece of business, such as helping a girl on her evening wrap, with superb finesse and a little differently each time.

After my thin role in The Thin Man, I began to receive fatter parts at the various studios. My real break came when I got a call to make a test as Marlene Dietrich's leading man in The Man From Nowhere. In a Woman, under Joseph Von Sternberg's direction I 'd mind telling you I was terrified with fears of not doing good. In the beginning I had bluffed my way easily enough, rushing in where angels fear to tread, but I was beginning to realize the seriousness of screen technique and here I was, just a novice, trying to hide my nervousness as I went through several scenes with a great star. To add to my confusion, Dietrich and I had never met before the test and I knew as they looked at the test I couldn't understand a word, but I knew it was all about some important part I was to exit gracefully when they explained laughingly in English that they had been saying I was just the man for the part. Since then I've been studying German.

Of late I've had numerous offers to return to the stage, but, on the whole, I prefer remaining in pictures. I like a little variety and the constant change of movie acting, and, besides, there is more money in it. I am frank to say this is an important consideration. I want to be able to write anything I want to and hide my financial independence as long as I live, and I'm planning to send my kid brother through college. All this requires financial stability. And then, too, there is the marriage question . . .

Many of my fan correspondents who are avid readers of Hollywood weekly, write to me to know if I am thinking of marrying. The answer is yes, but not in the immediate future, because I am interested in seeing my two sisters happily married before I make a home, and, in any case, I am engaged to a West Point cadet. The other, a brunette, keeps house for me.

Meanwhile, my life is very crowded and pleasant. I love my work: I've made many friends and Hollywood is ideal for my two favorite relaxation activities. Dancing and Lun-}

**CUBAN ACTOR WHO BEGAN AS DANCER**

**CESAR ROMERO,** whose performance in The Devil is a Woman won him universal praise, is one of the most interesting personalities in Hollywood. Here he tells you of his climb to success and of his ambitions for the future.
YOUNG man with imagination and ideas has seen come to fruition a scheme upon which he has worked for over two years—the establishment of Worton Hall Studios as a first-class production-centre, and the completion there of his second successful film, *Accused*.

Worton Hall Studios have an air of life and cheerfulness about them, from the sunlit garden with its patch of grass to the huge building which has one of the largest stages in the world.

Douglas Fairbanks, jnr., was having a few minutes respite and sunbath on the lawn when I interviewed him.

"It's tremendously interesting this work—you may sometimes curse it and wish for the moment you weren't in it, but you always come back to it in the end and think the heart-breaks are worth it all! I've been in it since I was thirteen and I'm twenty-six now—thirteen years is a long time," he blinked in the sun, reflectively, "but here I've had a chance to do what I never could have done in Hollywood. Hollywood is too vast, too commercial. What with the boom in pictures coming to England, it is an ideal place for the sort of thing," he indicated the studios. "We have here, now, the same spirit as there was in Hollywood nearly twenty years ago, the spirit of pioneering and adventure, and here in these studios we have something else. People often talk about happy families but they rarely exist. Here we really have one. The people who were with us a year ago are with us to-day, and right down to the page-boys there is the team spirit. We're all in on a picture, we feel its success or its failure as a personal thing."

He pointed out a shed to me, "That's a little restaurant for the men, and when our first film, *The Amateur Gentleman*, got a good notice they cut it out themselves, and had it enlarged and hung it up in there. That's what I mean when I say we all feel a personal interest in the productions, we fight amongst ourselves, may be, but the feeling remains the same. It's great to work with a crew like that!" his eyes and his smile showed how much it meant to him. And that's what I mean when I write that he's kept the harmony of the English estate about him in his industry.

He spoke of the Scottish film, now in production.

"The working title at the moment is *Treason*, but it may be changed to *The Barbarian*. It's a tale of the Lowlands and the raids on the Scottish border. The story is by a very famous American writer, Adela Rogers St. John, in collaboration with Richard Fisher, and the screen version by John Balderston, who has adapted *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Then we have Ray Garnett directing—he's come over from Hollywood to us—he's one of the 'Best Ten' over there."

"And the cast?" I asked.

"Allan Hale—he's joining us from America—he played with my father in *Robin Hood*—he's a great big strapping fellow, and one of Hollywood's leading character players. There's Richard Arlen—he'll be in it; and we have Googie Withers. But the women's parts are not fully cast, yet."
PUTTING two feminine stars in the same picture often leads to hostilities, and it certainly did when Alice Brady was given a supporting role in *Personal Appearance*, starring Mae West.

Alice did not like it a bit when Mae suggested the elimination of certain lines in Miss Brady's part. The two actresses exchanged heated remarks, but eventually both calmed down.

Mae West evidently fears the clever Miss Brady, who showed her adeptness in stealing a picture when she played in Dorothy Weeck's *starring picture, Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen.*

**Carole's Revenge**

Carole Lombard has found a "topper" for the wreck of a car she sent Clark Gable as a Valentine gift. It is an antiquated fire-engine. When the star learned that the fire-engine was for sale she hurried out and took an option on it. What Gable will do with the engine is a question.

Gable listed the tables on Carole when she gave him the car, for he transformed the broken-down roadster into a snappy racing car. Carole feels that her latest gift will have him "stumped!"

**Angry Neighbours**

Many people residing near Victor McLaglen's Sports Stadium on Riverside Drive have complained to the police about the alleged noise coming from the stadium on evenings when midget auto racing is held. As a result, several racing drivers and stadium officials have been arrested and held for trial on charges of disturbing the peace and maintaining a public nuisance.

The neighbours may be justified in their complaints, but I live only a short distance from the stadium and have never noticed any undue noise.

McLaglen has donated portions of the stadium receipts to worthy charities, and has admitted small boys free to football and baseball games.

Ken Maynard had a similar experience when he staged a rodeo at his ranch near Van Nuys. A lady who lived nearby claimed that the rodeo and its patrons were too noisily.

**Absent-minded Powell!**

William Powell forgot he sold his Beverly Hills mansion, and when he went home the first night after the sale he met a strange better at the door who mistook him for a brush salesman!

So now the favourite query of the actor's friends is "Bill, where do you live?"

He has to grin, and bear the chaffing.

**Will Garbo Pay?**

Greta Garbo receives a handsome income from the films, so it is surprising to learn that a former German producer has sued her for £2,100, claiming that he loaned her that amount in 1924, when Garbo was not nearly so prosperous as she is now. The loan was made whilst Garbo was in Berlin, and before she was firmly established as a Hollywood film star.

The complainant, who is suing in a Los Angeles court, declares that he did not need the money until January, 1935, when he asked Garbo to repay the loan, which she failed to do, nor did she comply with later requests.

Garbo's side of the case has not yet been given.

**Trophy Hunters**

The auction of the late John Gilbert's possessions brought, in many instances, surprisingly large sums. An overcoat sold for £10, vests brought 8s. or 6s., a piece, whilst ties, shoes and shirts were also in demand.

Marlene Dietrich purchased thirty cotton sheets which the late star used on his bed, paying a tidy figure for them. Virginia Bruce, Gilbert's third wife, acquired a set of Shakespeare's Sonnets after lively bidding. Leatrice Joy Gilbert, the late star's 11-year-old daughter, secured several mementoes of her father, including his make-up box.

Strange to say, the actor's eight-foot bed, which was expected to bring a high price, has not yet been sold.

**Timid Dancers!**

Eleanor Powell has discovered that being a celebrated dancer has its disadvantages.

At a recent affair she was forced to be a "wall flower," for not a single man would ask her to trip the light fantastic. Finally, she learned that the men all wanted to dance with her, but were afraid to ask her, feeling that they could not keep in step with Eleanor's twirling feet.

The young actress finally secured a partner and demonstrated that she was as easy to dance with as any other girl!

**Her Big Night!**

Many girls come to Hollywood, hoping to meet their favourite stars, but few are successful.

However, a young society girl from the Middle West, armed with letters from influential people, arrived in Hollywood with her mother and gained an audience with William Le Baron, head of the Paramount studio. Le Baron asked the young visitor what he could do for her, and she made a "modest" request—she would like George Raft to take her out for an evening of dancing.

Le Baron gasped, but he called Raft, who was quite willing to oblige.

So the visitor had the time of her young life.

**Submarine Perils**

Virginia Bruce brought her pet Pekinese with her whilst she appeared in scenes aboard a submarine in Los Angeles Harbour.

Members of the cast tossed a ball along the deck for the edification of the dog. The ball finally rolled overboard, and the dog dived after it. Miss Bruce screamed, an extra jumped overboard and brought the dog safely back.

An indignant director decreed that the Pekinese thereafter must remain on dry land.

**Odd Footage**

Lionel Barrymore played a crying child at the age of eight.

Olivia De Haviland was born in Tokio, Japan.

Sybil Mason made her stage debut in London films at the age of three.

Pat O'Brien was a bond salesman.

Eleanor Powell studied dancing to cover herself of bashfulness.

Charlie Ruggles is one of the best handball players in the U.S.A.

Arthur Treacher studied to be a barrister.
Brrr! You may be satisfied with this Summer, but for my part I hate snow in October.

Still, we shall be glad enough to see it on the screen, where it will be absolutely convincing. It's realistic enough on the set.

Certainly the snow fell three hundred years ago, and in Holland at that, but it had stood the test of time and the journey very well when I saw it at the new Amsterdam erected on the lot at Denham for Rembrandt.

The 17th-Century Dutch landscape was a very attractive one anyway, with its picturesque houses and windmills; but under snow it looked enchanting when the Prince of Orange and his bride drove over the drawbridge and through the city to the Town Hall.

This set covers more than an acre of ground, which may not sound much to such of you as are Yorkshire farmers, but I assure you it's an outsize in sets.

If you had been wandering through the country lanes about Denham in the last few weeks, you might have met six massive grey horses hauling a lumbering wagon; they weren't doing it for fun, but to get into training for dragging the equally lumbering though far more magnificent coach of the Prince of Orange (and bride).

Glad Days

This coach was surrounded by fifty mounted soldiers (even in those days they weren't taking any chances with anarchists), and five or six hundred loyal citizens of Amsterdam had turned out to welcome the happy pair at a guinea per head.

These are certainly glad days for the extras, who regard Denham as the Promised Land and Alex. Korda as their Moses who is leading them out of the hard times.

The glare of the sun on the snow was so strong that Korda had to wear dark-glasses as he stood, in a short-sleeved shirt and under a large coloured umbrella, watching the scene through the loud-speaker system.

One camera had dug itself well into the ground to get a 'worm's-eye' view of the coach as it passed, and Georges Perinal, London Films' crack cameraman, was cuddled down beside it.

Other cameras were mounted on high rostrums (or rostra?) and one, taking a bird's-eye view of the whole city, was up on the 100-foot tower which is a familiar landmark of the Buckinghamshire countryside by now.

They had to get this set finished with and out of the way quick and busy, to make room for the miniature dockyard on the banks of the River Colne, in which a full-sized Spanish galleon had to be built for Erich Pomer's Pendennis production Fire Over England.

A Warm Queen

The whole of the lot, 165 acres in extent, is now being used for exteriors for the six or seven productions now in full swing at Denham.

They didn't do the great review scene for Fire Over England there, though. It was shot in a large private park not far from the studios.

Here Queen Elizabeth, in the person of Flora Robson, reviewed over a thousand men of her army, drawn up in full fighting order at Tilbury, to repel the Spanish Armada, which was expected hourly.

I was sorry for Flora, because, on a day which was really sultry, she was wearing over her white and gold costume a polished breast-plate of armour, which must have been hard to bear; but she certainly looked a regal figure, on her white charger under the royal standard, her proud head surmounted by nodding white ostrich plumes.

She was inspiring; her soldiers, on the other hand, were perspiring—in heavy steel breast-plates and helmets and thick woollen uniforms.

I heard one of them thinking aloud upon it all, whereat a section-leader snapped: "Stop grousing, me lad! You're in the Army now." Lordy, how it took me back!

Robert Cochran, Hugh Wakefield, Judy Kelly and Leslie Perrins in a scene from the thriller, "The Limping Man," now being made at the Wembley Studios.

Hundreds of tents, each with a coloured pennant, stretching into the distance behind a long line of cannon, and backed by rolling fields and woodland, made this a scene which will live a long time in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to see it.

On the screen it should be terrific.

Gloriana

This is the scene in which Laurence Olivier, as the hero, Michael Ingolby, arrives, ragged and travel-stained, to tell the Queen of the Armada's coming.

This is going to be an extraordinarily interesting film to see, for I believe Pomer, and Clemence Dane (who prepared the story), and William K. Howard (who is directing it) are giving us not only one of the most spectacular films a British studio has ever turned out, but also affording us some fascinating glimpses of the complex character of Queen Elizabeth, which was neatly summed up by the Farjeons in "Kings and Queens":

"She's crafty and jealous, suspicious and mean, yet England is England, now Bess is the Queen."

I don't know, of course; nobody knows for certain until a film has come to the screen; but I have a feeling that this picture is going to set a new standard for British production, acting, and general entertainment value, just as Private Life of Henry VIII did.

A Nest of Spies

One lives and learns . . . fortunately.

Although I wore brass buttons for four interminable years, I never knew, until this week, that Stockholm, during the war, was seething with espionage.

This fact comes out in Dark Journey, the Victor Saville film in which Conrad Veidt is playing at Denham.

Captain Stackwell told me about it, and
E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

Captain Stackwell should know, for he is an ex-Commander in the Swedish Navy, and in war-time Stockholm he was in close contact with the activities of twenty-thousand foreigners. Stockholm, he tells me, was the greatest espionage centre in any neutral country. Germans were spying on Britain's shipping, Britons on the purchase of metals and other commodities by Germany.

It's a fact that after the war, Dr. Sun Yat Sen planned the Chinese revolution from a house near Stockholm.

So the local is insufficiently exciting to warrant our expecting a story full of movement and adventure.

Non-stop

Now let's mush on to Shepherd's Bush, where they are lining-up a topical film.

Let's see, it's on a topical subject: a regular transatlantic airliner service, which may become an accomplished fact before we are much older.

Come-British have given the film the provisional title of Non-stop New York, but as that sounds exactly like the title of a revue, I expect the B.B. will think better of it before they've got very far.

The action, I'm told, will take place almost entirely in a London-New York-Canada airliner, so now you know the kind of film it's likely to be—one of those where a dozen or so assorted souls are put into a crucible, shaken up together for an hour, and then allowed to explode.

Well, I like a good explosive film.

Character Cocktail

At any rate we are assured of a fine imaginative story, for one of the authors is Kurt Siodmak, the Continental engineer-writer who gave us such imaginative glimpses into the future as F.P.1 and The Tunnel.

The passengers on the liner are certainly well assorted, they include a fugitive South American General, fleeing for his life and not too happy about it; twin brothers who work a racket by means of their similarity (if I were twins I feel I should like to do that; such opportunities are too frequently wasted); a traveller in fine-printed banknotes (which doesn't sound to me like the ideal dress for an air-journey, but Gaumont-British probably know better than I do about that); a child chess-prodigy who is playing an important match by radio throughout the voyage; and the General's beautiful young daughter.

Well, they certainly didn't come any more assorted than that—unless you had a one-legged female deep-sea diver and a dwarf commissioner. The cast isn't yet chosen, but at any rate I can tell you a number of people who are practically certain to be in it—Gaumont-British contract players.

They are John Loder, Oscar Homolka, Desmond Tester, Nova Filibeam, and Frank Cellier. Now you can amuse yourselves by casting these peoples in the roles I've given you above.

Good Advertisement

Tell you what—when some of these films get to America, I'd like to have some sort of financial interest in the tourist traffic; because British product, when it gets a wider United States release, is going to attract a great many people to Britain.

At any rate, some of it will.
To Carolyn, the holiday trip is a chance for her to work up a really bad temper over the shameful manner in which she feels her husband has treated her, but Hugh (Robert Young) feels he had better make an effort to catch her on the rebound.

BARBARA STANWYCK has always been considered one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses, but in The Bride Walks Out she proves she can handle a smart fluffy comedy role with the best. Radio have given her the fine support of Gene Raymond, Robert Young, Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick.

Michael is set upon starting on a dangerous mission, convinced that his wife (Carolyn) really doesn't want him.
The BRIDE Walks OUT

The eternal triangle—with a comedy twist. Michael (Gene Raymond) and his wife Carolyn (Barbara Stanwyck) are very much in love but very hard up. Enter the gay young wag with a lot of money and a lot of time on his hands—Michael (Gene Raymond) works hard for less money than his wife has been used to—and trouble starts, but all in a very lighthearted way.
MALL, position. small home, small town; I'm fed up." Thus Kay Brennan, two and twenty, assistant in her brother-in-law's general store, and living with the family, described her attitude to things in general. Not that she knew quite what or who she wanted to become, but definitely she didn't want to stay in Carvel, Massachusetts, and marry Elmer Clampett for all his "safe" job as a telephonic engineer.

Wintry Saturday nights saw the culminating point of Kay's hatred of Carvel. Rush-time at the store meant less opportunity for the listless dreaming, her only refuge from a world that had ceased to be interesting or inspiring.

Not even the particular Saturday on which, owing to traffic by-pass regulations, cars returning from the Harvard v. Yale football match came roaring through the town, could rouse Kay to enthusiasm.

Absently, mindlessly carrying a toy balloon, which a youth, in one of the packed vehicles, had handed her with a compliment on her looks, Kay took her usual walk to the post office with the evening mail.

From the top of a telephone pole, Elmer swarmed down to land at her feet.

"Coming with me to Winstead to-night?" he inquired.

She didn't say that she couldn't bear the idea of the new "fliver" of which Elmer was so proud. Instead, "Sorry; I'll be helping George with the store," she temporised.

"But not that late, surely! How'd it be if I jumped round after supper?"

"If you like. You're not company, Elmer."

She might have added that it would take more than his conversational powers to enliven the evening meal, nightly taken with sister Emily, Ma Brennan, baby June and George, usually a late comer. If one did run the gamut of seven puddings in the week, the table-talk had even less variety. If only George would fall, but he never did, to chuck June under the chin and remark that she was growing more like her pa every day. And why must Emily, in feeding her offspring, adjure her always to eat so and so "to please mother darling—makes babies grow."

To-night Elmer dropped in in time for the Saturday platefuls of rice pudding. His maddening repetition of the customary greeting: "Hello, George! Keeping your chin up," caused Kay to drop her helping.

She's nervous as a cat these days. Always dropping things," Ma Brennan excused. Kay wouldn't stay to hear more. She left, if she didn't get out somewhere, anywhere, she'd go mad.

The wind blowing her half across the street as she left the house, George's old leather coat wrapped across the chest, prevented her from realising that she was in danger of being run down. She pulled up; the driver of a car also. "Did I touch you?" inquired an educated voice. Lamplight shone on the owner's face—handsome, clear-cut—above the white open tourer with its black line.

"No, I'm all right."

"Sorry if I scared you. How far is Tait's Tavern?"

It dawned on Kay, talking about "turn left at the church, then right ahead for three blocks," that the young man was looking at her. She was suddenly glad that her best point—red-gold hair, naturally waving from a "widow's peak"—had been washed the night before.

"Hop in," her interlocutor invited. "I'll drop you wherever you want to go. Honest." Instinct stronger than Mrs. Grundy urged her to accept the offer. But when he extended it to coming in for a drink at Tait's, she hesitated.

"Aw, come on. There'll be a big crowd. We'll put vine leaves in our hair, crush a gallon of grapes and hang them over our ears. I'll bring you back before you want to turn into a pumpkin."

Following her guide was like leaving prison, even though their objective was the four walls of a very ordinary cafe packed with students celebrating the greatest football game of the season.

"Don't let the stillness frighten you," Kay's host advised, leading her to a verandah table. "Let's have champagne to drink out of your slippers—they're much too small. Waiter, two bottles of extra dry. Kay had barely tasted the novelty when the orchestra suddenly went into Wedding March and a lively crowd stormed the entrance.

Excuse me," exclaimed Kay's host, and advanced on the crowd's nucleus, a man of his own age, arm-in-arm with a girl wearing orchids pinned to her coat.

"You couple of compound fractures!" he greeted. "Where did you get spliced, Tony?"

"At Minton Green. There's an old J.P. with a gold tooth, false whiskers, and licence on the premises," someone shouted, answering for the groom. "Come and join us."

"Right. Here, I want you to meet a young lady answering to the name of Goodness. She doesn't like you to know her real one.' Thus Kay, who was sure of being happy, but certainly far from bored, found herself drinking innumerable toasts and ultimately following her host, addressed by the others as Bob, to the white-and-black car.

"It's enough so late. Could I telephone?" she pleaded, with a rush of conscience. His air of decision was immense as he said:

"Whatever for? It's not late. Besides, you're not going home yet. Ever been to Boston, goodness?"

"No, but it's much too far."

"Nonsense! An hour there. An hour back. We'll see the old North Church by moonlight."

Notwithstanding scruples, she got in, registering only a mild dismay when Bob's first halt proved to be miles from Boston. "Minton Green," he observed, studying the signpost, white against the blackness enveloping the road. "Why, that's what Kay told us."

"Yes, it's much too far."

"Can't help it. My family honour is involved, too. The Dakin honour, which has never been smirched in the annals of Boston. Only thing to do is to have the old bird up and marry us." What possessed Kay to agree to and go through the ceremony could only be told. Through it she kept hearing Emily's, George's, and Elmer's voices. Was this her move of escape or could she love this man in spite of his having drunk far too much champagne? Yes; in spite of it there was something about him.

(Continued on page 24)
The long, dreary day has done its worst: tonight she'll be out on the river. Radiant with sparkling freshness, irresistible! Ten lazy minutes in a bath with a Reckitt's bath cube in it, and weariness drifts away. Tonic, alkaline water, soft as satin and fragrant as flowers, clears and cleanses acid waste from every tiny pore. Turns you out livelier, lovelier, gives bloom to your skin, assures you of admiration.

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**FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT**
Shamelessly, seeing that it was the first time she had acknowledged him useful, but without avail, Kay brought Elmer's name into the argument. Not a whit impressed, Bob alluded to the tough luck on his parents. Very well, Kay agreed. "On account of your people being so nice to me, I'll stay with you for six months; then you can get a quiet divorce. You'd better tell the reporters we're happy. They're clamouring outside."

A yachting honeymoon having been decided upon, Kay threw herself wholeheartedly into the joys of packing in her cabin, enthusing artlessly about negligees to, it must be confessed a very indignant Bob, when he was called outside. Kay heard the words "wanted to see what she looked like" and Bob's answer: "Don't ever be jealous of her." Biting her lips, she vowed herself to be nice to Priscilla.

Taller than Kay had expected, wrapped in racoons with an off-the-brow hat, Priscilla was introduced. "I wanted a chance to talk to you," Kay stammered. "I wanted to say how sorry I am."

"I don't see why. You've done very well for yourself."

"But I mean—about coming between you and Bob."

"Don't bother about that. You haven't come between Bob and me. Frankly, that would be impossible."

She laughed artifically. At least, Kay thought on the young woman's exit, there was nothing to be nice to her. The point was rather why Bob should have thought marrying such a marble block worth while. Accordingly, on the cruise, Kay allowed feminine persuasiveness full play. Sea-sickness, unfortunately, cramped her style. But when Bob, unexpectedly heroic without coat or slippers, carried her one night on deck to recover, she was able to turn the tables on him. Next morning a bronchial cold nailed him to his cabin, where, in spite of the presence of Priscilla's photograph, he agreed to take the hot lemon mixture which Kay, remembering Carvel remedies, prescribed.

Alas! that the unity born at that moment between them and fostered by a visit to a Grecian island, where she helped him to treat a wounded deer, tended to fade on their return to Boston. The in-laws had rented them an apartment for five months and, by frequent visits to the young couple, showed an appreciation of Bob's wife, which now was Kay's heart. She was in need of consolation. Bob's cutting of social claims and attendance at all hours at the clinic, Kay would not have minded. She took a quiet but persistent interest in "shop" talk and volunteered to visit Jimmy, a ten-years-old on whom Bob had performed an intricate brain operation.

It was Bob's studied coldness to her that hurt; his inability to kiss her "Good night," or at any other time unless the in-laws were present. The final nail in the coffin of Kay's hopes, as the five months slipped away, was the look on Bob's face at breakfast on being handed a cable.

"It's Priscilla," he said. "She's..."
"Couldn't you have handled this a little less dramatically?" Priscilla demanded. Kay looked at the woman, who, for all her coldness and selfishness, was Bob's beloved.

"From now on you handle everything," she said very low. "You can either make a great surgeon out of him or the greatest good-for-nothing in the world.

In the small hours, Kay heard her husband's step in the hall. His handsome face, with its devil-may-care expression, concealed nothing from her.

"Thanks for coming to get me!" he said indistinctly. In the bedroom, he added: "You might look out for a post as a veterinarian—not too reliable.

"Bob, did Jimmy go under?"

"He's all right. I lost my nerve half-way through the op. Bill P. Elmer reminded me of its underlying meaning, Kay realised the avenue she must take.

Impossible for her to make the start, however, without calling on Bob's people. Always a little in awe of the very nice but very correct Mrs. Dakin, Kay was glad to find the doctor alone. She passed over remarks about last night's party and looked in the, the calm, grey eyes that were like Bob's, and yet not like.

"Tell me I'm going home to my family," she begged. "He'll understand. I can't go on being near him all the time and knowing how he feels about someone else.

"Dear Kay—I know," the doctor said. "Since we first saw you, Bob's mother and I hoped things would turn out differently. You will let us hear from you? If there's anything you ever want—anything you need..."

"I'll look into the words grey eyes of Kay during the few weeks."

Had she guessed how low she was to feel on coming back to Carvel, coming back to the greengrocery store, coming back to Emily's... eat this to please mother, darling," George's browes more like her pa every day," Kay surely would never have left them.

Even Elmer's rise in wages and his patient readiness to do anything for her were no tonic. She was talking to him when a car came round the bend and slowed down. Kay saw to the accompaniment of maddening heartbeats, that it was a white car with a black line. To her stupification, Bob leaned out, Bob with love in his eyes and carelessness in his voice, hiding the deeps of penitence and longing, as he said:

"Hop in, Goodness! I've lost my way to Reno, and never want to find it..." She was beside him.

So long, Kay! Keep your chin up," Elmer reminded her. He'd said the wrong thing, clearly he needn't have worried. Locked in Bob's embrace, Kay never even heard him.

"Aren't you asleep, Kay? or that was the clinic calling. I've got to get down right this minute. Better put breakfast off an hour. I may be pretty late."

"All right. Good night!"

"Good night!" That was all. Stifling tears in her pillow, Kay heard the next door phone. "Yes; yes, this is Mrs. Dakin. Dr. Dakin should be with you. He left over half-an-hour ago.

An emergency call! The doctor at the other end mentioned the name Jimmy. Kay's thoughts flew to the kidly whose brain functioning had once depended on Bob's skill. Her voice, directed at the mouth-piece, cried, "Jimmy, is it? Then we must get Bob. Can you wait half-an-hour? All right. I'll reach him. He shall be there."

She reached for the 'phone book. A thousand to one Bob was with Priscilla. She gave the number of her apartment. The right voice answered then. "Oh! Is that you, Miss Hyde? This is Kay, isn't there?" Priscilla's voice, like the tinkle of ice, came back: "I'm afraid he is, my dear. Oh, I'm sorry! But I thank you; you'd better ring the clinic and make an excuse. Frankly, he's not quite in the condition to...

"But he must do it, Miss Hyde. Tell him it's Jimmy. Dr. Fabre sent a special message. Listen to me. Tell Bob he must go.

"Really, Mrs. Dakin, I..." Kay slammed down the instrument. If that woman wouldn't tell Bob, she would. On the threshold of Priscilla's ultra-modern sitting-room, having got past who knew what in the way of porters, Kay was stunned at seeing Bob's attitude near the divan, at the number of empty glasses and bottles on the low table. "It's Jimmy. A brain abscess. Dr. Fabre's busy and he said to call you," she said. A thrill went through her as Bob rose, pulled himself together and, despite Priscilla's remarks—"you're not fit.

For heaven's sake, ring them"—Bob left the apartment.
CRITICISMS OF THE
LATEST FILMS

MY MAN GODFREY

T HAT portion of New York society which is so woefully misnamed the Bright Young People, figures prominently in this picture. And it is likely they very inadequately cover their lives which, handled with a sure touch of satire, makes My Man Godfrey so witty in a sophisticated, albeit irresponsible, way.

A Scavenger Hunt introduces us to the widower Bullock, who is so jealous of each other that when the younger girl, Irene, collects a "forgotten man" in the guise of one Godfrey Parke, who is living in a hut on a rubbish dump, her sister, Cornelia, is wild with jealousy. This jealousy increases when Irene insists on installing Godfrey as the new butler in the Bullock household and she tries without success to get him into trouble with the police.

Meanwhile, Irene has fallen in love with Godfrey, a fact which is so at pains to conceal from him or anyone else. Although she doggedly follows his footsteps and thrusts herself upon him on every possible and impossible occasion, Godfrey disobeys his love almost to the point of kicking her downstairs. He is, however, the only person who can manage the mad household whose mistress sees pixies on her bed every morning after a night-before—which means every morning—and whose younger members think nothing of smashing plate-glass windows "for fun" or of installing a horse in their father's study.

The last-named, who is the only rational member of the family, figures as a connect, a financial crapper only to be saved by Godfrey who is actually a man of wealth, brains and breeding, and Irene, who has obviously adopted the slogan of the North-West Mounted finally "gets her man."

William Powell as Godfrey, acts with his usual assurance and polish. Carole Lombard as the lovelorn Irene gives a richly humorous study of a girl who, although of a wildly exaggerated type really does exist, and Gail Patrick as her jealous sister is admirable. Alice Brady seems thoroughly to enjoy herself as the vacuous twittering mother and gives a richly amusing performance. Eugene Pallette is very sound as the long-suffering father and Mischa Auer as a musical protege with a gargantuan appetite adds much to the general fun.

Produced and directed by Gregory La Cava, this picture is rich in witty, quick-fire dialogue and ludicrous situations. Much of its sparkle and humour appeals primarily to sophisticated audences, but its general atmosphere of irresponsible gaiety is so spontaneous that it should

impress even those who fail to grasp all the underlying satire.—B. W.

PICCADILLY JIM

While there is plenty of bright dialogue and a good central situation in this P. G. Wodehouse comedy it has not quite the usual briskness associated with American farces and it is unduly spun out. Some judicious use of the scissors would improve the entertainment value considerably.

The plot deals with an irresponsible young American artist, Jim Crocker, the support of an impoverished friend, who has fallen in love with the sister-in-law (Eugenia) of a wealthy American rag merchant, Herbert Pett.

He meets Pett's niece, Ann, with Lord Priory, who hopes to marry her, without knowing that she is any relation of the Pets. He is in festive mood at the time and while he amuses her she only looks on him as a scatter-brained bar-lounger.

Meanwhile Jim shocks the Pett family and they resolutely refuse to let his father marry Eugenia.

They go to the Riviera taking Ann with them and Jim, having lost his job as a cartoonist gets an inspiration to start a comic strip based on the Pett family which finds instant success and proves highly embarrassing to its subjects when they return to England.

Still not knowing that Ann is related to the Pets, Jim meets her and suddenly she goes to America, contrives to miss the boat.

She goes on the next one accompanied by Lord Priory—and Jim who takes her butter, Baylis, with him to pose as his father since he has now learnt of Ann's relationship to his patron's characters and has to adopt a pseudonym.

His own father, disguised as a Polish count, has managed to sail with the Pets and be accepted as a suitor to Eugenia's hand.

Things become very complicated when Jim arrives in America but the ultimate result of his drawings are to make the Pets famous and they receive them with open arms. That, all except Ann, who is furious with him and announces her engagement to Lord Priory.

Upon his butter's advice, tries to prove that Priory is a fake but fails and decides to sail for England. Ann, however, realising that she really loves him, follows.

Robert Montgomery is at his breezy best as Jim and is ably partnered by Madge Evans, who is charmingly natural as Ann.

An excellent performance is given by Eric Blore in the perfect screen valet—as Baylis.

Frank Morgan gives a clever study of the imprudent Mr. Crocker who had once been a "ham" actor, and Ralph Forbes is good as Lord Priory. For once there is no attempt to caricature English nobility.

Cora Witherspoon is suitably cast as the crook's wife. She and the other members of the cast, including E. E. Clive, Billy Bevan and Robert Benchley.

Aileen Pringle, the famous star of the day, makes a brief appearance.

SAVOY HOTEL 217

In spite of some outstanding acting and clever pictorial treatment, the Savoy Hotel Picture tends to become frankly boring.

The main reason is, I think, that the action is very slow and ponderous and it is too obvious in design.

It deals with a theme of love and jealousy. A waiter, Andrei, loved by one woman, Anna, and in love with another, Darja, is suspected of the murder of still another, a rich divorcée who had planned to make him her husband.

His arrest is caused by Anna's jealousy, who gives false testimony. However, Andrei manages to escape and tracks down the real criminal, who turns out to be his ex-wife's divorced husband.

There is also another suspect in the case in Sergei, a man whom Natalja had cajoled into getting rid of a previous husband and who had been sent to Siberia in consequence.

Generally the Russian atmosphere of the film is very good and the pictorial values are both stimulating and effective.

The director is Gustav Ucicky, who has several Continental pictures to his credit.

Hans Albers plays the role of Andrei, to whom is attached a sophisticated chambermaid who falls in love with him. She gives a delicate and very humorous performance.

As Natalja, Brigitte Horney is also effective.

Two clever studies come from Alexander England and Reno Deltgen as the husband and Sergei respectively.

Sub-titles make the action of the picture quite clear for those who do not understand German.

This picture marks the opening of the new season of Continental pictures at the Curzon theatre in London, and while it is hardly up to the usual standard of that theatre's offerings, it is definitely of academic interest.

MARY BASHKIRTOFF

A t another cinema which specializes in Continental productions, the Savoy Hotel, Oxford Street, this Austrian picture, which deals with the romance of Maria Bashkirtoff, writer, and Guy de Maupassant, the famous French writer, is presented.

This is a slight affair but is treated by Herman Kosterlitz with sincerity and delicacy.

Briefly, it shows how Maria fails in her marriage to an unpleasant partner—incidentally, the facts are taken from the memoirs of the artist—and needs work.

Then she learns she is dying of consumption and sends him away. It is only on her death bed that he learns the truth of the situation.

Another man in love with her, Basileiux, her teacher, who has not the talent of Guy de Maupassant, is the cause of the last-minute reconsideration.

The situation takes place in the late 'eighties, and the period costumes lend colour to the romance which ends so tragically. It is set in Paris, and the settings are very realistic ones. The settings generally are excellent, although the camera work does not always seem to do them justice.

One of the most interesting things about the picture is the introduction of Lili Darvas as Maria. She is one of the most popular actresses in Austria at the moment and it would not be surprising to learn that a talent scout of some American had retained her services.

She is not particularly pretty but she brings a wide range of emotions to the difficult role she is playing. Excellent, too, is Hans Jaray as Guy de Maupassant. He presents him as an incorrigible roué but still manages to win sympathy for him. A very clever character study contrary to the type of Maria's doctor, while Basileiux is played in a virile and forceful style by Attila Horvher.

The action is a little on the slow side but it is not without its humorous touches and there is a very well handled spectacular ballroom sequence.

Lili Darvas is well worth seeing and her name worth noting.

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by Lionel COLLIER

The Picturegoer's quick reference index to films just released

***MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN***

**IT'S LOVE AGAIN**

**THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR***

**SMALL TOWN GIRL***

**WHOM THE GODS LOVE**

**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR***

**TILL WE MEET AGAIN**

c*The Cowboy and the Kid*

**HIGHLAND FLING**

**ONE GOOD TURN**

**PAY BOX**

**ADVENTURE**

What the asterisks mean—

*** An outstanding feature.

** Very good.

* Good.

Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

***MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN***


Gary Cooper as reporter. Jean Arthur as his girl. Adevice.

Jean Arthur as his girl. Adevice.

Directed by Frank Capra. Picture by Columbia. Released August 22, 1936.

Frank Capra has given us one of the most human little stories rehearsed in America. It has been seen on the screens this year.

In spite of its length—and as a rule I consider no picture capable of running more than a hundred and ninety minutes—he holds your interest without any let-up.

The story is a simple one, though it has plenty of dramatic moments. It tells of a small-town poet, Longfellow Deeds, who inherits $4,000,000, and leaves Mandrake Falls, where he is known and liked by everyone and can trust everyone he knows, to live in New York, where practically everyone is trying to swindle him.

He makes one friend—a girl whom he rescues from starvation and whom he falls heavily in love with, without knowing that she is a "sister"—sent by her newspaper to get a story out of him.

Deeds is expected to indulge in reckless extravagance but he has other ideas. He conceives a gigantic scheme to put farmers on the land—but the farmers threatened in trying to get his money have him arrested as mentally incapable of handling it.

Following this is a court room scene in which the litigants are supplied with a surprise which would be spoiled if you knew of it beforehand.

It is sufficient to say it is one of the best things of its kind produced during the year. Gary Cooper has done nothing better since his fine study in One Sunday Afternoon. As this simple countryman he presents an eminently likeable and true to life character. Jean Arthur, who is going from strength to strength these days, is admirable as the "sister." Other performances which go to make this such a notable picture are given by George Bancroft as the editor, Lionel Stander as a reporter and H. B. Warner as the judge.

**IT'S LOVE AGAIN**


Directed by Victor Saville from an original scenario. Sets and costumes by Cedric Gibbons. Released September 12, 1935.

Jesse Matthews at her best and when she is at her best you could not want a more attractive artiste. Victor Saville has developed his slight plot with smoothness and plenty of action, introducing the extremely tuneful song numbers in a clever and unforced manner.

The humour too, is a cut above the usual level, and is given its full value by Sonnie Hale who contributes an excellent performance.

The story, such as it is, tells of an ambitious young actress who tries in vain to get a "shop" in musical comedy. She meets Peter Carlton, a young man-about-town whose bosom pal, Freddie Rathbone, supplies him with "copy" for the social gossip feature he writes for The Record, and the two fall in love. Peter and Freddie conceive the not very original idea of inventing a mythical Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, a glamorous young woman who is a famous big game hunter and explorer, in order to bolster up their column with exclusive stories of her exploits.

Elsie, not realising that the lady does not exist poses as her to gain publicity and creates such a sensation that she is offered the lead in a West End review. Her opening night is spoiled by a newspaper woman who intends to expose her unless she gives all future stories to his own paper exclusively, and the show ends abnormally early.

However, all works out well in the end with Peter and Elsie facing imminent matrimony and a cloudless future.

Robert Young is well cast and gives a bright and spirited rendering of Peter. He is likeable and teams well with Jessie Matthews who high spirits are irresistible.

A supporting cast adds to the general high level of a picture which is a credit to British studios.

***THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR***


Paul Muni adds considerably to his reputation by his rendering of the great French scientist who had to struggle hard to gain recognition for his new—and at that time—revolutionary ideas.

It is a fine performance which brings the character vividly before you and enlists your sympathies on his behalf in his tribulations and success.

The story opens with Pasteur, the chemist and bacteriologist, at war with the medical profession in France. He has published a pamphlet urging all doctors to wash their hands and sterilise their implements before attending patients. Pasteur talks of germs and bacteria, much to the amusement and disgust of French doctors. Finally he is driven out of Paris.

Years pass. The Franco-Prussian war is over and France finds itself independence to recover the territory lost in the battle and the sheep are dying from anthrax. Only in the district of Armon is there an outbreak of the disease, investigation is made. It is found that Pasteur is inoculating sheep against the disease and pictures his story as a charlatan. A test is agreed upon. Twenty-five sheep are inoculated and placed with the other fifteen not so treated. They are all exposed to anthrax. The Pasteur sheep live, the other sheep die. The Pasteur sheep are cured. And Dr. Lister, the famous Englishman, comes over to France to congratulate him.

His scientist's next fight is against hydrophobia. Day and night he and his assistants work to isolate the rabies virus and, free it from dramatic incidents. Pasteur's labours are crowned with triumph.

Few people realise how the idea of prophylaxis against socalled "mad dogs" came into the American front in the period but such is the power of Muni's individual magnetism that the classes in the audience are actually moved to tears.

As his wife Josephine Hutchinson displays understanding and a devotion which is wholly sympathetic. A somewhat conventional love interest is introduced through Anita Louise and Donald Woods who handle it gracefully.

A really vigorous and memorable performance as Charbonnet a sceptical doctor. William Dieterle's direction is intelligent and perfectly clear. It does err a little on the side of slowness but the subject demands a certain amount of treatment it has been accorded.

***SMALL TOWN GIRL***


JANET GAYNOR

ROBERT TAYLOR

LEWIS STONE

ANDY DEVINE

JAMES STEWART

ISABEL JEWELL

WILSE FUNG

The story is well written and presented and what it conveys in it has a natural ring that many pictures lack, which is a great deal. It deals with a girl who has a small-town country and finds that he made a mistake.

The story of the picture really is in love later and the inevitable society fiancée "who had the affair" and "marriage for herself" is disappointed.

Janet Gaynor, who still looks remarkably young and unexploited, does not describe the sympathy of the country girl who married a man when he was drunk with a sense of human feeling and conviction.

My chief criticism is the fact that she is given an accent which grates like a tripe on the ear.

Robert Taylor as the playboy, who in his more serious moments is a doctor, gives a wonderful performance and develops the character in an interesting and logical manner.

Although Binnie Barnes is also extremely good.

Other sound characterisations are given by Andy Devine as the doctor, Lewis Stone and Nella Walker as his parents. James Stewart is extremely good as the country boy.

The plot comes to a satisfactory ending which is dramatically unison, but otherwise it is well developed and replete with detail.

***WHOM THE GODS LOVE***


Directed by Basil Dean from a story specially written for the screen by Margaret Kennedy.

It is the music and the artistic staging of this picture which commands respect, otherwise the whole thing is very slight and lacking in a dramatic impact.

(Continued on page 30)
EVENING OF ECSTASY

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the sway of perfect bodies in
perfect rhythm— you abandon
yourself to the glamour of it all.

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PERFUME AND POWDER

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it regularly now and I am pleased to say she is more
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Stephen Haggard gives sympathy to the role of Mozart, harassed by reverses. As Lopowitz John Loder is quite sound and Liane Haid is piquant as Constanze's sister Aloysia. There is a certain charm about the development but the highlights are the excerpts from The Marriage of Figaro and The Magic Flute. Both they and the choral sequences, beautifully handled, are rendered by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Important scenes were actually shot in Salzburg and Vienna, and the background throughout is convincing and pictorially attractive.

**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**

**HIGHLAND FLING**
Fox, British. "U" certificate. Comedy western. 7 reels.

**THE COWBOY AND THE KID**

**TILL WE MEET AGAIN**

**PAY BOX ADVENTURE**

**ONE GOOD TURN**

The story deals with Alan Barlow, an English matinee idol, and Elsa Daranyi, an Austrian actress who are in love, but just as they prepare to marry, war breaks out and parts them. A sense of duty compels Elsa to return to espionage work, while for the same reason Alan becomes attached to the British Intelligence Service. Eventually, Alan, posing as a shell-shocked German soldier, is established in a German munitions factory, and when the secret information he retains shakes up the enemy, Elsa, by a strange coincidence, becomes the counter-spy.

It develops that Alan Barlow, an English matinee idol, and Elsa Daranyi, an Austrian actress who are in love, but just as they prepare to marry, war breaks out and parts them. A sense of duty compels Elsa to return to espionage work, while for the same reason Alan becomes attached to the British Intelligence Service. Eventually, Alan, posing as a shell-shocked German soldier, is established in a German munitions factory, and when the secret information he retains shakes up the enemy, Elsa, by a strange coincidence, becomes the counter-spy.

Herbert Marshall's performance is quite convincing, and he is especially good when he pretends, in the course of his duties to be a shell-shocked German soldier.

Gertrude Michael puts some feeling into the role of the heroine and Jack Arbuthnot is suitably starchy and pugnacious as a German officer.

The London atmosphere is not too good and there is a mixture of success and failure. Still, it is not help but war scenes are put over excellently.

**POSTER**

October 10 1936

A very crude production deficient in story values and characterization is the vehicle for the adventures of a small kinema proprietor. The artists have little chance with the material with which they are provided.

Directed by W. P. Kelino.
Phuíl-Nañá

by

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The quickest and surest way to beautify blemished skin is to use Cuticura Soap with Cuticura brand Ointment. It ends skin troubles by restoring the skin to natural health. Thousands of women are discovering this. Place your skin in the care of Cuticura and have a beautifully clear complexion, radiant with health. To keep fresh and fragrant, use Cuticura Talcum after the bath.

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ALLURING BEAUTY


FOR GREY HAIR SHADEINE

In ase, easy and simple to use, one bottle will give you lasting lustre; permanent and washable; 40 years' experience; added in all natural herbs, twice colour, see Medical Certificate enclosed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS
What Do You Think?  

Letters from our Readers

FIND THOSE YOUNG MEN

The Universities May be Harbouring Heroes

In a recent issue of the Picturegoer I read one of the many complaints about the scarcity of young men in British films. In the same issue was a remark about Robert Taylor being "discovered" in a college production of Journey's End. Now America isn't the only country whose colleges indulge in amateur dramatics, and if the British film studios sent a few talent scouts round the universities of this country, I am sure they would be amply rewarded. I know of at least one college whose dramatic society has in its ranks a pair of comedians who would be built up into a team to rank with Laurel and Hardy, Wheeler and Woolsey, and the rest of them if they had the good fortune to come under the eagle eye of the man who found Robert Taylor.

-Geoff. W. Cutts (University College, Nottingham) 3, Chesterfield Road, Clay Cross.

Consulting the Audience

A letter in last week's Picturegoer regarding the Empire Cinema, Barnsley. It is with regret therefore, that I have to state that Lincoln is much "below par" so far as pictures are concerned. Three out of the five cinemas show second-rate films which have been generally released for weeks, such as Cock o' the North, Condemned to Live, What's Your Racion? etc.

The supporting programme, too, is inferior and, after the performance, one leaves the cinema wondering how the management dare put on such a poor programme in the chief city of a county.

This has been going on now for months and months and when a really good film does come, it is after it has been released for two or three months when nearly every other city has seen it. Is there any other town in such a bad way as this?—John E. Quiney, 18 Hereward Street, Lincoln.

Give Them a "Vacation"

I suppose we should be very pleased to hear we have so many film stars arriving in England, to play in British pictures, but really, now we see that British pictures are taking the lead, would we not sooner see British stars play the part, and leave the American out for a while; let the Americans come and see our lovely country and our wonderful police.—(Miss) D. Knott, 57 Montrose Road, Bow, E.3.

Cut Rates

I noticed in the Picturegoer a reader asking for free passes for regular patrons. The letter was headed "Some Hopes," I believe. Well, it might be interesting to know that there is a kinema near here that does something similar. Patrons ask for a card at the box office, this is stamped each time the patron enters. For 12 6d. stamps a patron is admitted to the 6d. seats twice in one week for half price, 12 stamps at 9d. twice to 9d. seats at half price and so on. At one time we were admitted on this system by paying only the duty of entertainment tax. There are, however, no reduced matinee prices at this hall as at others in the district. Free passes for two persons attending one night only per week are given to the staff, bill distributors and exhibitors.—"Interested Reader," 201 Derby Road, Bramcote, Near Nottingham.

As Anna Was

Lionel Collier mentioned in his review of The Great Ziegfeld that he did not know what the real Anna Held looked like; the accompanying photo, cut from an old album, may interest him and also the readers of Picturegoer.—"Regular Reader," who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Mlle. Anna Held in 1916.

Poor Fare

...I was very interested to read Mr. W. Whitaker's letter in last week's Picturegoer regarding the Empire Cinema, Burnley. It is with regret therefore, that I have to state that Lincoln is much "below par" so far as pictures are concerned. Three out of the five cinemas show second-rate films which have been generally released for weeks, such as Cock o' the North, Condemned to Live, What's Your Racion? etc.

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Give Them a "Vacation"

I suppose we should be very pleased to hear we have so many film stars arriving in England, to play in British pictures, but really,

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Now, what do you think? Send your answers to our Readers' page. We are always interested in what you have to say.
WHY WOMEN SAY
the new CUTEK
is lovelier

Cutex has a new polish formula that's an amazing improvement! It resists evaporation and won't thicken in the bottle in ordinary use. It flows so smoothly that it's easier to apply than ever before and it comes in fifteen smart shades. For best results, always use Cutex Oily Polish Remover—helps to keep your cuticle soft and your polish at its best. Ask for Cutex preparations at your favourite shop. Made in Great Britain.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES—Mail the coupon with 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH

HOW TO MAKE YOUR
“PERM” LAST LONGER

WHEN your permanent wave falls out sooner than it should, it is a sure sign that your hair is not perfectly healthy. Too-frequent waving impoverishes the hair still further, rendering it unresponsive and lustreless, and in spite of your hairdresser’s best efforts, the wave is not only disappointing but also far from permanent.

To ensure a wave that is tantalisingly beautiful and really lasting, attend to the health of your hair. Eliminate the infection of dandruff, and nourish the hair-roots, by brushing into the scalp every day a sprinkling of ‘Lavona’ Hair Tonic. This remarkable preparation kills dandruff, infection, stimulates the hair-roots, and so rejuvenates the hair that it becomes healthy, lustrous and tractable, fully able to take and keep a really beautiful wave.

Get a 2/3 bottle of ‘Lavona’ Hair Tonic from your chemist to-day, and know the thrill of a wave which is not only beautiful but also lasting. A bottle of ‘Lavona’ will double the life of your ‘perm’.

Euthymol
TOOTH/PASTE
Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

Send to Dept. 115, Euthymol, 166 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1. for a free 7-day sample.

MORNING MOUTH
Nature’s Warning: You’re not Well!

The cause of a foul-tasting mouth first thing in the morning is in your stomach. “Morning mouth” is the sign that your system contains decayed food, in a state that is poisoning your whole body. The cause is in your stomach. During the morning the stomach is empty. A meal is necessary. The results of improper digestion and constipation, however, may be thrown off into the body. Feen-a-mint relieves the stomach because it cleanses your system thoroughly, quickly and naturally, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, “sweet” breath and vitality.

Feen-a-mint toothpaste and such health as you never knew before will be yours. Feen-a-mint’s fresh mint flavour makes it a favourite with the whole family. At 1/3d. in a box packet to chemists and druggists everywhere.
Gary Cooper

BORN in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901, he stands 6 ft. 2 ins. in height, has dark brown hair and blue eyes and weighs twelve and a half stone. Educated at Dunblane Grammar School in England and at Helena and later at Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, he tried his hand at several jobs before getting work as an extra player for one year. At the end of that time, he got a part with Hans Tischler in a two-reeler in which his first leading lady was Eileen Sedgwick.

After playing the lead in The Wishing of Barbara Worth for United Artists, he worked for Paramount in It, Children of Divorce, Wings, Arizona Bound, Nevada, His Woman, Fighting Caravans, City Streets, I Take This Woman, and Devil and the Deep.

His later films include A Farewell to Arms, To-day We Live, The Eagle and the Hawk, If I Had A Million, One Sunday Afternoon, Design for Living, Alice in Wonderland, Spy 13, Now and Forever, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The Wedding Night, Peter Ibbetson and The General Died at Dawn.

He is married to Veronica Balfe, who was formerly well-known on the screen as Sandra Shaw, and he is an expert horseman, fisherman and shot.

Ricardo Cortez

His real name is Jack Krantz, and his film name is pronounced Kortez. Born in Vienna on September 19, 1899, he was educated in New York, has black hair, brown eyes and weighs about twelve and a half stone.

His first film job was at studios near New York where he was given work as an extra. His first picture, Sixty Cents an Hour, was made in 1917, and since then he has appeared in a great number of pictures, including Children of Jazz, In the Name of Love, The Spaniard, Not So Long Ago, The Pony Express, The Private Life of Helen of Troy, A Grain of Dust, By Whose Hand, Sorrows of Satan, Phantom in the House, The Younger Generation, Excess Baggage, New Orleans, or Ambrose, or Roy Fox, that we require. They aren't good enough actors. They are generally poor comedians. Let them be heard and not seen.—J. D. Bishop, 17 Dyhrum Close, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

Reviving Old Favourites

I was very interested in two letters on your page recently, one about the stars and one about pictures of bygone days. Would they like to see them again? I would.

I should like to see some of the old story films.

In the first days of the cinema, the programme consisted of eight or nine pictures, some very good ones, too. I should like to know who the players were in these, and to see a few later old ones, Alma Taylor in Comin' Thru the Rye, etc. No doubt other veterans would too.—[Miss] G. M. Higgins, 6/10 Boundary Road, Walthamstow.
There is HIDDEN TREASURE for your hair

Within a packet of AVA the glamour of a new loveliness awaits you. Try it. You will never want to use any other kind of shampoo. And there’s a very real reason why. AVA is the original soapless shampoo. Its rich creamy lather gives a new sense of cleansing to the hair, without any after-stickiness—requiring no special rinses. So simple to use, you see, and so successful—that’s the lovely thing about AVA.

AVA SOAPSLESS SHAMPOO

From your Chemist, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or your Hairdressers. Also TRY AVA SETTING LOTION contains no gum. 1/- per bottle.

AVA LTD., 9 PARK HILL, LONDON, S.W.1.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

— with this daring, stunning, captivating South Sea enchantment!

The rapturous red of the wild Hibiscus flower—exotic, impudently coaxing—that’s the new Tattoo shade “Hawaiian”. Clearly transparent. Actually indelible. And won’t turn purplish on the lips! Vivid it is—yet this daring, dashing, daring colour makes lips look soft, sincere, feminine, appealing. Try TATTOO “HAWAIIAN”—or one of the other glamorous Tattoo shades! You’ll find Tattoo stays on through cocktails and kisses. Put it on... let it set... wipe it off... only the colour stays. Lips soft and young. Say goodbye to greasy, coated “wet-paint” lips... say goodbye to dryness, puckering... tattoo your lips!

“HAWAIIAN” is the newest, reddest red yet. Brilliant, impudently daring, this new shade has been dreamed of since lipstick was first made. Positively will not turn purplish.

“CORAL” has an exciting orange-pink tint. Rather light. Refreshing on blonder and tissane blondes.

“EXOTIC” is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. But it will find you very effective. It is our choice of them all.

“NATURAL” is a medium shade. It is a true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any Brunette.

“PASTEL” is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

TATTOO

At this Tattoo Colour Selection on the better cosmetic counters everywhere, you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo shades.

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL SIZE


For 6d., enclosed (stamp or P.O.), please send me genuine Trial Size Tattoo in beautiful metal case.

(Mark cross in colour desired). CORAL  EXOTIC  NATURAL  PASTEL  HAWAIIAN

Name: ____________

Address: ____________

(Registration is required to cover charge with 1d., postage.)

INSTANT RELIEF FOR ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A Remedy which Swiftly Ends Attacks

This famous old remedy has brought real comfort and freedom from attacks to thousands of sufferers who are now able to enjoy life thoroughly. The number of letters which we received testify to the fact that Potter’s frequently succeeds when everything else has failed. Easy to use—just inhale the vapours. Entirely free from opiates. Potter’s gives immediate relief and instantly makes breathing regular and easy. Sleepless nights become a thing of the past, your daily duties become easier and more pleasant. Never be without a tin of Potter’s Asthma Cure. Use it directly you feel an attack coming on.

Obtainable at Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, Price 1s. 6d., or direct from the makers Is. 9d. post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet. “Are You Asthmatic? post free.

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 622 ARTILLERY LANE, E.I.

YOU MUST GET THE 7/6 BEAUTY OUTFIT

For 3'/6 See page 32.
Neither blonde nor brunette

WHAT SHADE OF POWDER FOR HER?

Do you find that sometimes your skin simply won't look nice—no matter how carefully you use your favourite face powder? And has it ever occurred to you that the powder you choose so carefully may be the cause?

Incredible as it sounds, thousands of women, all unknowingly are making a mistake in their powder shades. It isn't their fault! Until recently face powder was made without a scientific knowledge of the skin tones.

New powder shades make skin go wrongs.

But Pond's, when they developed their 5 new powder shades, paid special attention to the skin.

In fact, they analysed the skin of over 200 girls under a colourscope to discover what hidden tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone. Now, these tints are actually blended in Pond's Powder.

You will be amazed at the beauty these new powder shades give your skin.

There is only one way to find the powder shade most becoming to you. Try all five of Pond's powder shades at our expense—post the coupon below. Natural makes blonde skin transparent. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to fair skin. Rachel 2 adds a creamy tone. Peach warms dull skin. Dark Brunette gives a summery beauty.

FREE—Pond's Powder: Write your name and address in the margin, pin on a self-stick stamp and post in sealed envelope to Dept. PIP-5. Pond's, Paddockfield, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLE of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Susset), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

LADY URSULA STEWART

RED TINTS in her hair. A smooth pale skin. "I'm not titian," said a Lady Ursula. "Yet I'm not true brunette. I thought I had found a satisfactory shade. But later I discovered Pond's Rachel 1, what joy! It was exactly right for my 'in-between' colouring. And it seems to add a tone to my complexion."

FOR YOU, what shade of powder?

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all future writers of letters. 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.


SADER (Ditchfield)—Addresses: Claudette Colbert, c/o Twenty-First Century; Myrna Loy, Mary Carlisle, Elisabeth Allan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Patricia Ellis, c/o Warner Bros.; Dickie Moore, c/o Paramount; Carole Lombard, c/o Columbia; Bucks Jones, c/o Universal.

HARRISON ADAMS (Surrey)—(1) Write to the Secretary of the John Mills Fan Club, 39 East 39th Street, New York City, U.S.A., for details of a club for this star. (2) Miss Harlow, b. Mar. 3, 1911, 5 ft. 2 in., married C. McPherson (mar. dis.), 1939. (3) Paul Bern (mar. dec.). (4) Hal Rossen (mar. dis.).

CREM. M.A.D.—(1) Music Give Us This Night—"Sorrento"—Fisher's Song." (2) "If Trouvare, Softly Through the Heart of Night," "The Processional," "Sweet Memory of Lily," "My Love and I," "Morning Song." (3) "I Mean to Say I Love You," "Music in the Night!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN (Acton)—Write to Leonard Williams, Welsh branch of International Club, Lyndon, Wyndham Crescent, Bridgend, Glam., for details of a Shirley Temple Fan Club.


INTERESTED (Barrow)—Conway Tearle took the part of Edwin Strange in Prettie Murder Mystery. (2) Dark Journey has been specially written for the screen by Lazenby Brown and the book is not published.

VINCENT (Liverpool)—(1) Warwick Ward took the simple-minded role of the London gangster in Vandalise and Lily du Pitt played the heroine. With the help of the wife, Warwick Ward's was Stamboul.

ZAPP (Midleton)—I'm a Reel, c/o Radio. Robert Young and Robert Montgomery, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Yes, they retain photographs of their stars and of Rosalind Russell from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. dozen.

J. L. D. P. (Hove)—(1) Arthur Tracy, b. June 25, 1903, Philadelphia, Pa. 5 ft. 11 in., 172 lb., chestnut hair and blue eyes; unmarried; hobbies: riding, rowing and driving.

AMAZING FACTS about the colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 200 girls were complication-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of brownish blue; that lovely brunette skin contains golden green! With this knowledge, Pond's blended in their new powder shades the exact notes of lovely skin.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE BILLY MILTON CLUB held a large party at Alan's American Cafe on Sept. 12, Mrs. Billy Milton and her brother Mr. Miss Zetta Morena, "double" and stand-in for Miss Grace Moore, fields gave an interesting oriental dance, accompanied by Miss Frances Tudor. Mr. Billy Milton and song and played a number of songs; Mr. Billy Noble, the composer, played for a number of the dancers. Miss Hermione Gingold and Mr. John Toots played the cornets from the Saville Theatre, at which they had been appearing in Peep Show. They also played in time to "Hello" and "Goodbye." to members. Although the event was not made known to others than members, the party was a huge success and an unexpected profit was made which went to the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, which is one of the Club's branches.

**NEW SHAMPOO REVEALS GLEAMING HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR**

Your hair is lovely. But—you will never realise how lovely... how lustreous, until you shampoo your hair with Drene, the new liquid soapless shampoo. For all hair that has been washed with old-fashioned shampoos is dulled by a coating of time-film. Drene gets rid of this dullness—makes hair cleaner than ever before—sparkling with fascinating high lights, both soft and silky.

**DRENE CLEANS YOUR HAIR WITH A THOROUGHNESS HITHERTO UNKNOWN**

For a course of these pills has been left on your hair, because ordinary lather combines with the minerals in water and forms a sticky unsalvable scum such as is left on the bath. Drene cannot form this scum—it removes it. Every trace of this old dulling scum of dirt, excess oil and loose dandruff is washed out by one quick lathering.

**DRENE GIVES FIVE TIMES MORE LAZER THAN SOAP**

A few drops of Drene sprinkled directly from the bottle on to your wet hair rub instantly into a glorious billowy lather—even in the hardest water. The writer your hair the more lather you get! No before-mixing, no mess. One quick lathering washes the hair cleaner than you've ever washed it before. Clear water rinsing is all that is necessary. No special after-rinses! Drene leaves your hair completely clean, sparkling with new life, and revealed in all its glorious beauty.

**MEN LIKE DRENE — AND IT'S IDEAL FOR CHILDREN TOO!**

There's a rare tingling, invigorating freshness about Drene that men like. Also it's so quick to use—mild and harmless as rainwater—that it is the ideal shampoo for children. Drene in fact is the one perfect shampoo for all the family.

**BUY DRENE AT ALL CHEMISTS INCLUDING BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, TAYLORS AND DEPARTMENT STORES**

6d. size gives two shampoos. 1/6 family size gives eight. See the new, soapless shampoo.

**TRY DRENE THIS WEEK-END AND LOVELY YOUR HAIR REALLY IS**

---

**Dizziness and Faintness**

Too frightened to go out

"For two years I suffered from distressing attacks of dizziness and faintness, and was too frightened to go out," states Mrs. H. Murphy, of 29 Liddell Road, West Derby, Liverpool. "I was in a very weak state being almost bloodless, and grew very thin. I felt miserable and depressed."

"I despaired of ever getting better, when one day my husband brought home a box of Dr. Williams pink pills, and insisted on my trying them. There was soon a marked improvement in my health. I began to eat better and felt brighter. The fainting bouts grew less frequent, and my nerves were steadier. I continued with the pills and soon regained all my lost weight. Now I am as well as ever I have been in my life—it seems too wonderful to be true."

There is a scientific reason behind the remarkable results that follow the use of Dr. Williams brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood, which gives life and energy to every part of the system. Take a course of these pills now—1s. 6d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

**FREE.—Every woman and girl should read the helpful booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.G. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.
BREAD FOR ENERGY

"Bread is an energy food, not a fattening food. A greater consumption of bread means increased energy and activity, more drive and vitality and a general improvement in physical fitness and health...."

"Bread substitutes are unnecessary and expensive...."

"There is no better food investment than bread...."

So says the Principal of the LONDON COLLEGE OF DIETETICS in his new book "WHAT TO EAT AND WHY"

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD

G.P.H. 214
Shampoo

... ensures your hair's health for years to come.

"Keeps the Hair Young."

Eat Evan Williams Shampoo

Beauty for To-day...
or Always!

YOU wouldn't apply your powder with a dirty puff, yet you may be taking far more serious risks by using a powder which is not pure. Buty-Tone Face Powder, which is made from the purest possible ingredients, means beauty; not just for to-day, but during the years to come!

Try it for yourself, and you will be the first to say that you have never used a softer, more clinging face powder. But make quite sure that you are using the shade which accentuates your personality. It may be Rachel No. 2, Peach, or even Lido. A card to us will settle the point. It will bring samples of the most popular Buty-Tone shades by return of post. Post your card to-day to:—

Beauty Proprietaries, Ltd.,
Eagle House, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W.1.

Even the colouring matter used in Buty-Tone Face Powder is edible, as used in the choicest foodstuffs. Extravagant? Perhaps, but just another Buty-Tone safeguard! Price £1-

from all the better Hairdressers, Chemists
and Stores.

Buty-Tone

Clark Gable's message to YOU

"I BELIEVE A LOVELY COMPLEXION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PERFECT FEATURES."

Your skin can be Flawless with the help of ICILMA Vanishing Cream

Only a few tiny blemishes—and half the charm of a good complexion has gone. Keep your skin completely lovely—use Icilma every day. Icilma is the non-greasy Vanishing Cream—so light and soft that it can't cause so much as one enlarged pore; so filmy-smooth that it holds the powder evenly and safely on the surface. No blackheads, no skin flaws of any kind when you use Icilma. Just a petal-smooth skin with the clear, healthy loveliness everyone admires. A tube of Icilma Vanishing Cream costs 6d; the jars are 9d and 1/3

Icilma VANISHING CREAM

TAP-DANCING LEARNT AT HOME

Tap-a-tap your way to popularity as an expert tap-dancer. YOU can soon become an expert—without drudgery or inconvenience. The St. James School's Method guarantees success. Without music or partner you can acquire the art in your own home within a few days. It makes you socially sought-after—gives you new slimmness and health. Learn to tap-dance now.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

The St. James School's method is clearly and fully explained in a free book for which you should send to-day. It opens the door to popularity, health, exercise and fun. Send for your copy at once.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To the St. James School of Dancing,
61, Greycoat Galleries,
Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1

Please send me by return your free book, "TAP-DANCING MADE EASY." This request places no under no obligation whatever. I enclose 3d. in stamps towards postage and handling.

Name

Address
ONE LEADING STAR... Jessie Matthews
THREE LEADING STYLES... by Dolcis

America and England alike are paying increasing homage to England's clever and beautiful Jessie Matthews.

Also important news to fashion lovers, is the success in America and England of these three new types. You will see them at your own Dolcis store. Plateau, Square-Toe, and Round-Toe are the styles. And for foot flattery, sheer comfort and chic design you won't find their equals.

These delightful shoes, priced at 10/9, 12/9, 14/9 and 16/9 are stocked in any shade to suit your individual style and taste—Burgundy Browns, Watercress Green, Blue, and, of course, the favoured Matt Kid and Black Suede.

Send for the Dolcis Newsreel of Shoe Fashions

If you cannot shop personally, write for our new Autumn Catalogue Free and Post Free to:

The DOLCIS SHOE Co., Dolcis House, Gr. Dover Street, London, S.E.1.
How Did she Do it in the Time?

FINISHED WORK AT 6 — ADORABLE AT 7

Nobody would think that only an hour ago Joan left the office looking dreadfully worn out. Just look at her now. Between 6 and 7 she has performed the nearest thing to a miracle. It wasn’t just that she was ready for Dick when he called for her at seven... it was more — much more than just that. Without seeming to hurry she literally transformed herself from one of the world’s workers to a... well, what did her mirror say?

"You’ll do, my dear. Hair just right. Complexion perfect, hands really marvellous. Looks as if you’ve had all day to get ready. Not tired now, no office cobwebs, no dark eyes. The gown’s admirable, suits you. You look groomed... you know what I mean."

That’s what Joan’s mirror said. And Dick? “You look marvellous,” he breathed, when they were in the taxi. “How on earth did you do it in the time?” “Magic,” laughed Joan.

You will want to know what the “magic” was — and you can! But first you will be interested in the problems of two more of the “world’s workers.” I overheard them in a crowded bus.

Blame the SUMMER

One of these girls whose name, apparently, was Kay, declared that the bad summer was going to take toll of health as well as of good looks this winter. Her companion, Sally, retorted that what was needed was sunshine in winter-time and that “something ought to be done about it.”

There are CHEEKS and CHEEKS

From the question of sunshine they got to discussing faces — their own and other people’s — and Kay remarked that if only girls who have thin cheeks or fat cheeks or sagging cheeks knew exactly what to do about it they would be far happier.

Back to BEAUTY

Kay suddenly switched on to another subject in which apparently they were both interested; the welfare of a friend who had been ill. I gathered that this friend was convalescing and had written a letter to Kay bemoaning the fact that getting back her beauty after an illness was not so easy.

A “WEIGHTY” Subject

Talking about the friend’s illness and beauty culture, Kay discussed some of her own problems. From her remarks I assumed that she was endeavouring to reduce her weight but was nervous because there are so many things one should not do. She also feared the winter because it is the enemy of beauty and she always suffers from bad circulation and chillblains. She also intimated, among many other things, that she would like to know why some beauty treatments fail, and declared that she must be applying hers wrongly.

WHAT £10 will buy

To all this, Kay’s companion listened attentively and sympathetically. Then she confided two of her own pet problems. These were (a) "How on earth to renovate my old frocks for the new season" and (b) She would go to the post office at once and draw out ten pounds if she knew where she could buy a complete new wardrobe of morning, afternoon and evening wear for that sum.

I got off the bus at that stage... but if any of these problems of Kay’s and her friend are yours, too, if you are interested in the things they discussed, if you would like to know the secrets of Joan’s “Magic” one-hour transformation... Here it all is! All in the wonderful November issue of “WOMAN’S FAIR” out next Tuesday, October 20. It’s a Winter Beauty Number that’s simply sparkling with original ideas and practical things to do to solve all your problems. Yes, you really can obtain a complete wardrobe for £10, and renovate frocks for the season, and bring back beauty after illness and... well, everything that’s been talked about on this page! And there’s much more besides in this remarkable issue of “WOMAN’S FAIR” — news of smartest gloves, fascinating short stories, beauty hints, etc., etc.

The demand for this enthralling issue of “Woman’s Fair” will be tremendous. Make certain of your copy before the Edition is sold out. You’ll never forgive yourself if you miss it.

EIGHTY-EIGHT GLORIOUS PAGES—hundreds of invaluable secrets—for only SIXPENCE. Go to your newsagent or nearest bookstall and order your copy at once.
Every Week more and more women give up ordinary shampoos and take to SHAMPETTE

IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL FOR HARD WATER!

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PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd
Artistic temperament is (as the saying goes) rearing its ugly head again. In view of the extent of the present foreign invasion it is almost inevitable that there will be an outbreak here sooner or later.

Already one or two expensive executive headaches have been occasioned in Wardour Street by imported stellar tantrums. It is quite like old times, too, to hear of Pola Negri's martial exit from the Ufa lot in Berlin, while in Hollywood Simone Simon carries on the tradition of Continental "volatility" and the fierce feud between Mac West and Alice Brady (over a question of eye-lashes) culminates an unprecedented season of riots, protests, and resignations.

Perfume Performance

Mlle Simon is the young lady who, according to report, demanded among other things that she must have a change of perfume with every change of scene because perfume gave her her mood.

The studio did not mind that so much. It did mind, however, when after it had spent thousands of dollars advertising her in America as one of the best-dressed women in Europe she turned up at her Hollywood reception party hatless and in a pair of old slacks.

After that she was scheduled to appear in, and started work on, A Message to Garcia and, subsequently, Under Two Flags. What happened is a matter of conjecture, but when the former finally reached the screen Barbara Stanwyck was in the leading feminine role, while I could swear it was Claudette Colbert who eventually appeared as "Cigarette" in the latter.

Battle of the Century?

Hollywood at the moment is extending its sympathy to Edward Griffith, who drew the assignment to direct Ladies in Love, which, with Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young in the cast, in addition to the far from simple Simon, is charged with explosive material. Miss Bennett has a reputation for liking her own way and getting it and so has Janet Gaynor. The ethereal Loretta has seldom been unable to hold her own in studio differences of opinion, although easily moved to tears.

The production has already had its tense moments—notably when through a misunderstanding the set was barred to Miss Gaynor's adored mother, and again when Miss Young did not like one of her costumes.

The girls for the most part, however, just mind their own business. Between scenes Connie dictates letters to her secretary, Janet knits, Loretta attends to her wardrobe and Simone Simon just watches.

She Didn't Even Say Goodbye . . .

Yes, directors are having their troubles just now. In one case the other day the man at the megaphone administered a dressing down to a foreign star (who shall be nameless) in front of the entire cast. The lady, who had been "throwing temperaments" throughout the production arrived at the studio next morning with her lawyer.

The director immediately proceeded to remember some of the things he had forgotten to tell her the night before, but an armistice was eventually arranged and the star assigned to a new picture under his direction.

Things proceeded smoothly until the star for some reason or other took a dislike to the actress in the second lead and was let out of the part hurriedly on the grounds of illness.

When last seen she was playing a robust, if not particularly skilful, game of tennis.

England, as I have mentioned, has so far been more fortunate in her film imports. There is one matter, however, to which the attention of our distinguished visitors might be drawn.

In a Hollywood magazine this week I ran across a cheaply sensational account of an alleged visit to Buckingham Palace by Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney and the latter's recently divorced husband, a Mr. Bennett Cerf.

We have forgiven earlier American stars their "Me and My Buddy the Prince of Wales' ballyhoo stories. We take it for granted, however, that our present guests know better, and will make it their business to see that this type of publicity does not go out.

Threat to Glamour Dynasty

The repercussions of Irving Thalberg's tragic death are still being felt in the film world and will be for some time to come.

(Continued on page 6)
To Perform in England

When the star does make her stage debut, it will, I learn, be in England.

"I want stage experience and realise that stage and screen technique differ widely," Miss Crawford says. "My first thought was to play for a season of all American stock companies with Franchot, and then perhaps, do a show with him in New York.

"Leslie Howard interested me in going to England for a season. He pointed out that small companies are to be found throughout England, and that the audiences are not so exacting.

"I realise that I have a great deal to learn, and I don’t want to be just another star going on the stage. I will probably make a great many mistakes in learning and am not likely to make them as privately as possible."

Her husband, Franchot Tone, who will accompany the star here, has an offer to play in London.

Myrna Loy Canard

Of the other rival glamour queens at the studio, Jean Harlow has settled down to a firm but stationary life, while Myrna Loy has not yet fulfilled the promise she showed a year or so ago of becoming a really big star.

Myrna, who has not had the best of luck lately in the matter of screen material, has, incidentally, been the victim of a most unfortunate misunderstanding.

For some time there has been a rumour in circulation that Miss Loy, who made her screen reputation in half-caste roles was, in fact, only half Anglo-Saxon. It is a til more damaging in the States than it would be here. How anyone who has met the actress could give credence to such a story it is impossible to say.

The canard has finally been traced to its source and the facts reveal an amazing coincidence. A Myrna Loy, daughter of an American father and a Mexican mother, was born in Mexico in 1906. In Helena, Montana, in the same year a Myrna Williams first saw the light of day. Miss Williams subsequently became a film actress. An executive changed her name to Loy!

Garbo’s New Make-Up

Greta Garbo is, I hear, using in Camille a new make-up that is expected to revivise that behind-the-scenes art.

It has been invented by William Daniels, her cameraman, and has won the blessing of Jack Dawn, the M-G-M. make-up chief, who tells me that it eliminates the old grease-paint idea entirely.

The preparation is applied with a sponge.

Presumptions

The Earl of Warwick is qualifying for Hollywood stardom rapidly and on well approved lines. The boat had hardly docked in America before the noble lord was busy denying divorce rumours.

It is hoped, however, that accredited members of the Film Stars’ Union will not regard the protestations of the Peerage’s gift to pictures as presumptuous.

According to well-established tradition, at least one screen success should precede such announcements.

Dietrich Goes Gay

Even if, by some mishap, Marlene Dietrich’s British picture fails to set the Thames on fire, the visit of the Fascinating Fraulein has at least helped to brighten up the West End scene.

Escorted variously by Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Noel Coward, the star has become one of our most inverteate and most spectacular first-nighters and a gay and regular frequenter of the more fashionable resorts of nocturnal revelry.

Marlene arrived here as the first real Hollywood screen queen ever hired by English films and her portrayal of the regal role has undoubtedly been one of her best performances to date.

The truth is, I think, that the actress is happier here than she has been for some time. For a large part of her American career, particularly during the long Von Sternberg regime, she was, next to Garbo, the screen world’s leading hermit.

Dietrich, however, can speak very well for herself—and she does in the revealing exclusive interview on page 10 of this issue.

Screening the “Queen Mary”

Hollywood, which has made the outlines of the Normandie familiar with the world’s picturegoers, stars the Queen Mary for the first time in Dodsworth.

A complete replica of the sports deck, as well as a number of interiors, has been built for the picture.

Dodsworth, of course, stars Walter Huston, who scored a triumph in the Broadway stage version, and Ruth Chatterton, still seeking that elusive “come back” film.

Kinema Goes Kipling—Official

It has been left to Darryl Zanuck to set the final seal on the success of Rudyard Kipling as a screen writer. The Twentieth Century-Fox chief has bought Wee Willie Winkle as a “vehicle” for Shirley Temple.

The famous short story, if I remember rightly, was about a little boy, but then the author hadn’t heard of Shirley.

Gene Markley (Joan Bennett’s Gene Markley) is announced as associate producer of the piece, which the publicity department modestly anticipate “will prove the most ambitious of the several Kipling stories which have been filmed.”

Christening Party

What do film people do with their spare time? The answer, if you believe them, is that they haven’t any.

Personally, I think they spend it trying to think up original ideas for parties. This week’s invitation card prize goes to the Alan Dineharts who thus summoned their friends to an important celebration:

Alan Dinehart, designer and chief engineer, and Mozelle Brittone, executive in charge of production, announce the christening of their 1936 model Dinehart, featuring two-lung power, free squealing, scream line body, and changeable seat covers.

The management assures the public there will be no new models during the ensuing year.

Fashion Threat

A druan, the famous designer, drops a bombshell. If the films really influence feminine fashions we are due for a return to crinolines, bonnets and lace mitts.

There will be some modification, he says, to fit in with modern conditions.

“The bonnets are practically here already,” he points out. “A good portion of the new hats are fashioned to tie under the chin. The brims are gradually taking on an uneven line, deeper in front than back.

As for the dresses, call to mind the present popular armless models. They are distinct forerunners of the modern crinoline. The autumn will find fashion dropping the under-skirt and lengthening the bare tunics. With a few taffeta petticoats beneath a crinoline effect will be created.”

The Girl on the Cover

Hollywood has taken Madeleine Carroll to its bosom—even to the extent of promoting her “socialite” husband, Captain Philip Astley, to the peerage and electing the star herself to the title of “English Rose.”
And when she first went to the Coast a year or two ago the wisecrack told us that her temperament and personality were too "cold" to appeal to the American imagination!

Our premier screen dramatic actress has, I am afraid, suffered rather from that "schoolmarm" background of hers—the B.A. degree, and that teaching job in Hove before she took up acting.

But that is all over now, with The Secret Agent and The Case Against Mrs. Ames already to her credit, 1936 has been a good year for the star. Now she is scheduled to play in Lloyds of London, one of the most ambitious films on Hollywood's present production programme.

**Believe It Or Not**

There are several gentlemen on both sides of the Atlantic, by the way, who are feeling very sheepish over a package which was lost in transit.

While in London, a representative from the Twentieth Century-Fox studio gathered research material for five pictures which were made up into five packages and shipped to Hollywood.

One of these packages contained valuable material for Lloyds of London, which the famous insurance firm helped to collect and ship.

Four of the packages arrived. The one pertaining to Lloyds didn't. It is now considered a total loss.

They forgot to insure the material on the insurance firm!

**Hats Off!—Or On?**

A hornet's nest has been disturbed in America.

The fellow who disturbed it is a Member of the House of Representatives for Texas; name of Maverick.

In a speech to the Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators (composed chiefly of legislators and newspapermen), Congressman Maverick inveigled against the practice of taking off your hat when riding in a lift (but of course he called it "elevator") with a lady.

He described the custom as "a survival of the vainest and most corrupt age in history"—and of course no nice American wants to be corrupt.

The argument has spread to Hollywood, and many of the stars have spoken their minds with some spirit.

Mac West, of course, had a crack to make about it.

"My idea of a villain," she said, "is a guy who takes his hat off and forgets it in the wrong place."

**Substitute Wanted**

Carole Lombard was all against the Congressman's argument—and so was Claudette Colbert.

"Don't worry about the origin of the custom," Carole advised; "it pleases women; and the man who is clever won't let history stand between him and anything so important."

"The Congressman will have to think of a substitute," Claudette declared. "Modern men are drab enough without throwing away a custom that just touches them with the glamour of chivalry."

Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, and Fred MacMurray don't normally wear hats, so their interest in the matter is academic rather than personal; but they are inclined to agree with the Congressman.

Indeed, Gary was heard to remark that he hadn't worn a hat for three years because you always had to be taking it off for something or someone.

Randolph Scott, reared in the old Southern tradition of Virginia, likes the courtesies; besides, he says: "When you've taken your hat off to a woman half-a-dozen times, even if you don't know her, she can't be angry if some day you say 'Hello.' And you never can tell where that might lead!"

And Gertrude Michael declares that men who are too occupied with hat-raising and such-like inessentials are too dull to be interesting.

Take your choice.

**Reunion**

It isn't very often that a film is made with a personnel so similar to that of a previous picture as Born to Dance.

**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

When Eleanor Powell started work on this, her second picture, she found herself among friends, for she was surrounded by no fewer than ten people who had taken a prominent share in making her first film, Broadway Melody of 1936, exactly a year before.

There were Director Ray Del Ruth, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen, Sid Silvers, Jack McGowan, Dance-director Dave Gould, Assistant-director Bill Souly, Still-man Eddie Cronenweth, and Make-up man Freddie Phillips—as well as a couple of dozen electricians, cameramen and "grips."

So they had a "reunion banquet" in the new M.-G.-M. studio restaurant, to celebrate.

**Re-painting the Lily**

For The General Died at Dawn, which has a Chinese setting, Paramount found themselves in the paradoxical position of having to make Chinese look like Chinese.

Wally Weston, Paramount's make-up chief, had to make up several young Chinamen for supporting roles in the film; and his job was made a lot easier by the fact that for the last five years it has been the fashion among many young Orientals to appear Western—and so they have had a slight surgical operation performed to the eyebrows, which makes the eyes open wide.

This operation takes the surgeon just about five minutes to perform, but it took Weston over half-an-hour and a large quantity of fish-glue to distort those eyes to their original almond shape.

**Erin Go Bragh!**

One of the most Irish films to be made in Hollywood for years has nothing to do with Ireland, in either story or locale.

It is paramount's The Turning Point, and by a pure coincidence there are a score of people of Irish blood working on the production.

Danny Keefe is supervising, James Hogan is directing, and the cast consists of Macina Hunt, Paul Kelly, Sam Flint, Jimmy Moore, Walter McGrail, J. P. McGann, Robert Cummings, Harry Carey, Joe Sawyer, Ward Bond, John Carroll, Mattie Fain, and Frank O'Connor.

And ivy gossoon o' the lot carries a little map of Ireland in his face.

This is one film that should have no difficulty in getting past the Hays Office representative—Irishman Joe Breen.

**Ernie Likes a Rest**

Ever meet a professional corpse? If not, meet Ernie Johnson.

You've met him before, of course, but only when hidden by a tarpaulin.

If you've seen a Paramount film with a corpse on a stretcher—and you've probably seen a dozen—that corpse was Ernie.

Actually he is a prop-man at the Paramount studios, and part of the paraphernalia under his care are the stretchers, and that's what started the corpse-life of Ernie Johnson.

One day he brought a stretcher in for an actor who had to be a corpse. The regular "stand-in" had been given a day off, so the director, wishing to save the actor the inconvenience of lying all afternoon under a tarpaulin, said: "Here, Ernie, you be the corpse."

And Ernie was such a good corpse that he's been pressed into service ever since.

In Murder with Pictures he created a record by lying under canvas for nearly three days. The work suits him.

"I like a nice rest," says Ernie.

**English Accent in Demand**

Infantile talent is apparently still in demand. With the time for production rapidly drawing near the casting office at Radio is having difficulty finding children with a real English accent to play a number of important roles in Quality Street, Sir James Barrie's play which is being adapted to the screen as Katharine Hepburn's next starring vehicle.
Continuing A PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE

CAPTURING A NEW WORLD

THIS week's installment reveals the real behind-the-scenes story of how Fred and Ginger work together, and how Astaire conceives and elaborates the dances which have made him famous.

The search for the next vehicle for Fred Astaire terminated with his very personal own stage success, The Gay Divorcee. Retitled for the screen to The Gay Divorcee, the Cole Porter musical was as much of a success on the screen as it was on the stage. To this day many critics believe that Astaire's greatest film dance was his "Night and Day" number with Miss Rogers. This terpsichorean quest for a woman's love was a symphony of motion and melody, dramatic in its theme, poetic in its unerring interpretation.

Pursuing the policy of introducing a feature dance spectacle in each new production, Fred and Ginger also performed the rhythmic Continental in The Gay Divorcee. In contrasting backgrounds, moods and orchestral strains, the team, with a large corps of dancers, performed this dance in the colourful and bright locale of a vast ballroom at the seaside rendezvous of Brighton.

By this time Astaire had developed into the screen's greatest personality. His box-office rating was placed among the ten leading ones by "Variety," America's hard-hitting amusement publication. He and Ginger "stood 'em up" wherever they played and their pictures were accorded universal fervour and applause in that the dance, which is a sort of Esperanto in expression, was recognised for its excellence the world over.

The Broadway musical-comedy stage was to be the source of the next Astaire-Rogers vehicle. The studio purchased Roberta, the fashion melody spectacle, with music by Jerome Kern and plot by Alice Duer Miller, and augmented Fred and Ginger with Irene Dunne in the stellar cast. Roberta was a unique screen production. It offered a fashion show, with music and dancing and song. While models displayed their wares swathed about their delicately curved bodies, Miss Dunne sang "Look Atrd" with her coloratura soprano, while Fred and his mate performed their terpsichorean antics in another corner—and a mighty big one, too! to the lovely strains of Kern's haunting tango-waltz, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Roberta was followed by a "natural," as is known in the show business, Top Hat. Here was a production which fitted Fred Astaire's talents from the title to the fade-out.

How would you like to watch in print how Fred and Ginger work? Top Hat is a grand opportunity; so pull up a reserved chair on the vast Studio stage to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers match their nimble feet and little bodies to the rhythms by America's leading composer of popular music, Irving Berlin.

There's Astaire out on the set now. He is ambushed by a battery of "mikes" and cameras. The crane swings from above, with Mark Sandrich directing the proceedings. Tensed and high-strung like a champion sprinter waiting for the starter's gun, Astaire is not too preoccupied to exchange greetings and repartee. Tension does not irritate him.

Of course, they're waiting for Ginger Rogers, but here she is now. "The orchestra-leader poises his baton. The director orders "let 'em roll." The lights go on. The cameras grind. The "sound man" listens through super-sensitive headphones. They're shooting! And here go Fred and Ginger! The feet twirl. The bodies sway. The hands undulate. It seems miraculous that the cameras keep pace with the rapid movements of these sensational dancers, but previous productions succeeded in recording the team's fast-paced performances.

What seems more baffling is how the pair master new routines for each dance. True, the nonchalant ease with which they perform is attributable to perfection secured through wearisome hours of practice. And when one considers that Top Hat numbered five dance displays, that's a lot of steps!

As the captivating strains of the melodic background for this dance rise in a crescendo, Astaire and Miss Rogers gyrate faster, gayer, more enthusiastically. But their grace is unchanged, unblemished by faltering feet. Indeed, it heightens. Now other dancing seems but a memory, a trifle, a faint echo. Overhead shots... side shots... wide shots... lap dissolves... fade-ins... fade-outs... and it's Astaire and Ginger, coordinated to their genius. The bandmaster's baton signals "end," the "Piccolo" dance is completed— an eye-filling, sumptuous, spectacular dance delight, set in an atmosphere of gondolas, Venetian canals, glimmering lights and faint shadows.

The "ballroomofof Fred Astaire is without parallel. He is so far ahead of any rivalry that none can be portent to his career. He is the personification of dance perfection, and that is the acme with no further to go. Yet Astaire has a manner of varying his dances so that each achieves increased popularity. He never does the same step twice, and audiences have not, and probably will not, reach a point where they can say: "Oh, Astaire—see him once and you've seen his all."

Little did he dream of the heights to which his nimble feet would soar his person. With each new success he maintained his talent. Fred Astaire captured a new world. The roving audiences which sought entertainment in the waudive houses of the country boisterously shouted their acclaim from the pit to the gallery, then Broadway musical comedy audiences, sophisticated, blasé, led-up with everything and everyone who tripped across the stage, literally toted Astaire on their shoulders as their tribute to his magnificent talent. Movie audiences voiced their approbation with whistles and cheers which blasted the ears of projectionists and ushers, and made many a theatre owner and manager smile as he looked at the till. These audiences wrote, and still write, thousands of letters to their idol in Hollywood.

Which brings us up to the new medium for the Fred Astaire genius. The radio. For Astaire to display his dancing genius over the air waves was not even a dream; it was a nonentity. It was impossible. He never considered himself a singer and for ever heard of a dancer dancing over the radio? What pleasure can radio listeners derive from a person's audible steps? The manufacturers of a famous brand of American cigarettes invested in Fred. They signed him for a period contract, under the terms of which he was to be the star entertainer of a series of broadcasts. And Fred was to
entertain for a large part by the use of his feet, although he was to sing a few songs also.

Radio columnists heralded Astaire’s début with a dubious note. Radio, hitherto reserved for vocalists and instrumentalists, was to be turned over to a tap-dancer.

On a Saturday night Fred Astaire’s feet appeared before the ribbon microphones in the massive Studio H of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City, New York. He stepped up on a platform constructed of special wood, elevated to the level of the sensitive “mikes.” The orchestra leader raised his baton. The instrumental crew rendered a number from Top Hat. And Fred Astaire was off! He was off in a blaze of fast-stepping rhythm! The studio audience half-raised from its seats to watch his high-speed feet. The Astaire legs moved with such rhythmic grace and agility that a battery of microphones had been placed at vantage points before the platform to capture the Astaire taps.

Soon Astaire did an about-face in two representative steps, the orchestra nipped its melody and a studio audience rose and cheered loudly over the air, proclaiming its approval to the nation over the network. Only the fast thinking of the bandmaster, who ordered his men to resume playing, could cease the demonstration.

For the studio audience’s acclaim was not the index of Astaire’s radio success. How did the nation’s radio fans take to him? Did they enjoy listening to mere tapping sounds? They certainly did. They wrote to everybody to tell them that they did. They wrote to Astaire. They wrote to his studio. They wrote to sponsors, to radio editors, to the radio stations, not only about his dancing, but also his singing and talking.

Any doubt that Astaire’s radio popularity would not approach that of the stage and screen was shortly after definitely dispelled.

Astaire completed his broadcast series to increasing approval, but was obliged to desert the air waves for the movie camera to fulfil previous commitments.

Astaire has been the recipient of many honours uncommon to the lot of the actor. Such a one is his selection as being one of the ten best-dressed men in America by a group of leading New York tailors. On this list, which included the socially prominent American “Beau Brummels” Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Marshall Field and Edsel Ford, Astaire earned ranking because of his motion pictures, especially Top Hat.

“He,” remarked “sartorially” one tailor of Astaire, “has done more this year to encourage the wearing of ‘tails’ than anybody else.” Astaire, however, is also a meticulous dresser. He has an insatiable predilection for neckties, with many of them in his wardrobe.

Fred Astaire’s appearance of well-being in a tailcoat perplexed his studio when it essayed to select a new vehicle. Previously, Astaire had played most of his roles in evening dress. So appreciative of this situation was Irving Berlin, that he composed “Top Hat, White Tie and Tails” as an Astaire speciality in Top Hat.

Now the studio was faced with the dilemma: Shall we take Astaire out of a tailcoat? Would his audience care for him in a new garb? Could he, Astaire’s talent, support an entirely different thematic dress? The studio decided to try a naval picture for Astaire, posing him as a sailor in the American Navy. The picture was Follow the Fleet. Irving Berlin was again engaged to score the picture, and Ginger Rogers, of course, was his singing-dancing-romancing partner. Astaire’s personal success in Follow the Fleet is now past history. His genius still shone in a “Jack Tars” cap and blue uniform, a most illuminating extent than it did in the slick, civilian top hat, white tie and tails.

In Astaire’s specialty in Top Hat. Fred crossed from America several weeks ago, coincident with the release of his latest success, Swing Time, also with Miss Rogers. Peer into Astaire’s professional future, he and Ginger are scheduled to make Watch Your Step, for which the renowned George and Ira Gershwin are now composing and writing the complete score. It is significant to note that the Gershwins, who were responsible for the musical scores of Funny Face and Lady, Be Good, two Astaire smash hits, will be responsible for the score of a film musical, viz. Watch Your Step.

Along this course of success has Astaire travelled. His fame has been built on an unshakable foundation. In the future, Astaire is a conscientious artiste if ever there were one. In all Hollywood at the moment there is probably another who match him for his almost fanatical devotion to his work. What would get by with his fans and his bosses as great stuff will not receive the Astaire stamp of approval. Observers who have worked with him for months say that many times Fred will insist on re-arranging a gruelling routine repeatedly. The only thing that the studio set was more than satisfied. At these times Fred is not thinking about the Astaire reputation—that has been made by answering the driving urge of an inner consciousness.

Which, to a large degree, explains why luck, which has exerted its inexplicable influence on a man before the celestial theatrical horizon, has little to do with the Astaire success. Although Fred may blow up and be thoroughly disgusted with himself merely he mustered a line of dialogue or failed to do a scene to his personal satisfaction, he has never made an expression of annoyance at another’s mistakes, no matter how flagrant or glaring they may be. At the studio everyone talks to him on a man-to-man basis, and it’s easy to understand why everyone wants to work with him. His frankness and modesty is amazing.

“Contrary to many kind references, I am not the world’s greatest dancer,” he protests; when he feels that his admirers’ adulation surmounts his capabilities. But a large portion of the world thinks otherwise.

The world’s “ace” dancing comedian says that his specialty was in the fundamentals: ballet and exercises.

I very early learned to originate my own dance steps in any one form, such as tap, ballroom or eccentric. I always try to arrange a wide variety of dances for each picture.

The development of a new dance requires no footlegdermain from the artiste. Astaire will often be inspired by hearing music, which will accompany the dance. Then—but let Fred himself tell how he does it:

“The idea will come suddenly and I start adding to it, and after a while the dance will be on its way to completion. It’s often a slow and painful process and I often work out the steps and all the feelings of the dance and then fill in the outline step by step. Sometimes the ideas and steps come rather easily. Again, a figure suggests itself, to sweat blood. In the main, it’s plain hard work.

“A dance, to be effective in a picture, should be more than a combination of intricate steps. It should mean something definite, do its part in developing characterization and telling a story. It falls short of its purpose if it is a mere exhibition of dexterity and technical art.

Thus, dances are mood interpretations to Astaire and he strives to make them expressive as descriptive of specific moods.

Astaire trains for his pictures with greater assiduity and application than does an Olympic athlete.

“I constantly train to avoid having to go into training.” Astaire reveals. “That may sound contradictory but it really isn’t.” He concedes that it appears to demand a great deal of stamina. "And that’s where an athlete has it all over a dancer in a motion picture.

"An athlete can puff all he wants to. A dancer must always be graceful and at ease before he can be effective while dancing. The microphones are very sensitive and would pick up hard breathing. I keep in condition, Fred, but I try to avoid puffing. I don’t drink, don’t smoke. I always train and am always ready to step into a film role.

"I smoke very little. Just a cigarette every now and then and then buy a box of relief when I need it, in the strictest sense of the term, but I do use common sense and eat moderately. I also manage to get an adequate amount of sleep.

Fred estimates that during the preparation of a picture and its filming he dances from two to five hours each day, counting rehearsals and actual steps before the camera. For Swing Time, his latest picture, that will mean more than two months’ uninterrupted dancing.

What Ginger Rogers really thinks of Fred Astaire

—Here is a story that you cannot afford to miss——

NEXT WEEK——

9
I THINK perhaps I've heard more conflicting rumours and impressions of Marlene Dietrich as a subject for interviewing than I have of any other star; and this persisted right up to the very moment I met her.

I like to be a little prepared for an important interview; I like to brush up on facts concerning the player's life, refresh my memory as to the films she's played in, and, above all, have some conception of the degree of help I may expect to receive or the difficulties I shall probably encounter.

All this was denied me; to begin with, I arrived at Denham to see another star, on a day when it was supposed to be impossible to see Dietrich—she was working so hard.

And then suddenly I found she could spare me half-an-hour between shots; so I was caught without my hasty last-minute "reminder," or—still worse—any clear idea of what she was like to interview. Some had said "Difficult," some "Charming," some "A Sphinx," some had just shrugged their shoulders and left me to imagine the worst.

To complicate matters, a well-known American journalist of my acquaintance had been spending most of the morning trying to see her, and when he did at last get hold of her for a couple of minutes—well, here it is in his own words.

"How am I excited! I've interviewed La Dietrich! After stalling around for an hour in that bitter cold on the edge of the lake, at last I was introduced, and we went into our patter. I said to her "How do you do?" and she said to me, "How do you do?" Then I led off with "How's the film going, Miss Dietrich?" and she said "Very well, thank you," and then her dresser said, "You're wanted on the set, Miss Dietrich," and she went. Jeez, whadda story! Whadda break!"

Well, that wasn't too encouraging, but sometimes one fellow is luckier than another; so I went down to the set by the Denham lake, where a particularly fierce and ugly-looking crowd of Russian revolutionaries was waiting to grab her and hustle her into the house.

And cold it certainly was! All right for the Russians, who were mostly in furs, but perishing for a girl attired in a very skimpy negligee, bare hands and ankles, and no hat.

"Miss Dietrich thinks it would be pleasanter in the caravan," said her secretary. "Won't you come up there?"

This caravan—of the trailer type—has been specially procured as a portable dressing-room for the star while the unit is doing location-work; and it certainly was pleasanter—with a little kettle singing on the paraffin stove, and giving a comfortably "homey" air.

The first thing that impressed me about Dietrich was her handshake. I am a connoisseur of handshakes. I hate being pumphandled or squished or handed a cold slab.

This handshake was feminine, but firm—the grip of a good horse-woman. I felt better.

When I had last seen her—at a press-reception soon after her arrival—she had been the complete film-star, sweeping regally into the room, pausing for photos, answering questions.

Now, in the caravan, she was relaxed; she had the mask off for a moment—that mask which film stars learn to wear, and which is so much more disguising than make-up.

The next thing I noticed was her voice; she spoke, throughout our interview, in a low tone—almost an undertone; clear, but hardly more than a murmur. I asked how the microphone liked that voice, which seemed to me the pleasantest I had heard for some time.

"I never have to speak louder than this on the set," she informed me. "Your sound-reproduction has improved very greatly in the last year or two."

"And in other respects, how do you like playing in England?" I asked, with notable lack of tact.

"I like it enormously," she replied, and I felt from the way she said it that she did actually like it enormously; no exaggerations, no affectations of speech for La Dietrich; every word she uses carries its own weight, no more and no less.

"I didn't think I should," she added. "I hated
the idea of waiting in a strange place. But everyone here is so . . . enthusiastic; as though the work was of particular importance."

I pointed out that it was of much greater importance than usual, because we have a major Hollywood star playing here—a phenomenon that occurs lamentably seldom.

"But you have had other American players?"

"Hardly any first-rank stars," I reminded her. "They wouldn't come."

"Well, you couldn't blame them," she pointed out frankly. "After all, why should they come? They've got their homes and their friends in California, directors and cameramen and writers they know they can trust, a guaranteed release for the film—what would they gain by coming?"

"Well, if it comes to that, what do you gain?"

I ventured.

"Ah, that's a little different. I came because I wanted to put my daughter Maria to school . . . an English school."

"And why an English school?" I wanted to know.

"Because I wanted her to learn English."

"But I thought she spoke English already?"

"No—she talks American."

She said this without the slightest change of tone or manner, but there was a twinkle in her curiously sad eyes which I had hardly expected to find there.

"But you don't speak American?" I pursued.

"I learned English before the War," she told me.

It's quite true—off the screen she has very little trace of American accent; only in such expressions as "Maria's touring on the Continent with her father right now" does she give herself away as a long resident in the United States.

All this time I had been trying to think what there was about her that made her different from all the other women I had interviewed.

It wasn't that she was stand-offish; on the contrary, she was more gracious than I had expected. She certainly isn't shy. And yet there was an insensible, baffling sort of barrier which I could not get past.

Suddenly I realised what it was. Dietrich is completely detached.

When she is answering your question, she looks at you, talks with a certain amount of animation, concentrates on the subject; and immediately that remark is finished, she seems to retire mentally thousands of miles away. Then when you speak again, she is there to listen. She has come back, without apparent effort; but just for a moment she has definitely been away.

This made me think of all the stories of her aloofness, which is supposed to be almost equal to that of Garbo; I wondered whether perhaps her very "detachedness" was not responsible for the "aloof" tradition.

She actually is one of the most detached of people; so much so that she never looks at things when she is out walking. If a lamp-post fell over just behind her, I really believe she wouldn't look round to see what the noise was about; it just couldn't concern her, so she leaves it alone.

A great many things don't concern her. The Paramount studio once gave out a list of the things that didn't interest her, and here they are—horse-races, evangelism, fish, radio, police-dogs, after-dinner speeches, elections, sopranos, "first-nights," and slang.

That she is so utterly comprehensive an array of human un-interests.

She likes films (which is fortunate for her, living in Hollywood, where you have them from early-morning tea, breakfast, elevenses, lunch, afternoon tea, cocktails, dinner and supper). Four movies a week is about her average, and her favourite stars are Carole Lombard, Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin, and Pop-eye the Sailor, in that order.

We talked of her present director, Jacques Feydor, who has made several French and German versions in Hollywood, but most of whose important work has been done on the Continent. Dietrich has a deep admiration for him, and it was she who arranged that he should direct her in Knight Without Armour. "He knows," she said positively; "and he makes everybody feel that he knows. That is all-important. Everybody works together for him."

We spoke also of Robert Donat, cast as the hero of Knight Without Armour. By the time you read this, it will probably have been decided whether Donat is to play in this film or not; but as I write he is in bed with pretty bad asthma, and when I saw Miss Dietrich it was still a toss-up whether they would hold up the film to give him a chance to recover, or carry on with Lawrence Olivier in the role.

Marlene was strongly in favour of waiting; she has to return by a certain date to make two films in Hollywood, but, as she says, such appointments are always elastic, and she feels it would be worth while to stretch this one; because Bob Donat has already a terrific following in America.

"It isn't entirely his acting," she opined. "There are plenty of better and more experienced actors; it's simply that he has that something that comes down from the screen to the audience. When he walks into a scene, you don't have to be told 'Here's someone,' you know it."

They had already "shot all round him," so that there was only another week's work they could do without a hero.

I was interested to find that Marlene Dietrich wasn't worrying about her own position, in being left in the air all this time, without a leading man; she was chiefly overwhelmed with pity for poor Donat, deprived of the chance of playing in a film upon which he had set his heart, with a story which he himself had chosen.

As she spoke she made a little pitying motion of the hand (lier only movement except for the continual lighting and stubbing-out of cigarettes), and I had a chance to study her long, tapering musician's fingers, with the slender wrists that gave her to us as a film star.

First of all, if she hadn't broken a wrist, she would probably have been a concert violinist to-day instead of delighting us on the screen.

And then, if she hadn't handled a lorgnette delicately and interestingly in her first film, when she was one of forty extras, the director would probably not have taken a close-up of her, nor subsequently put her on contract.

If she hadn't this . . . if she hadn't that . . . but she has, and consequently she has become one of the two greatest women film stars, beloved by millions . . .

"Very concentrated on the set, Miss Dietrich."

I took my leave of her, and watched while she ran like a schoolgirl down the grassy slope to stand on the bleak lake-side and be pushed about and hustled by the synthetic Russian soldiery.

A real person . . . a charming person . . . but so very, so very far away.

NEXT WEEK

VALENTINO once said that the screen would find its greatest actress when love came to Myrna Loy. Now, for the first time, Myrna Loy is in love, and the inside story of her romance with Arthur Hornblow, jun., which has never been told before, appears in next week's issue. It is a tale of two charming people deeply in love.

In addition T. T. Fleming tells you about the problems that face Richard Tauber in his new picture. "Pagliacci."
Some of the attractive girls who are to be seen in Marion Davies' and Clark Gable's new vehicle, "Cain and Mabel." Our camera caught them robbing the make-up man of a job.

Laurence Ridley, the distinguished playwright and author of "Personal Appearance," visits the Mae West set, where he is seen with Isabel Jewell, Warren William and Margaret Perry, who are all in the cast of "Go West, Young Man!"

On the right, Hollywood's tallest chorus girl. She is six feet two inches tall and is appearing in "Champagne Waltz." The little girl seen with her is of average size.
H E has compressed a lifetime's accomplishment into a year. The man who was almost unknown twelve months ago is playing the role of Armand opposite Greta Garbo in the Dumas classic Camille. He has earned for himself the most prized role in the film colony. His name? Why, Robert Taylor. Ask him what he thinks about the rapid progress he has made and he'll admit that he is a little breathless with the rush. Things have happened so fast with him that he has hardly had time to think. It is usually the case in these sudden rises to fame, for the person concerned to become swell-headed and irresponsible. Money comes easily and he goes in the same manner. In fact, it tends to change the personality of the person altogether.

But not so with Bob. He has not changed in the least. His level-headedness has enabled him to keep a good grip on himself. He has often expressed his apprehension of too-rapid success: "There's always a chance of a skid," he says, "I don't want to lose perspective on myself. That is why I am going to take a little time out whenever I can. I have been very lucky. For that reason I cannot afford to lose my sense of values in the rush."

I saw Bob some time ago in New York when he was on one of these short vacations, and he had apparently been spending most of his time there attending the theatre. "I have always wanted to see some real stage shows," he said. "You see, I've seen very few plays before, and none with a Broadway cast."

"Incidentally, not until I saw some of these plays did I realise just how hard theatrical people are called upon to work, night after night, putting everything they've got into every performance."

"In Hollywood we have the camera, with its terrific scope, sound and many other things, to build up each scene to its climax. And if something goes wrong the first time, you can just back up a couple of weeks again for the camera and microphones. You can't very well do that on the stage."

"I like working in pictures—like it very much indeed. We have some very fine talent out in Hollywood, and some of the greatest people in the world to work with. And with them around, pictures just can't help getting better and better all the time."

"I am looking forward with great anticipation to the Garbo production. Funnily enough, I have not only never appeared in a Garbo film, but I have never even seen that elusive Swedish star."

Once, at the studio, I heard that she was just leaving her stage, and I ran about five blocks to try to catch a glimpse of her. But when I reached her set she had already got into her car."

Well, he can't very well miss her now, and I think that Garbo has found in her new co-star, a capable and attractive leading man as well as an intelligent and good-looking boy. I say "boy" because really he is not much more, being still at college when Hollywood discovered him a couple of years ago. Two years ago—and in that time he has risen from nothing to the most popular and sought-after leading man in Hollywood. His fan mail is now by far the bulkiest in the film colony.

The picture that really put him where he is to-day was, of course, Broadway Melody of 1936. Then came Magnificent Obsession, which set the whole industry talking on both sides of the Atlantic. His latest production, The Gorgeous Hussy, with Joan Crawford, has been acclaimed his best to date.

And now Camille—with Garbo as his co-star. This will most probably prove to be the crowning point of his career, for Garbo is said to be able to bring out the finest qualities in any actor or actress.

When I saw him this week on the Camille set, he was just about to commence rehearsal of the first scene with Garbo—and it was a love scene.

Director George Cukor introduced Garbo to her seventeenth leading man whom she greeted with a smile and a formal "How do you do?" Bob responded with a good, old-fashioned handshake.

Then they started rehearsing their first scene together, which is supposed to be their first meeting in the box of a Paris theatre in 1847. When rehearsals were over and both stars were satisfied with their lines, Cukor called for a "take."

Garbo was seated in the box with Taylor leaning over the back of the chair. He was whispering earnestly into her ear:

"Fate must have had something to do with this, to-night," Bob confided to her. "I've hoped for it so long..."

"And now that you've met me?" Garbo asked.

"Now I know I am in love with you. I have always been since that first day..."

And then in the middle of this beautiful love scene came a blinding flash over the heads of Garbo and Taylor. A shower of stardom came raining down on to the set. Bob quickly drew Garbo beneath the ceiling of the box as the sparks bounced on the stage floor. It was just like a firework display. Suddenly all the lights went out and the set was in darkness.

But it was only a big fuse box, known as a "spider," that had blown out, and the scene was resumed a few minutes later.

After a few days of steady shooting, Bob found time to come over to chat with me. I asked him how he liked working with the great Garbo, and he told me that it was the most interesting experience of his professional career.

"Above all," he said, "Miss Garbo is considerate. She is considerate of everyone on the set, from Director George Cukor down to the most humble workman. There is something regal about her manner that is not aloofness at all, but reserve."

"It is that quality, I think, that makes her such a supreme actress as well as an arresting personality. She expresses emotion with a gesture of her hand, or an expression in her eyes, and makes it more effective than any dialogue could possibly be."

"Miss Garbo is unhurried. Her own sure poise is infectious. By her own manner of perfect assurance she imparts confidence to those around her. I was extremely nervous when I met her on the set for the first time. She set me at ease immediately, not by anything she said, particularly. It was more her attitude of complete nonchalance. Logically, there was no reason to be nervous. So she was at ease. And suddenly, so was I."

I still rate myself as inexperienced, although I have been fortunate enough to have played opposite a number of distinguished actresses in my brief career up to now.

"This experience is the most interesting I have encountered, not only because Camille is such a splendid story for the screen and because Miss Garbo is so pleasant in our professional relationship, but also for the remarkable opportunity I have to study the dramatic power of restraint, for which I have to thank Miss Garbo."

We were interrupted here by the cry—"You're wanted on the set, Mr. Taylor..." and with that well-known smile of his and a hearty handshake Bob was back on the set and soon under the spell of Garbo once more.
The film stars in their courses may scintillate, glimmer or sink in the ever-changing firmament of public favour, but the dynamic forces which helped to bring them into being seem to remain fairly constant. That is the striking fact which reveals itself when we ask the question, “Where are the pioneer producers of the American film industry now?” Should the oldest picturegoer challenge the survivors, there must come a ringing “Adsum” from nine of the most famous; from William Fox, a little under the weather still, but with fighting instincts unimpaired, from Harry Warner, Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, from Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, and from Samuel Katz.

When it is remembered that America is regarded as “the melting-pot of Europe,” it should not be astonishing to find that for none of these can it be claimed that they are of American birth. Two of them were born in Russia, two in Hungary, two in Germany, and two in Poland, which is quite in keeping with the cosmopolitan nature of the business. Biographers are more than usually fond of establishing for their heroes the fact that their hero’s destiny was foreordained from the cradle—and then proceed to iron out the details to show how that trend went on the “up-and-up.”

It just didn’t happen with any of the men with whom we’re dealing. Their initial connection with the film industry was a pure accident. So far as the consequences are concerned, it cannot in any instance be said that the results were fatal. On the contrary, it led every one of them on to fortune.

Though it cannot be claimed for any of the eight film chiefs that they were originators in the film business, it is to their credit that they had imagination enough to sense the immensities of its profit-bearing side, and that meant possessing courage enough to take a gamble. Having met most of them in person, I can vouch for the fact that the luck of that gamble has not gone to none of their heads. Unlike “the local boy makes good” type who wears rather self-consciously the divine aura of “boss-ship,” they all happen to be simple, straightforward, good-hearted fellows who still retain their emotions undimmed, and that, after all, is the most essential qualification for catering to public taste in film entertainment.

To none of them came the handicap of gentle birth—they were lucky enough to miss that governess touch which unites the victims for dealing with the common man. From the rough and tumble of affairs, they emerged as the astute men they are, and as their life-stories will show.

William Fox, creator of film business records, such as £20,000 in a week at Roxy’s Theatre (1928) and credited lately with nine and a half million dollar bankruptcy, came from Hungary as a child and was educated in New York public schools. Beginning business as a garment cutter, with strict attention to the main-chance, it was not long before he was the owner of a prosperous furrier’s business. About that time (1903) they were running picture shows in the penny arcades. Fox was tempted to try his luck. His first theatre contained 146 seats and he had spent £20 on making it look good. But the crowds would not come! What to do? One of Barnum and Bailey’s men told him.

“Stage a bally-ho in front of your show. That’ll fetch ’em!”

“What would it cost to do that?”

“I can get you a sword-swallow for two dollars a night, or a fire-eater for three dollars, and a coin manipulator for all he can pick.”

Fox asked his friend to get one of each and make sure that the other two would watch the coin manipulator. Evidently that performer was a slight-of-hand man—you had to watch your pockets in those days.

It worked. The sword-swallow did part of his stuff, then he picked up his props. “And now, ladies and gents, I will complete my performance upstairs.”

It was two flights up, but the crowd followed—only to find they charged 2½d. or 5d. admission. It was a simple-minded audience, as Fox testified.

“I remember distinctly, when in the first picture the wind blew through the leaves of the trees, hearing a fellow say, “‘They can’t fool me, gol dern’ em. I know someone is shaking the screen.’”

The Warner Brothers were brought to Baltimore from Russia in 1885 and have remained in cord ever since. Fifteen years later, the eldest brother, Harry, determined to cash in on the cycling craze, by opening up a bicycle shop in Youngstown, Ohio. But this moving picture business intrigued the lads. Why not try that out as a side line? Such was Harry’s idea. They found a likely spot in Newcastle, Pa., and hired a shop. After fitting up the place and adding the decorations, such as they were, the quartette found they had forgotten one important item—seating accommodation! They had not reckoned on chairs.

“What’s the matter with asking the under-taker for some? His parlour isn’t always full of mourners.”

So Harry went over to the mortician opposite and hired 60 chairs. That arrangement had its disadvantages, whenever there was a funeral, they had to ask the audience to stand up!

A fifteen-year-old Hungarian emigrant, Adolph Zukor, arrived in New York in 1888. Four years later he was running a fur business in Chicago. In 1904, W. A. Brady, the theatre manager, had brought the New State concession for Hale’s Tours. It was Hale, fire brigade chief, who originated the idea of rigging up in a gaudy shop, the semblance of a Pullman observation car, through the top end of which you could view the scenery as it was projected on the screen. On the platform, a lecturer described the varied views of Switzerland, Italy, and other foreign scenes. Brady and Zukor went along merrily for two weeks. Then they came to a dead stop. No fresh pictures were available. As they had no licence from the Artisans Trust, they could not get further supplies. The only alternative was to make their own pictures—scrap the observation car idea, and put in seats. So they made what were called “chase” pictures—150-200 feet long.

Every picture finished with a man who was painting or washing a window and using a ladder. Somebody passed by and kicked that ladder—then the climax—police dogs and cats after the miscreant! Occasionally, a picture director would put up a yarn with a heart interest cropping up.

That sent up the business till 1908, when their public got tired of the sad programmes of...
walking up a Chicago main street, something made him change his mind.

Those picture shops seemed to be making easy money. Inside the organization was bad—the parents dirty. "Do it better" has always been Carl's motto. He hired a vacant shop, painted it all out in white, front and inside, and stuck over the door the title, "The White Prince." The fans crowded in.

Two months later he took another shop—found another name, "The Family Theatre." To live up to the title he tried out a new policy. For ten cents (5d.) you could take your wife or your best girl, and see "the pictures" in comfort.

In those days cinema men bought their films outright, and he noticed how carelessly they were dealt with. Laemmle's Film Service solved that trouble for all of them—cared for them, re-sold them, and gave a rapid film transport service.

His picture shops were netting £40 a week. Then something happened to stop the supply of pictures. The Motion Picture Patents Co. claimed a monopoly and held up all supplies unless you were willing, in addition to the exorbitant prices charged for pictures, to pay two dollars a week license to show them. Laemmle saw red! The fight was on. Three months later Laemmle breathed defiance on the Trust, by advertisement, and otherwise, and congratulations kept pouring in from hundreds of fighting exhibitors.

"A thousand thanks, fellow fighters, and a renewal of my iron-clad promise to give you the best films and the best service at all times, in spite of Hades itself!"

In 1910, Carl started the Imp Co., tempted and lured Market Pickford with a weekly salary of £35 to come over from Biograph. In his stock company he could count players like Owen Moore, King Baggot, Thomas Ince, George Loane Tucker, and the rest of the Pickford family. Jack, Lottie, and Mrs. Pickford.

Carl, in fact, did so well that some weeks ago he sold his share in the United, for £800,000, and then some!

Samuel Goldwyn, a Polish emigrant, and Joseph Loew in 1910 started the film racket together. Goldwyn was a glove cutter by trade, and Loew, in addition to having been a newspaper clerk and musician, was brother-in-law to Goldwyn.

They got hold of a promising young fellow, Cecil de Mille, who used to make reproductions, so ensnared their money to him to make their first film. He produced "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum as the star, as a result of which he started his fellows off on a career that made them both famous.

Samuel Katz, famous as Vice-President of the Paramount Publix Corporation, operating the huge Paramount circuit of theatres, is another Russian import. Arriving in America, some twelve years ago, he made a grand total of two dollars a week as a messenger to a switchboard operator and ended up as pianist in Carl Laemmle's first picture shop.

At the age of sixteen he had his own theatre with 144 chairs—later increased to 275 and with a wonderful organ, he took it ahead, adding more theatres to his circuit.

It was when Adolph Zukor got into a fix with the show side of his productions that he called in Katz. To-day the Katz sway operates over 800 picture theatres in the States and Canada. Chairman respectively of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century Fox, Nicholas and Joseph Schenck came over as youngsters from Paris with the idea of making films industriously in the drug line that they eventually owned a chain of pharmacist shops.

It was a happy accident that led them one holiday to a huge amusement park in Fort Lee, N.J. They still own that show in Palisades Park, the jolliest of all pleasure-seeking haunts. It was their friend Mr. Loew who lured them into the cinema business.

Finally they sold their drug stores and plumped for the picture theatre business. Once Joseph Schenck was asked why he went into the production line.

"Like the girl, I'm always willing to try anything once! Somebody persuaded me to buy a magazine story, so I bought it with the idea of getting my money back. I asked Roland West, a clever theatrical producer, to try his hand at a film. We built a star. As I walked along Broadway I saw her name in electric lights—an English girl, Jose Collins."

In conversation with Mr. Schenck, who is the soul of good humour and patience, I asked him what was his next step, as the English star did not pull off the trick.

"I had to find another—this time she was native-born, and I banked on her through and through. And so that she shouldn't be lured away by other producers, well—I married her." Which shows how good a judge of talent Joseph Schenck is. The girl was Norma Talmadge, who proved a sensational hit.

Both Joseph and Nicholas Schenck now figure as among the most powerful magnates in the industry. Their friend, the late Marcus Loew, originator of Loew's Enterprises, the combination which has just a dozen of the studios with Gaumont British Corporation, began his film career in 1904.

Marcus was always a go-getter, newsboy at seven years of age, school boy and newspaper publisher, salesman and merchant, he earned the distinction of failing twice and then paying up all his debts. He started in the golf-cape jobbing business that a friend in Cincinnati took him along to see a new idea in entertainment.

"The show took place," says Marcus, "in an old-fashioned brown house, and the proprietor had the hallways papered over with the goods cases. He used to go to the window and sell the tickets to the children, then he went to the door and took the tickets. After that he locked the door and went up and operated the machine. He also used to lecture as he operated. Pictures didn't have titles then. I said to my companion show this is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen! The place was packed to suffocation."

"We wired at once for machines and started that Sunday in our arcade on the second floor. We took 30 feet of space and hired the chairs. The first day we played, I believe, there were seven or eight people short of 5,000, and we did not advertise at all. The people simply poured into the arcade."

When Loew tried the same thing in New York, he was not quite so successful.

Along came the era of "variety" turns with the pictures. Concerning which, Loew used to tell how he engaged David Warfield, famous actor and Sophie Tucker.

"David Warfield was out of work at that time and funds short—he wanted a job as a door-keeper. I told him he was a reject. "You're a reject," he said. "Yes, I'm a reject. I put you on with the pictures. I got him to recite a couple of lines. That was the beginning of vaudeville as an adjunct to pictures."

"Somebody sent Sophie Tucker to me and told me she would get any kind of acting job, even a bit part. I gave her a part, and she did fourteen shows a day—seven in white and seven in black-face, to make up a round."

Within six months Marcus Loew was running forty "Store Shows" in New York City. He ended by controlling 1,200 theatres.
WHEN SUSAN ANN IS CHRISTENED...

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YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1
Barry Jones the well-known stage actor who is rapidly becoming very popular on the screen tells the story of his theatrical adventures to Wilson D'Arne.

What followed is now theatrical history. The Queen's Husband was an amazing success, and turned Barry Jones into a stage star overnight.

During the run of the show Alfred Hitchcock, scouting for new talent, saw Barry and gave him a contract which led to two Eberton films, No. 17 and Arms and the Man. Then Barry joined Maurice Colbourne in another American tour which after a third screen engagement when Sinclair Hill chose him to play the lead opposite Yvonne Arnaud in The Gay Adventures of Pafte-Grosvenor.

After the quiet obscurity of his stage plays, The Gay Adventure, with its robust, riotous comedy, came as a change for Barry.

Barry Jones and Yvonne Arnaud in a scene from "The Gay Adventure."

A GAY ADVENTURER

A lad of seven, the son of a Guernsey pastor, once watched a band of strolling players perform a melodrama of deep-dyed villainy in an open field.

The audience, apart from a few stray cows and sheep, consisted of local villagers who had paid anything from a penny to threepence for their entertainment. The performance made such an impression on the mind of the youngster that he vowed there and then to become an actor when he grew up.

And an actor he became! Perhaps that sounds rather a simple accomplishment after all those stories you've read about the early hardships, struggles and miseries of other stars.

In all fairness, therefore, it should be pointed out that Barry Jones had his early difficulties, too. But in his case things were considerably simplified by the fact that he happened to be one of those very rare individuals—a true born actor with such a natural talent and love for the stage that he just couldn't help achieving success.

The strolling players had certainly fired the imagination of the boy Jones; but it was not until two years later that he came into contact with something higher than village drama.

Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean company visited Guernsey. Young Barry saved his pennies and sneaked off to a performance of Julius Caesar. At the end of the show his ambition to act had sprang up, confirming that he rushed round to the stage door and begged to be allowed to join the company.

But what could they do with a mere lad of nine except tell him to be a good boy and run along home!

They did not reckon, however, with the determination in the youngster who insisted on remaining by the stage door to await Sir Frank Benson himself. When the great actor emerged he found himself listening to the passionate entreaties of the lad who eagerly implored him for a job.

"Then, with characteristic good humour," says Barry, "he patted me gently on the head and advised me to wait seven years and to see him about it then if I still felt the same.

"Then came school, and after that I decided to take a definite step towards my chosen career. I wrote to Sir Frank reminding him of our first meeting, and begging him to give me a chance. I was even more madly keen on the stage, and I must say that my parents were anything but opposed to my ambitions. Indeed, they gave me every encouragement. But Sir Frank didn't! He wrote back advising me to wait a little longer. But I couldn't wait. I decided to form a repertory company in my home town. That, I thought, would give me a chance to act." Unfortunately for Barry the outbreak of war compelled him to alter his plans. He joined up to play his part in helping to make the world a safer place for democracy. But following the Armistice the call of the theatre began to stir in him again. This led to further negotiations with Sir Frank Benson who agreed, this time, to give him his first chance during a Shakespearean festival at Stratford-upon-Avon.

While at Stratford his ability and personality attracted the attention of Maurice Colbourne, who was already an actor with a fair West End and Broadway experience.

A warm friendship sprang up between them, and a few years later they decided to go forth together in search of fame. They packed their bags and sailed to America where they appeared in one or two Broadway shows. Their ambition, however, was to form their own company and so Robert Sherwood, author of The Petrified Forest, invested in a Wall Street proposition with a view to raising the necessary capital. But the money was lost, and this so enraged Colbourne that he began there and then to make a study of the stock market. He was determined to regain those losses—which he eventually did!

Now while Colbourne was battling with Wall Street, Barry Jones won the leading role in the New York production of The Road to Rome, written by Robert Sherwood, author of The Petrified Forest. It was a huge success, and its long run brought Barry sufficient capital to enable him later to join Colbourne as a partner in management.

Acquiring rights to a repertoire of Bernard Shaw plays, Barry took on the tour of the United States and Canada.

Up to this time Barry's career had run fairly smoothly, but now difficulties and worries began to face him and his partner.

"Our struggles during that tour were often horribly discouraging," Barry says. "Do you know that on several occasions we were forced to play in small prairie towns to a mere handful of settlers? Moreover, we soon discovered that our box-office receipts were largely due to the success of the wheat crops than on the quality of our plays!

"Again and again we decided to pack up and return to New York, but somehow or other we always just managed to keep going. When the tour ended we found our books showed a profit of sixty dollars—about twelve pounds! We returned to England to prepare for another American tour. After all we had shown a profit. We had received sixty dollars worth of encouragement, and that was better than being faced with a lot of figures on the wrong side of the ledger! Then, on their return to London, the unexpected happened.

"Barry had in his possession the rights to a play called The Queen's Husband which he had acquired from Robert Sherwood at a ridiculously low figure. It was decided to gamble on a West End production of it before returning to America.

For one thing, Barry has a weakness for playing jokes on people.

During production of The Gay Adventure at Welwyn, for instance, he disguised himself as a character from Asterix and called at the offices of the studio. He said he was an Australian pastor holding in England, and begged to be shown around the studios. So cleverly had he disguised himself that everybody was completed fooled.

For over an hour an obliging, solemn-faced studio official showed him round, introduced him to the players, the director and others on the set. Even Yvonne Arnaud, his own leading lady, was not penetrated by his disguise.

Imagine, then, the blank amazement of the unit when Barry suddenly tore off his make-up and disclosed his identity.

"We were all preparing for a new play. After that he wants to do another film. His secret ambition, however, is to become a well-known author. He admits that the secret of his success is a life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist who wrote The School for Scandal and The Rivals.

"What a marvellous biographical picture the life of Sheridan would make!" says Barry. "Do you know that he was easily one of the most brilliant characters in history—a man who by sheer personality, wit and charm, rose from obscurity to the most dazzling heights. Certainly he was the greatest poet of his day.

"He was the friend of Fox and Burke, entered Parliament, wrote two of the finest comedies in the English language, and became owner of Drury Lane Theatre.

"But extravagance and drink caused his downfall. Once master of £18,000 a year, he died in utter poverty, owing money everywhere. He was unable to leave his house in case exasperated creditors should rush in through the open door. His food had to be lowered through the railings into his room. In the end his landlord literally took the roof from over his head.

"Yes, I hope one day to make that film with Brian Aherne in the role of Sheridan. I would call it The Gay Gemini."
Is this your type?

To know her type, to study its demands, to make every accessory of her toilet express and accentuate her personality is the secret of a woman’s attraction. And how true this is of her complexion!

Her make-up must blend exactly with her natural colouring, emphasising it a little, perhaps, but always in tone.

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ORETTE YOUNG has always been regarded as one of the gentlest feminine stars in Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Ruth Chatterton and various other celebrities have stood up for their rights with great firmness, but Loretta was always noted for her amiability.

So Hollywood felt as though another earthquake had struck the town when it was learned that the young, blonde actress had walked out on her role in *Lloyd's of London*, and was on the Pacific, sailing for Honolulu. Loretta considered that her part was too unimportant, which may have been the reason for her departure.

Another possible cause is that Eddie Sutherland is scheduled to depart for Honolulu within the next fortnight to direct a picture there starring Bing Crosby. The general opinion is that Eddie and Loretta are quite likely to wed in the Land of the Ukeleles.

**Au Revoir!**

Jean Harlow and Barbara Brown have been inseparable companions ever since the star won fame—and now they are to be separated. Childhood friends, they have been a Hollywood legend. From time to time “Bobby” has served as Jean’s travelling companion, secretary and stand-in.

Her work in *Suzy* is to terminate her mot. on picture career—because “Bobby” intends to seek a business career, starting in a secretarial post.

**A Real “Gun Man”**

Gene Raymond plays the roles of idealistic lovers, but, nevertheless, he is the proud possessor of one of the finest gun collections in Hollywood. Gene is an expert marksman and an enthusiastic hunter.

The young actor first started collecting guns when he could use almost every type of modern firearms. Recently, however, he became interested in antique types, and his collection now includes many ancient “shooting irons.”

**Lucky Simone**

All over the city of Los Angeles one sees huge billboards with Simone Simon’s smiling face and a eulogy of the little actress in large type. These billboards cost money, and I hear they have been erected in other large American cities.

Playing up a star practically unknown in America has rarely been done before. The most notable exception was Marlene Dietrich, for whom a billboard campaign was launched before the showing of *Morocco*, her first American film.

Simone, I hear, had quite an argument with Irving Cummings, her director, but has now calmed down, and all is serene.

**A Gaol-bird!**

Bruce Cabot is wondering whether a compliment was paid to him whilst he was playing a convict in scenes taken in the business district of downtown Los Angeles.

Clad in a convict uniform he dropped out of a truck, and ran into an hotel, whilst cameras, concealed in trucks photographed the scene. Meanwhile police kept back a crowd of spectators.

An excited old gentleman, not knowing the escape was merely part of a film story, rushed up to the policeman, and told them that the “convict” had run into the hotel!

The spectator’s face was red when he learned the truth!

**Shattered Romance**

Wyane Gibson, who has been absent from Hollywood films for many months, has a featured role in Columbia’s *Come Closer, Folks*. John Gallaudet, recent recruit from the New York stage, is also in the cast.

The director, Ross Lederman, thought it would be rather courteous to introduce the two, and did so, then noted that they both smiled.

“Do you know each other?” he asked.

“Rather,” replied Miss Gibson. “We used to be married!”

Anyway, Wyane and Gallaudet were very friendly, and got along splendidly in the picture.

**She’s Not the Type**

Una O’Connor, clever Irish actress, has won fame in Hollywood for many fine portrayals but wishes she did not have to play so many frowzy drunks.

The actress’s friends know that this charming lady never takes a drink, in fact, she abhors liquor in any form. But she has to play dipsomanias!

**A Canny Manager**

Jeanette MacDonald’s mother told me a story on herself. She took young Sim to a theatre where one of Jeanette’s pictures was playing. The hall was crowded, but she explained to the manager that she was the mother of the famous Jeanette. The manager looked sceptical, but invited Mrs. Mac and her party to occupy seats in his office until seats were vacant.

When accommodations were available, they were seated, but not before the manager collected the stated price for each seat from Mrs. MacDonald!

**A Star’s Glass House**

Ann Sothern owns the champion “window” home of the film colony.

The young actress’s Beverly Hills home contains fifty-four windows. The building had been constructed with many windows originally, and more were installed upon the arrival of Ann.

Her bedroom contains eight windows and a skylight. The coffee room is equipped with violet ray glass for the morning sun. The actress admits a fondness for sunlight and fresh air as the result of a slight claustrophobia, the definition being “a morbid fear of being in confined places.”

Of course Ann’s home has plenty of shades and drapes, or else the fans would be playing “peeka-boo” whenever she was around!

**All is Well**

Aline Judge declares that there is no truth in the reports that she is planning to divorce her husband, Director Wesley Ruggles.

The young actress says that rumours of a separation started when it was learned that she plans to take her young son for a holiday in Europe.

A happy picture of Jean Bennett and Cary Grant who share the starring honours in “Wedding Present.”
THE BRITISH STUDIOS

Sandy will play the part of an unemployed man who had a bob or two on the pools every week, which as you may or may not know, has become a weekly hobby with hundreds of thousands of people in this country. They have a lot of fun and a sporting chance to win a packet; sometimes they lose their bob and two, and sometimes they win a packet to the way of the world. Opposite Mr. Powell is the charming Gina Malo, vivacious and easy on the eyes. Curiously enough (or maybe because she likes them better) the very last film I saw her working in, entitled All In, had a sporting background. Only in that she was working opposite a whole cohort of comedians, instead of one.

My Dear Watson!

Backgrounds are going to be popular this season; at Twickenham they are having another production with a sporting background—a talking version of the old drama Silver Blaze, which I remember nightly, is all about a racehorse of that name. It's a Sherlock Holmes story, and who should be Mr. Holmes but our old friend Arthur Wontner, easily the best Sherlock Holmes of our generation. In fact, he almost lives the part.

Thomas Bentley, whose name has not been quite so consistently in the news since British International slowed down production earlier in the year, is directing it, at the St. Margarets studios.

And here, if you please, is another production depending largely upon its background for "atmosphere"; this time the background is the Transatlantic air-service which we may look forward to regarding as a regular part of our somewhat complicated existence during the next decade.

The film is Gaumont-British's Non-Stop New York, and let's hope this title will be a happy augury for the service when it comes into being, for a stop between here and New York is apt to be inconvenient.

Gritty

And now we have news of a new film with a decidedly gritty background—a story about the African desert, not yet titled, which Capitol is going to produce.

Walter Futter, a young producer from Hollywood who was responsible for Africa Speaks, will be in charge, and the star will be Paul Robeson, whose services are very much in demand at present.

I only hope this one will not show him as an American negro who reverts to his native African surroundings and primitive savagery; we've had him in two like that, and it's wearing a little thin.

Thornton Freeland will direct; and incidentally it looks to me very much as if Mr. Freeland had settled down in this country (which, I may say, likes him very much) for quite a while.

If, as he is known to his friends and adherents, has made three successes in England—Breuster's Millions, The Amateur Gentleman, and now Mr. and Mrs. Plimp—they haven't seen any legitimate reason why he shouldn't go right on making them.

At Joe's Place

At the same time I'm pleased to see that his wife June Clyde (who is in every respect a darling) is also fitting from film to film; her latest venture is likely to be a Joe Rock production, to be manufactured in Joseph's own workshops at Elstree (not the new Rock studios, which won't be ready for use for a week or two yet, and in which, I hear, our scatty friend Nat Gonella will also figure.

Red Davis is to direct this one; well, I've seen bits of his last—the Flanagan and Allen picture, Underneath the Arches, and believe me, it's funny.

We're a step farther now with the new British Dominions production, A Man With Your Voice, which has gone into production at Pinewood; Randle Ayrton and Basil Sydney have been added to the cast, which already consisted of Edw. Cortez and Sallie Elphick.

Ayrton, a grand old actor, will play the role of a rugged shipyard contractor whose first care is his ship and the prosperity of his business; Basil and Joe will be the contractor's blackguardly brother, and bitter enemy of the character played by Cortez.

Curious how often Sydney plays villainous parts; on the stage he was a very popular hero; on the films he seems to be becoming an equally popular villain.

Even in Rhodes of Africa, in which he put up a very fine performance, by the way, he was the rather weak though amiable Dr. Jameson—not a very heroic figure.

They Had a Party

They started the ball rolling at Pinewood with a scene from London Melody, the new Anna Neagle production in which she is playing...
Pas Seul by Dietrich

Russia has come to Denham in full force, squeeving out the Dutch landscapes which have been sprinkled all across the fair Buckinghamshire lawns and fields for the Rembrandt picture. The Russian one is Knight Without Armour, in which Marlene Dietrich is playing all by herself hoping that either Robert Donat or a substitute will turn up one of these days to play opposite her.

You should see the Summer Palace at St. Petersburg, built on the sloping lawns running down to the lake; and when the Countess Alexandra (Miss Dietrich to you) arrives in a troika drawn by three magnificent greyhorses, welcomed on the steps by a group of servants and retainers in their national costumes, it looks pretty good.

And what a change to see a bit of Russia without a covering of salt and powdered alun over everything! Producers have a habit of forgetting that Russia (although of course they do have a great deal of snow there in the winter) is not by any means entirely Arctic.

Champion!

Here, sitha, laad, they've been havin' a reet champion do oop! Manchester—ow Will Pyle, Stanley Holloway, Mary Lawson, Jimmy Hanley, an' othters—doin' novet for a livin' but larkin' round on helter-skelters, dodgems, scenic railways, an' the like.

Ay, if summun'd gimme chance to do owt like that, I wouldn't grouble! I'd try an' put oop wi' it, onny road.

And now, for the benefit of my paler, primmer, properer Southern readers, perhaps I'd better explain that the Joe Rock unit making Cotton Quern has been on location at the famous Belle Vue stadium in Manchester, doing scenes in the fun-fair and on the dirt-track speedway.

It's years since I was at Belle Vue (thirty, I'm afraid) but I always remember it as being one of the most completely satisfactory places of amusement on the face of this fair land—second only, I think, to the Tower at Blackpool.

Consequently I've often wondered why it wasn't featured in a film; and now it is, so you'll be able to see how the Manchester Man (an' meusus an' kids) enjoys himself on his afternoon off.

I hope it hasn't changed too much; I like to keep my illusions intact.

Watch Mary

But it isn't going to be all fun and fancy. We've taken into the cotton mills, too, and the cotton mills are the true reason why Blackpool is Blackpool and Belle Vue is Belle Vue.

Cotton operatives work hard, but they also play hard; they don't grudge the expenditure of energy on either.

I may have mentioned before that I like little Mary Lawson; well, in this she seems to have a better part than we have seen her in for a long time. Jimmy Hanley, too, is apparently quite well served—which was by no means the case when last I saw him, in The Tunnel in which I consider he was miscast.

Well, now, what have we next?

At Teddington, Tzigane. And I don't know, of course all across the country you're going to pronounce this, but my guess is going to be something like "Tsee-gah-nee."

And by the time we've all agreed to differ about it, we'll probably find that the title has been changed to something like Love's Gypsy Rhapsody; so maybe we won't stickle too much for pronunciation.

What we do know about it is that it's all about gypsies, and Chili Bouchier is the most important of them.

This looks like a big break for Chili, who has been rather languishing in obscurity in the last two or three years. She made one big mistake (at the instance of Herbert Wilcox) in changing from Chili to Dorothy; and it has taken a long time to get back.

Nimble Chili

However, she is definitely back now—and how! It was certainly the old Chili Bouchier (nicknamed that way on account of the song "Chili Bum-Bum") that Sommie Hale and little Annie Kasmir used to sing) whom I saw shinning nimbly up a studio tree this week at Teddington.

Gosh, she went up like a cat—like the wild-cat she used to be before she was "groomed for stardom." You can oversee this grooming business yourself. Just fancy if you took Lupe Velez and called her Gudelpewe and tried to make a grande dame of her!

By the way, you've got a gasp coming when you watch this scene, for the bough breaks, and Chili falls.

And just so as not to spoil the illusion, I won't describe the sheet which half a dozen prop-men and "grips" put up out of camera-range, were holding to catch her.

I regret to say that my friend Irving Asher, Overlord of Teddington, is hurt to the marrow by my recent remarks about Teddington product, reminding me of Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (which I liked enormously) and Educated Evans, which scored a great hit recently.

He ought to know by this time that I have no quarrel with the way he runs his studios; he knows darned well that I have a great admiration for the way he has done a difficult job. But he also knows that what I object to is the Warner Bros.' habit of yelling about making super-films in Teddington—and then not doing it.

That's my grouse, and I'm stickin' to it.

Picturegoer Weekly
Campos (Harold Huber) tries Chico (Nino Martini) an excellent demonstration of what will happen to him should he try to escape from the bandits' tent.

Braganza (Leo Carrillo) is delighted to find Chico although he finds himself in a police trap.

Chico, although a prisoner, wins the hearts of the bandits with his songs.
to be presented by United Artists in London. It is the
id production from Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky
ical romance replete with action, excitement and
ted developments. Ida Lupino, Nino Martini and
Leo Carrillo are the featured players.

No true love runs smoothly and Jane feels at
times that she must give Chivo a piece of her
mind.
June Clyde
Sets a Fashion

Below we give full instructions for knitting the Tyrolean coat jumper pictured here, which was especially designed for the charming American star. It strikes an up-to-the-minute note and is exclusive to our readers.

Materials Required

Abbreviations
K., knitting; p., puri; st., stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.f.w.d., wool forward.

The Right Front,—Using No. 9 needles and a crochet hook, cast 36 sts.

1st row—Working into the back of the sts., k.

2nd row—K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

3rd row—Using daffodil wool, k.

4th row—K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

5th row—Using white wool, k.

6th row—K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

7th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

8th row—Using white wool, p. (Do not break off wool, as white wool is used for the remainder of the garment.)

9th row—K. 1, p. 1. twice, cast off 3 sts. for a buttonhole, k. the following st., there now being 63 sts., k. the right-hand needle after the casting off, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

10th row—K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., break off the casting off, k. 1, cast on 3 sts. (k. 1, p. 1) twice. Working into the back of the cast on sts. on the first row only, work rows more in rib, thus finishing at the buttonhole edge.

Next row—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, * w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. (61 sts. now on the needle.)

Change to No. 6 needles and proceed in rib as follows, working the border in k. 1, p. 1 rib as before:


Shape the Armholes as follows:—

Keeping the continuity of the rib and front border correct, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at the armhole edge on every alternate row following, until 47 sts. remain.

The Back

Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 87 sts.

1st row—Working into the back of the sts., k.

2nd row—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

3rd row—Using daffodil wool, k.

4th row—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

5th row—Using white wool, k.

6th row—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end. Break off wool.

7th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

8th row—Using white wool, p. (Do not break off wool, as white wool is used for the remainder of the back.)

9th row—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end.

10th row—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to * to the end.

Repeat the 9th and 10th rows 5 times more.

Shape the Neck as follows:

Next row—(K. 1, p. 1) 1 times. Slip these st. on to a safety pin for the present. Work in rib to the end. Now complete as the instructions for the right front.

Shape the Shoulders as follows:

Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed without further decrease, until the work measures 6½ in. from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the neck edge.

Shape the Armholes as follows:—

Keeping the continuity of the rib, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every alternate row following until 83 sts. remain.

Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed.

(Continued on page 38)

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NAME_________________________________

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P.6
The railway magnate received Clarabelle with a smile, admired her name, complimented Joe on having the sense to pick her as a bride, and offered drinks and cigarettes.

With greater success than usual, Clarabelle pulled off her customary fainting fit. The time was early evening of December 25; the place, a California-bound train. It was a propitious occasion, not only because the coach had its full complement of passengers awaiting the porter's first call to Christmas dinner. Not all Clarabelle's "faints" had so sympathetic a spectator as the dark young man with the humorous face and perfectly knotted tie, who had slipped into the vacant seat beside her two minutes before her act was due.

"Sorry if I barged into you. The engineer just found this train in his stock, and he's not quite used to it yet," he apologised, grinning. "Merry Christmas!"

Next minute, having accomplished her faint, Clarabelle, with closed eyes, could hear her well-wisher taking charge of the situation. "A glass of water, please. Is there a doctor in the car?" The young man's inquiry could hardly have been more apt, seeing that it paved the way for Doc to come forward with: "I am a physician, sir. What appears to be the trouble?"

Clarabelle remained motionless long enough for Doc to feel her pulse and bathe her forehead. "What—what happened?" she asked, coming to.

"Weakened cardiac action. Partial syncope. Are you subject to these spells, my child?"

"Why, no. I—" In attempting to get up, down went her bag, according to schedule. Out fell the usual articles, baggage check, lip-stick, and purse, for Blackie, the gang's third member, to retrieve. Likable, in spite of shady qualities, Blackie was a slick actor. Not an occupant of the full car, least of all the dark young man who had wished Clarabelle "Happy Christmas," suspected Blackie's ulterior motives as he removed the single fifty-cent coin from Clarabelle's purse and showed it to Doc.

"I don't wish to be personal," Doc remarked, "but what did you have for breakfast, young lady?"

"A cup of coffee."

"And last night?"

"Just the same. No, I'm not sleeping. I'm on my way to California to get a job—if I can. I must have miscalculated expenses."

Folks, I think we ought to do something for her," Blackie announced, removing his trilby.

"Good idea! Here's ten dollars for a start, and as for the bill, you'd better forget it, my dear. Most people do," Doc said engagingly.

"Oh, but I couldn't!"

"You sit tight," the dark young man advised. He had contributed liberally. Clarabelle noticed. The trilby was full of dollar bills when it came back to her. "Let me suggest a large sustaining turkey with plum-pudding," Doc advised. Here ordinarily the act would have ended, but that was where the dark young man came in.

"And now you'll have dinner with my father and me," he announced. "Now, please. It'll be your Christmas present to me."

An hour later Clarabelle entered Doc and Blackie's compartment, radiant at glimpsing vistas of a new world opening up before her.

"Phew! If Mr. Joe E. Hatcher, son of old man Hatcher, railway magnate, isn't a fast worker!" was her comment.

"Nice going kid," Blackie approved, looking up from his deck of cards. "Young Joe's last breach-of-promise suit cost his dad fifty thousand dollars; so it's up to you, broom.""Well, he can take a poor friendless girl under his wing and devote his days to falling in love with her, can't he?"

Clarabelle could afford to scoff, for there had been that added something in Joe's personality putting the sparkle in his life. His generosity in getting her employed at Magin's fashion store, Los Angeles, realised her ambition of becoming one of the world. Parading at a New Year dress show in bridal attire of unsophisticated spotted muslin, she won Joe's admiration to such an extent that he called for her salary to be quadrupled. She received the advance never dreaming that, when the manager had not unnaturally refused to make one, Joe had insisted on making up the difference. Life these days would have sent her spirits skyrocketing had it not been for Blackie's jealousy.

Well, you wanted me to get off with Joe; so why complain?" she inquired over the phone on which he had taken to calling her at all hours. "No, I can't come out to-night; we're going to a show. Nor to-morrow; we're seeing the big fight. . . Very well, Wednesday, then. . . Dinner at my apartment. Good-bye."

She found that she grudged putting on an elegant model, in silver lame with cerise sash, for Blackie. "What are you doing with Hatcher?" he asked suspiciously as she poured coffee.

"Nothing. He still calls me Miss Brooks."

"Listen! I wish you could put a move on with the dough. Doc and I didn't do too well at the races."

"I'm not so flush myself till my next cheque comes along."

Blackie could be very winning in a sentimental mood, but for once Clarabelle found his queerly shaped face, with its thatch of hair, unwelcome as he leaned over to take her two hands. "Gee, kid! I'm crazy about you," he said thickly. "If only we could get fifty grand out of the old man, we'd take a trip to Havana to relax—just you and me."

Nice, relaxing with a revolution. . . . Oh, the phone! I'll answer it. She was half afraid Joe was calling. His voice came over cheerily. "Hello! How's the headache?"

"Terrible. I'm just going to bed."

"Let me give you a treatment. I'm in the lobby."

"No—no, you mustn't come up, please."

"Darn fool! He won't stay out. If I go down on the dive too, he'll have come, she grumbled, though her heart beat joyfully. "Get in the bedroom, Blackie."

"Right. You get rid of him."

"I will."

He came in laden with a pyramid of gifts, a diamond bracelet, a deep red carnation, a bunch of hot-house blooms, and a white carnation in his buttonhole. "Nothing I don't know about headaches," he alleged.

"Take that little thingummy-bob that goes on the top of your dress off right away," he urged. "You're getting red as a beet."

"Darn! You're telling me like that! What's the difference in headaches?"

"Everything in the world. Across the brooks, a cold. Top of the head, indigestion. Back of the head, nerves."

"That's mine, I guess."

He made her turn over and pounded vigorously on her back. Next minute she felt herself lifted off the floor. "There," he encouraged. "You're better already. What you need is fresh air. We ride to-morrow at ten. To-night the moon's out. Open car—Roosevelt Highway—the ocean. Marvelous. It was too tempting. "Wait till I get a wrap," she urged and, turning on the wireless, reached the bedroom in safety. "Ease him out. Tell him you're going to bed."

Blackie insisted.

You don't know him. He's liable to come in here, and put me to bed. If you don't want him to find you here, let me get a move on. I won't be long."

Clarabelle did so, as she was soon to find, know Joe.
See Jessie Matthews in her latest Gaumont British Picture "It's Love Again" directed by Victor Saville at Cinemas Oct. 12th onwards
As the car slipped by the silver pathway of moon on water, he drew her to him.

"How about getting married, kid?" More than search warrants, thoughts of Blackie prompted her answer. "Oh, no! You really ought to ask your father first."

"Why; he didn't consult me when he got married. There's a J.P. at Palm Springs. Just the place for a honeymoon."

She let herself be persuaded. None the less, she couldn't make up her mind to tell Doc the truth, reminding herself that it wouldn't be fair to Blackie. The hotel at Palm Springs certainly was an ideal honeymoon place. Clarabelle woke early in the replica of a cottage bedroom. The oddness of seeing Joe's slippers beside a pair of mules, purchased at the hotel shop, wore off by breakfast time. If only she could have unservedly enjoyed Joe's manifest adoration! It seemed that, in the course of those first few blissful days together, if suddenly he were to leave her, life would cease.

To find Blackie and explain the situation, she decided would be the wiser thing; but, after all, it was he who surprised her by appearing in the living-room of the cottage suite, mercifully when Joe was absent.

"Blackie!" she cried, forestalling his greeting. "I must talk to you; but not here. I've been trying to get you on the 'phone, but you were never at the hotel."

"I know all about everything. Doc has been trailing you ever since you left. We fell in with old man Hatcher; not that he knew where his precious boy was, but I saw the name in the hotel register, 'Joseph M. Hatcher and wife,' with a flourish under it."

But that doesn't say what I want you to tell, Blackie."

"Meaning you're in love."

"Yes."

And from now on you're through with the racket—want to go straight, eh?"

"That's it. A hundred per cent."

You double-crossing little fool.

Don't forget you've deceived me."

Undoubtedly Blackie would have said more in the same vein, if Doc, Joe, with every appearance of good fellowship between them, had not been seen and heard in the lobby. Not for the first time, Clarabelle was deeply thankful for Doc's power of impersonation. Now that she saw him, so to speak, from the other side of a border-line, she admired all the more his appearance as a respected member of the medical profession.

"Yes, I'm on a case here. Very serious. A possible amputation," she heard him say. He congratulated Clarabelle on her appearance and Joe on the married state, and added: "I suppose father has given his blessing, eh? Seeing that he's in Palm Springs."

"Not yet, but we'll tell him after lunch," Joe affirmed. "Fancy the old blighter being here. Give him time to have a round of golf and it's safe to tell him anything. To Clarabelle's relief, Doc and Blackie talked. "We'll be seeing you. We'll drop in from time to time," Blackie added.

"Fonny way how we keep bumping into these two," Joe commented when they were alone. "You want to be careful how you pick up people in trains."

"You picked me up in a train," Clarabelle challenged.

They were lunching in one of the delightfully shady alcoves by the hotel swimming pool when a bell boy, calling Mr. Joe Hatcher, said: "Your father would like to see you at once in his suite."

"Don't get stamped," Joe advised. "He'll rip your family tree, root and branch, but slip him a little kiss and everything will be all right."

Clarabelle found that her fears were hardly justified. The railway magnate received her with a smile, admired her name, complimented Joe on having the sense to pick her as a bride, and offered drinks and cigarettes.

"By the way," he said pleasantly. "Clarabelle, my dear, I'm sure you realise that marriage is an expensive luxury—children to think of—their education, and so on. I shouldn't like you to be under the delusion that Joe has money, because he hasn't: not a dollar, except the five hundred a week he has from me, and that stops from today."

"But, dad, you don't mean—How are we going to live?"

That's your business, Joe. You have the inspiration of a beautiful and charming wife. This is your big opportunity, and for Clarabelle, too. She may be able to make a man out of you. I haven't, so far. And now Good-bye and good luck."

In the coming months Clarabelle was to receive a yet greater shock. Secretly she had always believed in love, although up to the time of meeting Joe a hand-to-mouth existence had discouraged the idea that love and poverty could cohabit. Nearly a year wedded to Joe, who, after spending his cash-in-hand in travel, tried unsuccessfully to farm for a living, they were as much in love as ever. His inexhaustible good nature and sense of humour were partly responsible. Her husband's aptitude for seeing the funny side of such mishaps as the appearance of their uninsured farm-building in a fire saved Clarabelle from depression.

Joe had obtained a clerkship with a Mr. Ambersham, general manager of the Pennsylvania Electric Plant, when Clarabelle summoned courage to refer to her fiancée. They were lying among the hay under the new moon, close to the barn, their present habitat, rented from a humble blacksmith, by name Baumgarten. Deliberately Clarabelle made confession, her hands plucking at straws, while Joe lay full-length, his eyes closed.

"The game was for me to take you over the jumps and then make your father settle and then—I fell in love with you and I couldn't go through with it," she finished.

So far, Joe had not spoken, but Clarabelle had seen his grip tighten on a handful of hay when his father's name was mentioned. He sat up and looked at his watch. "Hy jove!" he remarked. "I must have dozed off. Is that the time?"

"It's nine o'clock," Joe answered, and he said I'd double-crossed him.

---

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Clarabelle added, "Are you listening Joe?"

"I’ve got to go to work," he answered steadily. "Ambersham’s giving me a raise, and the first thing he asked me to do on the strength of it was to go back this evening and get him out a new list of the company’s stock-holders. Care to go to a movie while I’m gone? You’ll miss the bus if you don’t hurry.

"How, like Joe!"

Little did she think that before the evening was over she was to appear in Mr. Ambersham’s office, holding the cheap, flower-trimmed hat so much admired by Joe, and hear him accused of belonging to a gang which had wrecked the safe and got away with six thousand dollar’s worth of bearer bonds.

"Probably their finger-man, I shouldn’t wonder," a police officer rapped out.

"You can’t say that... Just because you found him near the safe in a state of collapse after the raid doesn’t prove he’s a thief," Clarabelle contested. Reply was curt.

"I’ll lock him up, anyway, pending investigation."

"You’d better," Mr. Ambersham supplied. "I’ve been in touch with his landlord, who tells me Hatcher’s so hard up he’s renting a deserted barn.

Clarabelle’s last impression of Joe, as he was handcuffed and hustled to the door, was hearing him in futile and heated argument about wages.

"Five days’ pay due is four dollars and fifty cents times five. That’s twenty dollars and eighty-five cents. Do you mind paying it over to my wife?"

"We’ll hold the pay till the matter of bonds is settled," Mr. Ambersham returned.

Autumn dwindling into winter marked for Clarabelle the dwindling of her hopes. Upon one thing she was determined. Joe, up river serving sentence for a crime he had never committed, should never know of Clarabelle’s love and fears over the child soon to be born.

On Christmas-eve she woke from an unhappy doze in the lower of two bunks that served as bedroom. Terrified, she heard voices outside—familiar voices. With eyesight misted by pain, she saw on the threshold a familiar figure and struggled to a sitting position to greet the one man whose medical knowledge, being not all fake, could help her.

"Doc!"

"My dear child! You here—alone on Christmas-eve! Even in private life, Doc still clung to the manner that removed him so far from the gangster type. "Is it possible our Clarabelle has been deserted—left unprotected."

The grandiose note broke when she told him the truth. "Wait; I’ll be back," he urged. "Blackie and Murchison are outside. You remember Murchison? He’s only just out of hospital after a safe-cracking job, and able to tell us where he hid the stuff. Six thousand dollars’ worth of bearer bonds, hidden in a satchel and buried outside here. Blackie’s getting it now."

Blackie! I must see Blackie."

Whenever pain left her, Clarabelle held tightly to that idea. At long last, he bent over her. He was literally blue with cold, but his eyes were tender as he said, "Nice time you kept us waiting. Gee! The kid’s a funny looking mug ain’t he?"

"They’ve got Joe in jail," she managed to say. "He’s doing time for taking the stuff you’ve just come to get. Blackie, I love him. I can’t live without him. You’ve got to get him out. Please! I love him so."

"Sure, kid."

She closed her eyes with delightful languor, conscious that, before he left, Blackie touched her moist forehead with his lips. She knew Blackie. No need for her peace of mind to picture the scene which actually took place in the landlord’s living-room, where an amazed Mr. Baumgarten found himself in temporary possession of bonds to be returned to their lawful owner with the trenchant request of three wise guys: "Get Joe Hatcher released."

"Exactly two years ago today... Joe was saving. The time was early evening of December 25: the place a California-bound train. Clarabelle, taking Joseph, Jr., from the arms of his nurse, awaited grandfather’s verdict.

"Fine kid! Takes after me, don’t you think?"

And I said there was no such thing as Santa Claus," the magistrate modestly remarked.

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CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS

MY memories—which are admittedly vague of J. Fenimore Cooper's 'The Last of the Mohicans' do not accord too well with this screen version which tends at times, to belittle the British in their struggle with the French. However, the directors on the plain horse-sense of the "colonials" as represented by Randolph Scott as Hawkeye a Scout, are not convinced either by the action which is colourful enough but tends to be very highly coloured and stilted in dialogue.

One is not too convinced either by the action which is colourful enough but tends to be very highly coloured and stilted in dialogue.

I think perhaps it is the detail work that is at fault. George B. Seitz has missed the thrill of the adventure, the scouting, the wood-craft and so on and concentrated more on romance.

It is certainly put over with good spectacular effect and the scenic quality is good enough.

Randolph Scott makes a virile if rather wooden hero as Hawkeye a Scout who falls in love with Colonel Munro's daughter Alice.

The Colonel who has been ordered to hold Fort William against the French, is assisted by Hawkeye's services as a Scout— is played efficiently by Hugh Buckler, whilst Alice who at first resists Hawkeye and eventually agrees with his non-interference policy is well characterised by Binnie Barnes.

As her sister Cora, who is captivated by the charms of a Mohican chieftain's son. Uncas and who eventually falls in love with him when they are being chased by hostile Indians, Heather Angel is somewhat nebulous. But she is suitably calm and noble as Uncas.

Another suitor to Alice's hand, Major Duncan Heyward, is played in a manner that reminds me irresistibly of Clive Brook at his grimmest, by Henry Wilcoxon. He pictures him as an obstinate and unreasonable officer who hates Hawkeye but eventually tries to give his life for him because he realises Alice loves him.

Bruce Cabot is effective as Magua, a treacherous spy who has been beaten by the Colonel and tries to get revenge on the fall of Fort William by capturing his daughters. Heyward and Hawkeye go to the rescue and the usual struggle as to who should sacrifice himself for their safer takes place. In this instance both are saved.

The siege of the Fort is well depicted but the characters never really come to life, there is an air of artificiality which pervades the entire atmosphere.

Juvenile, however, should find it most acceptable.

THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

Frankly pseudo-scientific hokum with an ingenious central idea which would have been more enter-taining if it had been treated as comedy. As it is, the melodrama is very far-fetched and incredible with too much emphasis on the weird experiments of an unbalanced scientist.

The theme implies that a certain Dr. Laurent is perfecting a method of exchanging one man's soul for another.

He gets a young doctor, Clare Wyatt, who had known him in Genoa before his claims had been ridiculed, to work with him.

His lover, Dick Haslewood, a reporter and son of Lord Haslewood, a prominent newspaper proprietor, follows her to the eerie house where Laurent works.

He gets a story in the papers and his father who boasts of his contributions to science persuades Laurent to come and take charge of the famous Haslewood Institute for scientific research. When finally Laurent addresses a body of noted scientists on his discoveries, he is laughed at and later is asked by Haslewood to leave.

He finds that his opportunities and changes Haslewood's soul with that of a hopeless cripple, Clayton, who is his only friend. During this experiment Haslewood, in the person of Clayton, dies and Clayton carries on in Haslewood's body.

He reinstates Laurent who has decided to marry Clare, since she will have nothing to do with his black magic.

He decides to project his own soul into the body of Dick Haslewood and makes plans to trap his victim. He has first to kill Clayton who has discovered that Haslewood's body is diseased and is also anxious to find another more healthy retreat.

He leaves clues which point clearly to himself, Laurent, as the murderer, knowing that when he conducts his transference his own soul will be safely in Dick's body.

He succeeds in trapping Dick but Clare learning of his diabolical design is in time to effect another switch-over before Dick in the body of Laurent who has fallen from a window, dies.

The only really clever part of the picture is the sequence in which Clayton in Haslewood's body takes on the duties of the late newspaper proprietor.

Frank Cellier is brilliant as Haslewood and manages when he is supposed to have Clayton's soul to give an impression of that man's personality.

Clayton, by the way, is very well enacted by Donald Calthrop. He is in these scenes which suggest in what extremely amusing manner the idea could have been developed.

Boris Karloff is sufficiently sinister and impressive as Laurent without any aid from hideous make-up.

Anna Lee hardly suggests the earnest young scientist, Clare, but she has charm and makes an attractive heroine.

John Loder is sound as Dick Haslewood.

The production qualities are good but the musical accompaniments to the unlikely experiments are somewhat ear-rending.

THE KING STEPS OUT

While in essentials this is a conventional comic opera of the stage variety it has three important factors which make up for its lack of plot.

In the first place, Grace Moore is in excellent voice, secondly Fritz Kreisler's music is exceedingly melodious— the film is based on the only operetta "Cissy," he has ever written—and thirdly Joseph von Sternberg's direction is pictorially good and artistic.

I think lovers of good music will thoroughly appreciate the star's latest offering.

The story deals with Helena, one of the Duke of Bavaria's numerous daughters whom the Empress of Austria decides shall marry her son Francis Joseph. Helena, however, is in love with Palfi, a young officer and her sister Cissy determines that she shall not be sacrificed for the Empress' ambitions.

So when they go to Court, Cissy contrives to meet Francis Joseph, who is now either of them, in the guise of a seamstress.

She wins him over and then Helena accuses her of wanting to be the Empress herself.

Josef invites Cissy to dine with him and learning her identity and her eligibility he manages with the help of the Duke to over-ride the Empress' wishes.

Grace Moore puts plenty of spirit and humour into her part as Cissy and she makes it a most attractive role.

Franchot Tone is not, however, particularly well cast as Josef, although bringing a touch of his charm of manner and personality into the role.

As the Duke, Walter Connolly is very good and Herman Bing highly amusing as an innkeeper.

The conventional Rutarian nature of the picture is unimportant as its humor not for surprise but there is a certain naive charm throughout and the players seem to be doing part well entertained by their evident sincerity and polished performances.—L.C.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

A rather significant indicator that Western and adventure production on the up-grade is supplied by this extremely well developed and highly thrilling picture which has been directed forcefully by King Vidor.

But while fast-moving action is the main thing, the picture does not rely for entertainment on that alone; characters are well drawn, there is plenty of humour with strong underlyingcurrents of sincere and restrained sentiment.

Its main fault—and it is an easy one to point is that it runs too long. It is necessary to cut it to just twenty minutes.

The story is divided equally between Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan, the first as a bandit who becomes a Texas Ranger and reforms, the second as a through and through-going desperado. They are both excellent in their respective characterisations.

The hero is Fred MacMurray, who puts up a good performance in the partnership with Wahoo (Jack Oakie) and Sam (Lloyd Nolan). They are separated, and, in search of food, Jim, Sam and some Texas Rangers meaning to use their positions to help them in their banditry. They meet some Indians, and he is handed over to the charge of Amanda, Major Haslewood, who is quickly attracted by Jim.

The pair meet up with Sam again, and arrange to pull off some coups, one being to kidnap Indians, and, in the process, changes Jim's and Wahoo's ideas about the Rangers.

To whom Amanda has confessed her love, urged by Wahoo, goes to bring a notorious criminal, who is running a town, to trial. He succeeds, but changes his mind about handing the authority over to Sam which he had originally intended to do for friends.

But soon Sam becomes notorious, and Jim is asked to go and bring him to justice, but is promptly arrested because he has become known that he was once Sam's partner.

To Jim, Wahoo decides to take French leave and trap Sam, but is shot in the attempt. Hearing this, Jim is released so that he can capture the murderer. After an exciting chase he succeeds in his mission.

Jean Parker is delightfully naive and fresh as Amanda and Edward Ellis is sound as Major Bailey. The true sweep about the fights with Indians and the background generally is most picturesque.

As a whole it is an excellent example of the Western at its best and most up-to-date.—Lionel Collier.
October 17, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Dazzling on the screen...

and at home

Jean Harlow has the same radiant loveliness

Beauty Queen of the Tennis Court! Jean Harlow, lovely M-G-M star, plays practically every day at the Bath and Tennis Club. Even competitive tennis doesn't spoil her complexion; she always looks perfectly lovely. “Lux Toilet Soap is my beauty treatment. It keeps my skin so smooth and clear,” she says.

Do YOU suffer from enlarged pores — without knowing the real cause?

Why is it that coarse skin, enlarged pores and patchy complexion never worry film stars? The reason is clear when you see the difference between your skin and Jean Harlow's. If you could look at your skin under a microscope you would see thousands of tiny dead scales that look ridged and rough. But how different Jean Harlow's skin looks! Flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny scales with Lux Toilet Soap. Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap's quick-acting lather dissolves these scales, clears away coarse skin and reveals the smooth skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Obtainable everywhere.

Lux Toilet Soap  The beauty soap used by 81 out of 857 film stars

3¢ A TABLET
The PICTUROGEO'S quick reference index to films just released

MODERN TIMES
THE THREE WISE GUYS
INJUSTICE
CAPTAIN JANUARY
FORGOTTEN FACES
SHIPOATES O'MINE
BOULDER DAM
TWO IN REVOLT
THE DRAG-NET
TIMBER WAR
ELIZA COMES TO STAY

What the asterisks mean—
••••••••••••• Excellent, outstanding feature.
•••••••• Good.
•••••• Very good.
••••• Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

MODERN TIMES

So much has been written about this Chaplin opus during its long runs at the Titoli and Marble Arch Pavilion that it seems redundant to go very deeply into it again. I dealt with it briefly in our issue of February 29, to which I refer readers who want fuller details than I have space for here.

In my opinion, it is the best thing Chaplin has done. He has been accused of using old-fashioned technique, but I think he is advertising himself with a new angle, and we still have the pathetic and yet riotously funny little character which was the star of Chaplin's genius for so many years.

Chaplin's theme is the triumph of individualism over the conditions which a machine age seeks to force upon it.

Thus we have the soul-destroying idea of the machine in the earlier sequences and the eventual escape of Chaplin as the wage slave, together with the little girl whom he befriends.

Briefly, the story is as follows.

Chaplin, a worker employed in a steel plant, is reduced by routine to a robot. The monotony of his task destroys his spirit and nerve, and he falls sick in hospital. On his discharge he unwittingly becomes involved in a labour riot and is thrown into gaol. Later, by luck, thwarting a gaol break, he is rewarded with all the comforts of home, but his brief happiness comes to an end when he is given his parole.

An orphan waterfront waif escapes from juvenile welfare officers, and she and Charlie make contact following his dismissal from a shipyard. She is arrested for stealing food, but although Charlie attempts to take the blame, she is given a pardon. He returns to gaol, enters a cafeteria and consumes a meal for which he cannot pay, and when he is again arrested he meets the girl in the police wagon.

They escape, and after Charlie loses another job, this time as a night watchman in a department store, the two find joint occupation as cabaret dancers and singing waiters. Their success is stifled by the unexpected appearance of the police, but they manage to make a getaway with the help of the picture trudging life's highway together.

Chaplin triumphs as an actor, composer, director, and author. Perhaps his greatest effort is a song he sings in a language of his own, accompanied by some mimicry which is the quintessence of clowning.

Paulette Goddard is excellent as the heroine. She expresses the vivacious gamine with a wholly captivating charm and vitality.

One complaint is the introduction of needless sub-titles, and I do feel that speech could have been sparingly utilized—not by the star—to preserve the continuity.

****THE THREE WISE GUYS

Robert Young — Joe
Betty Furness — Clarabelle
Raymond Walburn — "Doc"
Thurston Hall — Hulcher
Bruce Cabot — "Blackie"
Donald Meek — Grobble
Herman Bueh — Baungarten
Harry Tyler — Yege

Wile not particularly plausible, this picture, which presents a regeneration theme with humour, some drama, wit, and a little sentiment, provides good entertainment.

The cast, which is a sound one, gives full value to the characterisations and, as a whole, the production has its full share of whimsicality and verisimilitude.

The story appears on another page in this issue, so I will not detail it.

Robert Young, who is rapidly becoming one of the most popular juvenile leads, plays the role of Joe, who marries a girl, a member of a band of confidence tricksters who are out to exact their final revenge by the help and abandon that is refreshingly sincere.

As the heroine, Clarabelle, Betty Furness is provocative and wholly captivating, while, as the other members of the gang, Raymond Walburn as "Doc" and Bruce Cabot as "Blackie," are excellent.

The supporting players are very well cast, all turn in neat characterisations.

**INJUSTICE

Ronald Reagan — Joseph Larrabee
Kay Lander — Barbara Winston
Charles Ogle — "Bob"
Hersey O'Neill — George Winston
John Adair — "John"
Addison Richards — Warden Parrenstar
Journey's End — "Journey's End"
Charles Middleton — "Mike Warden"
Old Reliable — "Doctor"
William Davidson — "Marden"
Sam — "Tiger"
Marc Lawrence — "Pete"
Eddie Shore — Buck Dpper
Ed Var Solom — "Dolley"
Ben Hendricks — Policeman
Ed Le Saint — "Judge"
George Lloyd — "Gendier"
Tom Wilson — "Bill"
Lois Winter — "Tamara"
Tom Wilson — "Morgan"
John Irwin — "Old Convict"
Directed by Louis King.

The story of political intrigue and treachery is used to form the framework upon which is built a string of incidents and the appalling conditions still existing in many American prisons.

James Larrabee, a budding journalist, is framed on a shooting charge by Metcalfe, the leader of a gang of political crooks, and is sent to gaol, where he suffers many cruelties in prison. He is finally released through the efforts of his girl, Barbara Winston, and his enemy is brought to justice.

A pocket edition of I AM A FUGITIVE, the story is too strong meat to appeal to the squeamish, but it is told with a strength and an emotion that are impressive, and thrill and excitement abound from start to finish. The stamp of authenticity is conspicuous in all the prison sequences and the picture provides stimulating entertainment.

Donald Woods is entirely convincing as the young journalist, and Kay Lander is both attractive and intelligent as the heroine. Joseph Larrabee makes the villain a most plausible scoundrel, and the supporting cast are all entirely in character.

CAPTAIN JANUARY

Robert Warwick — Captain Amercan
Slim Summerville — Captain Nemo
John Larch — Yale Keen
Buddy Ebsen — Paul Roberts
Bob Burns — Alfonso Morgan
Jane Darrow — Eliza Croft
Jerry Trench — Ben Morgan
Nella Walker — Mrs. John Mason
George Macready — John Mason
James Farley — Deputy Sheriff
Si King — Old Sailer
John Carradine — Captain Amercan.
Directed by Sam Newfield. Published: August 22, 1936.

A picture designed to show the misfortunes of Shirley Temple and which will prove exceedingly acceptable to her numerous followers. She dances, sings, and mimes with the assurance of an old trooper and yet manages to preserve that essential unsophistication which is necessary to complete her appeal. There is naturally a touch of pathos about her, but the facility with which she performs helps to conceal it.

She does not in this instance have to bear the full weight of the picture, as in some of her previous productions.

The adolescent performances come from Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville, who, is, for once in a way, given a really human character to depict.

The former is cast as a kindly old lighthouse-keeper, Captain January, whose 12-year-old nephew, Star, who was rescued from the seas as a baby when her mother was drowned, is appointed by the New York police officer, dast, to have Star removed to an institution on the grounds that she is not being brought up properly, but an examination proves Star to be intelligent and educated beyond her years.

However, it is clearly informed that, as automatic equipment is being installed in the lighthouse, his services are no longer needed, and, fearing that Star will be taken from him now that he is out of a job, he charts the course which he puts out to sea with her; but Mrs. Morgan, armed with a court order, follows and takes the child.

Meanwhile, Newfield informs that, as a result of her new friendship, the boy is now interested in books and starts to write poetry and plays, and, in spite of the highly conventional nature of the plot, this provides good entertainment for the family.

TIMBER WAR

Kenneth Harlan — "Cap" Butler
Lillie Lloyd — Sally Martin
Sterling Holloway — "Pappy" Keen
Robert Warwick — "Doc" Murray
Lloyd Ingrams — O'Leary
Robert Warnick — Colonel Murray
James Farley — "Coxey"
Patricia Royal — Secretary
Jim Plummer — "Buck" Brackley
Directed by Sam Newfield.

A full-blooded, unpretentious account of Captain Nana and lumber country, in which authentic scenes of work are cleverly blended with exciting incidents, this is a sound. (Continued on page 34)
Tribulations of a débutante

BY THE LADY MORRIS

"I SPENT the last of my school-days 'finishing' in Italy—and the hot Italian sun burned and roughened my skin terribly," Lady Morris told us. "Back in England for the Season, I slept—I was sure my awful skin was hopeless!"

"Fiddlesticks," declared a friend, a débutante of the Season before. "You can have a lovely complexion!" And she told me to use Pond's Creams.

"She was right, too! In less than a week my skin was nicer than I had dreamed possible! Since then I've been devoted to Pond's Creams."

AND you would agree—Lady Morris has one of the loveliest complexions your eyes can ever have seen, so soft, so smooth, so fresh.

But Pond's Creams will work wonders for you, too. These are the facts that explain their marvelous effect:

**Wipe out lines**

Get rid of blackheads

Skin faults, such as blemishes, coarseness, wrinkles, are a sign that your under-skin is sluggish. This lies beneath the skin you see. It contains muscles, glands and blood-vessels; and when they are active your skin is clear and satiny.

But before you are twenty they begin to grow lazy. Fibres slacken—then lines appear. Relaxed glands allow the pores to fill up and so you get blackheads. Muscles get flabby—then the pores go wide-open.

But Pond's Cold Cream softens the dirt in the pores and flushes it out. Then, as you pat in this cream, your under-skin is toned. The blood flows briskly again. Do this every night and lines soften away, blackheads disappear, your skin begins to look soft, fine textured and clear. In the morning, too, use this cream.

Before you powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes your powder go on smoothly and clings. Also it contains a substance that makes your skin soft and a nourishing substance that keeps your skin smooth and fresh all day. Start using Pond's Creams now!

**FREE:** For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address, send a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1571—Pond's, Portsea, Greenford, Middlesex.
The backgrounds against which the action takes place is picturesque and the development is steady, culminating in a spectacular racing thrill. The "acting" honors are stolen by Warrior, a thoroughbred colt owned by Benton, a big racing man, and Lightning, a half-bred dog owned by John, Benton's trainer, who became friends from birth. When Warrior is a two-year-old, crooks try to steal him, and he runs in the stake, later to be followed by Lightning.

The crooks give chase, but they are repeatedly thwarted by Lightning until John arrives somewhat belatedly on the scene. Later, Warrior, spurred on by the encouraging barking of Lightning, wins a big race, and his victory leads to Benton blessing the romance between his daughter and John. There is not a great deal of surprise element, but the animals are well introduced and the human artistes put up creditable performances.

**SHIPMATES O'MINE**

Butcher, British. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 85 minutes

John Garfield, Jr.; Jack Denton; Jean Adrienne; Patricia Ellis.

The outstanding performer in this simple mixture of song and sentiment is Patricia Ellis. She renders the song, "Shipmates O'Mine," splendidly.

The plot is a weak one, which introduces you to Jack Denton, patrol chief officer of the Nips, who distinguished himself during the war, and following his marriage is rewarded with the command of his own ship.

**FORGOTTEN FACES**

Paramount, American. "U" certificate. Drama. Runs 71 minutes

Herbert Marshall; Harry Ashton; James Burke; Danny Kaye;鐷

A highly sentimental melodrama, very slowly developed, and threadbare in design and application.

Herbert Marshall is cast as Harry Ashton, a successful promoter of gambling saloons, who discourses with a man, Coo, in the arms of his daughter and shoots his rival dead. Before giving himself up, he takes possession of his daughter, Sally, and gets her to the good care of his friend, Police-Inspector Donovan. Ashton then flees from the law, but eventually Sally is adopted by the wealthy McBride.

After sinking to the lowest depths, Sally learns that she, now seventeen years of age, is about to marry, and she sets the stage for a great love story. Ashton, hearing of her marriage, takes his parole, and by a clever ruse he becomes bitter in the McBride home. Ceclo is then tricked into calling, and a dramatic move on the part of Ashton leads to his death and Ceclo's circumstances that keep her from Sally the secret of her birth.

The star does his best with his part, but fails to make it live, and, while Gertrude Michael acts soundly, the situation from the same paucity of material and opportunity.

The sentiment is terribly heavy handed and generally there is an atmosphere of bathos rather than pathos.

The production is well staged, but the unsophisticated will find entertainment in the out-moded theme.

**ELIZA COMES TO STAY**

Twickenham, F. D. British. "A" certificate. Family. Runs 85 minutes

Betty Balfour; Vera Vanclan; Betty Balfour; Dorothy Hayes; A. R. Watmore; Sinbad the Sailor; Harry Green; F. D. Ashby; W. P. Wessel; Charles Laughton; Anthony Bush; Sally Ann; Frederick Warde.

The humour of this farce is outmoded, and not all Seymour Hicks's polished artistry can make it alive and vital.

The dialogue is weak and the general treatment is pedestrian and obvious.

The story deals with a certain gentleman, the Hon. Sandy Verrall, a gay bachelor, who accepts the guardianship of Eliza Vandan, daughter of a man who had saved his life in a motor accident. After proposing to Vera Laurence, an actress, to provide a mother for his adopted offspring (whom he believes to be an infant) she turns out to be unprepossessing young woman.

However, Eliza knows her way around, and after placing herself in the善s of Sandy Verrall, who is a dressmaker, she circumvents all attempts on the part of Sandy's upstage aunt, Lady Elisabeth, to marry her off to Mony Jones, the faithful brother, and catches Sandy on the rebound when Vera jilts him for his wealthy uncle, the susceptible Sir Gregory.

The gags and situations are all very familiar, and they do not gain anything from the way they are staged.

Betty Halfour is not too happy in her role of Eliza, and the supporting cast do what they can in the circumstances.

**BOULDER DAM**

Warner, American. "B" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 70 minutes

Ross Alexander; Rusty Nelson; Ray Bartlett; John Farrell; Vesta Tilley; O'Neill; George Murdock; Warner; George Murdock; Robert Young; Crawford; Wilson; Margaret Lockwood; Dale Robertson; Claire Trevor; Vincent Price; Harry Marwood; George Sanders; Mark Stevens; Glenda Farrell;ary Sanders; Micheline Presle; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Loggia; John qualitative; Glenda Farrell; Mary Morris; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Preston; Roy B. Linn; Jerry Carlin; Victor Varconi; Robert Presto
A competent business girl: her make-up looks natural and refined

SHE'S A LEICHNER GIRL

Why?—because she can rely on the quality, the moderate price suits her, and, above all, the result suits her.

She uses Leichner Lipstick and Leichner Rouge, and the beautiful Poudre Leichner, achieving the effect of soft natural colour glowing through a beautifully even skin. Follow her example!

Use Leichner and enjoy the benefit of really good cosmetics.

Leichner Lipsticks 16d. and 26d. Leichner Rouge 13d. and the Opalescent Poudre Leichner 2d., and 6d. in the flattering Shades Naturelle, Rachel, Apricot-Peach, Brownish-Rose, Brownish and Ocre.

Obtainable everywhere.

POUDRE LEICHNER

★ Have you heard the latest Beauty News?—the Leichner Facial Pack for the elimination of Blackheads

MADE IN ENGLAND AT LEICHLER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

BIG "HALF MOONS" GIVE NAILS NEW BEAUTY

Your nails look twice as attractive when their natural beauty is not hidden by hard, spreading cuticles and shapeless "frames." Hidden away are big "half-moons" that will add enormously to the beauty of your finger-tips. Now, thanks to a new preparation called NAILOID, you can soften and remove your cuticles in one operation, and reveal bigger "half-moons" and more slender, shapely "frames" than ever before.

Simply use this fragrant cream on your nail-brush and it gives you a complete nail beauty treatment as you brush your nails. It creates a natural pearly sheen and enriches your nails with oils that keep them free from cracks and blemishes. Try it to-day. Ask your Chemist, Hairdresser, or any Store for NAILOID—1/6. Money refunded if not satisfied. Or send 6d. by post (in stamps) for generous trial size to: Allcock's, Dept. P.R.7, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHO is the RIGHT DARCY?

The Rival Claims of Gable and Gielgud

A
n appalling mistake will be made if Clark Gable plays Darcy in Pride and Prejudice. It is a difficult part to play, for Darcy is the Archsnob of Snobs, yet must be likeable enough to attract the delightful Elizabeth Bennet. They would have done better with Hugh Williams; but the best Darcy of all would be John Gielgud, who can be aloof, disdainful and attractive all at once without any difficulty.

Since we are evidently in for an Austen-Bronté cycle, might I ask that when the moment comes does a "Jane Eyre" film, as I am afraid we will, be given to our BASIL RATHBONE as Rochester, to sugarcocat the pill? Because K-K-K-Katie in an Nova Pilbeam part is going to be very hard to take.—Brenda Johnson, 10 Sandringham Street, York.

Credit British

I wonder to what extent British filmdom is suffering from its humble beginnings? We still talk of our simpering film-heroes, but I don't suppose many could actually name the simperers of to-day. We also wake up that old charge against our producers that they adhere too closely to bedroom comedies for screen material. Are there many of these made to-day?—if so, I confess that they have missed my town. The whole truth is that we imagine many of these faults, because we idealised ourselves, and do not realize, even now, that they have been remedied.

Hollywood at one time was miles ahead of us. Let us give British producers credit for making up the leeway even if they are not yet ahead of their American competitors.

Old complaints die hard in this country, don't they?—L. Turvey, 112 Temwyn Road, Portswood, Southampton, who is awarded the first prize of £1 15.

Our Friend the Kinema

Most of us pass through life haunted by a sense of inner loneliness. We long for the society of one who can give us laughter, enjoyment, excitement and entertainment. But, can we ever find this ideal society? Yes. In this modern age we have an ideal friend—the kinema; a friend who is ever willing to stretch forth welcoming arms to all, to give entertainment to suit every taste.

Is there any human being who can teach us about matters of etiquette so thoroughly? Who can give us such elegant ideas on dress? Who can show us to perform noble actions? Is there anyone who can relieve the monotony of drab existence so successfully? And, can anyone else be as courageous as is anyone who can take us into the Paradise of Laughter?

The kinema—our ideal friend, provides a means of relaxation from a monotonous life—to forget our sorrows—to study humanity. No other place could afford such a complete survey of mankind as the kinema. Yes, I, for one, thank you all—you big kinemas and the persons whose shadows I always see on the silver screen, my ideal friend—the kinema. —T. McLaren, 38 Park Lane, Croydon, who is awarded the second price of 10s. 6d.

A Spoilt Programme

I have a grousie, a bad grousie, one which takes the guilts of these so-called super-kinemas. The other day on opening one I noticed that the advertised programme was completely "U". Being a program who is matinee performance, with cheap seats, it was well supported by the children who being on holiday were naturally thrilled at the novelty.

The films were excellent and in no way to blame, unfortunately there were stage turns, one being a pair of comedians who cracked the usual smutty jokes. It seems to me that the manager of that theatre must be lacking in brains as well as decency.

He not only spoilt a good "U" programme but put that act on in a matinée. A conjuring turn would have been more appreciated. After all, if the public demand such comedians they should only be allowed to appear in the evening performance when the children are generally missing.—Ashford Maurice, 2b Chestnut Grove, Baldham, S.W.12.

For Grumblers

I have often read letters to "The Thinker" of people complaining of their kinemas. Perhaps when they have read this, they will realise how fortunate they really are.

I was staying in a small village in Derbyshire, where the villagers looked forward to Friday night, when a small car came in with a few films. The "kinema" was a small room adjoining the bank, and after waiting for more than half an hour for the show, which was oftener than not late, the villagers trooped in to sit on uncomfortable, backless, wooden forms, and see a very old picture.

They paid sixpence to sit on forms, and ninepence to sit on ordinary kitchen chairs. But they learned the hard way, lucky to be able to see a film at all, without grumbling about seats, etc.—Miss M. Chorlton (age 13), 58 Eton Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester, 11.

Raising the Price

The usual matinee prices for our local kinemas are 6d. for the first batch of seats, up to the middle, and 1s. for the rest. But when Top Hat came, the management put the prices up. They charged 6d. for the first few rows, 1s. for the next ones, and 6d. for the back ones.

I think it is very unfair on the public to put the prices of the seats up, when they show a good film. After all, the prices are not lowered for a bad programme.—Phyllis Daniels (13 years), 32 The Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion clearly.

£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.

Recipe for

GLAMOROUS NAILS

Make it a practice to tint your nails with the new and improved Cutex Liquid Polish. This new polish is easier to apply than ever before. It resists evaporation and won’t thicken in the bottle in ordinary use! In a choice of fifteen smart shades.

It’s important, too, to use only Cutex Oily Polish Remover because, unlike imitations, it removes polish without drying the nails or interfering with the wear of the polish.

Your favourite shop has Cutex preparations. Try them to-day. Made in Great Britain.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES—Mail the coupon with 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

GLAMOROUS

Hollywood BEAUTY

IRENE DUNNE

Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream not only gives the matt refreshed appearance of powder, but also softens the skin wonderfully which powder alone cannot do. Moreover in these high speed days it is so convenient to be able to restore one’s complexion with a few touches from a dainty jar which fits nicely into the hand-bag.

Potter & Moore’s

BLUSH CREAM

is the ideal cream rouge for use with Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream.

You must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence.

1/-

Potter & Moore’s

MITCHAM LAVENDER

IN O.D.D. 1/3 interfering any choice Beauty

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June Clyde Sets a Fashion

(continued from Page 24)

without further decrease until the work measures 6½ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing so that the right side of the work will be facing when working the next row.

Shape the Shoulder as follows, keeping the continuity of the rib:

1st row—Work to the last 9 sts., turn.
2nd row—Slip 1, work to the last 8 sts., turn.
3rd and 4th rows—Slip 1, work to the last 19 sts., turn.
5th row—Slip 1, work to the last 29 sts., turn.
6th row—Slip 1, work to the last 28 sts.

Break off wool. Slip all the sts. on to one needle, turn and rejoining the wool, with the right side of the work facing, cast off as follows:

Next row—Cast off 29 sts., work the following 24 sts. in rib, there now being 25 sts. on the right-hand needle, cast off the remaining 29 sts. Break off wool. Slip the remaining 25 sts. on to a safety pin for the present.

THE SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 38 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, work rows 1 to 8 inclusive as worked at the commencement of the right front.

Now proceed as follows:

Using white wool, work 16 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing 1 st. at the end of the last row. Change to No. 6 needles and using white wool, proceed in rib as follows:

1st row—P. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3.
2nd row—K. 3, (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 3, (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 3.

Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

Keeping the continuity of the rib, increase at both ends of the next row and every following 6th row, until there are 65 sts. on the needle. Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed without further increase until the work measures 17½ inches from the commencement, finishing so that the right side of the work will be facing when working the next row.

Shape the Top as follows:

Keeping the continuity of the rib, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every alternate row following, until 43 sts. remain. Now decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every row following until 11 sts. remain. Cast off purplish.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE COLLAR

Join the shoulders of the back and fronts together. Slip the sts. of the border of the right front off the safety pin on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the inside edge, join the white wool and knit up 20 sts. along the side of the neck. Slip the 25 sts. of the back on to a spare needle and then slip them on to a second spare needle, thus the point will be towards the right shoulder, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 12 times across these sts., knit up 20 sts. along the side of the neck of the left front. Slip the sts. of the border of the left front on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the edge, k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times across these sts. (83 sts. now on the needle.)

Now proceed as follows:

at Forty, and Poppy. Dick will be 27 on January 8 next, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weighs 140 lb.

Larry (Buster) Crabe

ONE of the few athletic kings to make good

in movies, Larry holds five world swimming

records. The athletic factor is due to make a

picture in Brittain shortly. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall,

weighs 188 lb., and requires five meals a day to

fuel his giant body. Films: Tarzan the Fearless,

To the Ends of the Earth, Man of Steel, The

Herd, Girl of My Dreams, Search for Beauty,

You're Telling Me, Judge of Honour, The Oil

Raiders, Nevada, Drift Fence, Desert Gold, Flash

Lady Milbanke, the famous London hostess, is a keen golfer and is often to be found at Le Touquet enjoying her favourite sport. Chooses her perfume every bit as carefully as she chooses her driver — CALIFORNIAN POPPY for all occasions, the links no less than the ballroom.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
Perfume
1.6 3/- 5 - 9. - and trial sizes

SEE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Beauty Experts Praise New
TATTOO
cream
MASCARA
2/6

Needs no water to apply
— completely waterproof!

Beauty experts unanimously praise TATTOO cream MASCARA for the star-like glamour it gives to eyes. They find it really smart-proof, completely waterproof, easier to apply than cake or liquid mascaras. TATTOO CREAM MASCARA . . . in a tube! Squeeze on to the brush, whist over your lashes . . . and they are—dark, silky and lustrous. Locking twice their actual length! At all cosmetic counters in a smart satin vanity, rubber-lined, with brush.

SEND COUPON FOR 30-DAY FREE TRIAL
To Fussett & Johnson Ltd., Dept. M, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. For 3d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.), send 30-day trial tube of Tattoo cream Mascara, with brush.

VIRGINIA'S
Hollywood Preparations

A woman who has taken advantage of this less-than-half-price introductory offer are finding new beauty with the aid of Virginia's Hollywood Preparations. This trial includes Virginia's Wonder Mask, as used by many stars—

Beauty can't be beat. It is impossible to find one as perfect in the market. It contains an ideal mixture of the most active and secret ingredients and is the perfect preparation for the health of the skin. It is the best preparation for the health of the skin. It is the best preparation for the health of the skin.

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Let GEORGE DO IT!

O WING 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 cuttings of films, release dates or stars 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.

There's no attraction to compare with a love skin— and none that's so easy to gain. City air and city grime can take much of the life and loveliness from your complexion. Don't wait for "tired skin." Start the simple Knight's Castile beauty treatment now.

Knight's Castile beauty treatment Now fans, you can have the same beauty treatment you get at the famous beauty salons of the world—without leaving your own home. Just apply Knight's Castile soap and let the chemical reaction do the rest.

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FAN CLUB NOTICES

The John Boys Musical Dramatic Club is desirous of new members, weekly rehearsals on Friday evenings at 7.30, with Saturday matinées at 2.30 and 7.45. Subscription 3s. 6d. per year. Apply to John Boys, 21 Acreme Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.

The Imperial Film Club are holding their next dance at Bush House, Aldwych, W.C. on Saturday, Nov. 11th. A first-class dance with dancing until midnight. Tickets 2s. 6d. each, obtainable from the Secretary, 1, P.C.C., 9 Mincing Lane, E.C.3.

The Henry Edwards British Film Club will hold another of their jolly Carnival Dances on Friday, November 11th, at the New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, Piccadilly, W.1, from 8 to 2 a.m. Many famous Film Stars and other celebrities have promised to be present, and there will be Spot Prizes; all kinds of...
Is your skin satin or sackcloth?

IT's that underskin dirt which gives your skin a coarse, grey appearance; dirt which neither soap and water, nor any ordinary cleansing cream can touch.

Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream, which liquefies immediately on contact with the skin, penetrates much deeper into the pores, and brings out that underskin dirt which is responsible for most complexion troubles. Blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores all originate from this same source, and cannot be eliminated by mere surface cleansing.

Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream in Pots or Tubes at 1/- a advisable from all good Stores, Chemists or Hairdressers.

Use the one sure method of getting a satin-smooth skin. Begin using Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream today, and you will be surprised and delighted at the improvement in your skin after only two or three cleansings.

Regular use night and morning will make your skin shades lighter, improve its texture, and ensure that crystal-clear appearance which is the only true foundation of a perfect complexion.

Send 3d. in stamps for a generous sample of Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream, to Beauty Proprietaries, Ltd., Eagle House, Jermyn Street, S.W.I.

After marriage, don’t let kissable hands turn into “Housewok Hands” The skin of your hands is different from the skin of your face. Hand skin needs a different kind of protection. That is why “Vaseline” Petroleum Jelly is the best protection—it prevents roughness and redness. It prevents soda from getting into your skin. Smooth it on last thing at night for soft, smooth hands, jars 4d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd., Victoria Rd., London, N.W.10.

FOR PRESERVING THE NATURAL SOFTNESS AND DELICATE TEXTURE OF FINE HAIR

Evan Williams SHAMPOO is unsurpassed.

Write for booklet on the care of the hair to Dept. P., Evan Williams Co. Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS

She married her boss

NOW, HELEN, YOU WORK IN A BEAUTY PARLOR. SHERRY, YOU KNOW IT ISN’T RIGHT TO COME HOME WITH YOUR HANDS SOFT AND WHITE!

JUST SMOOTH ON A LITTLE VASELINE JELLY EVERY NIGHT, DEAR.

LATER DARLING, THESE SOFT HANDS WON’T HAVE TO DO ANY MORE WORK.

After smoking, don’t let tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES

TASTE GOOD-DO GOOD

Entirely British Made

Sanitary Towels

Rounded Ends for complete concealment

Camelia Soluble Towels

Entirely British Made

Sanitary Towels

Rounded Ends for complete concealment

Camelia Soluble Towels

P. 175596

(Readers report earliest coverage with 11d. postages.)

PICTUREGOER Weekly

October 17, 1936
CUT on the true-bias so that every inch of the material has a two-way stretch, the Athlos moulds beautifully and fits perfectly. The straps have a firm uplift pull, but allow you to pass through a ring at the back, cannot chafe or rub. The brassiere edge is stitched, being folded on this bias to give a close fit without cutting the flesh. Ask to see the Athlos; you'll discover lots more advantages for yourself.

THE Athlos BRASIERE

Popular for its uplift perfection

Leave IT to ANNE

If you have a beauty question, I am at your service. Your queries are treated in the strictest confidence, and the reply is private and unpublishable if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a personal letter.

THERE is nothing that repays care and attention so much as the hair. The regular weekly shampoo and set is important, but of even greater importance, is the daily care and attention which you give it yourself at home. Your hair tells so much about you. To run the metaphor a bit, it might almost be called your signature tune. If you grudge the time for brushing and combing, you never can hope for the shining smooth hair that proclaims the smart and fastidious girl.

Your hair shows a lot whether you are in good health, whether you are getting sufficient sleep, whether you are neat or untidy, and whether you get a wave every fortnight, and let the rest go hang.

There are three kinds of hair, and you should decide to which category your hair belongs. There is oily hair. You do not need to be a detective to recognize that. If you touch the scalp it feels greasy, even a day or so after shampooing. The hair is a good colour just after the shampoo, but two days later it has darkened considerably. Instead of having a sheen and a gloss, it is lank and heavy and hangs together in strands.

At the other end of the scale is dry hair. This hair fails to look well kept, because it is dry and brittle. "You cannot do anything with it," for days after a shampoo. It will not stay put, it lacks gloss, the ends tend to split, and the head always has a slightly fuzzy appearance.

Then there is that blessed happy medium known as normal. It doesn't do any of the things mentioned above. It keeps its colour till the next shampoo; it is easy to dress soon after shampooing, it feels silky to the touch, and it crinkles with electricity when you brush and comb it.

"Well" says the lucky girl with normal hair. That's all right. I can let it go at that. But she cannot—that is not if she wants to keep that state of normality.

All scalps need exercise. If we lived ideal simple lives, eating ideal simple foods, all might be well. But we do not, and so we must take steps to counteract the effects of our modern mode of life.

The roots of the hair are surrounded by a perfect network of very fine blood vessels known as capillaries. The condition of the hair depends upon the activities of the blood in these vessels. If it is flowing fast—in other words if your scalp has a good circulation, your hair is healthy.

If the blood flow is sluggish, hair is starved of want of the food that the blood should bring. The sebaceous glands are relaxed, and then do two things. Either they pour your oil out freely, or they go to the other extreme and simply fade out with exhaustion. They will grow oil at all, and then you have the dry scalp condition.

From this you will understand, that the first treatment for all scalps, whatever their condition, is the exercise given by regular shampooing. Each week or thereon you can, every other night, if you really are pressed for time, devote ten minutes to your head.

Take your hair brush (be sure that it is perfectly clean), and give your hair a good brushing.

Then take a scalp tonic. Part the hair low down on one side, saturate a bit of cotton wool with the tonic and apply it to the part. Part it a little higher, and apply more tonic, until the whole scalp has been covered in this way. Let the tonic on the scalp and not on the hair.

Now massage it in quite vigorously. This can be done better if you sit down and rest your elbows comfortably on the dressing table. Let your finger-tips go round and round. If you are working properly, you will feel the scalp moving over the skull. Cover the entire head systematically, and get well down in the hair root. Don't scratch the scalp with the nails, but use the pads of the fingers.

At first the scalp will feel very tight to the touch, but after a week or so of regular treatment, you will find the scalp loosening up considerably. When the scalp has loosened up, you will be able to do the pinching exercise. This is also extremely good for promoting a vigorous circulation. Give a real pinch between thumb and forefingers. If you can pick up enough scalp to give a white-haired pinch, you may feel satisfied with the results of your work.

All this treatment not only provides the necessary scalp exercise, but it also helps to keep hair and scalp clean. The tonic in particular helps in this way, so that towards the end of the time when the next shampoo is nearly due, you have no need to be ashamed of the appearance of your hair.

Complete with a final brushing, brushing from the roots outwards to give the hair a good airing.

This is but the beginning of hair culture, and next week I have something to say about shampooing at home.

Ginger Rogers' Diary

IMMEDIATE facts of Ginger Rogers' first screen test are revealed for the first time in England in an announcement on page 25. These facts are now reprinted by special permission of Ginger Rogers and Radio Pictures, and show how this celebrated screen actress suffered from fright when she knew of her first screen test. How she was helped by Hollywood's Make-up Genius and how successful was her escape from them in these extracts from her diary, together with information as to how our readers can likewise benefit from the same make-up secrets.

An interesting offer is also made which includes samples of the Ginger Rogers secret Colour Harmony Make-Up.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss J. Montford, 66 Somerset Road, Wimbeldon, S.W.19, for:—

The Private Life of Henry VIII
A Devil With Women
Two Many Wives
Easy Come—Easy Go

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Gerald Beard, Park Road, Guildford, Surrey, for:—

The School for Girls
I Spy
Caught
My Face Red?

Miss Helen Ten, 14 Brook Avenue, Edgbaston, for:—

A Thousand Delays a Minute
When Seconds Count

Miss A. Graham, 1 St. Clement's Road, Drumcondra, Dublin, for:—

The Divorcee
She Married Her Boss

The Tenth Man

Sir-Louis

P. Brain, 30 Hill Rise, Greenford, Middlesex, for:—

The Great Diggers of 1935
Women Must Dress

Be Careful, Mr. Smith

Each and every one of these titles is chosen in order to make a short, short story. Address your entries to: Talkie Title Tales, PICTUREGOER, Marlborough House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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

October 17, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly
Why I'm glad I got GLYMIEL

I wished I'd refused to go to the dance—because, although Eric admired my "hands" with a horse, I was scared he'd be disillusioned when he actually saw—and felt—how rough and horrid they were. Oh, why had I impulsively accepted? Another friendship ruined!

Yet that dance brought romance after all.

What luck I chanced on Glymiel Jelly. It was like magic. In a few days Glymiel made my hands so thrillingly white and soft I hardly recognized them. Eric was thrilled, too. The moral is this: hands are so noticeable; you ought all to get Glymiel.

There are special ingredients contained in Glymiel Jelly and the private process by which it is made, enables it to sink in deeply, feeding the underlying tissues, leaving no trace of greasiness. That is why Glymiel and Glymiel alone, brings such beauty to hands—so quickly! Use Glymiel after your hands have been in water; smooth a little in every night; start to-day!

Tubes... 3d. 6d. 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

Instant Relief for Asthma Sufferers

A Remedy which Swiftly Ends Attacks

THIS famous old remedy has brought real comfort and freedom from attacks to thousands of sufferers, who are now able to enjoy life thoroughly. The number of letters which we receive testifies to the fact that Potter's frequently succeeds when everything else has failed. Easy to use—simply inhale the vapours. Entirely free from opiates, Potter's give immediate relief and instantly makes breathing regular and easy. Sleepless nights become a thing of the past, your daily duties become easier and more pleasant. Never be without a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. Use it directly you feel an attack coming. Obtainable at Chemists, Hardware and Stores. Price 1s. 6d., or direct from the makers 1s. 6d. post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" post free.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD., 62 ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.I.

Styles The Stars Wear

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oil as nature's own beauty treatement; and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself all over the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d. per tablet
ONE LEADING STAR... Jessie Matthews
THREE LEADING STYLES... by Dolcis

America and England alike are paying increasing homage to England's clever and beautiful Jessie Matthews.

Also important news to fashion lovers, is the success in America and England of these three new types. You will see them at your own Dolcis store. Plateau, Square-Toe, and Round-Toe are the styles. And for foot flattery, sheer comfort and chic design you won't find their equals.

These delightful shoes, priced at 10/9, 12/9, 14/9 and 16/9 are stocked in any shade to suit your individual style and taste - Burgundy Browns, Watercress Green, Blue, and, of course, the favoured Matt Kid and Black Suede.

Send for the
Dolcis
Newsreel
of
Shoe Fashions

DOLCIS
THE WORLD'S LEADING FASHION SHOE STORES:
LONDON, SUBURBS & ALL LARGE TOWNS and CITIES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

If you cannot shop personally, write for our new Autumn Catalogue Free and Post Free to:
The DOLCIS SHOE Co. Dolcis House, 6L Dover Street, London S.E.1.

Orchis

by YARDLEY

Orchis ... with its stirring, exciting glamour, its opulent air ... invests your loveliness with an added charm, a new allure — for which music and dancing, bright lights and exotic flowers furnish a perfect setting.

45/- to 2/6
Can YOU do this?

Are you a 'sleepy head' when you ought to be alert and looking your best? The first thing in the time-table of health is a regular system—regular as the clock. So remember your Beechams Pills— the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

Yes! - if you take Beechams PILLS

Purely Vegetable ... Worth a Guinea a Box

Make your PERM LAST LONGER

Use Hindes Wavers and that expensive perm will last months longer. Comb the hair smooth, sprinkle a little Hindes setting lotion and insert the wavers.

No. 32 for Waves. No. 4 or 30 for Curls and Fringes.

Hindes Wavers

At Hairdressers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores

24 pages of COLOURFUL News!

M'CALLUM'S MAGAZINE

It's thrilling, isn't it, to know that the colour you choose is exactly right. But there are so many fascinating colours this Autumn, that you simply must get McCallum's Magazine—McCallum's is packed with colourful ideas—film fashions, new ways to beauty, Vogue patterns, knitting designs, cookery— and a complete, authoritative guide to Autumn and Winter fashions. Get your copy today—price 3d post free by the coupon below, or 2d from any good wool or knitwear shop. It's a marvellous issue—much too good to miss!

NO MORE CRACKED NAILS

If you are troubled with dry nails that are always cracking, you will be delighted to hear about a wonderful new nail preparation that stops brittleness. You simply apply this fragrant cream with a nail-brush at any time, and it gives you a combined manicure and nail beauty treatment as you brush your nails. It removes stains and enriches the nails with natural oils which keep them smooth and healthy—free from cracks and blemishes. This new cream is called Nailoid and it softens cuticles so that you can push them back to show bigger "half-moons" and longer, more shapely "frames" than ever before. Try it to-day. Ask your Chemist, Hairdresser or Store for Nailoid—the amazing new nail cream, price 16. Money refunded if not satisfied. Or send 6d in stamps for generous trial jar to: Allcocks, Dept. P.R.B. Hamilton St. Birkenhead.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To J & J McCallum, Limited, Paisley

I enclose 3d in stamps for my copy of "McCallum's Magazine", post free.

NAME
ADDRESS

AUTUMN NUMBER OUT NOW 2d
ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

GARY COOPER and
MADELEINE CARROLL

IN

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

DRAWING ALL LONDON TO THE CARLTON THEATRE HAYMARKET
For Picturegoer-The Screens Most Popular Magazine

All the Gossip

Eleanor Whitney, who appears in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," wore a dress weighing twenty pounds in this scene. She collapsed in her dressing-room from exhaustion after the sequence had been shot.

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

It seems inevitable now that the next few weeks will see the final dissolution of partnership of the old fun firm of Laurel and Hardy.

It's a sad story. Things have never been quite the same since the differences on the Hal Roach-Laurel-Hardy lot developed into an open breach some time ago. A peace of sorts was patched up then in the three-cornered quarrel, but recently there have been increasingly frequent reports of a fresh outbreak of hostilities.

The affair has, indeed, already reached the stage where Mr. Laurel, who is the senior member of the team, has felt it necessary to issue a detailed statement to the public.

This communiqué discloses that the English comedian no longer considers himself an inseparable portion of the combination. He adds significantly that he expects to take a long holiday and that when he returns he will give Roach first call on his services. If a film is ready he will take it, but if not he will seek another connection.

"... Divided We Fall"

Film circles interpret the statement as an ultimatum to Roach and Hardy, and in view of persistent rumours of serious friction between the two actors it is widely held that their present film together will be their last. Stan Laurel may now fulfil his long-standing ambition to emulate Chaplin and Lloyd by producing and starring in his own comedies.

He appears, at any rate, to have definitely changed his views since he told us on his last visit to England: "So long as 'Babe' and I are conscious, the team will never be broken up. We know that united we stand and divided we fall."

Norma's Two Millions

So Irving Thalberg left Norma Shearer $2,000,000. Even without taking into account her own considerable fortune and her still terrific earning power, the Canadian girl who once thumped a piano in a ten-cent cinema for a few dollars a week will be the richest actress in history.

The magnitude of the Thalberg estate—by far the largest yet bequeathed by a movie personality—throws new light on the division of the wealth that pours into the film studios. The big movie money belongs to the salaried executives, not the stars.

One is tempted to add, "nor the producers." The movie kings are necessarily gamblers. Sometimes they are at the top of the world. Sometimes the actual financial position revealed by the books of some of them would stagger a conscientious and conservative business man. As a gambler myself (in a modest way), I would not like to lay the odds on any one of them having two millions to leave his wife and family when the executors step in to take over their duties.

Only Three Film Fortunes

That, of course, is a matter of speculation. It is a melancholy fact, however, that the films have brought permanent wealth to few of the actors and actresses who have tapped Hollywood's fabulous golden stream. You can almost count the film fortunes on the fingers of one hand.

Since the days of the Great Valentino, who was in debt when death overtook him, and beautiful Barbara La Marr, who did not even leave enough for a decent burial, I can think of only three screen players who died rich, and their cases were exceptional.

When I read that Marie Dresser's will revealed an estate of $50,000 (I believe it was actually rather less), I remembered that Louis B. Mayer had told me some time before her death how the studio had insisted on establishing a trust fund for Marie so that she should have money when she could work no more.

Paramount, incidentally, did the same thing for Clara Bow during the final year or so of the It Girl's sojourn on the lot. Thus it is that Clara still has a modest fortune, though it is little enough for an actress who drew more money into the box-office than any other star before or since.

Biggest of All Time

John Gilbert left between $20,000 and $100,000, but his case was unique. At the height of his fame he signed one of the last of Hollywood's long-term contracts. It still had several years— at $100,000 a year—to run when Gilbert's star fell suddenly out of the heavens with the coming of sound. Gilbert was "through" as a big-money star—and he knew he was "through." Only an imbecile would have failed to put away some of the money for the rainy day which was obviously inevitable. Very few stars are in that position. They cannot be persuaded that $1,000 a week salaries do not go on for ever.

Will Rogers probably left the biggest film star fortune of all time—something like a million pounds—but then Rogers earned more than any

(Continued on page 6)
Chaplin Is Not Mean

Will Rogers was one of the few stars who not only earned big money but saved it. Of the others, Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, that frugal and astute business woman, Mae West, and one or two others will never have to line up for extra work when they fall out of the big parade.

Like Rogers, Chaplin, who has never forgotten the bitter poverty of his youth, is careful with the petty cash— even in the matter of tips to waiters. Foolish or biased critics have gone so far as to accuse him of meanness. Actually, now that financial security has chased away the haunting spectres of his miserable childhood, the little Jew from Whitechapel is the least mercenary of all the movie people. He could have amassed a much larger fortune had he been willing to "cash in" on his name and increase his comedy output at the expense of his artistic ideals.

And though he might argue about being overcharged for a half-guinea luncheon in a restaurant, he could have saved thousands if he had not insisted on keeping his studio staff on a regular pay-roll despite the fact that for weeks, months and even years he does not call on their services.

High Cost of Loving

Chaplin, of course, is one of the millionaires of movieland. He might have been even wealthier still if it had not been for his troubled domestic life.

In her memoirs Mildred Harris has told us how in those early days Charlie hated to spend money. Yet when they parted in 1920 she took with her a settlement of over £30,000. The comedian’s divorce from Lita Grey was even more expensive. The financial arrangements involved £50,000 for Lita (a lot more money than she ever earned as a screen star), a £40,000 trust fund for the children and £250 a month for their support and education.

Chaplin, too, is an exception to the general run of the big-money stars. Which brings us to the mystery of the vanished movie millions. What really happens to those princely picture salaries?

The 1929 slump has been a magnificent alibi for "hard-up" players for years, but the answer is that most of them live up to, and often beyond, their earning powers. It is fashionable in these days of depression to talk impressively to interviewers of economy, but the whole expensive business of competitive ostentation goes on just the same. Film-star money goes in expensive homes, expensive jewellery, expensive wardrobes, expensive cars, expensive parties, expensive yachts (Chaplin is in the market for a yacht right now if you happen to have one to sell), expensive love affairs, and expensive forays into Society.

That, coupled with the fact that those many hundred-pounds-a-week contracts are not all that they seem to be in newspaper print, explains why we see once famous faces in the extra ranks and young ladies whom one had always supposed to have been earning £20,000 a year and living modestly, in the bankruptcy court smilingly offering five shillings and sixpence in the pound.

Moustaches Come Back

The moustache is staging a come-back as an accessory of screen male sex appeal.

Clark Gable, like the latter-day Ronald Colman, seems to be able to take his moustache or leave it alone, and appears "with or without" more or less according to the role, but I notice new hirsute crops springing up on the hitherto uncultivated countenances of, among others, Errol Flynn, George Brent and Dick Powell.

In the case of Mr. Powell it is only fair to state that the idea may have been a thoughtful contribution towards making his blushing bride feel at home in the Powell ménage. Dick’s recent predecessor as "Mr. Joan Blondell" has one.

The fashion, nevertheless, is spreading. I expect at any
G.B.S. Versus Goldwyn

George Bernard Shaw, who very nearly invented publicity as an art, is getting his share of the film limelight.

In addition to the recent "Times" tilt at the Hays office and the League of Decency, the great man has been splitting a lance with that ancient foe, Sam Goldwyn.

When last they discussed a deal together the producer made the mistake of protesting his artistic integrity, and they both left a loophole for the conclusive and classic Shavian retort: "Mr. Goldwyn, we don't seem to be able to find a common basis; you are concerned with art and I am concerned with money".

"Bellboy Writers"

Nor Sam is trying again and is negotiating about plays, as yet unspecified. The net result so far is a letter of refusal from the author.

"The difficulty is," G.B.S. wrote, "that I haven't time to turn my plays into scenarios, and when I allow the film firms to try their hands on them they turn the job over to the bell boy, in whose view life is a continual going up and down stairs and opening and shutting doors."

Mr. Shaw has a great deal more to say in the same strain, but Goldwyn regards it as a promising sign that he has taken the trouble to write letters about it all.

In a few seasons a company, which, out of the kindness of our hearts, we will call Kolossal Pictures, wanted to film The Devil's Disciple, but could get no response from the author when they wrote him. A representative of the studio finally called on him, but Shaw refused to see the man. Instead, he sent back word, "Tell him I've seen a Kolossal picture."

Shaw, as a matter of fact, might do worse than entrust his works to Goldwyn. Sam may murder the King's English, but no film producer handles the best children of eminent authors with such reverence.

"Stella Dallas" Again

There appears to be no end to the stock of old "epics" available in the cinema for exploitation and revival as talkies. In the intervals between spars with Mr. Shaw, Sam Goldwyn is busy on plans for a new version of Stella Dallas, with Ruth Chatterton in the rôle which made an overnight star of Belle Bennett back in 1929.

The popular silent tear-jerker was in many ways a memorable movie. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, gave its first adult rôle in it, while the picture also helped to bring into prominence a then still comparatively unknown young English actor named Ronald Colman.

Louis Marcorelles debuts in the film and Constance Bennett played a quite minor rôle.

Dietrich's Rival

Marlene Dietrich, whose off-screen beauty has startled the natives (even so eminently and experienced a connoisseur of feminine charm as C. B. Cochran has proclaimed her the world's loveliest woman) now has some serious opposition.

Her rival is Marcelle Chantal, who is here to make a film with Paul Cavanagh for Julius Hagen's French production unit. Miss Chantal is described as the Most Beautiful Woman in France and is the current toast of Paris.

Big Money Movies

The "day of the million-pound (not dollar) movie" is in sight. More money is being spent on the average studio output than on Hollywood. While in Britain the studios are pouring out pictures on production where ever a year ago they were digging deep down in their pockets for hundreds and casting uneasy glances towards the City in the process.

Even so there is a string of pre-release showings of "The Great Gatsby" is readily available in this month's pre-release shows in the West End. Among them are:—

The Great Gatsby... £500,000
Dodsworth... £300,000
The Garden of Allah... £400,000

Rural England. Bransby Williams with his grey mare are the stars of "Song of the Road," which is being made in Sussex.

David Selznick, who produced the last-named talkie, is, incidentally, staking a lot on colour. He has completed plans to produce another multi-dollar "super" in that medium shortly. It is titled A Star Is Born and features Fredric March.

Other expensive recent productions are Impala Modern Times and Mayerling on the Ritz, each of which cost nearly half a million dollars.

Search for Prodigies

Mr. Selznick is the brave man who, even after one experience in David Copperfield, recently invited applications from infant prodigies for rôle in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

He was wise enough, however, to pass the job interviewing the would-be Bartholomews and Tempters to William Wellman, the director.

So far, more than 15,000 children between the required ages of ten and fourteen have been seen by Wellman and his assistants.

Only 125 were considered suitable for screen tests. Of the tests, only three were saved for further consideration.

Why They Failed

Wellman explains how or why 14,997 hopeful Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns fell by the wayside.

I pass his reasons on for the benefit of mothers who are thinking of trying to put their children into films:

"Size ruled out 40 per cent. Fifty per cent. more were dropped on general appearance.

"At this stage, the survivors underwent closer inspection on physical details alone. Ten major defects took a toll of 47 per cent. of those left.

They were:

1. Slashes or severely bad teeth, the largest single physical defect. Ten per cent. of the survivors lost out here.

2. A short upper lip, which gave the child an unattractive smile. This eliminated 9 per cent.

3. Eyes too close together. Six per cent. failed in that regard.

4. Swarthy skin, lending a foreign touch, one per cent.

5. Hair-line too low to make a finelybalanced face, two per cent.

6. Poor posture, flat chests, drooping shoulders, five per cent.

7. Defects in speech, such as stammering, five per cent.

8. "Ears too large—not just big ears, but the kind which remind one instantly of sailors—four per cent.

9. Oddly shaped noses, three per cent.

10. "Weak chins, three per cent."

With this chart in hand fond mothers and fathers should take another look at their offspring. Dreams may be shattered—but even if Johnny's ears are rather large, what about Clark Gable?"

Film Story Writing

The best advice I can give to anyone who has ambition to become a successful film writer is to turn out a best-seller novel or a "hit" play and wait for the studio contracts to come pouring in. Most companies will not even look at manuscripts, however brilliant, by unknown authors. The reasons are not wholly connected with the notorious inability of story chiefs to recognize budding genius. One is that several studios have been landed in expensive plagiarism suits; another is that most would-be scenarists, even those with literary experience, know very little about the mechanics of the business.

Their need, at any rate, is largely met by a book which comes to hand this week, "Successful Film Writing" (Methuen, 6s.), by Seton Margrave, the well-known critic. After a helpful introduction, Mr. Margrave gets right down to a practical demonstration of film writing by showing the evolution of The Ghost Goes West from a short story to the finished shooting script, complete with scene measurements and technical instructions, actually used in the production of the picture.

He Wants a Wife

This week's heart-cry comes from Nino Martini, star of The Gay Desperado. Signor Martini announces: "Frankly, I want a wife. That longing is part of my nature, just as it is the inbred instinct of every son of Italy."

(Note.—Nino Martini: young, handsome, height, 5 ft 9 in.; weight, 152 lbs.; grey-green eyes, brown hair. Earnings: £80,000 a year.)

Short Shots

We are really going to have a Neapolitan picture at last—and it will star Greta Garbo! Greta is scheduled to play the subject of the Emperor's great love in a film version of the life of Marie Valerie.

Katharine Hepburn has been "clearing up" at dice in the Radio lunch-room.

Jean Hersolt is to support Sonja Henie in the ice-skating queen's first picture, One in a Million.

After keeping it a secret for six months, Randolph Scott reveals that he is married: the girl is Margiona du Pont Somerville, one of the heiresses to the du Pont munitions millions.

 Paramount has acquired exclusive screen rights to the song hit "Knock Knock, Who's There?" and will make a film based on it.

The Quins sing a French ballad in their new picture, Reunion.
A
fter a picture is completed Fred Astaire tries to take a short vacation from dancing. These vacations usually take the form of a hunting jaunt to some rugged region in New Mexico, or daily sessions on the golf course. This time it is his current visit to sister Adele. There's not much chance of softening-up on such a schedule.

Ginger Rogers has stated that having the one and only Fred Astaire for a dancing partner has been a tremendous help.

Here is what Ginger herself thinks about Fred and his dancing.

"Having Fred as a partner and Hermes Pan (the youthful dance director on all the Astaire-Rogers film musicals) for dance director has been a tremendous help to me. I know that I was better when dancing with Fred than I have ever been by myself. So he must get the credit. Fortunately, however, my style of dancing fits in perfectly with his. It's a sort of feminine Fred Astaire style, if you know what I mean.

"Of course, Fred conceived most of the steps. I don't know enough about the fundamentals of dancing to do much creating. Besides, why should I try to give ideas to a man who already knows more about dancing than I ever will? Once in a while I make a suggestion for a step, but most of the time I learn the ones Fred decides upon for our numbers.

"Doing some of our picture numbers isn't anything like as easy as it appears on the screen, though. I don't know how many hours we spend in rehearsals, but I do know we rehearse for days and days before getting the routines down just the way we want them.

"That's hard work. Fred will tell you the same thing. In fact, he says that dancing is 95 per cent hard work, the other five being divided between natural ability and inspiration.

"And the Titian-tressed star will tell you more about this fellow, Astaire. And who knows his idiosyncracies, his aversions, his likes and dislikes better than the pert Ginger, who has worked with Fred in half a dozen pictures?

Let Ginger continue:

"In all the times I have worked with him, I have never seen him show anger or annoyance at another player, although he will chide himself when he muffs a line or does not play a scene to his satisfaction. Everyone on the set likes Fred Astaire, which is a pretty high test in Hollywood. He is 100 per cent sincere.

"Although Fred was picked as one of the best-dressed men by a committee of tailors, he achieves this effect without effort and seemingly pays scant attention to his clothes.

"Fred enjoys dancing. Stepping with him tells you that. When he spins into a routine, he is having a darn good time, and he shows it. He has an easier, boyish enthusiasm and is keenly interested in the people around him. I believe that is why they all like him.

"One of his chief charms is his intelligent sense of humour, which rarely deserts him. Personally, I think he is a great guy," sums up Ginger Rogers.

There's no magic about the Astaire success. The key to it was fashioned by a locksmith, who ground his stone with meticulous care and judgment, with tireless devotion to his art, with a burning desire to be at the forefront.

Look on for a moment at Astaire in a rehearsal for a number. First, Astaire and Miss Rogers go into complete seclusion, away from the distractions of studio life. Only Hermes Pan and a piano-player, Hal Borne, are permitted to be present. Even executives are barred from the Astaire sanctum sanctorum of creative Terpsichore.

This stage contains nothing inspirational except enthusiastic minds and never-stilled feet. Often wall bears a mirror fully 10 ft. high and 20 ft. long. Most of the practicing is done in front of it, so that Fred and Ginger may see themselves step off on them on the screen. Thus they are able to discern instantly any feet or body movement which may appear ungainly on the screen.

In another corner of the room is a huge blackboard on which Astaire and Pan mark in white chalk, jagged lines and numerals, which are much easier than the Egyptian hieroglyphics. These are really diagrams of intricate dance routines worked out by the dancer, Astaire, and the dance assistant, Pan.

Borne sits in a third corner of the room at an old and battered upright piano which has seen better days, but which exudes lightning rhythms through the electric fingers of the pianist, which make a fit and adequate background for Astaire's rapid-fire steps.

After Astaire and Pan, abetted by Ginger, have fashioned a few steps on the blackboard, they decide to try them out. The nimble, relaxed feet of Hal Borne start dancing over the keys of the upright.

The nimble, relaxed feet of Astaire and Rogers fly over the smooth, floor board of the stage. The daily dance rehearsal is on.

Faster and faster Borne's fingers fly. Astaire swings into a solo specialty. Swift and swifter his feet tap and whirl. Music and dancing become a poetic symphony of sound and action.

Borne's fingers are tireless. More amazing, so are the feet of Fred Astaire. He finishes amid a swift outburst of action, save a taste of short breath.

"Once again!" orders Astaire. The piano resumes its tinkling tunes. Astaire makes a terse suggestion. They try it that way, experiment a bit, and sweep through the routine triumphantly.

"Harrow workers I have ever seen," says Borne in admiration, as Fred and Ginger leave the stage for their lunch. "Fred is the fastest dancer I've ever seen, and I've played for plenty of them; and Ginger keeps right up with him. She's marvellous.

"That Astaire is the quickest man at figuring out a routine that I've ever seen. And once he works one out, he never forgets a step, no matter
For each actual screen recording of one of his dances, Astaire wears a new pair of shoes. Sometimes one pair will last through the various routines of a single dance. In doing the "Piccolo," Astaire wore five different pairs of new shoes for the various movements and camera "takes."

After their brief moments before the cameras, the star's dancing shoes go into the reserve line. He uses them for rehearsal until they are ready for final retirement. Shoe-leather, in fact, carried Astaire a distance sufficient to span the whole globe and leave plenty of miles for long side trips.

Fred owns one pair of disreputable-looking shoes that no amount of money could buy from him, although he never wears them in a picture and seldom uses them in a rehearsal. They are, as he calls them, his "inspiration shoes."

Fred has had them ever since he did his first Broadway musical show, Over the Top. The taps are worn paper-thin, and the shoes themselves look as though they might fall to pieces with a little rough usage. For that reason, Astaire uses them solely for inspirational purposes. They are his "new step" shoes, and he dons them only on special creative occasions. When he is perfecting a new dance routine and is hard put to find steps, on go the old shoes.

In connection with shoes, Fred has a hobby which has endeared him to his fellow-performers. He likes to place the metal taps on dancers' shoes. He also repairs his own dancing shoes, and often performs the same service for friends.

The great and near-great from Napoleon down are associated with insignificant idiosyncrasies. Fred Astaire is no exception. His favourite economy is turning out lights. Should he perform this little favour for the occupants of Lismore Castle, of which his sister Adele is the chatelaine, Fred may find himself in an embarrassing position.

Fred possesses a diversified assortment of neckties, which form a multi-hued rainbow on the clothes racks. He is most meticulous about the selection of a suitable cravat. Many mornings he will don several ties before he finally decides on one which is in compliance with the colour requirements of his ensemble. Remember his scene in The Gay Divorcee when Eric Blore, as his valet, feeds Fred neckties until he finds a satisfactory one? The scenarios of that picture tapped an incident from Fred's personal life.

Paradoxically, Fred dislikes ballroom dancing and seldom tries it. He prefers to dance only when he performs, and he likes to watch others perform. At parties his favourite dancing partner is Mrs. Astaire.

A keen-witted funmaker, Fred doesn't mind playing a practical joke. If the gag is successful he enjoys it like a big kid. At one time when he was rehearsing for Roberta, he walked on to the movie stage and announced to his fellow-workers:

"I've figured out a new routine. Tell me how you like it."

They deserted their momentary chores temporarily to watch Astaire swing into a dazzling array of complicated steps. Only time before members of the company realised that he was actually interpreting the intricate and expressive routine of the "Continental."

Hal Green.

are veterans of many a merry whirl and a dizzy spin. They will carry the winged-footed star on many another gravity-defying glide across a rehearsal floor.

Fred Astaire has an unknown side—the side he refuses to reveal to the public.
Richard Tauber has probably sung in better trios, but the private record he made with Jimmy Durante and Walter Forde of "Land Without Music" songs is to be a memento of their work together in that film.

"... with the greatest of ease! "Wendy" (Dinah Sheridan) goes on tour in "Peter Pan" again this year and in modern and appropriate style. Though only 15, she has played the role more than a hundred times.

More fun at the Forde's. Jimmy Durante tucks the famous nose out of the way and goes into a private "William Tell" act with the reluctant aid of Mr. Forde.

Canons in front of him. "Schmazzle" recently took a day off from the set and spent it at Walter Forde's home. Here his host "directs" a shot in the billiard room.
Miss Hopkins is busy

Many people wonder why Miriam Hopkins, with her great talent is making such slow progress up the ladder of success; an explanation is offered in this candid article by Max Breen

Being a film star does not consist exclusively of performing in front of the camera; there is also the necessity for keeping appointments—and the most successful stars are best aware of that.

Recently we thought it would be a good idea to interview Miriam Hopkins, and not only give you the story of her career, her antecedents, and her prospects, but also discover, if possible, what had been delaying her progress.

We discovered one reason for that, but not by interviewing her.

I had already met her, very briefly, in Hollywood, but wished to renew the acquaintance and bring my impressions up to date.

The London Films publicity department kindly arranged an interview for Friday at one o'clock. I had a date, but a colleague waited at the studio from one till six-thirty. However, by that time Miss Hopkins was too tired to see anybody. (So was my colleague.)

Another appointment was made, for Tuesday, and I went to Denham myself, but she had gone to town; and history repeated itself on Thursday. All very embarrassing for the publicity department.

At last I managed to make a date for Friday morning at eleven; positively the last chance, as Miss Hopkins was sailing on the following Tuesday. I waited for thirty-five minutes but Miriam failed to show up, so I came away.

On my return to my office I gave myself the pleasure of telephoning her and pointing out the importance of attention to business; and among the excuses she offered was that she "had had to count the laundry!"

This, I think, goes a long way towards explaining the phenomenon of Miriam Hopkins.

She is a clever actress—one of the cleverest that Hollywood has given us in recent years.

From the moment when she appeared as the dowdy Fraulein in the Chevalier picture The Smiling Lieutenant, and was transformed by Claudette Colbert into a thing of beauty, I have revelled in her screen performances.

Her gift for comedy (as demonstrated in Design for Living) and for tragedy (did you see These Three?) is a priceless possession, which should have taken her up the ladder of fame much more swiftly than it has.

Mind, she has had obstacles to that progress; as a child she was an "ugly duckling"; and although she has by no means grown into an ugly duck, still she does not possess the kind of beauty which of itself would send her flying up the steep path of success.

Her eyes are small and so is the space between them; her nose is a little broad, her mouth rather heavy and petulant in repose.

Yet these are defects which should be "trifles light as air" in comparison with her histrionic powers; we must look elsewhere for a real handicap.

I was so interested that I canvassed a number of her friends, people who knew her quite well, to discover just what it is that keeps her back.

The secret, I found, is well illustrated by that little incident of counting her laundry, instead of being interviewed and letting some better-qualified person count it for her. She is not organised for victory. In fact, she is not really organised at all.

Like a great many people who began their education rather late in life (she overworked at school and had to have a long rest from her books), Miriam is avid for knowledge. She spends a large proportion of her income on books, books, books of every kind—travel, history, biography, fiction, belles lettres—and a large proportion of her leisure time in reading them.

And, like many Hollywood people, she apparently imagines that this miscellaneous amassing of knowledge is in itself an equipment for life, whereas the reader's mind must be organised to deal with what is read, or she will suffer badly from mental indigestion.

Miriam has been married twice, but she wasn't organised for matrimony either, and it didn't work. She ran at both marriages like a bull at a gate, and when she should have been concentrating on them (one at a time, of course!) “Miss Hopkins was busy” with something else.

Miriam has all the attributes of a successful film actress; she has imagination, exuberant vitality, abundant energy, an instinctive sense of character, and a quick intelligence.

There is no doubt about her energy. She flings herself into new hobbies and new pursuits with all the enthusiasm of a young cyclone.

Such enthusiasm and energy are undoubtedly splendid attributes, which must be a great help to her as an actress.

But being a potentially successful actress is one thing, and becoming a great star is quite another. She has been starred by Sam Goldwyn; but to keep her place in the firmament, and to brighten into a planet of the first magnitude, she will have to become organised for stardom—which at present she is not.

In other words, if she elects to play the game of stardom, she must learn and abide by the rules.

I have a feeling that Men Are Not Gods (originally called Triangle), in which she has been playing for London Film Productions at Denham—her first British film—will provide a severe test of her popularity.

It is the story of a secretary to a theatre critic, who is persuaded by an actor's wife (Gertrude Lawrence) to suppress an unfavourable notice about the actor (Sebastian Shaw).

She agrees to do so, and is sacked, but falls in love with the actor by way of compensation.

There will be a ding-dong struggle for sympathy between Miriam Hopkins and Gertrude Lawrence in this picture.

Now, we all know that we should be influenced only by what we see on the screen; but such is human nature that we also take into consideration (quite subconsciously) what we know of the player herself.

Gertrude Lawrence is one of the most popular actresses in England; her attitude to her public has always been kindly and brimming over with good fellowship, and to the Press helpful and co-operative.

Miriam Hopkins, on the other hand, a visitor to our shores, has been "too busy." She really should get someone else to count the laundry.
Richard Tauber in his recently completed film "Land Without Music" with June Clyde and Schnurzle Durante

NOW that the last scenes of "Land Without Music" have been completed at Denham, Richard Tauber has left for the hill of Elstree, where, under the direction of Karl Grune, he is working on that much-discussed project, the world's first film opera.

The subject chosen is, as you know, Leoncavallo's Pagliacci, and whatever the future may be, the producers could hardly have made a happier choice for this initial venture.

Ever since it was first produced at Milan in 1892 it has held its place as the most popular of all the classical operas. In recent years it has been given on wireless gramophone, its immortal music, especially the famous "On With the Motley" number, has become known and loved by millions in all parts of the world, many of whom have never seen it performed on the stage.

They are also fortunate in having as their star a singer who combines international, operatic and film fame. Tauber knows his Pagliacci. He has played it in the grand opera houses of every European capital, broadcast it, recorded it, and sung extracts from it on countless concert programmes. But he also knows his films. Since he became a star he has studied and mastered his technique and taken a practical and intelligent interest in every aspect of their production.

He is, therefore, singularly qualified to give his views on what is certainly one of the most interesting kinematic experiments since the screen found its voice.

I found him the same old Tauber, radiating the exuberance of a schoolboy describing his latest adventure, but tempering it always with sound common sense.

"When this Pagliacci idea was first suggested to me," he said, "I told them quite frankly to forget it. Not because I thought filmgoers would not appreciate operatic music. It is, you know, my private opinion that film producers as a race have always underestimated public taste in that as in straight dramatic stories. But there you are!"

"So you see, I was sure that the public would appreciate operatic music in the cinema just as they appreciate the best things in other arts when they are given an opportunity of enjoying them at prices within the reach of their pockets and purses."

"That, in fact, was the one factor which almost prompted me to take a chance on it, despite my other objections. To bring the great operas within the reach of everyone even in the smallest villages. Ah! it sounded magnificent! But, alas, I have a conscience both as a film star and as an opera singer! I doubted the possibility of film opera in such a way that it was an acceptable production of something almost sacred to music lovers and was at the same time good screen entertainment."

"Just as the good 'vehicle' is vital to me as a film star so anything that artistically mutilated or offended the true traditions of opera would be abhorrent to me as a singer."

"When, however, Max Schach showed me the present Pagliacci script by Monckton Hoffe and Roger Burford, I sincerely believed both my obligations were fully satisfied. Believe me, I would not otherwise allow myself to be associated with it, nor for that matter would such a conscientious director as Karl Grune, or men like Albert Coates, who is supervising the recording of Leoncavallo's music and whose position in the musical world alone should satisfy the most sceptical of the mood of integrity in which this project is being launched."

"It will, of course, be silly to pretend that we are filming Pagliacci exactly as performed on the stage. To do so would be to 'murder' it just as surely as by the most flagrant alteration. It is the nature and magnitude of these variations that are important, and I am going to be quite frank about them."

"One of the first difficulties is, of course, the one common to all screen adaptations from stage productions. Whereas the dramatic action of a stage play or opera is, in the nature of things, divided into separate acts, the action of a film must be continuous and be played without a pause. The first task was, therefore, to blend the several acts and scenes of the original Pagliacci into a continuous and smoothly running chronicle without interfering with the integrity of the story as drawn."

"In the case of Pagliacci, the story lends itself admirably to such treatment. As, you know, really a play within a play—a good strong story (another important screen advantage) of love, intrigue and jealousy woven round a plot that there be found in 19th-century operas as they tour from village to village with their show."

"Our film will open with the Prologue exactly word for word the same as the traditional one so well known to opera lovers. This Prologue is joined to the film story proper by a 'fade out,' and from then on till the Epilogue, which is also exactly in accord with tradition, the chief variations are those made in the cause of security and continuity of production."

"The play within the play, the performance of 'Punchinello's Revenge' by Signor Canio's troupe is unchanged, including the famous ballet for which our Nedda, Stefi Duna, has been specially coached by Wendy Toye. Most of the new scenes take place 'back stage,' so to speak, in the inn and in the company's caravans during their travels."

"The quality of these scenes is, I assure you, as satisfactory and in harmony with tradition. But, apart altogether from that and their equally important value to the continuity of the film, there is another most interesting point about them."

"Since they show what I might perhaps call the 'private lives' of the several characters much more fully than the original stage opera they also help considerably to bring these characters to life."

"Take my own part, Signor Canio, for instance. It is beyond all doubt the greatest tenor part in opera. Caruso himself revelled in it, loved it, and every operatic tenor aspires to it as stage actors aspire to Hamlet. The scenes put in opera houses all over the world, including its birthplace, Milan—but now, I am acting it well and there is a subtle difference between these terms."

"On the operatic stage this Canio is a figure—but on the screen he becomes a man just because by getting these extra peeps into his life you are better able to understand the hidden motives, emotions and impressions behind his actions. The same is true of Trinetta, Nedda, Canio, Beppe, Trina, and all the other well-known characters of the original opera. In each case, instead of they play in the drama remains the same, but the exaggerated theatrical expression of their emotions and passions has been toned down, humanised, so that they become real, recognisable human beings instead of melodramatic stage figures. And that reminds me of yet another variation."

"You know that much-joked-about operatic tradition—a character says he will open a door. But he doesn't say it. He says "They will open—the—do-ar" all basso profundo, tenor, soprano or as the case may be! The producers have, quite rightly, put a blue pencil through these bits. The lines remain, but we speak them like rational humans and it all sounds much more sensible. The only times we speak on the stage in a voice or in character during the story proper. For the rest Leoncavallo's music remains exactly as he wrote it. When he not actually means to say it, he still uses it."

"On the other hand, the object is to produce an operatic film that is not just filmed opera and which will provide good screen entertainment while retaining all the sentimental value and much-loved traditions of classical opera. If we succeed, the results may be very far reaching. But, in any case, I am proud to be associated with what I for one like to regard, not bizarrely as 'The World's First Screen Opera,' but as a sincere attempt to bring complete enjoyment of the great operatic music to millions who, although they may know and appreciate the music, have too few opportunities of seeing them satisfactorily presented on the stage.
There may be more spectacular male stars in pictures, but Jimmy has a staunch and steady following, as well as the distinction of being Shirley Temple's number one sweetheart. The actor started as an extra, then went on the stage and came back to films as a Broadway player. His new films include "Two Fisted Gentleman" and "Hearts in Bondage."
O'SH, what rotten luck the British studios are having by reason of the illness of stars and featured players.

Of course, it's pretty tough on the invalids, too, but they only have themselves to consider. The illness of a leading man or woman may hold up a production costing hundreds of thousands of pounds, and throw hundreds of people out of a job.

First, of course, there's poor Bob Donat, who has had the most atrocious luck—first being cheated by asthma out of the leading role in Salottage with Sylvia Sidney, and then being laid low by the same fell enemy when he was all set to get busy opposite Marlene Dietrich in Knight Without Armour.

Then, the other day, Ann Harding (who has been waiting about for weeks and weeks since her arrival in England, until they found the right story for her) developed throat trouble, and had to knock off work for an indefinite period—and this was after only a few days' shooting.

Some say it's bronchitis, some say tonsillitis—but whatever it is, she's got her feet up and the studio has the wind up.

That's plenty of bad luck for one month. But is that all? No sir! Gertrude Michael has been held up in New York with a slight illness, on her way to England to play in the film version of The Dominant Sex at Elstree.

Fortunately, they can get on with some other part of the film, in which she doesn't figure; but it's upsetting all the same.

Herbert Brenon is directing this one for B.I.P.

Then there's another British International picture in jeopardy owing to the illness of Whitney Bourne in Switzerland.

You remember the glamorous blonde in Crime Without Passion? That was Whitney Bourne. B.I.P. have grabbed her to play the lead in Sensation—the screen version of the stage play Murder Gang—opposite John Lodge.

Brian Desmond Hurst will direct this one. Ever since Ourselves Alone Brian has been the white-haired boy at B.I.P. He certainly made one excellent job of that.

By the way, I expect you saw Gertrude Michael in The Notorious Sophie Lang—and she has also been in The Return of Sophie Lang and Till We Meet Again.

She's rather an unusual type for a film actress, but definitely pleasing, and certainly an actress of quality. It'll be interesting to see what Elstree makes of her.

Wearing O' The Green

Another American who is coming to Elstree to play in a British film is Sally O'Neil—her British debut, I believe. We haven't seen Sally on the screen for some time, because she has been on the stage in America.

Her picture is to be called Kathleen Mavourneen, and if the lady at the back who called out "Irish" will walk up to the platform, she will be given a handsome prize.

It is Irish. That is to say, it is being made in Welwyn, which is our farthest-north film studio, in the wilds of Herts., and quite a chunk of the action takes place in Liverpool, which is a traditional home of the Irish.

However, it then moves to County Wicklow, and gets busy with a spot of horse-smuggling over the Irish Free State border.

Norman Lee, who is as Irish as St. Paul's Cathedral, is directing it; and John F. Argyle, a Scot, is producing it, but there are a few Irishmen and women in the cast to give it the authentic flavour.

For example, we have Jack Daly, Sara Allgood, Pat Noonan, Talbot O'Farrell, and Denis O'Neil—and that's as good as a Joxie long draught o' Lillie with a bedful.

There are also ETHEL Griffies, of Hollywood, and Fred Duprez, the American comedian, to put a cosmopolitan touch into the thing.

Calling Them

Say, I seem to have misled you, but believe me, I got my info straight from the horse's mouth—my friend Red Davis being the horse in question.

Apparently he was a little premature, but when he was telling me about his new picture the other day I certainly understood him to say that June Clyde was to be in it.

And now I gather she ain't. Well, it's our loss.

The film is cautiously entitled Calling All Stars; but you are not to assume from this that all stars necessarily answer the call.

However, apparently it is stars of the ether and the music-hall who are being summoned, rather than stars of the silver screen (excuse me talking like a film advertisement, I've just been reading one).

Chapman and Wyver have answered the call, and Nat Gonella and his band, and Lu Anne Meredith; also Claude Dampier, Fred Hartley, Brian Lawrance, H. F. Maltby, and Evelyn Dall. Dunno Evie, I'm afraid—though I should like to, of course, he added politely.

I once knew a girl who was called "Nodda Dall" because she always said that when you apologised to her; but I don't suppose she's any relation. It may be a small world, but it has to draw the line somewhere, don't you think? Or don't you think?

Hist!

So there you are; what any self-respecting publicity man would call a Galaxy; and the publicity-man of the Rock Studios is eminently self-respecting.

And that's just where this epic—or, as Redd
Harry is Busy

Here's some pleasant news about one of our most abominably neglected British players—Henry Kendall. (Loud cheers and cries of "Yes!"

No sooner had he put on his coat and taken down his hat from its peg after playing in Take a Chance on Me, at the Gaumont, than he was discovered; and I, for one, am very glad. (Loud applause)

It's wonderful news to find that there are still surprises in store for even the most seasoned of us. (Loud applause)

I haven't met any of this outfit; I hope they're not too frightfully Oxford; if we ever met again, I should remember to go in for "the common touch," with Holloway touch, etc. (Loud applause)

This also is being made at Ealing Green, by a new company—this week's only new company, I'm afraid, in Oxford Films.

I haven't seen any of this outfit; I hope they're not too frightfully Oxford; if we ever met again, I should remember to go in for "the common touch," with Holloway touch, etc. (Loud applause)

Harry tells me it's the longest part he has ever played in his life; in three weeks work he has been in every scene.

His innumerable admirers can't complain this time that they don't see enough of him in the picture.

Bad Breaks

In addition to this, he has signed a long contract with Warner Bros. First National at Tooting to act and direct; and also one with the B.B.C. to compose and arrange the new wireless nature programmes of the "Nature" type.

So our Mr. Kendall will have his hands full of business for some time to come.

Well, it certainly isn't a moment too soon; he's had some frightfully bad breaks lately, the latest being Someone at the Door, when, after creating the part on the stage and playing it brilliantly, and putting on a fine front for months and months and months, he was quietly dropped overboard when the film came to be made.

But heart-beating breaks.

It's good to hear of the neglected players being "discovered"; and that reminds me, Tonie Edgar Bruce has been out of films for quite a while, but producers can't be entirely blamed for that, for Tonie owned up when I met her the other day that she had been lying round the Continent on a protracted holiday.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that she is a first-rate actress who could become a British Alice Brady, and make a small fortune for the producer who had the good sense to exploit her in such a part as Miss Brady had, for instance, in My Man Godfrey.

Tonie's Clever

Tonie belongs to the small and select band of players whom I have never yet seen contribute to the quality of even their worst performance to a film. Sometimes her part is not much more than a "bit," but she always brings a sense of character and conviction to it, a thing that would make many "stars" look like beginners.

The last thing I saw her in, before she went on a-crooning, was Big-Headed Bill, the Leslie Fuller comedy made down at the "Neck studio." I must say she was excellent in that.

And now, having just established that Red Davis has Nat Gonella and his band, so has Mr. Mitchell; and here also (Variety Parade is the name of the film, in case you're the Nosey Parker I think you are) we have Harry Tate and Noni and Partner (Noni is the clown to whom Queen Mary gave a flower at a Royal Perfor-

mance, he says), the O'Gorman Brothers, the Sherman Fisher Girls, Three Nagels, and one Brown, who weighs about as much as three Nagels, for this is Teddy Brown, the portly xylophonist.

And then another Brown—Sam the singer, with the Radio Three; and Ernest Shannon, Archie Glen, and G. S. Melvin (this is another film debut, mind).

Bargain Prices

I just imagine the feelings of Oswald Mitchell, who is directing it for Buttercup-Malcolm Productions, to know that we cast a cast like this, and reflects that not so long ago he would have booked it for a whole circuit; and now he's offering it all for a modest one-and-three or so!

He used to be in the booking department of the famous Stoll Corporation; two of the people he contrived to London were Nazivama and Fanny Ward.

They've done rather a smart thing in this film, to justify having so many radio and variety performers in one story. With the action takes place in the "Hotel Encore," which is supposed to be a residential resort for variety stars.

So apart from great performers, some as guests, and some as staff.

G. S. Melvin, by the way, has been forty-five years on the stage—and he's only fifty now. I don't think I am wasting a whole five years of his life like that.

Going Up

If you're ever producing a film with a flying background, have the forethought to provide yourself with a director who can pilot a plane. It's been done just that. As director for the new Max Miller film at Tooting, Don't Get Me Wrong, he engaged young Arthur Woods, who besides being a director of experience is also a member of Brooklands Air Club and an enthusiastic pilot.

He took the whole unit to Brooklands for the flying scenes of this film—including two hundred extras, who had the unusual experience of watching their director "doubling" for the star in the air, and not being the latter, as an inventor, is supposed to go up to give a demonstration.

I gave myself a day out and went with them—and got a stiff neck with watching Arthur Woods fluttering all round the empire, and a stitch in my side with watching George E. Stone and Olive Blakeney holding out a rug to catch twigs when they descended by parachute.

They descend together for some distance, and then part company; and to see George E. Stone and Olive Blakeney running gallantly hither and yon in a frenzied attempt to catch them both was a liberal education in the mechanics of comic acting.

It was also extremely funny.

Bang!

Max Miller in this film plays the part of that conjurer, Leonard Hinson, the human dynamo; and in a travelling show-scene he very nearly lived up to his title.

He was supposed to become interested in the experiments of a professor of chemistry; but Max got just a little too interested, and began fooling about with the apparatus—with the result that he achieved an explosion which nearly relieved him of his eyebrows.

Maybe that wouldn't have mattered so much to Max—just the loss of a brace of eyebrows; but suppose he had runned for Marlene Dietrich . . . or George Robey! 

There's been a re-union at "The Bush." No one in the film business ever calls it anything but "The Bush." by the way. Apparently on the same principle as good wine needs no bush, it's assumed that good bush needs no Shakespear.

The re-union is between Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Roland Young, who haven't played together since they were students at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Since then Mr. Young has become an American citizen, while Sir Cedric (gad, sir!)... "In spite of all temptations To belong to other nations Has remained an Englishman!"

And I don't mind betting I'll get some stingy letters from Barrow-in-Furness and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, for misquotation. Well, I gotta tough hide.

Gilbertian

Hardwicke is playing the part of Allan Quatermaine in King Solomon's Mines, while Roland Young is "Captain Good," a "Colonel Blimp" type of Englishman—rather an amusing part for an American-by-choice to play! Gaumont British have rather an interesting subject on the list for future production at Shepherd's Bush, by the way—a subject that should interest not only Savoyards, but the world at large.

It's called Gilbert Meets Sullivan, and it deals with the lives of the famous creators of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Pause here for personal reminiscence.

I was taking tea once with Lady Gilbert, widow of the great man, at her home near Watford, and she told me that about a fortnight before they had had a daylight burglary.

The thief was heard upstairs, so two of the meservants went up the main and servants' staircase simultaneously, while the gardeners patrolled outside in case he should try to escape by a window.

And downstairs a gramophone was blaring "Oh, for the wings of a dove!"

That's what I call a perfect Gilbertian situation.

A Close Call

Ian Collin, who is appearing in the film Taiors of The Sea, had a hair-raising experience lately while on location in Sark, in the Channel Islands.

A boat he was in capsized, and the motor-boat that went to his rescue broke her rudder—and Collin, clinging to the capsized boat, was swept out to sea by a nine-mile-an-hour tide, over scarcely-hidden rocks.

He hadn't a chance of swimming against that tide; all he could do was to hang on and wish he'd been a farmer instead of a film actor.

By the time another boat reached him, he'd been in the water over half-an-hour; but except for a few cuts and bruises he was none the worse for a thoroughly unpleasant experience.

A charming study of Polly Ward, who appeared with Will Fiffe in "Annie Laurie"
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(P.W.3)

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47, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester 2
DENIALS of romance are constantly encountered in Hollywood, so it is scarcely surprising that Mary Pickford should declare that there is no truth in the reports that she will soon wed Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

The general opinion is that Mary will become Mrs. Rogers shortly before the New Year. Buddy is a constant visitor at Pickfair, which seems destined to change its name when the wedding takes place.

Possibly Mary's home will later be known as "Pickro"!

Lo! the Poor Indian!

Frank Whitmann, of Milwaukee, who claims to be a Creek Indian, says he came to Hollywood to marry Lupe Velez. Instead, unsympathetic police officers placed him in jail on a charge of disturbing the peace.

"The chief" declares he planned for a tribal conference, at which Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe's husband, would renounce his claims, thus paving the way for Lupe to become his bride.

So far as I can learn, Lupe never heard of her Indian admirer!

Train Perils

Not long ago, when I was bidding a star goodbye at the railway station in Pasadena, I was surprised to note how quickly her maid closed the stateroom door. Then I recalled the reason.

Film celebrities rarely leave the doors of their staterooms open since a recent unfortunate experience of Myrna Loy, when a thief darted into her stateroom, seized her pocket book, containing many valuables, and vanished before he could be apprehended.

So "Safety First" is the motto of our film favourites!

Ants in Her Home

Delores Del Rio has had her troubles with ants, who thrive splendidly in California's "unusual" climate.

An insect exterminator expert has profited greatly by the ant invasion of the Mexican star's home. I understand that the ants are even found in the swimming pool.

Kindly Star

Joan Crawford was sitting in front of her portable dressing-room when an office boy brought two visitors, an elderly man and woman, to the set.

She called the boy over.

"Why don’t you give them a break?" the star suggested. "Clark Gable is right over there."

"I know it," replied the boy. "They’re his father and mother!"

Mr. and Mrs. Gable spent the afternoon with Joan, and later met Joan.

"It is no new experience to see Clark," Mr. Gable remarked to Joan, "but this is a real pleasure. I've always wanted to meet you!"

A Star’s Ex-husband

All Scott used to be married to Colleen Moore, but the union was dissolved in the divorce courts. Colleen has now retired from the films and her energies are occupied in exploiting her famous "Doll House."

Another star, Marian Marsh, now absorbs Al’s attentions, and every indication points to a wedding in the near future. Marian did very well at Warners for several years, then was eclipsed by Bette Davis, but, since joining Columbia, has once more forged to the front.

Cowboy Riches

George O'Brien plays western heroes and reaps a far greater income than other actors who play society roles.

The best proof is the various improvements O'Brien is installing on his 50-acre ranch. He is erecting a new ranch house and guest home, stables and swimming pool. When George gets through, his place will have all the advantages of a Hollywood home, without the disadvantage of the unfortunate celebrities dropping in on him at all hours of the night.

Such is Fame

Feminine stars cannot even patronise beauty parlours without being mobbed by their admirers.

A recent instance is that of Ida Lupino, who was followed from the Paramount lot by a flock of autograph seekers. They were still outside with their notebooks when Ida completed her beauty treatment.

So little English actress, who had an important engagement, climbed through a rear window of the shop, jumped into her car and drove away.

Romantic Mystery!

Oscilland Russell, the statuesque young actress who is considered one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, declines to admit she is engaged.

Nevertheless, I hear that she is very much interested in W. C. Durant, jun., whose father won riches in the automobile industry. At one time the Durant cars were very popular in the States.

Going American!

Having learned the English language on her first visit to Hollywood, Anna Sten is now busily engaged with the more difficult matter of acquainting herself with the customs of American life.

In her recently purchased Santa Monica home, the Russian star diligently practices such typical complexities as ping-pong, water polo, parlour games, appreciation of American song writers, and the matter of acquiring a sun tan.

Only one Russian diversion has Anna kept for herself. She still takes long solitary walks early in the morning and at dusk.

A Curious Servant

The servant problem was never so acute for Ann Sothern as at present—the result of her employment of a maid with a fondness for things mechanical.

Ann frequently took the maid to the studios, where she caused consternation amongst camera-men and sound engineers when they were confronted with this Niobe with the inquisitive eyes and the urge to dissect the instruments.

The star has transferred the maid to domestic duty and has selected her cook, who has a great antipathy for mechanics, as her studio escort!

Tennis and the Movies

Kay Stammers, Britain's No. 2 woman tennis player, may be offered a contract by a California studio.

The average woman tennis player is entirely too husky for movie roles, but the slender Miss Stammers is considered by Hollywood picture people to be a most promising prospect.

Several studios have held out to Miss Stammers under close scrutiny, but no definite overtures have been made to her as yet.

A Wish Fulfilled

Anne Shirley has purchased an antique ivory dining-room set for her Hollywood home. The 18-year-old star is also superintending the redecorating of the room.

The young actress’ home represents fulfillment of a childish yearning. For years she has wanted a bungalow with a fence-enclosed yard in which a Scottie dog could play.
In the teasing Jerome Kern tune, "Pick Yourself Up," Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire do one of their mad and merry dance routines.

Right: Helen Broderick, Ginger Rogers, Gerald Hemmes, Victor Moore and Fred Astaire in one of the many comedy scenes.

Drama in Rhythm—Fred and Ginger interpret one of the strongest emotional scenes in a hauntingly graceful dance which takes the place of dialogue. The dance is done to a medley of three melodies, expressing varying moods with more clarity than the spoken word.
One of the most amazing dance spectacles ever to be brought to the screen is the "Bojangles of Harlem" number, in which twenty-four of Hollywood's best dancing girls take part. Twelve of the girls are shown here in one of their intricate dances.

Another striking shot of the "Bojangles of Harlem" number.

The dancing highlights of "Swing Time" include the stars' interpretation of the Swing Waltz, something new in the one-two-three rhythm.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back again in a new song and dance carnival, with a "boy meets girl and loses her" motif and a rich quota of humour to help the harmony.
The Story of the Film

by

Marjory Williams

FREELY BASED ON THE FILM, "THESE THREE," BY PERMISSION OF UNITED ARTISTS FILMS LTD.

"Aunt Lily," Martha hedged desperately, "is this a visit? You see, we're not equipped here!

Thinking of Mary one snowy evening, Martha was closing the attic window when the one voice in the world capable of bringing her out of any daze dreamed aloud from below: "Karen! Hey! Karen!"

"Stop making such a row! She went to town for supplies. Come up and help me paint a table, Joe."

"All right."

Of course, he only agreed, hoping Karen would be back. None the less, seeing Joe installed in the rocker, while she gave a shabby Pemberton a coat of cellulose, she was Martha's crumb of happiness. Joe, though he didn't admit it, seemed tired; but they talked about the hospital and Aunt Lily with animation. "You must have had a fine childhood," Joe said, apropos of Aunt Lily's high falutin' notions of how King Lear should be played.

"I've done, indeed!—moving school, all the time keeping pace with the stock company. But that wasn't the worst," she went on with her back to Joe, for once unfalsifiedly appreciating his readiness to listen. Turning to look for a fresh can of paint, she saw that he was fast asleep. He woke suddenly, crashing a glass of milk at his elbow.

"Sorry I was so clumsy," he apologised, unaware of a subtle trespass. She was assuring him that everything was all right when Aunt Lily, appearing at the door in her negligee, added to her niece's insinuation: "I heard such a strange noise. Oh, Dr. Cardin! Rather a late visitor, aren't you?"

"Not me. As a matter of fact, I've been here four days. I was hiding in your trunk. I'd better say good-night. I've at least five calls from the hospital. You might tell Karen, Martha, that when we're married she'll have to stay home and watch me knock over milk glasses."

"Joe, you so in love with Karen, isn't he?" Aunt Lily sighed as the late guest took his long legs downstairs. I do hope they'll have a spring wedding. We could stage it so well in the garden. Of course, it will all be rather hard on you, Martha dear."

Just as the hard things were going to be not only for Martha, but the entire household, did not transtrip the inquiring Lily, a thin inkbottle appeared on the day when, at Karen's wish, Martha offered Aunt Lily a trip abroad. The morning had begun pleasantly. Mary Tilford, having been cut off recreation and riding for being deceitful, had staged such a convincing heart attack that Joe had been sent for. The child's tantrums, when found out, and the remark from the smallest to Aunt Lily's wailings at what she called being turned out, after working her fingers to the bone, and being shipped off to England.

"The truth is I don't think school is quite the place for you," Martha pursued.

"What you mean is I should keep out of the way when Joe Cardin's around," Aunt returned. "You don't fool me. You're in love with him, and you've good reason for not wanting him married. Running after him and having him in your room late at night."

If anything, the tension at this point it was Martha's discovery that Rosalie and Evelyn, two eight-year-olds, very much under Mary's thumb, were eavesdropping outside the door.

"We'll have to separate those two from Mary," Martha advised Karen when a tearful Aunt Lily had left the sitting-room to pack her trunk. "If that child got to know what Aunt said, there's no knowing what might happen. Mary received the news that she was to be parted from her dormitory mates with a fresh display of temper. "It's all because I had a heart pain. You're always mean to me. I get punished and picked on and blamed for everything that happens round here," she stormed.

The day following the storm broke in earnest. Rosalie and Mary, missing from the school, were reported to be with Mrs. Tilford, who telephoned that the children were of coming back to her. The morning, the parents of half the pupils found excuses to remove their children instantly. Only the
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Ginger Rogers, lovely Radio Pictures’ Star in “Swing Time,” using Max Factor’s Rouge.

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Max Factor’s Make-Up Studios (Dept. A.), 49 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

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afternoon only a handful of pupils remained. From the chauffeur, who came to collect Joyce Walton, Martha and Karen heard their first intimation of the real reason for the exodus. "Tell Mrs. Walton I don’t want her cheque or anything,” Karen said to the man who proffered settlement of the school account, "till we know why this is happening.” The chauffeur blushed. 

"Well, it seems that one of your ladies has been carrying on with the other’s fiancé, and she don’t think this is a fit place for kids to be,” the chauffeur returned bluntly. Martha felt she would have died sooner than see the look on Joe’s face, as, his arm about Karen, he stuttered: "Get out! Get out, quickly!"

Mrs. Tiflord, to whose ample and dignified abode Martha went forth with Karen and Joe, attempted graveness in describing the blow expected by her visitors.

"I don’t think you should have come here, she began. "I was going to visit you to-morrow to explain my position in all this and to ask you to explain yours. I’m deeply sorry you should have been involved in this."

"I think we’d better make it clear that there is nothing for us to explain and we very much dislike your sympathy,” Karen flared.

"Moreover, not a word of what you’ve evidently heard is true. We’re standing here defending ourselves against nothing except an awful lie,” Martha added.

"You had no business to involve children in your scandalous behaviour, Mrs. Tiflord accused. "Naturally I couldn’t send them back to you."

"When three people come to you with their lives cut in pieces by what you’ve done, the only decent thing is to give them a chance to put them together again,” Joe said violely. "Where are Mary and Rosalie?"

The two children were brought. Martha was startled to see that Rosalie’s arm was bandaged. Why don’t you like Miss Wright and Miss Dobie?” Joe challenged Mary.

"I do like them, Dr. Cardin, but they’re always punishing me. They punished me yesterday because Evelyn and Rosalie had heard Miss Dobie’s saint say Miss Dobie was in love with you. That’s why Rosalie’s got a bad arm. Isn’t it, Rosalie? Because Miss Dobie asked Rosalie not to tell anyone and Rosalie wouldn’t promise."

"Leave that out, for it’s a lie!” Martha said sharply. "The point is my aunt is a silly woman. What she said, she said to annoy me; no more."

"But funny things did happen at school, Machinewise.” One night Dr. Cardin was in Miss Dobie’s room late. I heard him go, 'cos my room’s very neat. I leaned down by the keyhole and saw things, and got scared..."

"There’s no keyhole on my door,” Martha contended.

"Then, it was the other room, Miss Wright’s room. I guess. She was out. I got mixed up.”

THE STORY of the

"How did you know anyone was in Miss Wright’s room?” Joe countered.

"I heard you. I said I heard."

"Why did you listen through a keyhole?” Mrs. Tiflord asked. 

Mary cut her grandmother short by starting to sob, "Why ‘d you all yell at me? I don’t know what I’m saying with everyone mixing every-thing up, but I did see Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin. I did see them."

"I want the truth,” Mrs. Tiflord said severely. "Are you sure you saw them? Remember, I want the truth.”

"No—no."

It was Rosalie who saw them. I said it was me because I didn’t want to tattle on Rosalie. You ask Rosalie,” Mrs. Tiflord turned to the child.

"Rosalie, listen! Don’t be frightened. Has anything been going on at school between Dr. Cardin and Miss Dobie? I mean, have you ever seen anything between them that wasn’t quite right?"

"No, Mrs. Tiflord—never."

"Then Miss Dobie didn’t hurt your arm because of something she didn’t want you to talk about?"

"No, the door slammed when I was listening that day to Miss Dobie and her aunt, but—"

"Rosalie, you did!” Mary accused. "You told me about your arm. You told me what you saw. You’re just trying to get out of it. I remember, because it was the day Helen Burton’s bracelet was stolen and her mother had said that if the thief were found out she’d be put in gaol. I remember quite well...Grandma, I’ve something I want to tell you..."

Her words were drowned in Rosalie’s sudden sobbing. “Yes, yes. I did see it. What Mary said was right. I saw it,” came between the child’s choked tears.

Mystified completely as to the cause of Rosalie’s hysterical outburst of lying, Martha had insufficient experience to be warned against bringing a libel action against Mrs. Tiflord by which Karen and Joe hoped to clear the good names of the three. Bitter disappointment was in store. The Judge, in dismissing the plaintiff’s...
FILM Continued

case, even went so far as to pass stringent comment against their having dragged two innocent children through a story which they should never have heard.

Aunt Lily, who, in spite of appeals, had failed to appear as a witness, suddenly turned up at the deserted school, full of chat about the weather and recent changes in the theatre.

"Things have changed here, too," Martha informed bitterly. "There's a four-o'clock train. Since it was a good deal owing to you that we lost our case, we should be glad if you'd leave."

"I've only come to help. If you wish to apologise, I shall be in my room," Aunt Lily returned in her best Shakespearean manner. Feeling ashamed of herself, Martha vanished into the kitchen.

"Cooking always makes me feel better," she announced to Karen, who came in half an hour later. Something in her friend's defeated face made Martha ask: "Where's Joe?"

"Gone. He's not coming back. He's going to the hospital job in Vienna he had before he came here. He cabled Dr. Fisher."

"Karen, he hasn't! Then it's because of me. You thought that Joe and I... Didn't he tell you that it wasn't true?"

"Yes, but I didn't believe him. Oh, Martha, that dreadful child has ruined our three lives! I don't know whom to believe."

"You can believe me, Karen. You've been a good friend to stand by, thinking all you did about us. Now I'll tell you. I love Joe. I've always loved him, but he never knew about it; never will know. He never thought of me. That night we were in the attic together he even went to sleep while I was talking."

She drifted on, realising that Karen only half believed her; yet the truth was out and Martha felt better, equal even to making a decision. Aunt Lily, she found had decided, after all, to travel by the four o'clock train. "Wait a minute, Aunt!" she cried as the lady swept in the grand manner through the hall. "I'm coming with you."

Aunt Lily, though conciliated and interfering, was by no means ill-natured. During the journey she talked, though her manner would greatly have preferred not, quite amicably commenting on her niece's decision to remain a teacher with:

"You've a nice disposition, Martha. Considering what you've been through, it's a marvel you could look at a child again; though, mercifully, they're not all like Mary Tiford. The dreadful things she used to do. Deceiving me right and left, and bullying the other children. Why, she had little Rosalie Wells right under her thumb."

"Don't talk about it," Martha begged.

But, my dear, she used to make things. I believe for months she made Rosalie keep a bracelet she had borrowed from Helen Burton, just to make it appear that Rosalie had stolen it. You know how Rosalie said you'd hurt her arm. Why, I saw Mary Tiford bandaging it, with her own eyes. It was the day when I was asked to leave, and I was so upset I never thought much about it. I bet Mary threatened Rosalie with going to gaol and kept Helen's bracelet, all to make Rosalie say she'd hurt her arm. I never connected it before, but—"

"Martha rose in her seat. "Where's the next stop?" she inquired of a passing ticket collector. Aunt Lily had timed her confidence aptly. Within half an hour of leaving the train, Martha was on Mrs. Wells' doorstep. To her relief, Rosalie answered the door. Five minutes' talk with the child and out came the truth at last. She was afraid of Mary Tiford. Mary had kept Helen Burton's bracelet. "She found it in my drawer," Rosalie sobbed, "but I never meant to keep it. Honest, I didn't. Then, on the day we went into court, Mary came over before breakfast. Mary said you had a policeman all ready to take me, and that, if I didn't say what I'd said before about you hurting my arm and things, she'd give him the bracelet and the judge would put me in gaol."

With Rosalie beside her in Mrs. Tiford's elaborate drawing-room, Martha had the satisfaction of seeing Agatha, the gaunt housemaid-companion, holding up a child's gold bracelet. "It was hidden in Miss Mary's bureau behind a book," she announced as one who is glad to see justice done to the doer of many wrongs. For once, Mary's screams and sobs of denial were unavailing. As Agatha carried her, shrieking and struggling, out of the room, Mrs. Tiford looked an old woman.

"Anything I can do, Miss Dobie?" she said, broken, but without loss of dignity. "A public apology. The damage suit paid in full, of course. And all readily undertaken."

Martha shook her head. "There's nothing you can do to alter the past—except—except will you take a message to Karen? Tell her to stay with Joe, wherever he is. She'll know what I mean."

At the moment, Martha, with the homeliness of youth wrung beyond repair, failed to see that the fruit of a first love could hide the seeds of a second blooming. In after years she could afford to look back with joy in the thought that, through her, Karen did go to Vienna, and at a cafe, between a tobacco shop and the hospital, found and was reunited to Joe.

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CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE GEORGE HUSSY
Dramatic story, founded on American history, which gives Johnson and Farnsworth the acting opportunity she had for some time and in which she acquits herself admirably. Johnson is in the majority of films with a historical basis, this one, dealing with the life of Andrew Jackson, who became President in 1823, is apt to be jerky in continuity and too drawn out. In addition, it is—naturally—so American in flavour that its appeal in this country is obvious to a limited extent. But it does contain some very good acting, and the production generally is polished and extremely well mounted.

JOAN CRAWFORD plays the role of Peggy O’Neal, the daughter of an innkeeper, who is in love with John Randolph, a senator from Virginia, who vigorously defends the sovereign rights of his State. She confesses her love to him, but he, feeling he is too old, repulses her, and she marries a young naval officer. However, he is drowned shortly afterwards, and she devotes herself to her uncle Andrew Jackson, who is running for the presidency, and his wife, Rachel.

After a bitter campaign, Jackson is elected, but his wife, who was of humble origin, had been so hurt by the vilification she had suffered during the election that she died.

So it is Peggy who accompanies Jackson to the White House as first lady in the land.

Henry, too, sets slanderous tongues wagging, but she succeeded in ignoring them. Then, learning that Randolph, who had been sent to Russia as ambassador for five years, had returned, she again plans to meet him.

This time he lets her know that he had loved her all along. However, the difference in their political opinions separates them, and Peggy goes back to Jackson and accepts an offer of marriage from John Eaton, the Secretary of State for War and Jackson’s choice for her. Later Randolph is shot and Peggy runs to the deathbed of the dying man. On her return she finds she has caused a first-rate scandal.

The President takes the matter up and, since all the trouble is caused by the wives of Cabinet Ministers, he asks for and accepts the resignations of the others. The House of Commons?

Peggy sails to Spain, where Eaton is appointed Ambassador.

Robert Taylor is very good as the President and delivers some longish speeches with excellent effect.

Robert Taylor is very good and personable as the naval lieutenant, while Melvyn Douglas is dignified and James Stewart, as a youthful admirer of Peggy, shows to advantage.

As the leader of the scandalmongers, Alison Skipworth draws

Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore in "The Georographic Hussy."
Famous American star tells English girls

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is more appealing than
perfect features ..."

says FRANCIS TONE

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| Bruce Cabot | Leslie Howard |
| Mary Carlisle | Edward Everett |
| Madeleine Carroll | Katherine De Mille |
| Melynn Douglas | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Mary Ellis | Dickie Moore |
| Mary Ellis | Wm. Powell |
| George Formby | Philip Reed |
| Clark Gable | Ginger Rogers |
| Janet Gaynor | Anne Shirley |

and 15 postcards of Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel" and "Captain January" all different.

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Contact Dr. Janssen, 42 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

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The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES**


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**THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES**


You cannot overlook the inherent artificiality of this picture, but it is well directed and acted that it is not too obtrusive.

The leading role is played by Madeleine Carroll and I do not think that she has given a better dramatic interpretation on the screen. She brings a touch of conviction to her interpretation of Hope Amos who is charged with the murder of her husband.

During the trial, the district attorney is taken ill, and his assistant, Matt Logan, a hard-boiled self-made lawyer, is entrusted with the case for the prosecution. His colourless rhetoric, however, falls before Hope's eloquent personal appeal to the jury and she is acquitted.

Her own lawyer, Lawrence Waterston, believes her guilty, and when she appeals to him to help her gain the custody of her child, now in the possession of her de facto husband, he agrees. While Logan takes her to a bar in a far from gentlemanly manner. The only way to prove herself fitted to claim her boy lies in her complete exoneration, and to achieve this end, Hope adopts the daring procedure of persuading Logan to place his child in her care.

He, confident that his assignment will prove her guilt, undertakes the task, but is unable to resist the temptation to make Blodgett's meekness of soul unexpectedly fresh to the serious and undeveloped Logan.

As the aggressive Logan, George Brent is exceedingly good and Alan Mowbray is sound as Waterston. Beulah Bondi contributes a clever portrayal of a vicious and relentless mother-in-law. The court scenes impressed and a balance of humour has not been overlooked.

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**THESE THREE**


In spite of the fact that the footage and dialogue are rather excessive, the high level of the acting and the clever direction of William Wyler makes this picture very good and unusual entertainment.

The pivot point of the plot is the psychology of a child whose way of life is not very nearly the cause of the formation of his character. It is a romance in which both Miriam Hopkié and Merle Oberon fall in love with Joel McCrea.

But this is actually of minor importance to the juvenile element. Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are excellent in their roles of Martha and Karen, respectively, two graduates, who open a school in a small town and gain the support of Mrs. Tolford, the town's social leader.

They are helped too, by a doctor, Joel McCrea, who falls in love with Karen. Living with the girls is Mrs. Mortar, Martha's actress aunt, an impoverished housekeeper and mischievous man. One night she discovers the doctor asleep in Martha's room—a suspicious, but perfectly innocent occurrence.

Later, a very objectionable child, Mary, grand-daughter of Mrs. Timford, who feels she is being unjustly punished, runs away, forcing another little girl, Rosalie, to go with her. She tells of the child who makes inroads of the picture, which forces Mrs. Timford to take her away from the school and advise

other parents to do likewise. The result is that the girls are ruined financially and socially—and, worse still, Karen begins to believe that the cause of the scandal was not so innocent after all.

They bring a libel action against Mrs. Tilford, which they lose, but when all seems lost, Karen succeeds in meeting Rosalie to tell the truth and expose Mary as the inventor of the whole scandal.

Joel McCrea is exceedingly good as the doctor and Catherine Doucet gives a clever study of Mrs. Mortar. Alma Krugers is well in character as Mrs. Tilford.

Bonita Granville's performance as Mary is masterly. She seems to live the exceptionally unsympathetic role she is given.

Marcia Mae Jones, too, is excellent as Rosalie.

You may not be convinced either in the way that Mary works havoc amongst her elders nor with the modern doctor's treatment of a pathological case, but, nevertheless, there is a wealth of human feeling in the picture and in spite of a little sagging of interest at times, it will hold your attention.

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**CEILING ZERO**


An exciting and well characterised story of aviation. Runs 75 minutes. The picture opens with a plane taking off from a starting point in the south and heading for London.

Two minor roles are notably portrayed, that of a radio operator by James Butch and a feeble-minded ex-smuggler, and the details of the airport are excessively interesting and thrilling and are admirably depicted.

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**SUICIDE CLUB**


An attempt to put something different on the screen is welcome. A humorous take-off on the idea that everyone will find it rather too fantastic for their taste and lacking even in an attempt at a convincing presentation, I feel that I may take my fantasies seriously—for the moment at any rate. The basic idea we take without warning from one hairbreadth adventure to another.

In this film, which concerns Prince Florizel, whose father, king of a Rutian state, wishes him for a husband for a young princess whom he has not met since they were children.

Florizel is given a month in which to find his wife and, if he chooses a beautiful, faithful court, Colonel Gרדle, he goes to mid-Victorian London for a holiday. In this month, he must immediately become involved in the transactions of a mysterious Suicide Club, whose single aim is to put an end upon his death; and here also he meets a girl who is apparently the president's companion.

Ernest Cohn comes the surprise element which will not give away and thrill the for you.

The under-current of humour is
October 24, 1936

good, and the whimsicality of action and dialogue has some attraction.

Robert Montgomery is gallantly insouciant as Florizel and Rosalind Russell scores as the mysterious woman who appears to be menacing his life.

An excellent performance comes from Reginald Owen as the president of the Suicide Club and Frank Morgan as the Prince’s companion—he supplies most of the humour.

**EAST MEETS WEST**


George Arliss—Laurie.

Lucile Mannheim—Mrs. O’Flaherty.

Godfrey Tearle—Sir Henry Mallory.

Ronald Beck—Dr. Sharp.

Ballard Bakerley—Nezio.

Roy Allen—Pooch.

Norma Varden—Lady Mallory.

John Larch—Jim.

O. B. Clare—Osmun.

Campbell Gill—Roderick.

Elise Mackean—Goodness.

Peter Gawthrop—Henshaw.

Ralph Truman—Abdul.

Pat Barlow—O’Flaherty.

Peter Croy—Crowell.

Stella Nova—Suleika.

Directed by Herbert Mann. premiered September 12, 1936.

H ow much you are likely to enjoy this picture is exact ratio to the extent of your admiration for George Arliss, for he dominates it completely.

It is largely a conversation piece on the lines of the star’s highly successful Green Goddess, and it is technically very well set and the battle of wits into which it resolves itself is handled with a mixture of subtle shades and artlessness.

Arliss is cast as the Sultan of Renang, a small Eastern province, who receives overtures from Sir Henry Mallory, a British governor, and Mr. Shagge, delegate of powerful Eastern interests, both of whom are.

**THE WITNESS CHAIR**


Any Harding—Paula Young.

Walter Abel—Trent.

Trent Douglas—who plays a lawyer for Moroni Olsen.

Margaret Hamilton—Grace Franklin.

Mary Astor—Margaret Jess.

William Bendix—Benny Ryan.

Paul Harvey—Jim.

Frank Jenks—Levino.

Edward Le Saint—Jean McManus.

Hilda Vaughn—Anna Eyre.

Darlinge Bolland—Grace Warrick.

Directed by George Nicholls, June. premiered June 27, 1936.

S ince we know who the murderer is in the first reel of the picture, it is rather difficult to raise sufficient interest to wait for the police and lawyer to corner a courtroom to come to the same conclusion.

However, Ann Harding is good in another of those sorrowing women parts which have too often been her lot and she is supported by clever characterisations given by Moroni Olsen as a police inspector and Paul Harvey as a prosecuting attorney.

Walter Abel is not blessed with much of a part as Ann Harding’s employer.

Douglas Dumbrille plays the brief role of Stanley Whittaker, who is found dead apparently by his own hand, but evidence points to murder by his partner, James Trent, who is arrested and tried.

At the trial it transpires that Whittaker had planned to rob his partner and elope with Trent’s innocent daughter, Connie. This makes Trent’s case look black, until Whittaker’s secretary, Paula Young, who is in love with Trent, confesses that she killed Whittaker accidentally while forcing him to sign a confession of theft, but had kept quiet for fear of exposing Connie. Trent is acquitted, and he and Paula are left together, with the shadow of a murder charge over her.

Most of the action is shown in flashbacks—never, to my mind, a satisfactory method and one which, in this case, still further robs the plot of value.

**THE FIRST CULL**


Johnny Downs—Johnny Ellis.

Dixie Dunbar—Maud Holbrook.

Marjorie Gateson—Mrs. Wells.

Johnnie Bryant—Johnnie Ellis.

Taylor Holmes—Mr. Wells.

Hattie McDaniel—Dora.

Directed by Lewis S. Loew by a story by Lamar Trotz.

T rouble with in-laws is the main spring of the humour in this conventional but quite well presented comedy which is enlisted by a baby who is finally the cause of the young husband taking a firm stand against interference. Johnny Downs is convincingly youthful and timid as Johnny Ellis, the young clerical member of a big family, who married Trudy Wells, a girl in a slightly higher station. Her hostile and ambitious mother, Mrs. Wells, compels them to live with her, and real trouble starts when their first baby arrives. Mrs. Wells’ interference evinces that Johnny should take it all, but although he is supported in his venture by the henpecked Mr. Wells, he is wrongly accused of a secret affair at the house-warming.

At this juncture, however, the baby is taken ill, and protected by his mother, Mrs. Ellis, who can reasonably question his courage, Johnny at last asserts himself. Truly joyfully rejoiced in their modest dwelling, and their reunion is accompanied by whispers of a reunion to the family’s law; the weight of the entertaining really lies on their shoulders.

**RIDE ‘EM COWBOY**


George Cooper—Charles Morse.

William Lawrence—Jim.

Juanita Wrather—Lillian Howard.

Joseph Gervais—Tommie.

Charles Arnt—Roger.

Sanford Howes—Tedd.

Directed by Les Stenlund.

A n artless tale of a cowboy who mechanically deserts his girl and takes up motor racing in order to win the hand of a fair lady. It is good stuff for juveniles.

The story deals with Jess Burns, a wild cowboy, who is forced to leave town in a hurry and boards a freight train. He finds himself sharing a wagon with Charles Morse, a mechanic about to deliver a racing engine to a wealthy owner, and he, in order to get even with an old enemy, the driver, persuades Jess to take his place. Jess holds the job at first, but when he meets Lillian, Howard’s daughter, he immediately falls in love with her and at the same time mines to win a big race for her and her father and so save them from penury. Jess, driver of a big engine, stoops to every low trick to prevent Jess from competing, but Jess, with the help of his horse, Silver, arrives on the scene just in the nick of time and pulls off a spectacular victory. Following his success he deserts the race track to become Lillian’s partner and her father’s companion.

Buck Jones puts both punch and humour into his performance and George Cooper is bright as Charles. The villainous element is capably handled and there are thrills in the racing sequences.

**UNLUCKY JIM**


Bob Stevens——The Father.

Joseph Levine——Mr. Parkes.

Tony Jones——The Son, Jimmy.

Carl Hawke——Sam.

Alma Astor——The Daughter.

Directed by Harry S. Marks.

T he exploits of a small boy on half-holiday provides little in the way of entertainment. It has been directed from the

Walter Abel and Ann Harding in "The Witness Chair."
Taste delicious ‘goose-gog’ juice—its own unmistakable flavour—in Rowntree’s Assorted Fruit Pastilles and Fruit Clear Gums. There’s limè, lemon and tangerine—strawberry—apricot and blackcurrant, too—all in a single packet.

**Those Screen “Drunks”**

Are They Convincing or Not?

I THINK few filmgoers will be in agreement with the sweeping assertion of H. Berne that no film actor has yet portrayed convincingly, the role of “screen father” or “drunk.” Mr. Berne may be an authority, but I would suggest that intoxication affects men very differently—mostly they go to sleep, but that might hold up the picture; what might be a perfect cameo for a low life character, would be obviously wrong for the educated “Drunk.”

Did not Victor McLaglen in *The Informer* give a superb portrayal of a drunken rough-neck, convincingly sustaining that difficult role through most of the film? Was not Lionel Barrymore’s father to Norma Shearer in *A Free Soul* without flaw?

When I see W. C. Fields, Sydney Howard, or Tom Walls acting drunk it makes me feel thirsty in sympathy.

Maybe they make Mr. Berne envious—I—Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton, 6.

Balderdash!

Sometimes dissatisfied; sometimes gladdened and always a dutiful patron of British pictures, I have witnessed many potential stars who simply cannot act ability and promise, fade-out with the curtain into comparative obscurity again, and credited the producer with more omniscience of the business of casting than a self-occupied kinematographer.

Now, after repeated contrary actions, I am embittered, and ask: “Do they know enough about casting?” Their books overflow with good and proven acting material in our own studios, yet those producers who appealed for home-support during Quota time, continue to import third-rate stars from America—players who have failed to make the grade there are boosted and exploited in Britain, whilst our own talent goes unheralded.

The notion that American audiences must have an American in the lead of a British picture is balderdash. Recently returned from that country, I can assure you the U.S.A. public have ceased to wonder why we do this and ignore such personalities as Rene Ray, Donald Calthrop, Mary Lawson, and a host of others—L. W. F. Pearce, 97 Hyland Way, Romford, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.

Envy

Oh! Sturdy hero of the screen, Times out of number I have seen You plunge into the depths to save Some damsel from a wat’ry grave, And, having brought her ashore, Begin to woo her e’en before You change into some drier clothes. How you dodge chills—well, goodness knows! I would that I could do the same, And rescue from the sea some dame, And, while my clothes are soaking wet, Persuade her with a “Wed me, pet!” But alas, catch pleasure of film actresses By just a paddle in the sea.

So I can merely watch with awe From my back seat marked one-and-four.

A. Stagpool, 32 Prebend Street, Ilkington, N.1, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Are They Human?

After my boy friend has taken me to a Connie Bennett film, how do you think I feel when he looks me over afterwards? All I can think of is that my eyelashes aren’t a yard long, that I’m six pounds overweight, and that my dress cost only 2s. in the basement.

I’d like to see these glamorous girls in a real situation once: Connie waking up in the morning with a layer of stale cold cream on her face and her wave cap over one ear; Joan Crawford with her eye make-up washed off after a swim.

Then I’d know they are as human as I am—A. Dunne, 69 Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Film “Gentlemen”

To your edition of August 8, a reader commented upon the scarcity of film actresses who were real ladies. Immediately I wondered which of the male film stars had that elusive charm and indefinable quality which is the essence of a true gentleman.

Two names sprang to my mind, Leslie Howard and George Arliss.

There are many handsomer men on the films, some as fascinating in their own way, and others having that 100 per cent, he-man quality so dear to feminine hearts, but those who were fortunate enough to see Leslie Howard as the “Scarlet Pimpernel” realized that there was something beyond all this which was portrayed.

A manliness, supreme gentleness, fighting courage tempered with polite charm, and above all a kindly sense of humour and understanding unpolished sentimentality. These are the traits which help to give that easy poise distinguishing a “gentle” man.

George Arliss has also these qualities, but in a more theatrical style—[Mr.] M. O. Long, 49 Rothwell Road, N.11.

Non-talkie Title Tale

Having been in the cinema business for over twenty-five years, it amuses me to read the “Talkies Title Tales” each week, in your *Picturegoer*, which my wife orders. I don’t think she has made an attempt at it yet, but my reason for writing is: Just before the War I was Assistant at a cinema in Ellesmere Port, Cheshire; it was by the side of the station, and I shall never forget a 48-sheet we had on the side of the kiosks, showing on the station and down the main street. It read: “What Happened to Mary?” In the midst of the Jungle,” “When the Earth Trembled,” “It is not very often you get titles to connect with each other as that, especially in one programme; but, of course, this was in the silent days—Chas. Fuzzard, Manager, Grand Theatre, St. Leonard’s, Haverford.

Internationality

Film Art is international, why do filmgoers persist in comparing between American and British pictures?

If a film is good entertainment what percentage

(Continued on page 30)
Hair Combed This Way Stays Arranged! It isn't any trouble, and there's hardly any cost.

'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair, here's a way to keep it arranged all day long. Without another "pat" or another thought! Use a little 'Danderine' before you comb it.

A woman can't believe the way this works until she has tried it. 'Danderine' isn't a sticky or oily dressing, yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, "Danderine" will keep it from getting out of place.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to keep every hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3d and 4/6.

The girl with the rough skin and poor complexion has only herself to blame if Romance passes her by. Every girl can make herself attractive in the eyes of her men friends if she makes her skin lovely with D & R's perfect face creams and skin tonic. In return for a few minutes faithful attention night and morning your skin soon becomes soft and alluringly seductive. Start the simple, inexpensive D & R way to beauty to-day, and let your complexion take on that fresh, irresistible loveliness that captures a man's heart.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

STOMACH PAIN IS NATURE'S WIRELESS

Don't Wait for the S.O.S.

Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heavyness or dullness after eating, distension of the stomach, flatulence ('wind'), heartburn—these are warning symptoms not to be ignored.

In many cases, even the majority, no serious consequence, will ensue provided action is taken at once to get rid of the cause. Mostly this is acidity which eats into the stomach walls until it is corrected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was hacked with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

Never dilly-dally with stomach trouble. Treat yourself immediately with the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, which has brought lasting relief to thousands. Powder or tablets, 1/3d, 2/-, 5/-.

Never sold loose.

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Send 1d. in stamps with your name and address in sealed envelope for sample tubes of D & R Beauty Creams, to Stemco, Ltd., Dept. P. PICTURGOER, October 24, 1936, 128, Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

NAME

ADDRESS

Noses.—The best scientific nose remedy. Suitable for all ages. Softens, neutralises, soothes, dries up in half an hour. Guaranteed pure and harmles. 1/6 tube lasts 3 weeks. (For Baby's Hair Curly Top) is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:

THE VOSEMAR CO. (Dept. T)
11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs.

NAIL BITING

FREE booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can safely and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No sales, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for package.

Dear Mummy,

It's been a while since I last wrote, but I hope you'll forgive me for being silent. I've been quite occupied with my studies and other activities. However, I have some news that I think you'll be interested in.

Recently, I've been working on a project that I think will be quite exciting. I've been working with some brilliant people, and I'm learning a lot. I'm very proud of what we've achieved so far.

Also, I've been trying out some new hobbies, and I think you might like to hear about them. I've taken up pottery making, and I've been experimenting with different techniques and glazes. It's been a lot of fun, and I think I might even be good at it!

I hope you're well, and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

With love,
Peter

P.S. If you can't find room in the parcel for both the stockings and toffee please leave out the stockings.

Who's Who

Cicely Courtneidge

BRITAIN'S leading screen comedienne was born on April 1. It was in Australia, in 1893, when her father, Robert Courtneidge, the famous actor-manager, and mother, were touring "down under." Cicely made her stage début at an early age as Peaseblossom in A Midsom-mer Night's Dream, but achieved no notable success until she discovered her talent for comedy and exploited it so effectively that within a few years she became one of the great names of the West End variety and revue stage. Cicely made her film début with Jack Hulbert (whom she married in 1919) in The Ghost Train, and scored an immediate triumph. Her subsequent comedies include Jack the Boy, A Happy Ever After, Soldiers of the King, Aunt Sally, Things Are Looking Up, Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, The Imperfect Lady, which was made in Hollywood, and her latest, Everybody Dance.

Joan Crawford

CHORUS girl, extra, Hollywood dancing daughter, glamour queen—the career of Joan Crawford is one of the great romances of the movies. The star, whose real name, as everybody knows, is Bessie Cassin, was born in San Antonio, Texas, on a certain March 23, not specified in the latter-day bulletins, but thirty years ago according to the record books. Her father was a theatrical manager. Went into the chorus as Lucille Le Sueur after a sad childhood, and was eventually discovered for the screen by M-G-M. executive Harry Rapf. First faced the cameras as an extra. Made her name in Our Dancing Daughters and later graduated as a dramatic star in Within the Law.

Henrietta Crosman

ONE of the oldest featured players in films, Henrietta Crosman, has been a household name and has been in pictures for over fifty years. She made her screen début in The Royal Family of Broadway, but had her first big part in Pilgrimage. Other films include Again, Three on a Honeymoon, Which Women Are Dangerous, Among the Missing, Menace, Elinor Norton, Sacred Flame, The Curtain Falls, and The Dark Angel.

What Do You Think? Cont.

If producers paid much attention to amateur film critics they would give up trying to please as hopeless. Carping criticism of acknowledged masterpieces by once-a-week picturegoers is rather like a maggot snapping at the sun. One could find a flaw in every work of art in the world, by using a microscope; if a clock shown on the screen gives the time as ten minutes to ten, when it should have been eleven minutes to ten, the film, according to the "find-a-flaw" brigade, is ruined; blithely they overlook the obvious of perfection. I have heard churlish criticisms and grumbles about almost every masterpiece it has been my luck to see; how stupid and ungrateful it all is!

Better Value

Is it fair to compare—as a fellow-reader did—the comfort of the theatre's system of advance bookings, with the cinema's more rough and ready way of seating its audiences? The booked theatre seat costs anything from five to fifteen guineas—the cinema from sixpence to five shillings. Which is better value? There may be a little discomfort in getting your seat sometimes at the cinema, but you do get three hours' entertainment for a shilling, instead of paying five times as much for a tenth of the entertainment value.

Generations of Women have put their trust in

SOUTHALLS

"K" all wool with very soft cover.

Terribly Weak and Anaemic

FEARED SHE WOULD HAVE TO GIVE UP

"For twelve months I was in a terribly weak, anaemic state," states Miss J. Coward, of 5 West Street, Weston-super-Mare. "I was always languid and could not eat: I felt terribly depressed and miserable, and grew very thin. I was ghostly pale and frequently felt faint and giddy. Then boils came out on my face. I felt so worn out that I feared I should have to give up my work."

"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and decided to try them. I soon felt much better, and within three weeks the boils had disappeared. I could sleep well, and had a splendid appetite. Now I am full of life and vitality; I have regained all my lost weight, and feel absolutely fit."

The only way to combat anaemia is to supply the system with new blood; that is exactly what Dr. Williams brand pink pills do, and it is because these pills really do create new, rich blood that they are so successful in the treatment of anaemia, palpitation, loss of appetite and nerve troubles. Try these pills now and notice the quick improvement in your health. 1s. 6d., a box (triple size 9s.) — but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE — Every girl in the country should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.H. Dept. 30 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

POST COUPON NOW

Cut out and complete the coupon on the left, and send it, with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, to Dept. P.6, Dixon, Ltd., St. Leonard's Works, Mortlake, S.W.14, for three trial tubes of Velouty.

Three Trial Tubes
FREE!

To look well you must have the right cream for your colour type. One of the five Velouty Creams is yours. The shades are White, Ivory, Natural, Ochre, and Soleil Doré (Sun Gold).

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Look how smoothly and evenly L'Onglex flows over your nails. Look what a smart, thrilling finish it gives — a subtle gleam like liquid coral. You can get L'Onglex everywhere in six attractive shades. And you need never worry about cracking, peeling or fading. Yet the 6d. bottle is just as big as the 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes, and it lasts months.

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Anne Reed's three amazing herbal creams work wonders on the worst skin.

○ CLEARING CREAM—for spots and blackheads
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BEAUTY CREAM—as a refining, brightening tonic and powder foundation

2/6 each for generous pot. Post free. Send to-day to:
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Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

Macleans PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere 6d., 1/— and 1/9

If you use Tooth POWDER, try the new Macleans Peroxide Tooth Powder—6d. pertin

FAN CLUB NOTICES

All admirers of FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW should co-operate with John Raymond to form a League of Admiration to the star. Write to Mr. Raymond at 129 Jerrry Street, New Cross, Manchester, for full particulars.

The LADBURY FAN CLUB are holding a Grand Armistice Ball on November 12 at Cholmondeley Court, Baker Street Station, from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The tickets price 2s. 6d. can be had from Miss Part, 22 Tregony Road, Wood Green. Leslie Banks and many famous film and stage stars are appearing. All fan clubs are welcome.

All those interested in a HARRY ROY FAN CLUB are invited to meet B. Cornwell, Burgoyne House, 173 Eaton Road, Strood, Kent, for full particulars of the club run for this star with his permission.

The Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club has a few vacancies for new members.

The annual subscription is 5s., and there are members in all parts of the world. Write to Hazel Buley, 26 Catfing Road, N.W.3, for full particulars.

No. 28 (New Series) Vol. 6

October 24, 1936

Let GEORGE Do IT!

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

D. M. E. (Newcastle).—John Mills at present making "I, H.M.S. and is signed up to make a film for Alexander Korda. (2) Write to Edson Norwood, c/o Mrs. Fenn, 21 Endersleigh Gardens, London, S.W.5.

MARIE (Pennath).—Details as follows: (1) June Wyne, b. Aug, 15, 1912, Gloucester, N.J., 5 ft. 4 in., 118 lb., brown hair and grey eyes. (2) Henry Fonda, b. Grand Island, Nebraska, age not known, mar. (a) Margaret Sullivan (mar. div.). (b) Frances Brokaw. (3) Glenda Farrell, b. 1906, 5 ft. 3 in., blonde hair, dark eyes; she is divorced and has a son, George. (4) Mary Ellis, b. New York, June 13, 1899, mar. Basil Sydney (mar. div.). (5) Anne Shirley, b. 1915, New York. (6) Diane Sinclair, born 24 years ago, Dutch Guanes.


SHERRER (Dulstower).—(1) Norma Shearer is scheduled for "Marjorie Morningstar and Pride and Prejudice." (2) Garfield Heverby, plague, Suffolk, 1911; films include "To the Neck, Becky Sharp" and The Informer.


M. D. (Herts).—Write to Maurice Chroisy, c/o Twentieth-Fox Productions, and to Basil Rathbone, c/o London Films, where he is making Love and a Stranger with Anna Hasting.


LADIES' MARKS (Malvern).—Rose Alexander, b. July 27, 1908, New York, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. in., hoboken football player and the athlete, has been scheduled for Kid Galahad for Warner Bros. Becky Skyes (East Boldon).—Rose Alexander took the part of C. Richard Courtsey in the Money and Brian Lawrence that of Brian in She Shall Have Music.

C. K. (Brighton).—Chief players Trail of the Lonesome Pine—Sidney Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Nigel Bruce and Fred Storey.

KING OF THE JUNGLE.—No release date yet fixed for the Tarzan film with Johnnie Weimuller, Marjorie Sullivan and Benita Hume. (2) We have not heard that Miss Gaynor intends to visit this country.

I. D. F. (Hull).—(1) Height as follows—Irene Dunne, 5 ft. 8 in., Janet Gaynor, 5 ft., Carole Lombard, 5 ft. 4 in., Ann Harding, 5 ft. 2 in., Georges, 6 ft., John Loder, 6 ft. 3 in.


CIRYMOUS (Portsmouth).—Yes, Boris Karloff played the piano in the film "He Who Dies." The pianoforte piece was "Kamenki Ourov," by Rubenstein.

BETTY (Whistable).—(1) Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Ross Alexander took the chief roles in a new film. (2) We have no news of a film for Howard Marion-Crawford after For Ever England.


R.P. (Burndey).—Centre serenades as follows: Thirty Nine Steps, June 15, 35; Captain Blood, Feb. 21, 36; The Grandles, Aug. 24, 35; The Dark Angel, Feb. 27; The Un- guarded Hour, Aug. 8, 36 (story).

W.N. (Welch).—Walter Abott is married to Mar latina Christie, who has two children, Jonathan and Michael.


A Reader would very much like to obtain a copy of the "Smiler" through supplement which we published in our Nov. 5, 1932 issue. Unfortunately we are out of print of that issue. If anyone has this issue would they get in touch with C. Eqg. The Kewrin, Garvagh, Co. Derry, N. Ireland, who would be willing to defray any expenses incurred.
No other shampoo has ever been used on this lovely hair.

THIS LADY WRITES:
"THE HAIR IS PERFECTLY NATURAL AND OWES ITS LIFE AND COLOUR TO EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO WHICH IS ALL THAT HAS EVER BEEN USED UPON IT."

**EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO**

For dark hair use "Ordinary Grade"
For fair hair use "Camomile"

For a Petal-Smooth Skin

If you're dissatisfied with your complexion, or wondering how to keep it smooth and beautiful through the winter, follow the lead of some of the loveliest women in society and try the Pond's method of beauty care. It is simplicity itself to carry out, requiring only a few minutes' daily care morning and night. Free sample tubes of Pond's cold and vanishing creams will gladly be sent to you if you fill in the coupon below and post it with a 1d. stamp to Dept. C.1, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. After using these two creams for only a few days you will notice a wonderful improvement in your skin—it will look altogether softer and smoother. The cold cream should be used for cleansing the skin every night and for removing make-up. It frees the pores of every particle of dust and grime, and stimulates the under-eye so that blackheads and other blemishes are kept at bay. Then, before make-up is applied, a thin film of the vanishing cream should be smoothed all over the face and neck to serve as a protection and powder base. Whatever the weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream will protect your skin and keep it young-looking and petal-smooth. Just fill in the coupon and try out both creams for yourself.

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C.1, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

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Glorious, triumphant red—brighter, yet more tender than seen in any lipstick before! That's the new Tattoo shade—HAWAIIAN!

Young, vivid, inviting...coloured with romance...you simply put it on...let it set...wipe it off...only the colour stays! Exotic, transparent colour instead of opaque coating...even, smooth, no dryness or puckering. Four other marvellous shades too! All by Tattoo! Indelible—truly and really indelible—as only Tattoo is!

"HAWAIIAN" is the reddest red yet. Brilliant, im-
pudently daring, this new shade has been dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. Positively will not turn 

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and Titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but it will find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

At this Tattoo Selecton, on the better cosmetic counters everywhere, you can actually test on your own skin all four Tattoo shades.

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End embarrassing, split, brittle nails! Simply apply KERIFORT Cream, which hardens nails amazingly and then promotes nail growth at the root. KERIFORT is actually absorbed by the nail and replaces the natural oils removed by nail varnishes, thus preventing dryness, brittleness, and cracking. Do not confuse with oil polish and creams which cannot counteract brittleness—KERIFORT is a new discovery containing special secret ingredients guaranteed to cure brittle nails or money back. From all branches of Boots, Taylors, and Timothy Whites within 24 hours from fresh supplies at main depot, or send P.O. 2½ to-day to Tower Products Corp., Suite A.18, Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Packets of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOFT, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamp or threepence in cash.

NAME
ADDRESS
TWO heads are better than one. This is why you should send your beauty problems to me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you would like a quick reply by post.

LAST week we talked of the daily care of the hair. Now we come to the shampoo question, and the first point that arises is this: how often should you wash your hair?

If you belong to the "normals," once a fortnight is often enough, unless it is hot weather, or you have been in a lot so that the scalp has perspired.

A dry head should not be washed more frequently than that, and then it need only a preparatory treatment before the shampoo. Oily hair should be shampooed regularly once a week.

Here is the routine for dry hair. Before the shampoo, give your hair oil treatment. This is a somewhat messy job, and if you can afford it, it is better done by the hairdresser. "Doing it at home" means "doing it badly," but if you can persuade a hairdresser, you can ask him to give you a special soapless oil shampoo. This is a new method whereby oiling and shampooing is done in one operation, and a thorough one with warm water immediately clears hair and scalp of every trace of oil. You can give yourself-and preparatory parcel on this of your own, a stamped envelope. It is also good for those who suffer with dry dandruff.

For home treatment, warm your oil by standing the bottle in hot water. Part the hair every inch or so as for the massage treatment, rub the oil in along the partings with a piece of clean rag, and when the entire scalp has been treated, massage with the finger tips for five minutes. Wring a small towel out of hot water, cover the hair. Allow it to cool, and repeat. Then shampoo. You will need several applications of the shampoo, with thorough rinsing in running water in between to get rid of every trace of oil. If you have not one already, buy a rubber hose and spray attachment for the tap. Do not buy any at the large stores quite cheaply.

The treatment for greasy hair is quite different. Obviously it does not require the preliminary oiling. For dry hair, there are several special shampoos for greasy heads. One of the various makes of tar shampoo will be found beneficial, or you can use tincture of green soap, which may be bought by the ounce from the chemist.

A tar shampoo is used according to the maker's directions. Tincture of green soap is prepared as follows:—Put 2 ounces in a pan with a pint of cold water. Bring gently to the boil. Set aside till cool, when it will form a jelly. This jelly, when you have made it, is sufficient for two shampoos. Use in the ordinary way with warm water. Rinse with three separate waters, and afterwards use a special colour rinse to give your hair attractive lights. The yellow shades may be bought in a wide range of shades to suit all tints and hair.

By the way, never use very hot water for washing the hair. The water should be just comfortable when tested with the back of your hand.

Natural hair that is neither very dry nor dry hair has no special precautions other than this, which applies equally to all others. Brush and comb the hair first, so that it is quite free from tangles. Thoroughly wet scalp and hair, and run in the white mixture. If you are using a jelly mixture, and you can purchase a green soap, it is better to help you, if it is a good plan to massage the shampoo into the scalp with a rubber bristled nail brush that previously has been softened by soaking in hot soapy water.

Soap and rinse repeatedly, till the scalp feels clean and fresh. Rinse under running water, with slightly cooler water than you have been using for the actual cleaning. It is wrong to use hot water. There is a tide for this, but the shock is too much for the scalp. You must have a small rinse of some kind. One of the proprietary kinds is easiest and most effective, but if there isn't one in the house, use a couple of spoonfuls of strained lemon juice.

Or, if you are a blonde, and want your hair to look soft and shining you can make a yolk of egg rinse. Separate yolks and white of a new laid egg. Beat up the yolk only, add it to a cup of tepid water, press on the hair and massage in for a few minutes. Rinse out with tepid water. This dose is for hair that is falling.

Have ready a couple of warm Turkish towels, and rub the hair dry with these. Dry the scalp first, and then the streaming hair. This gives you an extra opportunity for scalp massage. Place the towel right against the scalp under the hair, and press it firmly and rotate the finger tips. In good weather, you can complete the drying in the sun.

Sometimes readers write to ask me for the details of egg shampoo. They are often used for hair that is harsh from too much bleaching, and also for weak and scaling hair. Take two eggs and separate whites and yolks. Beat them separately. Then mix and apply. Pour the mixture into a breakfast cup of warm water. Massage the scalp and scalp. Rinse and dry in the usual manner.

There are times when shampoo is necessary, but a cold or some slight indisposition may make washing undesirable. Then the dry shampoo is useful. If you use one, be sure to brush it out thoroughly after you give the hair a dull appearance. Dry shampoo is not suitable for dry hair.

Or, there is another tip, if you are going out, want your hair to look affecting, but have neither time nor opportunity for shampooing it. Use a colour setting lotion. This is a new and useful invention.

You set your hair with a lotion that improves the colour at the same time. Half a dozen tints are available and the makers claim that the follow will be different with any tinting or bleaching that may previously have been applied to the hair. This costs 1s. a bottle.

L. E. (Norwich)—One has just completed an excellent costume. How about it? You can obtain by sending up the coupon which is to be found in One Cube this.
Colds are on the increase—most of them are petty ailments at inception. Take heed, however, it is the small, petty cold that often has serious complications. So stamp it out—NOW. You can do it in one night with two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink. Keep 'ASPRO' handy for yourself—for your family—ready for prompt action to deal with all the ills and chills due to changeable weather—colds—'flu—rheumatism—pain, etc. If you feel a cold coming on, our advice is—:

**Lost That Cold To-Night**

Colds are on the increase—most of them are petty ailments at inception. Take heed, however, it is the small, petty cold that often has serious complications. So stamp it out—NOW. You can do it in one night with two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink. Keep 'ASPRO' handy for yourself—for your family—ready for prompt action to deal with all the ills and chills due to changeable weather—colds—'flu—rheumatism—pain, etc. If you feel a cold coming on, our advice is—:

**ASPRO**

**AND WAKE UP WELL**

**GLANCE AT THIS TESTIMONY**

**COLD BANISHED 'ASPRO' FOR RHEUMATISM**

**IN ONE NIGHT ACUTE, COLD, COMPLETLY AND 'FLU GONE**

Hill-Side Stores,

Dear Sir,

Lawford, Essex.

I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

—Yours gratefully,

G. MAYTHORN.

Dear Sir,

Lawford, Essex.

I am sending you a line to say how greatly I have benefited by your 'ASPRO.' My husband was ill first, had a touch of ague and the lady at the shop recommended your 'ASPRO' tablets and he's working now. I caught his cold and 'ASPRO' worked wonders for me, so I shall recommend them to anyone I know that's got 'flu.

Yours very gratefully,

E. LANGFORD, Mrs.

60 Warstone Road, Penn.

Dear Sir,

Wolverhampton.

I have been a sufferer of headaches for years and have tried all kinds of tablets but nothing better than your 'ASPRO' tablets, so neatly packed in your waxed paper. I have felt no harmful after-effects with your 'ASPRO' as I have with other tablets.

Being a Quarry Manager, I have included in the first-aid box one carton of your 'ASPRO' tablets and have found them to be of as much service as anything included in the cabinet. —Yours faithfully,

W. G. JOHN.

508 West Green Road,

Tootestham.

Dear Sir,

London, N.I.

I have been a sufferer of rheumatism. I had every care and attention and medicine, but I did not improve. My son advised me to try 'ASPRO' so I did and I have been taking them now for about three months. I might tell you that my rheumatism is completely gone and I see to it that I have always got some by me and thanks to 'ASPRO' which I shall be pleased to recommend to anyone who suffers as I did.

I remain, Yours sincerely,

E. CHAD (Mrs.).

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

Made in England by

ASPRO

LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone Slough 606.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

All leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

So easy to arrange fascinating new hair styles when you use Amami Wave Set. It guides the hair in precisely the waves and curls you want to achieve, yet leaves it not the least bit sticky or oily. It's the beauty secret of thousands of smart girls who must never have a hair out of place, must always present an "expensive" appearance at minimum cost. Buy a bottle of this easy-to-use lotion to-day, and try an exciting new coiffure.

Try the new Amami Spirit Wave Set! Quick-drying—Non-oily. Keeps order over every type of hair. Packed in a yellow carton. At all chemists.

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**AMAMI**

**Wave Set**

6d. and 1½ per bottle
So make sure it's a
PLAYER'S

There is only one genuine Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut—Make sure you get PLAYER'S by seeing the lifebuoy trademark on the packet and the words PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT on each Cigarette
Picturegoer
The Screen Magazine

No. 284 (New Series), Vol. 6

October 31, 1936

Free inside 16 PAGE SUPPLEMENT of
Rose Marie
with Jeanette MacDonald & Nelson Eddy

Jane Wyatt
10 MINUTES TO WAIT—SO

Mine's a Minor!

De Reszke MINORS

In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6d * 30 for 1/-
LOOK at a few of the fascinating features in No. 2 of "MOTHER" Out October 30th

Warning To Wives. "Does your husband share his working hours with another woman? Read this frank confession about "office friendships" by a business girl, and then ask yourself "Who is to blame?"

Everything to Wear for £3 5s. You won't complain that you "haven't a thing to wear" if you treat yourself to the complete winter outfit ... worked out and budgeted to the last shilling by the fashion experts of "MOTHER."

"Jealousy" Has any woman a right to be jealous? Don't miss Christine Jope-Slade's provocative new story in No. 2 of "MOTHER." Also a complete story by Sarah Elizabeth Hodges, and the second instalment of the great romantic novel "I Take This Woman" by Monica Eveer.

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Mothercraft. Nurse Crawford's special directions for Changing Baby's Diet . . . invaluable advice to expectant mothers . . . and authoritative answers to November health problems by the Harley Street consulting physician to "MOTHER."

You'll Also Enjoy the delightful plum pudding and mincemeat recipes . . . new designs for family woollies . . . home decoration ideas . . . new for her shopping . . . beauty hints . . garden planning, etc., etc.

HUNDREDS of thousands of women all over the land have welcomed "MOTHER," the great new three-in-one journal—homecraft, fiction and personal service. No. 1 was sold out in record time. Now for No. 2 . . . Out Friday October 30. New stories, family fashions, cookery hints, homemaking lore, beauty secrets, expert advice on child welfare—but see for yourself some of the delightful things No. 2 of "MOTHER" has in store for you . . . LOOK at the list on the left. And remember, inside every copy of "MOTHER" No. 2 are Reservation Forms for the WONDERFUL CELEBRATION_PRESENTATION illustrated above—an entirely new idea in Household Scales—British made, superbly finished in brilliant, hard enamel and equipped with a patent spring-lever device that ensures accurate weighing. Get your copy of No. 2 of "MOTHER" from your nearest bookstall or newspaper-to-morrow (Friday) price sixpence, and be sure to turn to page 6 and see how to secure these unique new style Household Scales.

“What a mistake I was making about my powder shade!”

LADY MILLENCENT TIARKS, auburn-haired Irish beauty, says, "I believed I was using a face powder that really suited my skin, for I always choose my shade of powder carefully. But the other day I discovered Pond's Rachel 2. It does more than blend with my complexion. A wonderfully glamorous shade."

Is your powder shade wrong after all?

Have you seen girls whose skin seemed brilliantly beautiful—while yours, in comparison, looked "mousy and dull"? And have you concluded that your skin was "just ordinary"—that no powder shade on earth could help?

A natural conclusion. For you know how carefully you have chosen your present powder. Yet beauty experts say that the face powder shade you use can either make your skin look sallow and old or give it sparkle.

Why has your search for the right shade been in vain? Simply because, till recently, face powder shades have been made without a taciturn knowledge of skin tones. But now, in developing their five new powder shades, Pond's have analysed, under a colourscope, the skin of more than 300 girls. They have discovered exactly what hidden tints give each type of skin its special beauty. These secret tints are blended in Pond's Powder. That's why this powder makes you lovelier.

There is only one way to find the powder shade that suits you—try all five shades of Pond's Powder. Send in the coupon below. The Natural shade makes blonde skin transparent. Rachel 1 gives a creamy out-doors tone. Peach brings a warm rich glow. Dark Brunette gives a creamy out-doors tone.

FREE—Pond's Powder: Write your name and address below, pin 3 d. stamp to this coupon. Put in sealed envelope to Dept B-927-A, Pond's. Perrysville, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME

ADDRESS

AMAZING FACTS about the colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 300 girls were colourscope-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that a nose of bright blue gives blonde skin its transparency, a nose of brilliant green gives brunette skin its dreamy loveliness. With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.
UNDER TWO FLAGS
OUIDA'S Great Novel of Sweeping Adventure and Spectacle

DIRECTED BY FRANK LLOYD

October 31, 1936

RONALD COLMAN
VICTOR MCLAGLEN

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

ROSALIND RUSSELL

HERBERT MUNDIN, NIGEL BRUCE, GREGORY RATOFF AND A CAST OF 10,000

RELEASE NOV 2ND
The battle for the male sex appeal championship is on.

There was a time when the men merely stood by while the studios resounded with the conflict of the screen queens. Now, for a change, the film world is sitting back and watching the big clash at Culver City for the Great Lover title.

At the moment the honours are with Robert Taylor, that amazing young man who not so many months ago was an unknown college boy and who for some time past has been causing Clark Gable sleepless nights.

Bob, who recently moved to a Beverly Hills mansion and is running two luxury cars, has now supplanted Clark at the top of the studio's fan mail list.

In the meanwhile, Franchot Tone has hurled his hat into the ring.

According to the official story, Franchot took a comparatively small part in Gorgeous Hussy merely out of the greatness of his love for Joan Crawford.

Actually, it is whispered, however, he objected violently to playing a role so much less important than those of the spectacular Mr. Taylor and James Stewart and has let it be known that he wants bigger and better parts in future.

New Rival

And all the screen kings are likely to encounter some serious opposition from Don Ameche, the new "femme raver" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Ameche scored a hit in Sins of Man, was chosen for the male lead in Ramona and as a result of his performance in that film, is to be given star billing immediately. He is already scheduled to appear in the remake of Seventh Heaven, for years one of filmland's potential "plum" roles.

Like Robert Taylor, Don got his start in college dramatics, but he made his name as a radio performer.

Somewhat ironically, he was tested for films a year ago by M.-G.-M.—and rejected.

He Discovered Taylor

Robert Taylor, by the way, has reached that exalted stage of screen fame where he has half Hollywood battling for the honour of having discovered him.

In point of fact and to save arguments (in these columns, at any rate) let us put it on record that it rightly belongs to Oliver Hindsell, the head of the Metro talent "nursery," who found Taylor playing Stanhope in a Pomona College dramatic society production of Journey's End and signed him on the dotted line.

Barrimore's Come-back

Amid all the tumult and the shouting over Romeo and Juliet, one item slips by almost unobserved.

The film's official billing announces:—

Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in

"Romeo and Juliet"

with

John Barrymore

It is the first time, as far as I can remember, that the fatal "with" and position under the title has been awarded to the head of the house of Barrymore—and in a Shakespearean film, too.

I fear that John's recent front-page antics, particularly in the affair of Elaine Barrie, have not exactly contributed to his prestige.

The critics' tributes to his brilliant Mercutio in the film, however, must compensate for a great deal. The screen needs its Barrymores. One hopes that in future we will see John more often in the films and less often in the headlines.

Case of Mary Astor

Another artiste whose career is undergoing an attack of "bad publicity" at the moment is Mary Astor. Film circles are closely watching the public's reaction to her performance in Dodsworth.

The actress has a sympathetic role in the film, which she was making at the time of the recent court proceedings.

"Get me an actress," Sam Goldwyn had told his casting director, "who has not been associated with sex appeal parts, just an ordinary woman of the sort that will make the audience wonder what 'Dodsworth' saw to make him fall for her."

A week or two later Mary spread herself in

(Continued on page 6.)
violet ink over the front pages of the world's newspapers.

And Bette Davis

One result of the Astor business has been a move to insert yet another clause in film contracts, banning the keeping of diaries by stars.

While they are about it they might go farther and prohibit legal actions in the industry altogether.

Law suits, even the most seemingly innocuous ones, are always bad for somebody concerned. One wonders, particularly, if the halo of glamour hitherto surrounding the blonde tresses of Bette Davis, will survive the recent unromantic High Court revelations of how stars are made.

The Screen Marches On

The vexed question of "cleavage"—polite phrase for too-low-cut gowns—is again exercising the minds of the censors.

One of the minor sensations of the week is the news that Crar Joe Breen has issued a special fiat decreeing that in future Margot Grahame's dresses must be higher at the neck.

America Criticises Our English

Variety contributes a smile for those of us who have been tortured (and who hasn't?) by American accents in Hollywood's historic epics.

The so-called Bible of the Show Business, attacks Tudor Rose (billed in the States as Nine Days a Queen) on the grounds that "the dialogue is clipped and muffled in that British manner so irritating to American audiences. Some of it is so slurred by the actors as not to be at all decipherable in the U.S.

Among the "offending" cited by the reviewer is Sir Cedric Hardwicke!

No "Yorksheer"

The question of accent is always difficult.

Producer Walter Wanger has received letters from all over the world asking whether Yorkshire accent and dialogue will be used in the film version of Emily Bronte's novel, Wuthering Heights, to be made in Hollywood.

There seems to be very little likelihood of this, because, as Wanger points out, not even the rest of England would take kindly to broad Yorkshire dialect—and it is intended to make a film appealing to the whole English-speaking race.

Some people have become revolting at the idea of the Frenchman, Charles Boyer, playing Heathcliff; but, as Wanger again points out, in the book Heathcliff is described as a gipsy from the Continent, and might easily have been French.

And what, I wonder, does that make Sylvia Sidney, who plays opposite him? I can't see it's such a long time since I read the book that I'm very hazy about it.

One thing this "classical" cycle does is to make us brush up on our classics; or does it matter so much, when the company is already beginning to talk about "dramatic licence"?

Sessue Again

Here's some good news for the old-timers.

The latest silent star to essay a come-back is Sessue Hayakawa.

It is something like ten years since Sessue was last seen on the screen. In the interval he has been producing pictures in Japan.

Hired Luxury

Making films is not the only profitable business carried on in Sinlnd. For example, a certain Joe Wilharber makes thousands of pounds a year merely by supplying the film people with second-hand cars.

Recently, Samuel Goldwyn needed a very expensive car of not-too-recent design for his new production, Love Under Fire, in which the star, Merle Oberon, is supposed to ride down a London street. Wilharber supplied the car.

It was a stately Delage, purchased in Paris some years ago by Mary Pickford for £4,800. For years it was the wheeled wonder of Hollywood—now it is being hired out at £15 a day.

For Goldwyn's Dodsworth, it was necessary to get automobiles of various foreign manufacture.

One which figured prominently in the picture is a beautiful Isotta Fraschini which Rudolph Valentino purchased soon after he achieved his greatest fame. Another car seen in the film, a Fiat limousine, was once owned by Alexander Korda.

Not only does Wilharber do business with film companies, but on nights when there is an important premiere, nearly every car is rented.

Small part players and extras, eager to make an impression, hire these foreign cars, and often the empires to go with them, and drive in regal style to the theatre, hoping to catch the attention of a producer or director.

New Claim To Fame

The latest—and probably the most unique—claim to fame is made on behalf of Angela Collet, a twelve-year-old girl who has a small part in Ann Harding's English picture, Love From a Stranger.

Angela, it is proudly pointed out, is the grand-niece of the late Sir John Halliday-Groom, the gynaecologist who attended Queen Mary when the present King was born.

Two "Juliet's"

A notable absentee at the Romeo and Juliet premiere at His Majesty's, was Constance Collier, who scored a triumph as Juliet in the

Judy Barrett and William Gargan in "Flying Hostess." Judith apparently doesn't want to be taken for a ride in that aeroplane.

same theatre nearly a quarter of a century ago. A seat of honour had been reserved for her, but the actress was unable to get away from the Murder In the City set at Denham in time.

It is not generally known that Miss Collier, who is a close friend of Norma Shearer, helped her considerably in studying the role and, indeed, worked with her on it for two months. She disclosed, incidentally, that since she came to make the picture, Norma had never read the play, though she said she had seen it once on the stage.

Things They Say

I don't want to marry Bill Powell because I can't convince myself that this is the time to give up my career.—Jean Harlow.

But I really do like panthers.—Simone Simon.

I don't know how movie actors manage to get swelled heads about themselves.—James Stewart.

We are all solitary little spirits until we find real love.—Jean Crawford.

I have no matrimonial plans.—Loretta Young.

Adèle ought to be very good in films.—Fred Astaire.

Women Directors

The dearth of women directors in an entertainment that is largely patronised by women has always been one of the mysteries of the movies.

Now Dorothy Arzner, one of the few successful feminineeggheads, offers an explanation and a word of encouragement to those interested in directing as a career.

And How to Become One

The great obstacle is temperament, Miss Arzner says.

"If women can overcome the tendency to become frustered under pressure," she adds, "they'll find that they are removing one of their greatest handicaps.

Self-confidence and knowledge of the mechanics of picture-making are a necessity.
by the optimistic two thousand. Some look like Will, some can make up to look like him, some have his drawing manner, others his dry wit. And so it goes on, with only one in five hundred possessing the essential qualifications to make them even an acceptable substitute. Of these, Irvin S. Cobb and Fred Stone are the favourites; myself I favour the latter's chances of a reasonable success—provided he is not billed as a second Will Rogers.

A Magic Camera
The latest wonder of cinematography mixes coloured lights as a painter mixes paint. It's a complicated affair of metal discs, each containing transparent colour-filters. Placed before the camera-lens, the discs in the apparatus are whirled at varying speeds by an electric motor. By different combinations of filter speeds, the apparatus can perform such wonders as turning the apparent complexion of a person from light to dark, creating cloudy effects in the brightest sunlight, making green vegetation appear dried, and vice versa.

This bit of kinematic magic is the invention of Karl Freund, the rotund and jovial German cameraman who photographed the immortal Metropolis. He went to Hollywood to direct, but has returned to his old love, the camera, for the Paul Muni-Luise Rainer Chinese film, The Good Earth.

The Film Ball
The organisers of B.I.P.'s annual film ball are not superstitious; it is to be held at the Albert Hall this year on Friday, November 13. As a matter of fact, they are looking forward, and with some justification, to this year's ball setting new records. With the British studios crowded with visiting celebrities at the moment, the usually strong stellar attendance will be considerably strengthened. Billy Cotton and his band have, I am told, been engaged to supply the music, and a spectacular cabaret has been planned for midnight. Tickets for the ball are 8s. each.

How To Be Popular in Filmland
Frank Morgan weighs in with a new book of etiquette for newcomers to films. Here are his golden rules:
1. Never tell an actor how impressive were his love scenes when his wife is standing near.
2. Never bubble over in telling an actress how well she looks; that has become a method of insinuating a person is adding weight.
3. Never admit to a star that you haven't seen his latest picture.
4. Add to the above, never use the word "last" picture when you mean "latest," either.
5. Always be nice to office boys; one of them may be your director next year.
6. Never go out twice in succession with the same escort unless you really want romantic rumours.
7. Don't ever ask anyone if his contract is being renewed.
8. Just don't talk at all about the stock market.

Those, he says, are the eight most important rules to observe in the film colony, if you want to be popular.

Feast of Fiction
Filmgoers who enjoyed Warwick Deeping's Sorrell and Son will appreciate the famous author's story in "Christmas Pie," which is published on November 4.

Among other contributors to this magnificent 112-page feast of fiction and fun are Gilbert Frankau, Dale Collins, Phyllis Bottome, Dorothy L. Sayers, Lord Dunrany, Sir Philip Gibbes, S. L. Bensusan, A. P. Herbert and Cecil Roberts. And the joke drawings and illustrations—they are irresistible. The artists include such favourites as Lawson Wood, George Whitesaw, H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, Bruce Bairnsfather and G. S. Sherwood.

You will be all the happier to get your "Christmas Pie" in the knowledge that the whole of the profits from its sale will be devoted to the King George's Jubilee Trust for the youth of Britain.

Short Shots
Elisabeth Bergner dances the rumba in Dreaming Lips.

Robert Taylor, who was shy when he met Garbo, had to go into a love scene with her on the first day on the Camille set.

Ginger Rogers and James Stewart in the current romance rumours.

Elissa Landi supports William Powell and Myrna Loy in After the Thin Man.

Dick Powell is in the navy again—in The Singing Marine.

Hal Mohr achieved a record in salaries for a cameraman when he photographed Ladies In Love.

Bing Crosby once worked in a pickle factory.

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are teamed again in The Plainsman, now being made by Cecil de Mille.

Cupid busy on the Born to Dance set—more than one third of the 100 chorus girls in the picture have become engaged during the first two months of filming.

Radio backs up a denial of split in Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers team with announcement that they will shortly start work on Stepping Stones.

Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald's current soul mate, cast opposite rival screen prima donna Lily Pons.

They laughed when Mae West sat down to play the piano for Go West Young Man, but Mae surprised them by her performance.
Keeping at the top means work—Fred practicing a dance in the garden of his home.

FOR Fred Astaire, fame will never extend its despoiling hand and cast the spell of snobbery over his person. He is possessed of three attributes which would stave off the plague of swollen-headedness; generosity, humanitarianism, and diffidence.

Asked what he would do if he could choose the world's next great scientific discovery, Astaire declared that he would seek to ameliorate human physical suffering.

"I'd seek the means of curing some disease which is practically incurable now. At present it would look as if this would be an absolute cure for cancer. One reason why I would like to see this happen is that our scientists and medical men have been working for years on this, in some instances giving their whole lives and careers to it; and, so far, they have not reached their ultimate goal, I would like success to come to them."

Fred has always believed that the world would lose nothing if he stopped dancing. That is why he was so forward in helping his partners through life. He always pushed Adele forward, keeping himself in the background. When Adele left "The Band Waggon" to marry Lord Charles Cavendish, she was replaced by Vera Marsh. Naturally, Vera was retiring at the beginning of her professional appearances with the great Astaire. In her desire to make good, to match Astaire's dancing prowess, she complained the lucky. He is sufficiently democratic to grin with equal enthusiasm when greeting the attendants at his lofty skyscraper-apartment house at 875 Park Avenue or his distinguished friends. And he'd greet these people with a wave from his automobile, driving through the streets of New York, Los Angeles, or wherever he may be.

Astaire's magnanimity is best illustrated by example. Fred's chauffeur, Tom Gisborn, applied to be an aviator. But to become one, one must have money to pay for a training course as well as keep one's self going while devoting time to intensive aeronautical study. One day Fred got to talking to Tom like a pal, and soon the chauffeur confided his enthusiasm and ambition to his boss.

Now Fred could have given Tom a rise in salary, thinking that would solve Tom's problem. But not Fred. Instead, he advanced Tom the money for a training course and shifted his working hours in such a way that he would have sufficient leisure time to attend school and study. Obviously, Fred had to resort to taxis for transportation often, while his car stood idle in the garage.

Nor has Hollywood exerted any of the evil influence one hears about on Fred Astaire. Here's something which happened after Fred's talents were converted into Hollywood product and exported to all parts of the civilised world. Just before Fred married Phyllis Potter and went to the Pacific Coast, Charles Luthauser, a taxi-driver who drove Fred to and from theatres where he was appearing, went under the surgeon's knife for a major operation. The subsequent convalescent period was long and costly for Charlie's depleted coffers. Meanwhile, Fred had missed his genial driver and inquired about him. He learned about his plight after he had gone to Hollywood. He instantly dispatched an apologetic note, enclosing a substantial cheque, which read in part: "I'm so sorry I haven't done anything before. I've been so busy. You'll hear from me later."

Fred Astaire, World Dancer No. 1, Movie Big Shot, Idol of the World, thinks he's just a dancer, no better than the next man—except, perhaps, in dancing. While he played in New York shows he kept his apartment-house attendants generously supplied with tickets. "There wasn't a show in which he played that we didn't see. He'd give us orchestra seats, as many as we wanted," one of them said.

Back in 1932, the roller-skating craze hit New York town. Now it's cycling. Before that it was miniature golf. But roller-skating it was in '32. One of Fred's best friends sent him an unusual pair of roller skates, bearing two huge wheels, one in the front and one at the back, instead of the conventional four small-sized steel ball-bearing wheels. Fred was an eager roller-skating fan at the time, and was dying to use them on the elite pavement of swanky Park Avenue. Fearing eagle-eyed reporters and hounding cameramen, he waited until after midnight, when no one would have noticed his costume.

Like Garbo, Fred wants to be alone. When he worked he prefers to keep to himself. He would like to have someone peering over his shoulder as he wields the knife. Fred would not even reconcile himself to Hollywood fame. He wants to keep his private life to himself but give his dancing life to the public.

Recently Fred became a father. He and Mrs. Astaire named the boy Fred, Jr., only his associates, the dance assistant and a pianist present. He compares this privacy with that of a surgeon, who wouldn't like to have someone peering over his shoulder as he wields the knife. Fred will never reconcile himself to Hollywood fame. He wants to keep his private life to himself but give his dancing life to the public.

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One of Astaire’s ambitions was to write a hit song. He realised this in “I’m Building Up to an Awful Let-down.” Now every time he hears it he smiles sheepishly. He will have another tune published soon: “I’ll Never Let You Go.”

For exercise he swims and plays tennis, often with his pal, Randolph Scott. He considers dancing work. At the moment he is building a house.

Comparable to his many neckties are his dozens of pullovers. He uses a tie for a belt and often, just as he is about to go out for the evening, he returns to the apartment to change his tie. He has his monogram on his shirts, underwear, pyjamas and dressing gowns.

His literature consists of true stories and detective stories. He is fascinated by prisons and often attends at Police Headquarters.

In the back of his head Fred has an idea to write a book on dancing, its evolution and its interpretation.

While he dresses, he stands in front of a mirror and makes faces at himself.

He is very fond of music and loves to sit for hours listening to a large orchestra.

Fred Astaire’s present visit to Lady Charles Cavendish is being prophetically signalled by the legions of Astaire admirers as the consummation of plans which would rejoin Fred and Adele Astaire, the most brilliant dancing maestros in the footlight annals, in the medium in which Fred has enjoyed phenomenal fame—the cinema. Ever since Adele left her brother’s side to become the wife of Lord Charles Cavendish, the Astaire enthusiasts have asked: When will Fred and Adele get together for a picture?
For the first time in her life Myrna Loy is in love.
For the first time—after making wives famous on the screen—she is married.

As everybody knows now when the day's work is done at the studio she is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jun.

But what Hollywood doesn't know is the story behind that romance—what love has really done for Myrna Loy.

Valentino once said the screen would find its greatest actress when love came to Myrna. And so it happened.

For eight years, ever since that miraculous day Valentino and his wife discovered her when she was sixteen, Myrna laboured at her job.

Laboured? She fought and struggled and slaved. I know. I watched her. There were no vacations. No parties.

At night when she left the old Warner Brothers' studio where she was under contract for so long, she drew a curtain down on her private life.

But those privileged to look behind it saw a clear-eyed, eager girl at work. Going over scripts. Devouring histories and biographies that would help her with her roles. Once I saw her at the Japanese temple off Main Street studying Oriental types.

"Do you ever take time off to play?" I asked her. She gave me an impish grin. "Certainly—in pictures!"

You see, Hollywood's idea of play and Myrna's idea of work simply didn't mix. She had a young brother to send through art school. A family she was determined to make financially secure. And with a concerted effort, she ruled love completely out of her life.

There were rumours, of course. Wasn't she engaged to Barry Norton? Hadn't she gone "absolutely mad, my dear," over John Barrymore after that Don Juan production? What about that childhood sweetheart, who spent hours tagging after her? Rumours.

Myrna smiled and went serenely on her way. But there came a time when the last necessary dollar had been put in the trust fund she'd established for her mother. She had seen her and the brother off to Paris where he was registered at the famous Ecole des Arts.

It wasn't the kind of day when you expect things to happen. A lid-less sun beat down unmercifully on sweltering people crossing Santa Monica boulevard. The road was gummy and soft with the heat. "United Artists would send for me on a day like this!" thought Myrna, parking the old coupé with a disgruntled air.

Slowly she walked into the outer office of the studio. "Mr. Goldwyn, please?"

"That door, miss."

"That door" opened swiftly as she went to it. A man came hurrying into her arms.

"Sorry. Terribly sorry," he apologised as he righted her. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all." He's nice, she thought. Not that he was handsome. But he had the unmistakable air of culture and good breeding that distinguishes a man.

Five minutes later Sam Goldwyn was introducing them. "Myrna, do you know Arthur Hornblow?"

Arthur Hornblow, Jun. Son of the famous playwright and producer who was responsible for such standbys of the theatre as The Lion and the Mouse and Bought and Paid For. So it was natural for Arthur to have a heritage of the best in American dramatic and literary life.

He came to Hollywood in 1926 and in short order he developed into one of the outstanding young producers in the industry.

"Mr. Hornblow," Goldwyn was saying, "is going to be associated with me in this production of Arrowsmith. Now your part, Myrna . . ."

As the days went on she decided she liked it better and better. Her dressing-room was perfect. It was exactly on a par with the one she occupied at Warners but she didn't stop to figure that out. The company was the pleasantest she'd ever worked with—had Ronald Colman always been so fascinating? And certainly Helen Hayes was the most charming woman on earth. She'd never been so happy. She didn't know why.

It was the thirty-seventh time Myrna Loy had played the part of the Other Woman—and the first time she'd ever fallen deeply in love. But it took her two years to find out that she had! She only knew that she was completely dismal when the picture was finished. And completely thrilled when Goldwyn called her back to make Devil to Pay. That her feeling was in any way connected with one Arthur Hornblow, Jun., she had not the vaguest notion.

"He seems to be friends with everybody, that Mr. Hornblow," she remarked to another girl on the set.

"Well, you can't help but like him, he's so decent to everyone. Did you see that picture of his wife in yesterday's paper? She's an actress too, Juliette Crosby. . . ."

A cold wind blew on Myrna. "No," she said in a small voice, "I didn't see it."

"Oh, they're separated. People say they're going to get a divorce."

The wind suddenly was no longer cold. It must have been a draught. During the months that followed she developed a casual business friendship with Hornblow such as she had with dozens of other men.

If we were Arthur Hornblow we'd be glad to eat anything Myrna cooks.
MADE
Myrna
LOY
a
STAR
by
Frances KELLUM

It wasn't until that morning when Myrna stood, figuratively speaking, at the crossroads of her career that they began to understand the feeling that lay between them.

She had come into his office like a worried child, brushing off her hat with a characteristic gesture, and don't know what to do, Arthur. I'm at a standstill, right back where I started from. My agent says that every casting director in every studio can't see me even yet as anything but a vampish Oriental. And I'm so tired, tired, TIRED of those roles! I tell you they haunt me! What do you think I should do—go to New York?

Myrna, the self-reliant, the capable young careerist, was actually leaning on a man's strength. And loving it.

"No, not New York. You're known here. Better stay and we'll work it out together somehow."

Together. It can be the most important word in the dictionary at times.

To Hollywood at large it was given out that Myrna was away on a vacation.

In reality she was at home studying the script of The Woman in His House, and it was Arthur Hornblow who coached her. Very adroitly—theatrical genius that he is—he brought to life the Myrna Loy of to-day.

For it is Hornblow who is chiefly responsible for the glamorous, amusingly clever Myrna, the most sensational screen "discovery" of the last two years. . . .

RKO officials when they saw her tests for that picture were a little stunned—then blazingly enthusiastic. M.-G.-M., who had her under contract, followed it up immediately by giving her the lead in The Barbarian.

Love can do anything for a woman. It made a star of Myrna Loy. . . .

"She's going to marry Ramon Novarro!" reported the news-gatherers. And proceeded to print five million words on their "romance."

Hadn't they invited her to dine with his family—something he'd never asked any actress to do? And hadn't she rented his house while he was in Europe? But filmdom never guessed that one of the most frequent visitors there was a certain Mr. Hornblow.

Even when they began to go to parties together no special import was given it. And he is the first man she has ever been seen in public with consistently. Hollywood, usually so keen in such matters, didn't lift a single eyebrow when Myrna, bright luminary of M.-G.-M., ducked over to Paramount for Wings in the Dark. They called it merely a "friendly interchange of stars between the studios." And no one thought it significant that Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jun., was the producer of that picture.

He called her aside for script-reading just as he did other members of the cast. They sat apart from the others and occasionally his voice would float across the stage—"In this scene, Miss Loy, you'll need to give particular emphasis. . . ." And she would nod quietly just as if her heart was not pounding wildly.

Their social life was something else again. You'd see them at those brilliant small parties the Benjamin Glazers give, or at King Vidor's or at any of their other intimates, and the thought would come to you startlingly—"Why, they act like Nick and Nora in The Thin Man! The same casualness, that gay, sustaining nonsense of theirs. . . ."

Hornblow is a head taller than Myrna. In Hollywood if you want to describe an innate gentleman you say, "He's like Arthur Hornblow."

The first thing you notice about him is his voice. It has a quiet quality that somehow makes everything he says sound terribly important.

Small wonder that a year ago Myrna took the boat to Europe following his. He had, you see, telephoned her one fine spring evening and said he was headed for England to submit the adaptation of The Light That Failed to Rudyard Kipling. Gary Cooper was to star in it. . . . He wanted to make it one of the most impressive productions on the Paramount schedule. . . . Myrna listened, feeling oddly stricken. And at the other end of the 'phone Arthur was wondering how soon he could catch a ship back.

He had been gone three days when Myrna did the most drastic act of her life. She ran away from Hollywood.

In New York they said she was there to discuss her contract with the studio. Back on her home lot Luise Rainer was rushed into the place she left vacant opposite William Powell in Escapade. Actually, Myrna was finding out the full meaning of loneliness.

Hornblow sailed on the Champlain. She sailed on the Paris with a companion-secretary. And one afternoon Mr. Hornblow looked up from his London News to find a young redhead standing in front of him. "Oh, please, sir, it's such a large city—and I think I'm lost!"

They smiled delightfully at each other. "Oh, no, not lost," he assured her. "Not ever lost!"

Have you ever seen Myrna so radiantly happy? The newly-weds at their Bel-Air Home.
Who says Bergner is "doing a Garbo"? A snap on the "Dreaming Lips" set with Raymond Massey and Romney Brent.

John Cromwell, director of "Banjo on My Knee" (left), Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll entertain Admiral Best from H.M.S. "Apollo."

Wallace Ford turns the still-camera on John Mills in an interval of shooting "O.H.M.S."

Helen Wood's evening wrap is of spongy silk, printed in Persian designs in orange, yellow, pale green and white. We can take it!
Real Life
BAD MEN
by Leo Carrillo

ONE of the most successful of screen "bad men" tells you about some villains he has encountered—off the screen.

ENVIRONMENT does things to folks—man, woman, child alike. There was myself, for example, reared in the loving lap of a grandmother whose father had been, under mandate of the King of Spain, the first provisional governor of what is now the State of California.

When I was only eight years old, I was imbued with the idea of living in Mexico, because Mexico, then, was what California had been in the ears of my ancestors. A kid of eight has wild ideas a-plenty, and I was no exception.

Mainly, I wanted to meet the type of "long riders" that my grandmother had told me about—those dashing, gallant outlaws who were the bane of her parents' existence when she was my age—the bane of her existence, too. They had gone from California by the time the stork delivered me, yet they still were topics of conversation back in my boyhood.

As life's clock struck ten, eleven, twelve for me, I was obsessed with an idea. I wanted, above all else in the world, to meet up with one of these Spanish desert "night riders." I began saving the nickels, dimes and quarters that mother, father and grandmother frequently handed me for doing odd jobs about the ranch—a ranch that included all of the land that is now the city of Santa Monica—land acquired by the family through a grant from the Spanish king.

When I was fifteen, I was "heeled," ready to go—and I went! To conserve what was in my money-belt, I 'rode the roads" as far as Tucson, Arizona, where I purchased a cow pony for 15 dollars, two pack burros for 5 dollars each, stocked with coffee, flour and canned goods, and set out for Nogales, one sector of which is on the American side of the line, the other half in old Mexico.

Once across the border, I struck trail directly south, for Hermosillo was my objective. To me, it was Hermosillo or die, because the then rebel chieftain, Francisco Madero, was headquartered there, and my goal was an acquaintanceship with Madero, living symbol of all the bandits who had provided thrills for my great, great grandparents.

Youth, though, is often disillusioned. A group of Carranza soldiers picked me up as I jogged along the trail through the Sonora desert. Because I wasn't in Carranza uniform, I must be a spy. Sans the courtesy of a court-martial, I was sentenced to die before the firing squad at dawn.

That night, however, the Madero forces shot it out with the Carranza army. In the rout of the latter's troops, they forgot about me. Apparently, I was missed after corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains and what-have-you of the rebel army got through with a "third degree," I found myself face-to-face with my idol, General Francisco Madero.

We discussed the situation in Spanish. I told General Madero why I was in Mexico—merely to make his acquaintance. "And you come all this distance just to meet me?" he wanted to know. "Y-e-s!" I stammered. "But why?" he asked. "Because I told him the legends of early California—legends as relayed to me by my grandmother. He threw his arms about my neck, said: "Sonny, we'll let you stay here twenty-four hours, then you've got to go home. We want no international complications. We'll give you an escort to the border!"

Then I met one, Col. Pancho Villa—a "bad egg" this Villa, I gathered from the whispered conversation that went on in Spanish around me. Villa, I surmised, was a "killer."

Madero was good to his word. He sent a corporal's guard to see that I crossed the border. We travelled by night because the area was infested with Carranza's federal troops.

Madero finally succeeded Carranza as President of the Federated States of Mexico. Meanwhile, I had become a newspaper cartoonist in San Francisco, had hoarded some cash resources, and I travelled by train to Mexico City to witness his inauguration.

In fact, Madero had never forgotten the brazen American kid who was Leo Carrillo in that era. I was an honoured guest at the ceremonies that installed this brilliant, lovable, one-time rebel in the national palace.

I've known other Mexican outlaw leaders since. There was Villa, whom I first met through Madero and with whom I formed a real friendship after shaking his hand while he was merely an officer in Madero's army. I had turned actor about that time, yet I took off from a vaudeville tour to attend his inauguration as President of Mexico—a very, very, short-lived reign! I knew Adolf de la Huerta, who fought Villa and later became President for a brief period. I knew Enrique Estrada, the kindly, scholarly, Americanised Mexican, who turned against President Obregon, whose war minister he had been, and set out from San Diego with a flotilla of trucks laden with unassembled airplanes, machine guns, rifles and ammunition, and began a trek to the border with ten "generals" and hopeful of picking up an "army." After he had crossed the Mexican border, he was arrested in the Arizona desert for violation of the American neutrality laws, and eventually sent to the federal prison on McNeil's Island.

When Villa died "in his boots." I travelled down to Chihuahua to attend his burial rites. I met his widow. She knew all about me. Pancho had told her. I lingered on for a few days in Chihuahua City and, just before I started back to United States, there came a huge box of clothing to me—Pancho's dress sombrero, mole-skin tight-legged trousers, and a real mole-skin jacket.

Time moved along for me, as it does for anyone. Through real effort, I finally won Broadway stardom, then the movies called me home. They gave me Italian, Spanish and American roles. Always I wanted to portray a Mexican. The chance came in Viva Villa, where I played an aide to Wallace Beery's Villa—a very cruel Villa. I had different ideas on this man Villa!

Then came the opportunity to realise a lifetime longing—to do 'Braganza,' the romantic, thrill-loving Mexican outlaw chieftain in the Pickford-Lasky production, The Gay Desperado. Would I accept the rôle? Could they keep me out of it?

'Braganza' was the type of bandit my grandmother had told me about—a killer when need be, but an idealist at heart.

I'm forty-six years old, and I'm a happy man—happy because I've realised a real ambition. Director Rouben Mamoulian has permitted me to carve upon the silver sheet the better qualities of all the Mexican outlaws I have met and admired. He allowed me to show you the lovable side of such chieftains as Carranza, Madero, De la Huerta and Estrada.

I sincerely believe that America will have a better understanding of these Mexican patriots after The Gay Desperado—which stars that silver-throated tenor, Nino Martini—as flashed on the screen!

At least, I hope that I have done my part towards making people understand that bad men to start with, in the end self-sacrificing heroes who have contributed to the real progress of a new Mexico!
Binnie Hale Confesses

THAT she is painfully shy of strangers—talks about the play she is writing and the country cottage she has just taken in Sussex—reveals how she developed her gift for impersonating people.

A little girl I was always painfully shy, even today I experience acute nervousness and uneasiness when meeting people for the first time.

Coming from the star of a hundred stage shows and innumerable films this seems a strange confession. And yet Binnie Hale admits that she is one of the shyest stars in British pictures. Interviewers and strangers really scare the life out of her. Not until she knows people really well does she begin to feel at ease in their presence.

The first night of a new show is a trying experience for most players; but for Binnie it is nothing less than torture.

"There have been times," she says, "when literally they have had to drag me from the dressing-room to the stage. But once I actually step on the stage my nervousness vanishes like magic. I become completely unconscious of the fact that thousands of eyes are focused on me.

Then, between acts, when I have time to think, I grow nervous again. Meeting people after the show is also difficult. If there is a reception I invariably feel like sneaking off home. But once I have joined the party I feel quite happy.

"It is the same in the film studio. When I begin a new picture I am always uneasy until I get to know the people with whom I am working. And do you know I always try to avoid meeting visitors at the studio? I don't know why I should be like that. It's all very silly, really. But there it is."

Despite these confessions, folk at the studio will tell you that whatever her real feelings may be on such occasions, Binnie certainly manages to conceal them. She never betrays embarrassment. On the stage or screen—well, it would be quite impossible to associate the quality of shyness with such a bright and scintillating personality.

As a matter of fact, on the production set Binnie is usually the very life and soul of the studio.

For instance, down at Ealing recently, where she has been starring with Claude Helbert, Henry Kendall and Laid Stamp-Taylor in the Grosvenor racing film Take a Chance, Binnie kept the production staff in fits of laughter between scenes with her impersonations of celebrities.

One of the cleverest mimics in the country (have you heard her on the radio?), Binnie takes a delight in taking people off in a kindly, good-natured way. It appeals to her roguish sense of fun. Her impersonation of Elizabeth Bergner and other celebrities caused such a commotion in the studios that for a time everybody forgot the filming! Even director Sinclair Hill was carried away.

When Binnie did a scene from Streetlife Me Never with Guy Middleton there was an uproar. It was the pièce de résistance. Equally funny was Binnie's dialogue between Claude and Jack Helbert. Even the dais was shocked with laughter. But when Binnie gave her impression of Claire disguised as a detective trying to track down the burglars who broke into his house not long ago, the latter decided he had had enough. He chased Binnie round the studio until Sinclair Hill decided it was time to give over to the day's play.

According to Binnie her gift for impersonating people goes back to the days when, as a child at school, she used to mimic her history teacher. Before each class Binnie would jump on the dais and pull the sort of faces and do the sort of things that teacher did.

But teacher found out, and to make the punishment fit the crime she made Binnie stay after hours for two weeks and write in her copy-book "I must not make fun of my elders!"

But Binnie wasn't so easily cured. She went right on impersonating people, developing her gift to a pitch at which one of her teachers remarked: "My dear, I think you should become an actress!"

Now, without even the aid of wigs or make-up she can twist her face into a caricature of most celebrities. The people she likes impersonating best are Noel Coward, Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

It isn't generally known that in addition to acting in plays and films Binnie writes them too. Years ago she wrote a one-act comedy called The Poor Fish, dealing with the misadventures of a bungling henchman. It was performed by a village amateur dramatic society in aid of charity.

Now she is writing a full-length play—a satire on temperamental actresses and film producers. It is called Landslide, and deals with a fiery motion picture star who is seeking a come-back in a new film. There is an apocryphal story at the studio during the making of the picture that the director, driven crazy, produces the wrong story.

The producer fires the director and the entire staff. Having put all his money in the show (it is his first film), he tries to drown his sorrows, for he believes the picture is a flop and that he is ruined. But eventually, after a great deal of comedy, everything turns out all right, and the film is hailed by the public as a true masterpiece.

Binnie says the character of the temperamental actress is drawn from real life. She wants to play the part herself if the play is ever produced, and she feels that Gregorry Ratoff and Claude Helbert would be ideal as the producer and director respectively.

Binnie reveals that she is spending most of her week-ends down in Sussex, where she has had a cottage by the sea. She has been doing a lot of the decorating and painting herself. "I just love pottering about the place," she says.

The cottage is well hidden from prying eyes, and Binnie absolutely refuses to tell anybody where it is. All her friends are "under oath" not to disclose its whereabouts.

When the cottage has been "done-up", Binnie says she is going to surround herself with horses and dogs. She admits she is a real animal lover. While making Take a Chance she had the time of her life helping to look after the horses they had at the studios. You see, it is a racing story, and twelve racehorses were brought up from Winchester for studio scenes.

Binnie wasn't the only member of the cast who fell for the horses. However, Gwen Farrar is also a horse enthusiast and has been training hunters at her country estate for years.

There was considerable rivalry between Binnie and Gwen for the affections of one particular horse who plays the title role in the picture. The horse's real name is "Eton" and he belongs to Geoffrey Gilley. He has won races, too! In the film, Eton, or rather Take a Chance, is the horse on which Binnie and Gwen, as a couple of bankrupt garage owners, draw a sweepstake ticket. The villain of the piece is Guy Middleton. He tries to work a lot of shady stuff, but of course in the end everything turns out all right, and Binnie and Gwen come out on top while Guy loses his shirt.

Binnie says she is delighted with her part—a right comedy role—and is full of praise for the conditions under which she has worked.

"I have never worked in a happier atmosphere," she says. "The spirit of friendliness, sympathy and co-operation which has been just grand. Sinclair Hill has the knack of making you feel really at home. You just can't help putting everything you've got into your work. I think you will find that I have put up my best show in a long time."

There is only one thing Binnie really regrets. She has no singing or dancing to do.

"I'm just longing to do a musical picture," she says. "My voice is in form, my legs are itching to step out, and my body aching to sway to the rhythm of a good, snappy score."

Perhaps some producer will take Binnie up on that.

Next Week—

Spencer Tracy, who brings such skill and understanding to the playing of "tough" roles that he has won two Screen Writers Guild awards, has been interviewed for the benefit of our readers by Jim Tully.
Gertrude Michael

This charming young woman lately elevated to stardom, is one of the most intelligent of the younger players. She was to have come to Elstree to play in "The Dominant Sex," but illness has prevented her. However, better luck next time!
DESTE and DESTINY

IX years ago, in the course of my proper business as studio correspondent, I wandered into the Nettlefold Studios at Walton-on-Thames where a quota picture was being made.

It was the effort of two enterprising young men, Jerry Jackson (now a producer for Gaumont-British) and Michael Powell, who is at present directing the Joe Rock picture **Edge of the World**.

The style of the company was the Film Engineering Co., and the film was called *My Friend the King*.

Jerry Verno, the Drury Lane comedian, was in it, playing the leading role; Jerry, by the way, has just completed a role in the Tauber film *Pagliacci at Elstree*.

Just at that time there was one of the periodic outcries against the quality of quota pictures, and this one was singled out, rather unjustly, as the victim of a savage attack by a young lay journalist who had nothing to do with film criticism.

Other journalists rallied to the rescue, and there was a seven-day hubbub in a teacup, which fizzled out and was soon forgotten.

But I had seen a young woman on the set, named Luli von Hohenberg, who interested me very much; I had even tried to converse with her, but as my German at that time was limited to ja, nein, bier, kaiser, kamerad and Kindergarten, and as her English consisted almost exclusively of lines she had learned for the film, I didn’t make much headway.

I learned she was an Austrian baroness and I knew she was attractive, and that was as far as we got.

She was playing the heroine in this film, and I thought it was a long time since I had met anyone who so pleasantly combined charm, intelligence, breeding, and audacity; an odd mixture; very rare and refreshing.

I was so taken with her, in fact, that I went to the extreme length of seeing the film; and I was not disappointed, for she was as intriguing "on" as "off."

Then she disappeared, and I heard she had gone back to Germany; but I have often thought of her, and wondered whether she would ever bring that gay, wise, poised personality of hers back to the screen.

So I remembered the name von Hohenberg, not a common one, even in our very cosmopolitan studios, and when, years later, a new star was announced, I recognised the name immediately—and apparently I was the only press-man who did.

Even the studio publicity department had not been aware of her previous incursion into British pictures; it was news to them.

In a convenient phrase, I "blew the gaff"; and, having surprised everybody, I was due for a surprise myself.

I got it—when I interviewed the Baroness at Denham, where she is playing opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*.

I hardly recognised her; when I had seen her before, she was definitely plump; now I found her slim, and far, far more elegant.

In fact, she seemed definitely to have changed from German to Austrian, and you know what a difference that describes! That intriguing air of poise, of command, was still present, but there seemed to be more gaiety, more sense of fun to leaven it.

There is plenty of backing for that air of poise; Luli is not merely a commoner who married a Baron; she herself is the elder daughter of Baron and Baroness Bodenhausen.

She was obviously destined for show-business from a very early age, for she revealed to me that when she was four she had her own circus, and when she had grown old enough to ride, her parents gave her a pony to add to it, and she humiliated the family by learning bareback tricks.

She must have horrified her governesses, too, for in the space of a single year she had had eleven of them—and a month’s holiday.

Keeping clearly before her the “one increasing purpose” of going on the stage, she married Baron Godfried Hohenberg, an Austrian noblemen. I have a feeling that his promise to help her in every way possible to a theatre career had a good deal to do with her decision.

They went to Berlin together, and thence to Dresden, so that she might study dancing at the famous Wigemann School.

At last she attained every young German actress’s ambition—an audition with Max Reinhardt; and he promised her a lead.

So she waited, and she waited . . . and at last she got bored with waiting, and grabbed at a chance to understudy Bergner.

Next she played in repertory for a while, and then was engaged by the Berlin Festspielhaus in a leading role to be filled in a neighbouring theatre . . . and was promised it provided that she would hold it in twenty-four hours.

She did, and got it, and scored a success. There’s a girl for you!

The same producer took her to Vienna, and she played a number of leads, including *The Beggar’s Opera*.

Soon after that, in 1930, she divorced her Baron, and then came the English adventure.

She played the lead in *Storm in a Teacup* in German at the Astor Theatre Club, and made her film at Walton-on-Thames—and became seriously ill, but this means no disrespect to the film.

The illness took all the money she had, and she had to have medical treatment. So she started a business, selling materials which she designed and manufactured back in Bavaria.

First of all she started in a small way with a couple of hand-loom industries, but the business grew, and grew, and she brought it to England and organised a factory.

However, you can’t keep any actress away from her destiny; so she went back to Vienna to pursue her proper vocation, and was playing a lead in six weeks.

Films followed, including *In the Sunshine*, in which she played opposite Jan Kiepura. But England was the place where films were being made, so back to England she came on one of those “holiday” trips with which we have become so familiar.

Here she met Marion Gering, Hollywood director at present working at Denham for Atlantic Films, and he grabbed her and put her on a personal contract with Schulberg, for whom she will next make a film in Hollywood.

I admit I was somewhat surprised when she was chosen to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*, because the whole plot of that turns upon the American financial code of life against the typical English Society girl; and, if I may say so without hurting the typical English Society girl, Luli von Hohenberg has far more life and warmth and vivacity than she will ever have.

Besides, although she is now thoroughly at home with our difficult and perfunctory language she still has, as she puts it, an accent—.

“But they are putting in a line to say I have been educated on the Continent,” she told me; “now who have I heard that line before? ...

However, I have a feeling that any incongruity will be justified by her charming personality and undoubted dramatic powers.

You are not supposed to be able to pronounce or remember the name von Hohenberg; so the company went into a huddle for some weeks and produced the name Luli Deste, by which she will go down to posterity.

Personally, I don’t think much of it, because the average picture goer will not know whether to articulate the final "e" or not.

I gather it is to be pronounced “Desty.”

However, it’s her business. I’m interested in.

I have a hunch—and that hunch tells me that this willowy, laughing scion of aristocracy is liable to go very long ways in the world of films.

In a couple of years from now I shall remind you that I said that.
HOLLYWOOD is puzzled over reports that Garbo has purchased a 1,000-acre estate near Stockholm, Sweden. The Swedish star was supposed to have purchased a castle in that country, but nothing came of it. She also was reported to have spoken yearningly of a haven in Tahiti, where Murnau, noted director, died.

Personally, I consider that Garbo is one of the smartest publicity stars that Hollywood has ever known. Her seclusion, her: “Ay tank ay go home,” have done wonders for her as a star. I believe she will retire to seclusion, in Sweden, Tahiti, or what have you, when the studio moguls decline to pay her a munificent salary!

An Air Holiday
Douglas Fairbanks, sen., recently invited a group of friends to a cocktail party held on a large transport plane, whilst the ship was circling over Los Angeles. Everyone liked the affair so much that Doug chartered the plane for a trip to San Francisco, which is about 500 miles from Hollywood. The party spent the night in San Francisco and returned the next day.

Among the guests were Kay Francis, Lady Warwick, Mrs. Howard Hawks (wife of the director, Howard Hawks), Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Doug’s wife, the former Lady Ashley. Twelve people were in the party.

Happy Newlyweds
The late Jack Gilbert’s famous bed has been sold to an hotel in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, for the sum of $250.

One of the largest rooms in the hotel will be known as the "John Gilbert Honeymoon Room." Not only the bed, but other Gilbert furniture will be placed in the suite.

Every morning a drawing will be held, and the couple holding the lucky number will have the right to occupy the room for one day and night.

The hotel manager believes that he will do a fine business, particularly as no extra charge is to be made for the prize chamber.

He Met Garbo!
Few studio sets are as closely guarded as are Garbo’s, but a ten-year-old boy hitch-hiked to Culver City, climbed the fence at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and, with the cainnness of the average small boy, eluded the studio policemen and slipped into the Garbo set. He did even more than that; entering the portable dressing-room of the star, where he sold her a magazine.

Garbo was amused, and permitted him to remain on the set during rehearsals. The businesslike youngster made everyone present buy his magazine. He departed happier and richer than when he entered the studio.

That boy will be a success when he grows up!

A Bored Animal
Shirley Temple is very proud of her Shetland pony, which was sent across the ocean on the Queen Mary, and shipped across the continent by train.

The little star proudly placed a floral wreath around the pony’s neck. The little animal showed his appreciation by promptly devouring the flowers!

Seagoing Actor
Clark Gable is in the market for a yacht, with a glee that makes Hollywood rumour has it that he will purchase John Barrymore’s Infanta, said to be up for sale.

From a reliable source, I hear that Gable’s proposed trip will be for business, as well as pleasure, and that he will be accompanied by W. S. van Dyke, adventuring director who filmed Trader Horn and other notable films.

Sad Studio
Traffic policemen at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are having to learn new signals now that Joan Crawford is riding her bicycle instead of arriving in her black limousine.

The Hollywood
NEWSPEEL
SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

Joan has six different noisemakers on the handlebars of the bike, ranging from a toy siren, a toy-toot horn to an old-fashioned honk horn. When the star wants to pass someone else she starts down the line and sounds them all. When she turns a corner she uses the same signals as a motorist.

The actress is just another girl trying to retain that schoolgirl figure!

Home at Last
Betty Grable is not waiting until her marriage to Jackie Coogan to furnish and decorate her own home.

The little actress and her parents have leased a house in Westwood. She is buying furniture and supervising the entire interior decorating scheme. Incidentally, it will be the first real home that Betty remembers. Since she was five years old, the family has lived in hotels and furnished apartments. Much of the time Betty was travelling in theatrical engagements.

The Westwood house is of Georgian colonial architecture, and furniture is being selected to harmonise.

A New Husband?
The Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers marriage rumours continue to bob up in Hollywood, and are more emphatic this time, so I would not be surprised if the noted couple took the fatal step in the near future.

In any event, after the world première of The Gay Desperado in New York, Mary, accompanied by her niece, Gwynne Pickford, and her secretary, will sail for Europe on her first Continental vacation in several years.

Jimmy Remembered!
James Dunn, known to his intimates as Jimmy, never forgets a friend.

Nearly three years ago, whilst touring through the state of Illinois, his car blew a tyre, an accident resulted, and the actor was knocked unconscious. A Boy Scout found him and rendered first aid, and, after applying a tourniquet, delivered him to a hospital.

After Jimmy recovered, he told the boy to look him up if he ever needed aid.

A few weeks ago the youth arrived in Hollywood. His parents had died, and he hitched to California.

Jimmy is looking after the boy until he finds him a well-paying position.

A Boy and a Dog!
Freddie Bartholomew is very fond of his Cocker spaniel, Conk, and, as Freddie is a great Hollywood star, Conkol enjoys far more liberties than the average canine.

The dog accompanies Freddie on the sets where he is acting, and is also permitted in the school room at the studio, strange as it may seem.

Freddie, like other juvenile film actors, receives his schooling at the studio under the direction of teachers assigned by the Los Angeles Board of Education.

Odd Footage
Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are considering the purchase of twenty acres in the San Fernando Valley for a ranch home.

William Shakespeare, noted American college football player, is working in the studios, and, like his famous namesake, is said to be a very good actor.

Gloria Stuart has an unusually comprehensive library on early Californian history. She is a native of California.

Dick Foran, “cowboy star,” is a graduate of Princeton University, and, before appearing in pictures, never saw “the wild and woolly West!”

Marie Wilison rehearses her lines whilst relaxing in a hot bath each night before going to sleep.

Mickey
IN THE PYRAMIDS
Mickey Mouse and his merry gang have found the Pyramids. Don’t miss their desert antics, in “Mickey Mouse Weekly,” out to-morrow. Twelve big pages of fun and excitement—and all for twopence!
**E. G. COUSINS COVERS**

**The BRITISH STUDIOS**

A SHORT sequence of the African desert film starring Paul Robeson—occupying not more than about five minutes on the screen—will cost five miles of journeying for every foot shot.

Those of you with a taste for higher mathematics may now check up these figures and see whether I’ve given a faithful accounting.

The sequence is 500 feet in length. The Capitol unit will penetrate 2,500 miles into the Sahara desert to make it. Was I right, sir?

The chief reason for this jaunt is that in the studio (if they had been content to stay there) they would probably have been able to get together fifteen camels, whereas they needed just about a thousand times that number.

Well, the only place in the world where camels are about as numerous as the sands of the desert is in the desert round Agadiz. There the far-flung henchmen of Max Schach, headed by Walter Futter and director Thornton Freeland, have been gathering a huge fleet of ships of the desert (and if you’ve ever tried to ride one you’d know exactly why the brutes are so designated).

**Paul Stays Home**

This will be the fourth British film featuring a Paul Robeson in an African setting in which he has avoided the irksome necessity of entering the Dark Continent, and has had Africa brought to the studio for his convenience. First there was London Films’ *Sanding of the River*, then British Lion’s *Song of Freedom*, then Gaumont-British’s *King Solomon’s Mines* (which has recently got under way at Shepherd’s Bush), and now this latest one for Capitol, which unfortunately hasn’t been christened yet.

I bet they hurry up and give it a label, because according to modern usage it has to change its name at least twice during production, and the sooner it starts the better.

By the way, Thornton Freeland and Walter Futter are going farther into the Sahara than white men have gone before. There are apparently wide stretches of Africa which are yet unexplored—at any rate, by our all-conquering race.

This is about the only excuse for calling it a Dark continent, because whenever I’ve been privileged to live in it it’s been lit up by a sun bright enough to stand you on your ear if you dare go without a hat.

**Hard on Hardwicke**

Speaking of *King Solomon’s Mines*, Cedric Hardwicke must be beginning to associate films with over-eating.

In *Laburnum Grove*, you remember, he had to consume a large number of bananas; now, as Allan Carterman, he and Anna Lee have had to eat a fresh-cooked pancake in a certain scene.

By the time they had rehearsed the scene a number of times, and made one or two retakes, they found themselves having to eat half a dozen each.

I fancy Sir Cedric will be giving Shrove Tuesday a miss next time it comes round.

The scenery in which he has been working recently on this picture has reminded him irresistibly of his early days in the theatre.

“Years ago I toured South Africa playing Shakespearean roles,” he told me. “We used to carry our scenery and props in cape carts drawn by oxen, and sit round camp fires in the evening.”

A look of reminiscent longing came into his eyes, and he added, “And, as far as I can remember, there were no pancakes.”

**A Drop of Irish**

Anna Lee is playing an Irish part in this picture—the role of a prospector’s daughter has been specially written-in for her—and Tony Quin has been “larkin’ her” the brogue.

Tony was a member for years of the famous Abbey Theatre company in Dublin, and is recognised as one of the foremost exponents of the Irish brogue in its many variations.

He taught Anna Lee a little too well. While she was preparing for *King Solomon’s Mines*, she had to appear in one of the finishing shots of *O.H.M.S.*, in which she appears as a very English sergeant-major’s daughter; and poor Anna came straight from an Irish lesson into a scene in which she had to remark that a certain soldier was in her father’s regiment.

“So, he’s wid me father in the Wessex!” she exclaimed in a rich Irish brogue, and broke up the party.

Certainly this film looks like a break for Anna; instead of the marvellous confessions that G.-B.’s glamour girl usually wears, she is seen this time in a very patched and worn khaki shirt and riding breeches.

**Jingle—and Jingo**

LONDON *MELODY* has been finishing in a blaze of glory at Pinewood, where I found Herbert Wilcox directing the cabaret sequences. Anna Neagle, who was a chorus girl in *Limelight* and a circus trapeze artiste in *The Three Musketeers*, has now turned cabaret star.

There’s one scene in particular that will cause a bit of a stir when it comes on to the screen; it’s a number called “The Jingle of the Jungle,” in which Anna sings and dances with a background of dusky beauties in a set designed in black and white.

Now that Herbert Wilcox has got this melody off his chest and into the cutting-room, he is Waltzing straight into *The Navy Eternal*; that title speaks for itself. It’s a propaganda picture.

Our screens are allowed to show us the glories of our army and navy, but it isn’t considered advisable to allow propaganda against war because that would cancel-out the benefit of the recruiting propaganda.

It’s all very logical, of course, but all the same . . .

**The Ship’s Company**

Well, anyway, there will be a dramatic story of British nationals rescued from an insurrection; and a naval lieutenant will be captured and placed on board a rebel battleship with the daughter of the British consul—and so you get the ingredients of a tender love story.

The love-birds are young Richard Cromwell—who, having gallantly represented the British Army in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, in which he betrayed his squadron to the enemy, is now transferring to the British Navy—and Hazel Terry.

So far I have only seen Hazel in *Marriage of Corbal*, in which she had the double disadvantage of having to cope with banal dialogue and masquerading as a boy—which only one actress in about five thousand is able to do with
But I think Herbert Wilcox would be well advised to change the title; with the present one, you can smell propaganda a mile away.

Before this one gets as far as the studio, Herbert Wilcox will have finished most of the interior work on Splinters in the Air, in which Sydney Howard, playing the part of a garage-proprietor who is mistaken for his brother, a dare-devil pilot in the R.A.F.

So now the Navy, the Navy, and the Air Force are all accounted for, and the Salvation Army got a fair show in The Thirty-Nine Steps, and the railways and the B.B.C. in about a hundred pictures; but my heart still goes out to the Brigade, the District Nursing Association, and the Holy Rollers to immortalise.

And after that we shall be able to get back to just ordinary people.

Dramatic

I was very much impressed with the performance I saw Sebastian Shaw giving the other day, as Othello in the stage-play sequence of Men Are Not God—previously called Triangle.

Gertrude Lawrence takes the part of his wife, the actress who plays Desdemona; but in the scene given from the Shakespearean play, all she had to do was to be asleep until she was strangled, and then to be dead.

However, there's plenty of dramatic acting for her in the rest of the film, when she sees her handsome young husband being attracted by Miriam Hopkins. . . .

And now for Bergner.

The Queen's Hall figured prominently in Elisabeth Bergner's phenomenally successful picture Escape Me Never; perhaps that's why they have reconstructed it again for scenes in Dreaming Lips, in which she is playing under the direction (as usual) of her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner.

In this film, Raymond Massey plays the part of a world-famous violinist.

The Queen's Hall sequence certainly provided a field-day (or field-week) for the extras, three hundred of whom have been sitting day after day, at a guinea a head, listening to an orchestra.

And while this has been going on, another Max Schach Trafalgar film, Pagliacci, is rapidly nearing completion at Elstree, with Richard Tauber in the leading role and Steffi Duna, Diana Napier, Esmond Knight, Arthur Margetson, and Jerry Verno aiding and abetting.

A Welcome Change

Me, I am by no means an opera fan, but my chief objection to opera is not the music (I'm not quite such a barbarian as that!) but the way the thing pretends to tell a story, and every now and then advertises the fact that the story is only a flimsy pretext for the music.

This Pagliacci, which Karl Grüne is directing, interests me particularly for the reason that the singing is introduced naturally; falling into the plot as neatly as a light fits a teapot.

Also, if I am to be privileged to hear Tauber singing at all, I would rather he sang real stuff like Leoncavallo's than the comparatively thin and uninspired music he has been given in some of his films.

Another Max Schach picture, Love from a Stranger, is in danger of being held up because Ann Harding is indisposed.

Just before she developed a cold, with her throat, I watched her working on a scene with Binnie Hale (as her friend) and Jean Cadell (as her Aunt Lou) in which they "crack a bottle" of champagne to celebrate Ann's good fortune in winning a big French lottery.

A Thriller

This is the incident upon which the whole story hinges, for the prize attracts the attention of a handsome and fascinating man (played by Basil Rathbone, and who, I ask you, is better qualified?) who sweeps the poor lady incontinent into marriage, and then . . .

This is one of the most thrilling stories Agatha Christie ever wrote, and it certainly has lost nothing by its adaptation for the stage by Frank Vosper.

I'm inclined to think this is going to be a big success for producer Max Schach; so far his happiest effort has been another "non-costume" film, the Tom Walls starring picture Dishonour Bright.

Down Hammersmith way, Julius Hagen and Franco-London are jointly going very strong with the first bi-lingual talkie to be made there, and one of the very few in British studies—originally to be called Widow's Island, but now rechristened No Return.

More War

It has two directors, Maurice Elvey and Claude Heymann, who shoot respectively (and alternatively) the English and French versions; and Marcelle Chantalle, the French film star, is playing the lead in both versions.

In the English version there are also Paul Cavanagh, Olga Lindo, Garry Marsh, Evelyn Roberts, Bobbie Comber, Denier Warren, Frank Atkinson, and Alistair Sim; and a very impressive cast too, as I think you'll agree.

This story has a flash-back to war-time, and scenes in the French trenches have already been shot, with realistic dug-outs, barbed-wire fences, and tanks.

At Twickenham, his spiritual home, Julius Hagen has Silver Blaze on the floor, with Arthur Wontner as Sherlock Holmes, a role which has now become his by right of conquest.

Tom Bentley, directing, has been shooting the sequence in which the racehorse is missing from its stable, and its groom is lying murdered on the doorstep.

Br-r-r-r!
Major Lockert (David Niven), on a ship, meets encounters in Fran Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) are alone in her stateroom. A denimally, introduces the middle-aged Fran sees her world crumble as the doughty old Baroness (Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya) refuses to permit her young son to marry her.
THE £300,000 film adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' best-seller story of the final fling of a middle-aged wife obsessed with the fear of age gives Ruth Chatterton her finest role for years and brings Walter Huston back to the top of the screen world.

Frank Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) tells her husband (Walter Huston) that she has determined to divorce him to marry a youth twenty years her junior.

Dodsworth himself finds Mrs. Cortright (Mary Astor) a charming deck companion.

Arnold Belth (Paul Lukas), yet another lover, and an impassioned one, in the life of the age-haunted Frank Dodsworth.

Dodsworth, after many weary weeks alone in Europe, meets the charming Mrs. Cortright, whom he knows slightly, in a Naples tourist bureau.
The Story of the Film

UNDER TWO FLAGS

by

Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "Under Two Flags," by permission of Twentieth-Century Fox Films, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now," feature page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

"Perhaps mademoiselle would rather not kiss me; perhaps she would like better to kiss the horse," suggested Victor.

I t was only a kiss to a bottle of wine that his horse would win against hers, and he had won the bet. Sergeant Victor, of the Fourteenth Company of the Foreign Legion, looked down at the dark-eyed girl who professed to be a better judge of horses than Captain Menzies.

The North African sun burned down on the Arab town and on the arid desert beyond. Victor sensed in Cigarette no mere light o' love, but for her loyalty and comradery, regarded as the mascot of the regiment, a reluctance to carry the understanding between them to a finish.

"Perhaps mademoiselle would rather not kiss me; perhaps she would like better to kiss the horse on which I was so lucky as to win the race," he suggested.

He was not prepared for her, instead of replying, to dig her spurs into her mount and head for the open desert. To the laughter of the Captain and the Arab onlookers, Victor gave chase. This time her horse refused to be outridden. He had to come abreast of her and drag her from her saddle to his.

"Leave me alone! I put me down!" she cried. Not until he had rolled her on to the sand, demanding to know whether she was hurt, did he again give her the chance to avoid payment of his due.

"Please forgive me," he said gently. "After all, you did say, when you took me on in that race, it would kill you if I collected my kiss."

"Would it have killed you to have taken it?" she said very low.

"I should say not!" He accepted the offer of her lips, finding them sweet as any legionaire, or perhaps, because of his appreciation of the gentler things of life, sweeter than many would have done. Nor did he grumble when, their horses having taken it into their heads to gallop off, he carried Cigarette back to camp.

Though accustomed to a life far different from that he now led, Victor had reason to be pleased. Commandant Major Doyle, disciplinarian, had promoted him to sergeant for success in saving a handful of ambushed men from Arab treachery. He had a friend in Rake, the cookney, who had to be schooled in avoiding calling Victor "Sir." Now, Cigarette, whose smile or frown was matter of moment to the legionaires who frequented the café named after her was virtually at his feet.

With a slight swagger about his well-knit figure and keenly-alive face, with its dark eyes and toothbrush moustache, Victor reported that evening to the Commandant:

"Did you find out anything at the horse market?" the Major inquired, with added bluntness from the knowledge that no amount of superiority of rank could confer on him the breeding innate in the man before him.

"Nothing definite. I got the impression that something was afoot."

Lucky for Victor that the Commandant's thoughts were likewise far from matters military.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

Victor repeated the vague statement:

"Did anything else of importance happen this afternoon?"

"No... That is, nothing of a military nature, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant."

Whereat Victor, aware that news, even so trivial as in regard to horse racing and bets, travelled fast in the Legion, might have taken warning. Not being remotely in love with Cigarette, however, he failed to detect his superior's jealousy. The company, after the Arab skirmish, had returned to the comparatively civilised French military headquarters at Absheba. Victor, therefore, was not surprised, though he might be startled, at seeing a feminine visitor being shown round the dormitory by Major Doyle. He was, in fact, startled, for the lady in question would have been considered striking at an English tea-party. Her elegant black silk beribboned mouseline, the fashion of the turn of last century, was matched by the purity of her features and colouring beneath a flower-trimmed hat.

Gloved hands resting on her lace-edged parasol, she made Victor supremely conscious of his shabby shorts, open shirt, and apology for a tie. Major Doyle, in be-medalled uniform, complete with sword, performed the introduction.

"Your work, Sergeant!" Lady Venetia Cunningham inquired.

"What a beautiful carvings of an English thoroughbred hunter."

Victor bowed. "A lot he'd know about hunters. He sees nothing but Arab ponies in these parts," Major Doyle observed.

"Excuse me a minute, my lady."

Blessing the opportunity given by the Major's horror at and subsequent removal of a pair of breeches hanging out to dry on a line opposite, Victor drew imperceptibly nearer the admiring man of woodcarving.

"I'm glad you like my horse."

"I think it's lovely."

"I'll buy it for you," the Major said. "Here, sergeant, a franc. A week's pay."

Desperately Victor sought her eyes. She saw and understood.

"No, no, Major Doyle, I couldn't really," she protested. "I know the sergeant doesn't want to part with it."

"Seeing someone like that sort o' makes one homesick," was Rake's remark as the dormitory resumed its normal appearance. "I did hear there was to be a ball at the hotel to-night. Have you got a late pass, sir—im, I mean, sergeant?"

"Though it meant gate-crashing, Victor decided to take the hint. Captain Menzies was twirling his long moustaches while in conversation on the hotel balcony, with Lady Venetia, lovelier than ever in shimmering silk with puffed sleeves, as Victor came up the steps.

"Important dispatches just arrived, a sir, for Colonel Ferol," he said, repeating the phrase which had enabled him to pass the guard.

He held his breath while the bair was taken. "Was there any such message?" Lady Venetia asked with a twinkle, as Captain Menzies, excusing himself, left the balcony. "Precious few dispatches have arrived. But I didn't bring them."

"Then isn't it dangerous for you to be here?"

"Doubly. On one side, confinement to barracks; on the other, your eyes. No, don't call me daring. What I really came for is to bring you this. You were kind enough to admire it, but I couldn't sell it, and with a third party present it was impossible to give it. Please accept it."

Hours of practice in wood carving were recomposed as her hand touched something of his for the first time. It's the most exciting thing that's happened in all this monotonous country," she declared.

"Monotonous! But this isn't Africa," he reminded. "This is just an hotel. Did you ever climb when you were little? On the far side of the wall are the native towns, the Jewish bazaars, the café, the Kabyle dancers? Will you risk a scramble?"

With her beside him, Victor found a new fascination in watching (Continued on page 24)
WHEN SUSAN ANN IS CHRISTENED...

Three generations foregather for such an important family event, and the lovable fragrance of Yardley Lavender is an endearing link between them. The first perfume of youth, it adds charm to the lady of fashion and lends dignity to the older generation. Yardley Lavender can be worn with perfect taste at any time, and is fashion's chosen perfume for the informal and outdoor occasion. Its clean, fresh fragrance makes it the one perfume that never cloys.

Perfume in Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 10/6. Larger sizes up to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of 3 tablets, Lavender Face Powder 1/9, Lipstick 3/-, Complexion Cream 3/6, etc. etc. Not in I.F.S.

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

YARDLEY LAVENDER
Miss Dorothy Dickson
has infinite understanding and sympathy for the troubles of a young girl's heart. Is there a message for you in the advice she gives here?

S

o many young people have asked me this question — and many I know would fight shy of even mentioning it, yet they wonder, and all the while love goes by!

Now let's be frank and open. What do men fall for? Personality? — up to a point. Brains? — well, they're important. Yet, unreasonable as it may be, it's Beauty, glamorous beauty that kindles the flame of love. And by beauty I don't mean a figure of Venus and classic perfection of features. No! What a man admires is a woman who is vibrant, alive, with the rosy blush of youth on her cheeks. It is colour — natural, radiant colour that gives a woman glamour, attractiveness, appeal! And you can have this beauty for your own.

Khasana Blush Cream is a soft fragrant cream which turns to a natural rosy blush the moment you apply it. No matter what your type of colouring is, dark or fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is your colouring, your natural skin tone. So easy to apply, it is waterproof and kiss proof — one application lasts all day. Just try it and watch the transformation — you're younger, you're alive, so lovely and so lovable!

Khasana
BLUSH CREAM
Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes: Blush Dark for Brunettes: also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

How can I attract him?

THE STORY OF THE

October 31, 1936

burying himself in the Legion was his acceptance of the shortcoming of a younger brother. Lord Seraph, calling up the stairs for his niece, transformed the lover into the soldier. Ten minutes later the battalion in column of route with the Fourteenth Company at its head, marched out of Abeshe.

Drought, heat, forced marches, responsibility as leader of a mobile patrol, night and day, in danger of being shot down by Arab snipers—these Victor had expected as Legionary in the field. He was not prepared to find a traitor in the camp. Major Doyle, now promoted colonel, whom Venetia, in Victor's hearing, had once described as a bull in a china shop, showed an entire lack of finesse in dealing with the object of personal dislike.

Reporting to Colonel Doyle for the third time since marching orders, Victor noted the malice in the other's eye. "Well, sergeant..."

"Section paraded 36 as Ghardia. Six men lost, five killed, one captured."

"Fill up the gaps. Take twenty men and go back to Ghardia. Position must be held at the cost of the last man."

"So you're making sure of me this time. Quite important, isn't it. Three times you've sent me out, hoping I wouldn't come back. But, like the bad penny, I keep on turning up!"

"Insubordination! You know what that means?"

"Deport. Probably. Death one way or the other. Your orders shall be carried out, sir."

Having seen that Rake and three men, either young or with a tendency to "cafard," were not selected, Victor made up his patrol of twenty, aware that it was being sent against Arab strength of anything up to four thousand. He never thought to reach the post at Ghardia, consisting of a single fort, backed by sandhills.

Dog-tired, the men fell out while Victor wrote a report for the partisan, Ben Husson, to take to the Commandant.

"Post at Ghardia surrounded. Sidi Ben Yousif has advanced main force to surrounding hills. Our casualties ten men. And you can tell the Commandant by word of mouth, Ben Husson, that this time the bad penny won't turn up. He'll understand," Victor added.

Knowing something of Colonel Doyle's temper, Victor hardly expected that even now the battalion would move out to give support. When, however, Ivan, the Muscovite corporal on the first step, announced the sudden disappearance of snipers and cessation of Arab fire, Victor's first reaction was relief. While commenting to Ivan that the battalion must be on its way, communing with dawn behind the hillocks.

"That's the reason for the Arabs holding off. Of course, it's a trap. The battalion will get wiped out," he cried. Too late, he got through a warning. Before sunset the battalion marching in column, appeared on the open approach to the fort. With the old battle cry "Il Allah!" three thousand Arabs sluemed over their horses, galloped down from the hills.

"Can we do anything?" Ivan demanded as he and Victor peered horrified from the fort at the
FILM — Continued

battalion, taking inadequate ground cover and firing steadily, being cut to pieces.

"Nothing: it'll be our turn next."

"They seem to be driving them off, sergeant."

"That's the Commandant's work, Order out of chaos. The only man in the Legion who could have done it. If they can hold out till dark they may have a chance."

Before night they carried the Commandant, wounded in the shoulder, into the fort. Victor, under orders, left immediately with a scouting party. Colonel Doyle, bandaged, smoking a cigarette, looked more human in the lamp-light as Victor came into the fort living-room.

"Sit down! So the bad penny's still in circulation," he said, having received Victor's report and ordered double sentries to be posted, pending a renewed Arab attack.

"Still, sir."

"Victor, why did you take Cigarette from me? She loves you. She said so. Lucky devil!"

"Cigarette! So that's why you wanted me out of the way. You're wrong, colonel. I'm in love, but not with Cigarette."

"You're lucky."

"What difference does it make? We'll both be dead to-morrow."

"Unless the four squadrons of Chasseurs on the way get here before their scheduled time. They're due at noon."

"Then it's time we need... Perhaps—perhaps I could give you that?"

"How? We can't spare any men."

"I wouldn't need any. All I need is your permission, and if I don't come back your score is settled, anyway."

Within an hour, Victor, wearing a burqa, made his first acquaintance with Ben Youssiff's tent.

"A pleasure to renew a friendship, Sidi Ben Youssiff," he said, looking for possible treachery behind the reserve of the Arab chief. "You remember Ralph Brett, of Magdalen? We were up in the same year—92. We met at one of Professor Yorke's teas."

"But, of course—this is most amusing—Balliol and Magdalen men meet in the desert as enemies. Sit down. We will drink coffee and you shall tell me why you've done me this honour."

"To save my life and possibly yours. Recently a British Commissio- ner arrived at Abeshe, as no spies know, with a view of lending armed support to the French. It would be awkward if you were caught with British troops behind you."

"In French territory. Ridiculous!"

"The secret has been well kept. You have your scouts. Send them out."

Successfully avoiding thought of the future, Victor surrendered himself to Eastern hospitality as a change from hard tack, and was thus better prepared to meet Ben Youssiff's morning greeting.

"You lied to me, my fine college friend. My scouts have been out all night. There are no British within five hundred miles, and you knew it."

"Quite. Now that I have been amused, how do you propose to make fun of me?"

"You remember soccer? We play it now on horse back, and you shall be the centre and sport of both sides of the game. Guards, take him outside!"

He seized from the tent with his arm's tied, Victor could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. The time was barely ten, yet already across the sand slopes rode a mounted company of men with pennons and colours flying, the Chasseurs two hours ahead of schedule. At their head rode a single figure, slight, drapèd in the garments of an Arab, reminding Victor of someone he had witnessed riding before. A shot rang out from a sniper behind him, and the figure, rolling from its horse, fell to the sand.

"Victor—it's you—my love. I've known what this is. You can't do anything. Victor! I saw the English lady who loves you. She said if I loved you I would try and save you. I found Ben Youssiff's camp and told the Chasseurs the way. Tell her I tried, won't you?"

Overcome with humility, pity, and sadness, he drew the dark head of the dying girl to his breast. Two days later, with Veneta, a former school friend, he bore her body, together with the body of the Legion's darling, buried with full honours for the bestowal of the Médaille Militaire—Mademoiselle Cigarette, who had staked her love against a man's jealousy and won.

Social Gossip and A TALE OF TROUBLE HAPPILY ENDED

By MOLLY MONTAGUE

THIS is a whirlwind world. You wake up one morning and customs which yesterday you thought had come to stay have vanished overnight. Take the large cocktail party for instance. In Mayfair it is now definitely OUT! In its place has come the very small dim first night. The notabilities at the opening night of The Great Ziegfeld were spied wearing black tie and the grand circle positively glittered with jewels.

Country-house dances, so familiar in Edwardian times, have returned, and the most sophisticated of all entertain- ments has appeared; this consists of dining at tables in a theatre while a startling show is performed. All the rage on Broadway, this innovation to our night life is now to be found at the London Casino— the old Prince Edward Theatre.

A DEVOTED COUPLE

I began this little chat by talking about changes. Let me continue it by talking about something which should be unchanging—love. This story of devotion concerns a young friend of mine who was happily married to a charming young wife.

Some few years ago his wife became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. All manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. The young couple's income was considerably reduced. The wife's condition grew worse, and gradually developed into a form of Rheumatoid Arthritis. What a blow that had descended upon that so happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations.

Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results, when all other forms of treatment had failed.

SUCCESS

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded!

The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicone," and has been available now for over 20 years. It has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including Harley Street specialists, who had pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic and Arthritic disorders.

CHANCE TO PLAY THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Now if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic or arthritic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address or the name and address of your friend and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of charge, and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic and arthritic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to you, at least to your friend. If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.
CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS

ROMEO AND JULIET

IRVING THALBERG has left us a memorable high-flying picture in this beautiful production which will ensure his name being handed down to posterity as one of the vital forces in the present day picture business.

It is not that he has brought Shakespeare to the screen, that has been done several times, not only in the last year or two but twenty years ago. His genius lies in the fact that he has, more successfully than anyone hitherto, translated Shakespeare's work into a positive screen picture with an artistry and sensitivity which brings out to the full the beauty of the poet's work.

He has introduced action and pictorial settings into a manner which does but enhance the beauty of the lines and accentuates the dramatic intensity of the immortal lover and fighter. Thalberg has conceived the conception and the people he engaged to carry it out have not failed him.

From the opening fight between the Montagues and Capulets followed by the banquet given by Lord Capulet to the tragic end in the Capulet vault, George Cukor's direction is faultless. His settings are on a vast scale but yet not obtrusive; they blend with the action and give life and colour to the whole proceedings.

Particularly noteworthy is the dance sequence at Capulet's house where Romeo first meets Juliet. The rhythm of the dance and action is perfectly wedded.

Indeed a large meed of praise is due to Herbert St. John for his exceptionally good musical score. A happier choice than Leslie Howard for Romeo I could not imagine. He has shown a restrained fervour and sincerity that is wholly admirable. His gestures, his fleeting and sensitive expressions add to the charm of the words which he speaks with a naturalness and unaffected grace.

Here is a Romeo who believes in and feels his love and makes you believe in it and suffer with him. Norma Shearer's Juliet is also a thing of beauty. Any fear that her age might make the role too mature for its original conception is banished by the easy and childlike unsophistication she displays in her early scenes.

The character is an exceptionally difficult one to play since Juliet must grow, mentally, from a child to a woman in the course of the play. This Norma Shearer succeeds in doing with the utmost conviction and appeal.

John Barrymore plays Mercutio with all the robust tradition of the stage. He is inclined to rant but still I found his performance very good. His death scene is a masterly piece of acting.

As the Nurse, Edna May Oliver is sound. She plays it rather too "jumpily" but the strength of the character is there.

Basil Rathbone makes a fine figure of a man as Tybalt and Ralph Forbes dignifies the part of Paris.

I particularly like Reginald Denny's Benavolo. He acts with an easy assurance and a naturalness that owes nothing to stage tradition. His Koler too, is fine as Friar Laurence.

C. Aubrey Smith looks the part of Lord Capulet and Violet Kemble Cooper is sound as his wife. Robert Warwick is effective as Lord Montague as is Maurice Murphy as Balthasar and Conway Tearle as the Prince of Verona.

The one incongruous note is struck by Andy Devine as Peter, the dumb retainer of the Capulets. His strong American accent and muffled speech robs his lines of half their value.

The production is magnificently dressed and the original work has been cut with the same care and artistry that characterises the picture as a whole.

If this production is not appreciated, the chances of Shakespeare being appreciated at all are negligible.

LA KERMESSHEROIQUE

One of the best comedies of the year, is this French film, notable for the sheer beauty of its composition. It is piquant and subtle and deals with the Spanish occupation of Flanders in the early part of the seventeenth century. Direction is artistic and imaginative while the acting of the entire cast is superb.

The sub-titles quite adequately explain the action of the plot for the benefit of those who have not French.

The Burgomaster of Boom has a daughter, Siaka, whose hand he pledges in marriage to the local butcher but she is in love with an artist, who is painting the members of the town council, and in this she is supported by her mother. During the subsequent domestic upheaval the Burgomaster learns that the Duc d'Olivares with his army intend to billet themselves in Boom. Terrified of the consequences, the Burgomaster feigns death—hoping the Spaniards will respect the town's sorrow.

His wife, however, with the women of the town having welcomed the invaders and failed to prevent them in their purpose start to entertain them. With her husband "dead" the Burgomaster's wife has an affair with the Duc and succeeds in getting him to assent to her daughter's wedding to the artist. Meantime the other women in the town are making cuckold of her husbands and the Burgomaster finds it difficult to remain "dead."

Incidentally, the Duc by this time, has spotted his ruse. However he and his troops move off next day leaving the Burgomaster's wife a beautiful pearl necklace—for her daughter's wedding, of course. She gives all the credit for the scheme to the Burgomaster who wears his horns with pleasure and modestly owing to the blandness of the townsfolk.

Francoise Rosay is immense as the wife. Her common sense and countrified coquetry are admirable and she makes the character a very human and amusing one.

As the Duc, Jean Murat is excellent while Alerme's character study of the pompous Burgomaster who yet fears his wife is an outstanding performance.

Michelene Cheiril is most attractive and natural as the daughter while Bernard Lancet is well in character as the artist.

Every other player in the cast adds to the general air of conviction and polished artistry of the production.

This brilliant piece of work directed by Jacques Feyder deservedly won the French award as the best picture of the year and it was also honoured in Italy. The direction is subtle bringing out the full piqiny of the comedy. It is typically French in its approach to sex and its humour is rapiier like in its pointed wit.

Apart from direction the composition is a thing of extreme beauty. The atmosphere of the seventeenth-century Flemish town is Rembrandtian in its pictorial quality. The groupings too are reminiscent of Flemish paintings of the period.

Altogether one barely sees artistry and entertainment so happily blended.

The duel between Tybalt and Mercutio in "Romeo & Juliet."
LIPSTICK wasn't made like this for nothing!

What girl hasn't thought at times: "If only my dance would say the kind of things to me that gay, reckless screen-lovers say!" If only I knew what was really thrilled and carried away by being with me!" So said, if you make the allure of the glamorous film-stars in you—and you can do this by using their lipstick, the famous indelible KISSPROOF! Hollywood experts put it in the stars' dressing-rooms in preference to all expensive preparations. Be sure and try the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at the Coty Department Stores—it's the smartest, most attractive lipstick you've ever seen. At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the new exotic baton at fed.

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OLD WAY—new liquid soapless shampoo—rids hair of dull film and reveals its natural beauty

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October 31, 1930
The PICTUREGOER’s quick reference index to films just released

**ROSE MARIE**

**THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD**

**UNDER TWO FLAGS**

**FATAL LADY**

The extremely good musical romance with its picturesque North-West Canadian settings is the subject of the supplement given away with this issue.

It is in effect a Western drama set to music, and in both departments it excels.

The music has been unmercifully plugged since its success as a stage play but the treatment accorded to it by W. S. Van Dyke gives it a freshness that makes it irresistibly entertaining.

It owes a lot to the excellence of the characterization—a thing that is too often neglected both in musicals and Westerns.

For instance, Nelson Eddy not only sings exceedingly well, but manages to look and behave like a North-West Mounted sergeant.

Jeffrey Lynn (Reginald Owen) has the honour and real dramatic feeling into her role as the heroine; in fact she is better than I have ever seen her before.

As her manager, Reginald Owen is excellent and James Stewart, a young man who learns, while at the height of her fame in Montreal, that her brother, John Powell, has escaped from gaol and is hiding in the mountains. She rushes to join him, but is robbed by her guide and left stranded in the wilds. Sergeant Bruce, a mountie detailed to capture Flower, rescues her from drowning, and the two eventually fall in love.

Bruce, however, is forced to put duty first when they contact Flower, and this causes a break in their romance. Marie goes back to the stage, but her health gives out, and she is forced to return to the mountains to recuperate. Bruce follows, and so does the happy ending.

This is only a very brief outline of a story which is full of good detail touches and very varied in background.

There are two excellent opera sequences handled by William von Wymetal, and an Indian totem dance gives a good excuse for some well-conceived spectacles.

**THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD**

William Powell, suave and debonair as usual, plays the part of a lawyer who has let his wife divorce him because he got tired of her continual desire to poke her nose into mysteries concerning other people.

She returns to him and immediately involves him in a mystery concerning the death of a jockey. During the course of his investigations he even gets suspected of murder himself!

I do not propose to go into the details of the plot, which basically is a "spot the murderer" affair, but which is amplified by amusing detail that one is kept continually chuckling by the ex-wife’s sudden theft of generations and equally sudden attacks of dumbness.

It is sufficient to indicate that after three murders the doctor is able to put his finger on the perpetrator.

One of the highlights of the picture is the performance given by Jean Arthur, who lends a wealth of feeling to the domestic squabbling which ensues between herself and her ubiquitous and equally sudden attacks of dumbness.

It is a performance which fully justifies the praise that is being bestowed these days on that capable visitor artist.

Eric Blore is once again the perfect butler and James Gleason the hawk-eyed constable, and the picture, a role he always fits admirably.

Robert Armstrong is good as a bumbling one of the suspects, as is Grant Mitchell as another.

The picture ends with a thrilling horse race, excellently pictured.

The story is Ronald Ross’s dire work, and through is polished and effective and one can forget the fact that some of the situations have obviously been "borrowed" from films of a similar type.

**UNDER TWO FLAGS**

Ronald Colman, in a portrait of the young man, is a handsome and virile character.

Robert Armstrong is good as a bumbling one of the suspects, as is Grant Mitchell as another.

The picture ends with a thrilling horse race, excellently pictured.

The story is Ronald Ross’s dire work, and through is polished and effective and one can forget the fact that some of the situations have obviously been "borrowed" from films of a similar type.

**FATAL LADY**

Mary Ellis sings several operatic excerpts very well in this artificial murder story, which suffers from poor continuity and the usual "red herrings" which are even more palpable than usual.

She is cast as Marion Stuart, a singer, who, on the night of her New York debut in opera, breaks down because of the death of a man who loved her, and by interrogation by the police, made her lose her voice through nervousness.

We next see her in a touring company. She is persistently followed by Phillip Roberts, a wealthy South American coffee planter, who (Continued on page 30)
Now her skin is clear, radiant and seemingly soft to touch. No rough dryness to repent caresses. No wonder men began to notice...

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**REVIEWS—Continued**

loves her and whom she consistently refuses.
She meets in a small South American town, Umberto Malla and Martin Fontes, who both become her suitors. Umberto is a large man and is once again murdered and once again Marion is under suspicion and flees to Paris, followed by the police.
She appears in a café chantant and later Phillip is mysteriously murdered.
Fontes had also arrived in Paris and is suspected of both crimes by David Roberts, Phillip’s elder brother, who believes Marion is running his brother and has been trying hard to get him to leave her. Finally, the real murderer is discovered and a romance develops between David and Marion.

![Image]

**DEBT OF HONOUR**

**• IN THE SOUP**


RALPH LYNN Haydn Geoghegan...Bates
MARGARET YARDE Mrs. Bates

Directed by Henry Edwards, from a force by the late Ralph Lundy.

Typically English humour characterises this new Ralph Lynn vehicle, which belongs to the same category as The Private Secretary and presents a mildly involved plot with rather more dialogue than action.

The king of "asimnity" is cast as Horace Collibrand, a briefless barrister, who is forced, through lack of funds, to sublet his flat. His friend, Paul Hemming, finds him tenants in his prospective in-laws, while Horace’s wife, Kitty, ignorant of the deal, lets the flat to her peppery uncle, Abernethy Ruppeshaw.

Complications start when the tenants overiap, and Horace, now acting as a middleman, is the tenant’s servant respectively, has to keep his marriage a secret from Uncle Abernethy, trustee to his father’s will, which states that he must not marry until he is over forty.

To smooth temporarily the troubled waters, Kitty puts up a sleeping draught in the soup, but the results are unexpected and lead to Uncle Abernethy being compromised. At this juncture, Horace does his stuff, and in getting Uncle Abernewth out of a jam, he has his marriage to Kitty redeemed.

It is all quite unsophisticated material, but it is very funny at times and the star is definitely in his element.

Morton Selten turns in a good study as Abernewth and Judy Gunn makes an appealing Kitty.

The supporting cast, most of whom have wide stage experience, use it to advantage and enter fully into the fun of the familiar farce formula.

**DEBT OF HONOUR**

General F.D. Britsh. "U" certificate. Distributed by the British Film Co. Runs 8 minutes.

Leslie Banks

By Jimmy Stauton, D.S.O., M.C.

**Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Debt of Honour"**

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GIVE US RAMON!
But Not in Rutranian Prince Roles

WHY do we hear so little about a certain very versatile and good-looking young man? Meaning, of course, the inimitable Ramon Novarro.

Here we have a person of indomitable courage, a keen sense of duty, and great acting ability. But what happens? He is well cast in his early pictures and then the public is swamped with him in the role of master prince.

Whenever a Ramon Novarro picture is announced we know that I will usual story with him as a prince in a nice gaudy uniform and an eternal looking beauty as leading lady.

The sooner those "in the know" realize that the public is sick of this sort of thing and give Mr. Ramon Novarro a role that he can make use of and not have to be a silly prince, the better.

We have seen far too little of Mr. Novarro in "in charge" of him, and too much of him in those that do not do him justice. (Miss) Winnie F. Johnson, 64 Gill Street, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Improving" Shakespeare

Of late, there has been a large amount of Controversy about the filming of Shakespeare. People of prominence in the theatrical world have voiced their various opinions through the medium of the press. Unfortunately, none of them seem to have considered it from the entertainment angle.

The trouble is that the average stage actor or actress has put Shakespeare on a pedestal as something that should be untouched.

To any person whose knowledge of Shakespeare consists of a few hazy fragments he has learnt at school, the fact that certain liberties have been taken worries him not in the least. If it entertains that is sufficient for him.

So please, why bother if a certain speech has been cut, or that the actress has a German accent, whereas all we have heard before have spoken in such beautiful English? If it gives us some pleasurable hours of relaxation, is that not enough? — A. D. Vincent, "Rozel," Gates Green Road, West Wickham, Kent, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Learning Appreciation

It is said that discussing and criticising the finer points of film technique is not the picturgoer's province. I, too, was once of the same opinion, but I have since changed my mind. All, is not the static art of the painter admired as much for technical reasons as for the thematic or emotional content of his work? Why should not the more mobile canvases of the cinema be enjoyed from similar viewpoints?

I do not mean that the technique of a film is expression—its lighting, its cutting, the variations of its tempo, and the manner in which sound effects and music have been employed to heighten the dramatic effect—should be exaggeratedly apparent to the spectator, for that would be absurd.
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Constance Cummings

THE girl who made British studios safe for Hollywood stars to play in (she started the big trek) was born in Seattle, May 15, 1910. After winning a small part in her first picture, which was discovered by Sam Goldwyn, but her early career in films was not distinguished. Created a hit, however, in "Diamonds and Rust" and has never looked back since. Height, 5 ft. 4 in.; she is proud of wearing size 6 shoes. Her latest film is "The Northing Tramp," made at Shepherd's Bush.

Bebe Daniels

HAS lasted longer than almost any other star in films. She is back here again and has just completed "Murder in the Stalls" at Beaconsfield. Bebe has been in films since she was seven, which is twenty-six years ago. Was Harold Lloyd's leading lady at thirteen. By the time she was twenty she was one of the half dozen most popular stars on the screen. Height, 5 ft. 3 in. Brown eyes and black hair.

What Do You Think? Cont.

I do say, however, that if filmgoers would school themselves into a keener appreciation of these five qualities a double purpose would be served in that they would derive deeper satisfaction from films, and better films would be made.—Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 10 Failow Court Mansions, North Finchley, N.12.

Novel "Shorts"

I would like to suggest that the pick of musical items from big films be shown again as "shorts"—I am sure this would find favour with the public. For instance, may I suggest a few? Jessie Matthews in her "Dancing on the Ceiling" number from Evergreen and "Half and Half from First a Girl"; Gracie Fields in any of her song numbers, particularly "I'm a Failure" from "Love, Life and Laughter"; and "Sally"; "Petting in the Park" and "The Words Are in My Heart" from two Gold Diggers films; Bing Crosby and Marion Davies singing "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines" from "Going Hollywood"; Florence Desmond's impressions from the film she made with Sophie Tucker; the Howard Scotters in "Rock and Roll" from "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round"; and several other song numbers sung in the films of Maurice Chevalier, Grace Moore, Whiteman's "King of Jazz." I wonder if any readers agree with me—A. D., Hitchin.

Just Suggestions

In a recent article you stated that you considered it "rash" to publish a "fourteen-year-old's" letter. I cannot see why, as countless numbers of ardent filmgoers are schoolchildren of that age. As I have just left school, I hope you will, at least, read this. Some years ago much criticism was levelled at the amount of lip-stick used by "La Crawford" — the result was a vastly improved star to-day. With this result in view may I suggest that:
(a) Hepburn removes most of her lip-stick.
(b) Dietrich draws her eyebrows in a reasonable line.
(c) Claudette Colbert and many others cease to wear those ridiculous spider-like eyelashes.
(d) Ann Sothern cuts her fing-nails much shorter—just Sixteen, Clenmore, Maybury Hill, Woking, Surrey.

Where Honour is Due

In a recent Picturegoer, Mr. Robert Locke, of Exmouth, Devon, suggested that it was time someone made a film dealing with the real London—Soho, Limehouse, etc.
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October 31, 1936
Let GEORGE Do IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be of that 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 Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.


NINA (Edgeware).—(1) Tom Mix, b. Jan. 6, 1880. (2) Joan Barry played opposite Harold Hutch in Sally Bishop and The Outsider. She has not made any films recently.


SALLY (Midlands).—(1) Phil Regan, b. May 28, 1908, Brooklyn, New York. Irish American, 5 ft 10 in., black hair and hazel eyes. Latest film: He Was Happy Go Lucky.


A. N. C. (Rochdale).—Fred Astaire sang from Check to Check in Top Hat.

Cortez Fan (Twickenham).—Ricardo Cortez's birthday is July 5, and not Sept. 19 as you suggest.

F. G. (Dublin).—Gracie Fields' latest film is Queen of Hearts for Association Talking Pictures.


A. N. C. (Chelmsford).—(1) Thelma Todd died early this year. (2) Florence Hildebrandt has been returned to America to make Angel for Paramount when she has finished Knight Without Armour for London Films.


J. D. E. H. (Liverpool).—John Mills is at present making O.H.M.S. and is scheduled to make a film for Alexander Korda. The early films you mention of Mr. Mills are old now, and I do not think it likely that they will be released again.

G. J. W.—You can obtain photographs of Nelson Eddy, Madame Evans, Robert Young, Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire from the Postcard Saloon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

J. C. (Southampton).—Herbert Marshall received an injury to his leg during the war. He is married to Edna Best.

J. L. (Storrup).—(1) Ginger Rogers, b. July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A., 5 ft 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes. married Jack Pepper (mar. dis.), Lew Ayres (sep.). (2) Fred Astaire, b. 1907, Kansas City, Missouri, married Mrs. Phyllis Porter and has a son. (3) Photographs of both these stars obtainable from Postcard Saloon, address above.

D. O. (Kensington).—A film of ae follows: Marie Lloyd, Dec. 27, 1906; Grace Moore, Dec. 5, 1906; Madeline Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906. I am sorry but the film company have no information on the name or breed of the dog in Cabby Collie.


BRIGHT EYES (Birmingham).—John Wayne stars in new film, The Thief. We have not published an art plate of this actor and his photograph is available from the Postcard Saloon. (2) Desmond Tester has not made a film since The Beloved Fagabond.

F. D. (Barnoldswick).—Atlantic Judge played the part of the girl in the beauty contest in Horse Come Tommy. (2) Liz Anne Meredith and Fred Conger were the dancers in Ball at the Savoy. (3) We have not a photograph of Miss Evelyn Dale in the postcard saloon and she has not made a film since Soft Lights and Sweet Music.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE RALPH BELLMAYA CLUB has now commenced a British branch, of which the agent is Miss Eileen Noel, 3, William Street, Luton, Herts., London, 19, to whom all those interested should write first if particulars.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to film clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 283 (New Series) Vol. 6 October 13, 1936

Edit. Offices: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.


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P.8.

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A new "release" of cards from the Picturegoer Salon!! The news will be hailed with delight by all ardent collectors. Here they are—49 never published before—Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Shirley (in Poor Little Rich Girl—25 all different), Nova Pilbeam and other favourites snapped in fascinating new poses. Be one of the first to get some! Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining The Picturegoer Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 300 cards. The book is a magnificent specimen of the binder's art, made to resemble snakeskin and lettered in gold. An album de luxe bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 doz. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

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Leave IT to ANNE

READERS who have a query on a beauty subject to which they desire a quick reply, should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their letter. Address it to “Anne,” c/o THE PICTUERGEOR, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

ILL-KEPT hands and unwelcome fingernails are drawbacks to every woman, and winter weather makes other work is hard on the hands.

Be careful about the soap you use. Only what is good enough for your face is good enough for your hands. If you are a housewife, choose your household soap carefully, too. If the scrubbing soap contains a lot of free soda, it is good-bye to smooth skin. Both these and cheap toilet soaps irritate the skin. This makes it coarse and scaly and ready to absorb dirt and grime.

Rubber gloves save the hands a lot, but it isn’t always possible to wear them, and many women find they cannot work so well in gloves. In that case, the best thing to do is to give the hands protection beforehand. Keep a bottle of olive oil on a shelf near the sink. Before starting work, massage some into the hands. Rub it well in till the skin will absorb no more. Then wash your hands with warm water and a good lather of soap.

If your nails suffer from housework, keep a tin of cold cream handy and rub some in around the cuticles first thing in the morning. Fill the tips of the nails with some soap or a little cornflour. This will keep out the dirt and prevent the underside of the nails from becoming scratched.

It is also a good plan to keep a cut lemon near the sink. A quick dab with that at the moment will remove any stains. Afterwards become obstinate. If you use lemon regularly, be sure to counteract its drying effects with daily cream massage.

Here is a routine treatment by means of which anyone can keep hands white and soft through the winter. This is, of course, in addition to such special measures as outlined above.

Lay in stock a jar of special hand cream, a bottle of almond oil, a tin of Fuller’s earth cream, and some ventilating sleeping gloves. You can buy these for about a shilling a pair.

Once a day at a time most convenient to yourself, give five minutes massage in each hand with the almond oil. Rub it well in on backs and palms and then work on each finger separately. Wring them, twist them and stroke them, paying particular attention to the knuckles. This will prevent them from becoming bony. To prevent the palm from hardening, rub the oil in with the ball of the thumb and then with the pad of the other hand. Lastly, stroke the backs firmly from the knuckles towards the wrists. Then twist and knead the wrists.

In this routine you have done two things, oiled the skin for softness and exercised the hands and fingers for suppleness. Finish by playing five-finger exercises in the air. In a week, in addition to the oil massage, give an extra massage with lemon cream. You can use lemon cream, 6d. worth and as it is used for keeping a baby’s skin soft, you may be sure it will do your hands some good.

At night time, before going to bed, use special hand cream, rub well in and sleep in gloves if possible.

Many people like to use the old fashioned remedy of glycerine for the winter treatment of hands. Glycerine is all right if used properly in conjunction with other ingredients. It must never be used undiluted. It is not an antiseptic, and furrer that dries out dry skin by taking all moisture from it. If you use a home made preparation, make up an equal quantity of rosewater. In whichever form it is used, whether home prepared or in a proprietary hand lotion, apply it to the skin while the hands are still damp. Hands that perspire are uncomfortable to the sufferers and unpleasant for others. There is a special soap which may be used to help control this trouble, and here is a recipe for a special powder, to be dusted in the palms or in gloves before wearing them.

Powdered starch, 2 oz.; powdered talc, 1 oz.; powdered alum, 15 grains. Wrists and knuckles that have become knobly and misshapen by the simple massage suggested here, may be improved by the use of a small pack specially devised for this purpose. The treatment takes but a quarter of an hour. The pores are first opened with warm wet towels. After this, a massage with lemon cream is given to whiten and soften the skin. The pack material is moistened with milk and then spread thickly on bandages and gauze. As it dries it is possible to feel the blood coming to the surface of the skin. This quickened blood supply carries away with it the acidity and impurities which are the cause of the unshapely knuckles. When the pack is hard and dry, peel off with tepid water, and cream massaged in.

If you would like to know further particulars of the articles mentioned here, please drop me a line.

By the way, glancing through the current issue of “Woman’s Fair” I came across an article which I feel would give many useful hints to my readers. It concerns the girl who, arrived back hurriedly after office some time after six, has to keep an appointment at eight. Under the title of “Tonight She’s Stepping Out,” it tells you how to effect a transformation from the “Scotsman Girl” to the “Sophisticated Young Person” in just under the hour. The magazine also contains several interesting articles on beauty as well as fashion and a free gift to its readers.

Your Personality Colour

EVERY woman has a personality colour—one that is definitely related to skin and hair, that is influenced by factors of heredity, and that never changes—the colour of the eyes. Richard Hudnut has two ranges of make-up essentials that are keyed to the colour of the eyes. You can obtain a booklet on the art of make-up by writing to Richard Hudnut, Ltd., 302 Grey Inn Road, London, W.C.1. This firm are offering a special introductory box of Eye-Matched Make-up which is a generous and attractive trial box, being sold for 3s., but contains £1 worth of goods.

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(p. g. 271)
Houbigant

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quality

Made exclusively in Paris
Mr. Zanuck considers that Simone Simon is actually the only new personality brought to the screen since Fred Astaire. "By this I mean the only real star attraction," he goes on to explain.

"True, many companies have developed, and are developing, junior talent and featured personalities, but actually exhibitors are compelled to depend upon the same stars that were popular from anywhere to five and eight years ago.

One Star in Two Years

"The fact that in the last couple of years the industry has managed to dig up Luise Rainer, Errol Flynn, The Yacht Club Boys, Don Ameche, Olivia de Haviland, The Ritz Bros., does not contradict my statement."

"There is no doubt but that these people, with proper development and proper exhibitor exploitation, will go places, but it is easy to see that our system is wrong when it takes more than a thousand pictures to bring out a mere handful of prospective personalities and only one actual star who, instantly, in Girls Dormitory, established herself as a drawing box-office magnet.

Exhibitors to Blame, Too

The producer apparently overlooks Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell, but we can let that pass.

Zanuck blames the exhibitors as well as the producers for the position. "We are," he says, "paying to-day fabulous salaries for 'name attractions' which are actually not attractions at all. They are Hollywood stars receiving hundreds of thousands of dollars for three reasons: Number One: The shortage of personalities; Number Two: The constant clamour of exhibitors for 'names'; Number Three: The hesitancy on the part of producers to use anyone who has not already an established reputation."

The Truth About Colour

With the arrival in town of Ramona, Dancing Pirate, and The Garden of Allah, colour is again in the film news, but don't take too much notice of the optimistic speculation their presence has occasioned.

All three represent a distinct advance on such earlier efforts as Becky Sharp and even The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Dancing Pirate, indeed, suggests that colour may eventually be the solution to the problem of movie musical comedy.

I am convinced, however, that until the experts can achieve something more nearly approaching natural colour than anything they have so far given us, the new medium will be useless for screen drama.

(Continued on page 6)
The great strength of screen drama lies in the sense of intimacy established between characters and audience. One cannot get on terms of intimacy with people whose faces alternate alarmingly between screaming scarlet and palpitating pink against backgrounds whose violence distracts the attention and affects one in time with optic indigestion.

New Shirley Temple Rival

Yet another rival to Shirley Temple rises in *Three Smart Girls*. Her name is Deanna Darbin and she was discovered by Eddie Cantor, with whom she now appears on the air, at a Hollywood party.

Deanna’s chief claim to fame is a singing voice which, it is claimed, is far superior to that of any infant prodigy yet.

"Romeo" Controversy

*Romeo and Juliet* is likely to be a source of controversy for a long time to come, with the performances of Leslie Howard and John Barrymore as the main bones of contention.

Personally, I thought that Howard’s restrained and delicate approach to Romeo was not merely the ideal method, but the only possible one for screen purposes, but there is a large and important school of thought which condemns his performance on the grounds that it lacks fire.

Barrymore, on the other hand, is accused of ranting as Mercutio.

Performers of Shakespeare have always been legitimate game, and the film interpreters are at least in good company.

Even the great Irving was potted at and severely wounded on occasion. W. S. Gilbert, commenting on the tragedian’s *Hamlet*, declared: "Now at last we can tell who really wrote this play: all we have to do is disintegrate Shakespeare and Francis Bacon and see which one of them has turned in his grave."

He Won’t Dance?

Leading man Number One among the glamour queens at the moment is Charles Boyer.

He plays opposite Marlene Dietrich in *The Garden of Allah*, and he is to make love to Greta Garbo in *Beloved*, which is the title chosen for the screen version of the romance of Napoleon and Marie Walewska.

Then Charles is to play opposite Ginger Rogers. He hopes that he won’t have to dance.

Norma Shearer’s Future

Now that the first edge of grief over the death of Irving Thalberg has worn off and the actress is recovering from her own serious illness, it seems fairly certain that Norma Shearer will resume her screen career.

The latest advance production schedules list two Shearer pictures, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Marie Antoinette*.

One reason why Norma may continue in films is revealed in Thalberg’s will. Most of her money is invested in the M.-G.-M. company. Her retirement might affect the value of the stock in the market.

Paramount shares once jumped two points on Wall Street, merely because Rudolph Valentino got a divorce.

And Janet Gaynor’s

Another subject of speculation is Janet Gaynor, whose name until a year or so ago meant more at the box-office than that of any other feminine star.

*PICTUREGOER* Weekly

November 7, 1936

Janet has been talking of retirement lately. She did not like having to share starring honours in *Ladies in Love*, in which she appeared with Constance Bennett and Loretta Young, and in the course of “words” with Darryl Zanuck on the subject, is understood to have refused to repeat the experiment.

Her immediate plans, however, are settled by the announcement that she is to co-star with Fredric March in *A Star is Born*. She will thus also join Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins among the feminine pioneers of colour.

The Quins Get Temperamental

The Quins have, I hear, been showing signs of stellar temperament.

They were shooting scenes in the playground of their nursery in Callander, Ontario, the other day when Norman Taurog, the director, reached for his copy of the script only to find that it was gone.

He glanced across the lawn and saw Cecile scurrying towards Marie, Yvonne, Emile and Annette. All five grabbed the scenario and before Taurog could reach them, a dozen pages had been torn out.

They had, he found, destroyed none of the pages listing their own scenes, just those of Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, Rochelle Hudson, and Robert Kent.

"Ponies" and Show Girls

Film chorus girls, Dave Gould, the famous director, reveals, are divided into three classes.

Out of the hundred girls in *Born to Dance*, the new Eleanor Powell starring picture, twelve are ‘ponies,’ twenty are show girls and the remainder are dancing girls."

Gould explains that the “ponies” average from four feet eleven inches to five feet two inches in height, and weigh from 90 to 106 pounds. He said they were better formation dancers, because they could move around quickly. Their usual use is a background formation for a dancer like Buddy Ebsen, in order to bring out his exceptional height.

The Same Salary

"My regular dancers are from five feet two to five feet five and a half inches in height, and generally weigh from 106 to 115 pounds," Mr. Gould adds. "I really consider them the backbone of the entire chorus, for they are the best dancers along the lines of tap, kicking and acrobatic work. Their legs are much longer than those of the ‘pony’ class and therefore they are more graceful."

Ziegfeld was responsible for adding one of the most attractive sections of the five greatest daily musicals in the form of 'show girls.' Being tall girls, starting at five feet six inches and stopping on the first line, they are not called upon to dance, but are experts at walking in perfect rhythm with the music. They generally weigh from 115 to 125 pounds and must have perfect figures. They are the perfect combinations of the beauty of clothes and the beauty of woman," he claims.

Gould states that the ages of the three groups are about the same, averaging from eighteen to twenty-two years. Regardless of rank they all receive the same salary.

Wanted : Inventions

There’s a fortune waiting in the film world for inventors.

For instance, nobody has ever perfected a totally silent camera. It would be a boon, doing away with the heavy sound-proof bungalows; eliminating the cumbersome cranes and "potambulators" that have been developed solely because of the weight of camera equipment in sound-proof housings.

Another great need is a perfectly directional microphone, which can be focused on this or that sound and exclude others. So far, microphones have been made that are partly directional.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios worked out a large parabolic sound reflector with a microphone at its focal point; a principle in sound exactly like the principle of the reflecting telescope in light. It picked out certain voices in the babel of a crowd of 1,200 in *The Good
November 7, 1936

Earth, and in the Bastille scene in A Tale of Two Cities. But it is practical only under certain conditions.

A Use for Razor Blades

A n automatic test maker would be a boon, if it could be worked out into some kind of camera and set-up, in which players could be "run through the mill" with speed. Under present conditions, filming a test is as elaborate a task as filming an actual scene in a picture. Cutters long for film splicers that would eliminate the use of safety razor blades to scrape film. Thousands of blades are used in the industry.

Other needed inventions are direct-photographing colour process without filters or "jump motion"; portable sound equipment so even in action that elaborate musical numbers can be perfectly recorded in any location; mascara that won't hurt when it gets in the eyes; and make-up paint that will withstand heat and consequent perspiration.

Cast Writes Story

Having worked in two films together, the cast of a musical motion picture decided that they would be well suited to write a story about a troupe of players making a motion picture.

Sometimes as many as four or five writers have joined to write a story, but in this case there will be only co-creators, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, James Stewart, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen, Una Merkel, and Sid Silvers, all of whom are appearing in Born to Dance. Most of them were also together in Broadway Melody of 1936, and will also be joined in the new Melody.

They submitted their story idea to executives at M-G-M, who liked it so well that they told them to go ahead and write a treatment, after which the seven will do the screen play.

They are not sure about the title as yet, but say the choice at the moment is between Troubles of a Trouper and Musical Madness.

By Yak-Back

Where do films not penetrate nowadays?

It really seems as if the last stronghold of ancient civilization has fallen before the onslaughts of the Hollywood legions.

Lhasa—the Buddhist sacred city which is the capital of Tibet—has succumbed to the lure of the screen.

United Artists have just completed negotiations to show pictures in this land of mystery and age-old tradition; and apparently the Tibetans are just as curious about the rest of the world as the world has been about them, for the first two pictures they will see are Doug Fairbanks senior's Around the World in 80 Minutes and Samaraneg, Ward Wing's adventure film of the Singapore jungle.

Prints of the pictures and portable equipment will be transported from Bombay to Lhasa on the backs of mules and yaks—the only means of transport through the mountains.

The Tibetans are a cheerful, pleasure-loving people, who should take to movies like a yak to clouds.

Yes, Brains Help

A popular saying in Hollywood some time ago was "You don't have to be crazy to be in motion pictures—but it helps a lot."

Times have changed, however. Nowadays it's a case of "You don't have to have brains to be in motion pictures—but it helps a lot."

For proof of this, look at some of the people who have succeeded—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Take Frances Farmer, for instance. In a single year the screen made her famous—and there's certainly nothing crazy about Frances, though thousands of her fans are!

She is a highly educated girl who attended the University of Washington, specializing in sociology, philosophy, drama, and literature.

Her father, whose name also is Farmer (an unusual thing in itself) is a prominent lawyer of Seattle, and could well afford to pay for his daughter's studies, but Franks had other views.

Working Her Way

She thought she would get more out of her college life if she "worked her way"; so she did—as a cinema usherette, waitress, radio artiste, tutor, and dramatic coach.

After she had graduated, she left for a trip to Europe to study the theatre in Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Germany, Poland, France, and England, returning to New York with the idea of going on the stage.

However, she didn't get as far as that. Her agent arranged a test for her at Paramount's headquarters in New York, and the result of the test brought her a long-term contract.

Accomplished in many of the arts, Frances has a clear soprano voice, plays the piano, and has written a number of articles and poems, some of which have appeared in national magazines.

But if you put it to Frances that her education has been of very great value to her in her profession, she would probably say carelessly, "Oh, I've been around," as if that explained everything.

Jack-of-All-Trades

It certainly does explain a good deal. Having "been around"—worked in several jobs, and taken the rough with the smooth—rub's the corners off a young person; and that's certainly a great help in the film world.

In fact, Eddie Buzzell, one-time comedian who is now directing, considers it the most important thing.

"The motion picture business is one industry where the jack-of-all-trades comes into his own," Buzzell declares, adding hastily, "of course, provided he's managed to pick up something of those trades.

"Writer, comedian, stooge, dancer, and singer—I've taken a crack at them all; now I'm swinging at this producing and directing business. That's what I call getting your education from the ground up.

"Give a chap a background of contact with everyday people and let him learn what they do, what they like, and where they go, and he's cleared the first hurdle towards a picture career.

"I'm a rubberneck. I like to go looking. When I take a night off, do I go to a night-club? No, sir—I make for a night-court, and study drama at first hand."

Correction

Owing to a transposition of pictures in our review pages in the issue of October 7, a portrait of Polly Ward appeared over the caption "Jean Adrienne."
HERE is the real story behind the success of Spencer Tracy, a tough guy on the screen, but one of the most human and most popular men in Hollywood.

He is the only actor in Hollywood ever to win the Award of the Screen Writer’s Guild twice in succession. For his work as Joe Wilson in Fury he was given the Award, and followed it by being presented with the coveted trophy for his fine characterization as Father Tim Mullin, the priest in San Francisco.

Spencer Tracy is Irish on his father’s side; on his mother’s, Yankee. His mother is a direct descendant of the founder of Brown University.

One aunt is a nun, who recently celebrated her sixtieth anniversary in the Franciscan Order at Buffalo, New York.

Spencer was born in Milwaukee, from whence also came Alfred Lunt, Pat O’Brien, Lenore Ulric, and Gilda Gray. His parents were in modest circumstances. He attended various schools in Milwaukee. During his third year in high school he joined the United States Navy. “I fought the war on this side.”

After being mustered out, he finished high school and then attended North-Western Military Academy, “where I soon became glad I didn’t join the infantry.”

From there he went to Ripon College, where he became a member of the debating team.

Soon bitten by the “theatrical bug” he did not recover.

Finding it difficult to continue his studies, he returned to Milwaukee and held a conference with his father. He wanted to study to be an actor.

“Is that necessary?” asked the bewildered father.

Yes, there was an academy of dramatic art in New York.

After his father had sold a Liberty Bond, Spencer was on his way East, where Pat O’Brien, a neighbor boy, had preceded him.

Both had been in the Navy, and had gone through boyish escapades.

After several months in the Academy, Pat said to Spencer, “Maybe I shouldn’t tell you this—but I heard from home to-day. They told me to keep it quiet—and your father’s lost about everything, but they won’t tell you. I think it’s best to let you know.”

A plan was hit upon.

He withdrew from the school. Part of his tuition fee kindly refunded, he sent it to his father with a glowing letter of his success.

Within a month he was given a part at £3 per week as a robot in R. W. R. Eventually the play went on tour and he was given £5. During all this time his letters home were full of high hopes of the future. Then the show closed.

He returned to New York and accepted £4 per week with the White Plains Stock Company of Leonard Wood, jun.

After some months he was given a role in the Royal Fandango Company of Ethel Harrymore. He thought he was on his way. He was—but not far. One caustic critic said that he acted like a fellow picked up by the property man.

He next “played stock” in Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, and Grand Rapids.

After these wanderings he returned to New York and engaged a room with Pat O’Brien. “The landlady was Mrs. Cornelia Muldowney—and her heart was as big as all out doors.”

The two soldiers of impecunious fortune pooled their resources. There was one dress suit between them—and sixty dollars. Even in New York the suit lasted much longer than the money.

They were the same size.

One evening, after three weeks of waiting, Spencer received a call for a stage engagement immediately as “a man about town.” He would appear in a dress suit.

He hurried to the closet.

“Pat had the dress suit.

But where was Pat? He went to all the places in New York where Mr. O’Brien dallied. No one had seen Patrick.

Disconsolate, he wandered about the streets, trying to curb the vengeance in his heart for his carefree room-mate.

By some impulse he decided to go to the theatre where he had lost his big chance.

More numerous were his woes than those of all Ireland as he watched the troupe emerge from the theatre.

All had apparently gone their different ways. He started to walk away when he heard a
familiar voice. Turning, it was Patrick O'Brien, resplendent in the dress suit.

Words choked in the Tracy throat.

"What a pal!" he finally said sneeringly.

"What do you mean, 'What a pal!'" the astonished Mr. O'Brien ejaculated. "We get twenty bucks a day for the next week."

"Who do you mean, 'we'—" was Spencer's sneering question.

"Who do I mean, ye—why, me and the dress suit—look at me, Spencer—like a lumber yard before a fire."

"You mean—" said Spencer.

"You know what I mean." He pointed at the theatre. "I'm working, dress suit and all, in this super-production."

"But how do you get the job?" asked Spencer.

"Well," answered Patrick, "I was promenading Broadway looking hungry at a restaurant, when who comes along but Mr. Jack Oakie—he told me they needed sex appeal over his show; so I went right over and they signed me presto. You know, Jack's a chorus boy there, doing good too—you should hear him sing 'Love Me and the World Is Mine.'"

That night Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney heard of Patrick's good fortune. She advanced fifteen dollars. Her wandering roomers must eat.

At the end of the seven days a commotion was heard on the street.

Mrs. Muldowney rushed outside with Spencer.

Pat stepped out of a small automobile. Before Mrs. Muldowney or Spencer could speak, Pat said, "A dandy, eh—only a hundred and twenty down—here's your fifteen, Mrs. Muldowney. Everything's okay now."

When they were alone Spencer asked, "How much you got left?"

"Oh, a couple of dollars—but isn't she a pip—we've got our transportation now."

"But what'll we do for food?" asked Spencer.

"Food!" exclaimed Pat, "Don't worry—I've got a job playin' Shylock in Wilmington."

"Shylock?"

"Yeah—I've got to have a car, don't I?" Pat looked at Spencer's forlorn expression and whistled—

"Health and long life to you—The lady of your choice to you—A room without rent to you—And death in Erin."

Unmoved by Patrick's song, his comrade sneered, "You mean in New York—the starvation route."

"Why, Spencer, why all this heat?—didn't I have a right to the dress suit—I was up first and I needed it. Cheer up—we're goin' places."

"Shylock!!" drawled the contemptuous Spencer, and left the room.

"What do you mean by that last crack?" Pat shouted after him.

The months passed slowly like terribly wounded soldiers in a seemingly useless battle. Spencer was more solemn than the gay O'Brien.

"It's the Yankee in him," was Patrick's explanation.

Mrs. Muldowney did not lose faith. "Ye're well brung up Irish boys—ye may hang each other—but not ye."

"There's not enough rope," laughed Spencer.

Mrs. Muldowney's immense body wobbled with laughter as she looked at him. "Indade ye'd have yere little joke," she said, "ye with yere wild tongue that's too long fer yere head."

She became pensive. "It was me own Cornelius that always said to Pat he'd see a race-horse before it comes around the corner—indade, ye and that Patrick kin talk a bird out of a tree—and all me money's on ye both."

Spencer did not realise then that it was the Mrs. Muldowneys who made the burden lighter and the way less long.

While Patrick was still in the interior, he secured a role in Yellow. "It did me some good. Mrs. Muldowney liked me in it."

His next role of importance was in George M. Cohan's Whispering Friends. It opened in Brooklyn. After a week there it was to move to Milwaukee. The kindly Cohan was giving Spencer first billing for his home town. "That's just the kind of guy he is," explained Spencer.

The actor's father was ill in New York.

A half-hour before the curtain went up, Spencer received word that he was dead.

Cohan met him in the wings. There was a moment of mute sympathy, born of understanding. His arm went around the young actor. "It was a farce—comedy and I went on."

An understudy stepped into Spencer's role, while he journeyed west with the body of his father.

He again joined the company and appeared in Milwaukee.

In the city whose citizens had long loved father and son, he was given a great ovation.

Cohan's mother died soon after.

He who had never withheld sympathy from others was not forgotten by Tracy.

He next stepped from farce to the role of 'Killer' Mears in that most tragic of prison plays, The Last Mile. Another young actor was to vault into fame from the role. His name was Clark Gable.

John Ford, famous later as the director of The Informer, Patrick O'Brien, an actor who had just signed a Hollywood film contract, and Mrs Cornelius Muldowney were in the audience.

"I want you to see this Tracy," said Pat to the director. "He's a great actor. He'll teach the roof off in that third act.

Never, at least in the memory of this generation, was there such a scene. Neither Robert Emmett nor John Brown was more impressive than the vehement and vivid Tracy while the state collected the tawdry debt of death from one to whom it owed much more. Convicts bangled at the bars of their cells while the lights became dim to indicate that another blotch of red was on the ledger of society.

A fearful silence came over the audience.

It was broken with the piercing words of "That boy, Spence!" from Pat O'Brien. Unashamed of her wet eyes, Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney pointed to the stage. "It's not the smoke that brought the tears—it's that bye."

John Ford brought Spencer Tracy to Hollywood.

The rest is one of the most vivid pages in the book of the film. Spencer Tracy is not only one of the great actors of the cinema—he is the most human, sincere, and popular fellow in the celluloid town.

The star's latest is 'Libelled Lady,' with Jean Harlow and William Powell.

Tracy played host to his mother at the studio during the filming of "San Francisco."
Sally O'NEIL's
HEART

T's some time since you saw Sally, but she's just come over to play in British films, and here is an appreciation of the soft Irish eyes and brogue and the soft Irish heart of her.

by Max BREEN

location near the Noonan home, and that gave Sally a kind of an inspiration.

That Irish heart rose in her like a lion, and she went to be the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion in his den for a job—and she got it, be jakes!

What's more, on the very first day she walked on a studio floor, she was clapped under long contract.

They gave her the lead in Mike—her, a kid of sixteen who had spent most of her young life being an invalid, and who had never seen a movie-camera from its front end in all her life. It was kind of cruel.

"I had no idea what a lot there was to learn," Sally told me. "I'd been the star performer in the plays at the Toronto convent where I went to school, and, I thought I was a genius itself, and when I first realised how little I knew it was like plunging into ice-cold water. "However, I was lucky. Eddie Goulding was my director, and he was for me—perhaps all the more for me because Louis B. Mayer, head of the company, was against me.

"I'll give you this chance, Sally," Mr. Mayer told me, 'but I don't think you'll be able to do it.'

"Well, luckily, Mr. Goulding did; and he did everything he possibly could to help me."

"I felt awful, with everybody knowing so much more about it than I did; of course, Mr. Goulding knew I felt awful, and what do you think he did? He paid an extra double wages to take a bawling-out. Before each shot he'd give this poor fellow a most terrific bawling-out for something he hadn't done.

"After a while I began to think, 'Why, the poor prune, he can't do a thing right!' and I began to feel better about my own work; and so when it came round to my scene I was able to play it with full confidence."

"I didn't find out about this, until years afterwards. Do you suppose any other director ever acted that way to make things easier for a scared kid?"

As she said it, a look came into her enormous eyes that made me sorry for a moment that I wasn't Eddie Goulding.

"Indirectly, he made me do some genuine acting in that film.

"I had a crying scene. I'd never cried to order in my life, but it was tough; I sat there in the middle of the floor in front of the cameras, and tried thinking of all the unhappy things I could.

"I thought of my dear father who had died, and that didn't do any good; and then I thought of the poor little slip of a delicate girl from the convent who had ventured bravely amongst all these strangers to be a film star for the sake of her family, and wasn't any use either.

"Then I caught sight of poor Mr. Goulding's face, and suddenly I felt so sorry for him, putting all his faith in a dumb cluck like me, that I wept buckets."

Mike was a great success; but to her regret she never had Eddie Goulding to direct her again. After a while Sally's Irish heart (Granddad Noonan and Granddad Kelly hadn't you known, were both born in Ireland) began to be obstreperous again.

This time it blew up.

It happened that M.G.M. had three young contract players with starring potentialities, and it was considered a bright idea to put them together in one film, and launch the whole bunch at once.

They were Sally O'Neil, Constance Bennett, and a girl named Lucille Le Sueur, whose name was changed to Joan Crawford, and the film was called Sally, Irene and Mary.

Connie was a blonde, but the other two were brunettes (and, incidentally, very much alike in every respect except size), so it became a contest between those two.

If your memory is as good as mine you will remember that Sally O'Neil shines brilliantly in that picture; and from her showing then I should certainly have expected her to go straight to stardom.

But in the studio, when her six months' option expired (during which time she had been kept idle to cool her ardour) wanted her to take a cut. They realised she was far too young to be making . . . all the money she was making.

And the Irish heart of Sally O'Neil swelled with indignation in her little bosom, and she well, she blew up.

"If I'd been a little older I might have had more sense, and consulted somebody before flying off the handle," she told me; "but—oh well, there it is. I wasn't, and I hadn't, and I didn't."

It would be idle to pretend that that difference of opinion with Louis B. Mayer (who was already, as I have shown, hostile) did not have a detrimental effect on her career.

Like many another player who has not always been content to "toe the line," she has had some ups and downs. For a couple of years she has been away from the screen—worse luck for the screen and for us all.

Until you've seen this vivacious, dark-haired, dark-eyed Irish beauty, either in person or on the screen, and heard her soft Irish voice and seen the great heart of her shining out of her large eyes, you can't appreciate by what a narrow margin she has missed world stardom.

I hope British studios will manage to get something of that personality on to the screen. It's a peach!
TWENTY YEARS AFTER

RUDOLPH de CORDOVA, who supervised the first screen "Romeo and Juliet," looks back.

The old, and the new
Romeo—Francis X. Bushman and Leslie Howard.

At a talking picture brings back vivid memories of its making as a silent picture in 1916, exactly twenty years ago, when it was produced in New York by the Metro Company. Francis X. Bushman, the Gable of the time, was cast for Romeo and Beverley Bayne was our Juliet. Fritz Leiber played Mercutio and Lawson Butt was Tybalt.

Incidentally, Theda Bara was acting Juliet in a rival production at the same time.

It was the first Shakespeare play filmed in America and the conditions under which it was made are in striking contrast with those of today, when experts in every department are not only engaged but are also listened to.

The Manager of the Studio had been a violinist who had played in the Metropolitan Opera House. He had told me that he knew nothing about pictures. Whether, during his time there, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" had been in the programme, I never knew. If it had been he had not watched it for he frankly confessed he knew nothing about it. More than that, he added as frankly that no one in the studio knew anything about the play and he went to the length of declaring that there was no one in New York who knew anything more about it than he did.

There were, of course, a great many actors who had appeared in the play but the close association between the stage and the screen had hardly begun, although for the special purpose of this picture some actors were engaged.

In preparation for the production, a working continuity had been made but even the ignorant recognized it was hopelessly bad.

The manager then hit on the odd idea that the best way to get a good continuity of the story was to engage six scenario writers, as ignorant as the first, to produce, each, his own idea of how the way the play should go, collect them, taking what was regarded as the best from each and make the picture on that final draft.

Assured by a friend that nothing but chaos could result from that method and that the best thing to do was to find a man who knew the play and its stage traditions to do the working up and supervision of the filming, generally, he engaged me as he was furnished with evidence that not only had I played several parts in the play in London and New York but that I could give him the text by heart as I had prepared it for reciting.

The existing continuity was given me to read and attend the conferences with the director, his assistant and some of the actors to see if it could be altered rapidly to be of use.

I found, however, that I had written a number of sequences "improving" Shakespeare and bringing him into line with the somewhat banal ideas of my film friends. Only a threat of resignation won me the opportunity to re-write the script myself. But, the director told me, "For Heaven's sake, don't be highbrow. Remember, you are the picture, and the spirit of their parts, instead of letting them speak any words that came into their heads, I prepared an acting version for the actors playing the last-named part, instead of speaking the few words he had been asked to learn turned to the Friar as Juliet entered. He said, "Friar Laurence, this is Juliet. She's my little sweetheart. We are going to be married on Thursday."

It was in vain to point out that Friar Laurence had already been informed of the intended wedding; that he was Juliet's confessor and did not need to be introduced to her, the more so as he had probably christened her if, indeed, he had not officiated at her parents' wedding. Furthermore, that actor's words and the action they involved made nonsense of the scene.

With that worst of all forms of obstinacy, the refusal to learn from anyone who knows better, the actor repeated the words during many rehearsals, as he did during the even more numerous takings of the scene, every protest being overruled by the Director who argued, "If words can be cut, so can the action."

It was only then that he consented to make the actor speak the few words which had been retained of his part, as written by Shakespeare. The scene did not require to be retaken.

It was lucky that the spoken word could not be heard for the first was a by now prosenium recreation of the text. In the balcony scene, Juliet's "Tasseled gentle," became "Tornedle gentle," and instead of "Sest Romeo," as a call to bring him into the room, "Sest Romeo, hist," to elicit the audible comment from one of the actors standing near, "It may be he will be, but it's a little premature, I think."

In another scene, when an actor was waiting to make his entrance, he asked in a loud voice, "Who has got my chain?"

"Ask who meant what he meant, he picked up a copy of the continuity and pointed to the words, "He enters with elan." He thought it meant some kind of "property" which he had to carry inside to the stage.

When the ball-room scene was being prepared, I was informed that a picture by a French artist had been found which showed a regular ballet being danced in the Capulet house. After I had pointed out that there is only one dance in the scene—that in which Juliet dances—and on which the whole action hinges, the matter was not mentioned again.

The filming of that episode was arranged for nine or ten o'clock one night.

When the actors had assembled on the studio floor for the scene to be rehearsed, conspicuous in the foreground was a group in ballet costume.

Protest against this innovation to the director, who had, by this time realised that I knew what I was talking about, elicited this statement, "Please don't say anything. If you do, it will only lead to an argument and we shall be here all night. We shan't get away for three or four hours anyway so let me do the scene, and, as you will have to cut the picture, you can easily take out the ballet."

Next morning after the scene had been run off in the projection-room the manager of the studio came to me and said, "That was a fine cabaret scene you took last night; I didn't know there was one in Romeo and Juliet."

"No more did I until it was made last night," I replied; "but don't worry, it won't be in the picture when it is finished." It wasn't.

"Fifty it's in costume," he rejoined, "or I could use it in another picture we are making, instead of wasting the money it cost."

There were several other similar effects I introduced into the taking of the picture by people who followed Hamlet's advice to his mother to "assume a virtue if you have it not," the virtue in this case being knowledge. Happily, a pair of sharp scissors removed them without difficulty or loss of time.

A glaring example of this kind occurred in the potion scene in which, it will be remembered, Juliet conjures up the vision of her dead kith and kin. To suggest the skeletons, certain actors were dressed in a suit of black tights with the bones painted in white. It was crudely done, the costumes having no hint of anatomical accuracy for they were those used in burlesques.

The actors looked absurd.

In striking opposition to such credulity was the 4 street in Verona through which Juliet's funeral procession passed on its way to the Churchyard. The artist made elaborate sketches from drawings and paintings of the actual houses of the period and the buildings were constructed with such loving regard for accuracy that many people who saw the picture were under the impression that the scene had been taken in that city.

Later, these houses were altered to represent a scene in Mexico and were set on fire by a mob. "To such base uses" buildings came in the moving picture industry in those 'brave days of old.'

Incidentally in Juliet's funeral procession was a youth. His name is Richard Barthelmess.
"Picturegoer's "camera-man reveals the off-screen Dietrich Hollywood has never shown you. (Left) Marlene keenly scrutinizes rushes of "Knight Without Armour" which she is making at Denham.

The star discusses her next scene with Jacques Feyder, the director and her assistant. Such informal shots were rarely obtained in Hollywood.

**Shots with Our Candid Camera**

(Above) Time for make-up repairs at the Dietrich's portable out-door mirror. Just a final touch to the make-up while studio workers flutter round. On the left her secretary and confidante Nellie Manley.
by Paul HARRISON

THere's a distinct trace of blue in the Hollywood bloodstream these days. Societies that are used to having their fronts gates of the studios, rapped imperatively and announced that they would be willing to consider a job of acting if the remuneration were adequate—say, a thousand a week.

Some other orchid- and-ermine gals have played a good deal more subtly by leasing 18-room cottages in Coldwater Canyon, stuffing them with ingrates, stocking them with potatoes and salt and sending invitations to parties. If one gives enough big parties in Hollywood one can meet not only the best people but he can also learn a great deal. If one hides one's time, one can be sure to find Mr. Blatherstein in pleasant mood for some such confidence as this:

"Oh, Mr. Blatherstein—or may I call you Henry?—surely you can find some nice part in your great big studio for a girl who, ever since she was the sensational star of the dramatic club at Miss Witherspoon's School, has been eating her heart out to become an actress!"

Blue or not genuine gals, they play by pictures, but Hollywood practice is to give such people a walk-on roles and then ease them out of the main gate into obscurity.

To mention a few, there's Janet Snowden and Merryl Fahnrey, and blonde Rosamund Pinchot (Gaston). The latter had a creditable background including several productions of Max Reinhardt's repertory company in Germany. But she hasn't gone far on the screen.

Also there was the pouty-lipped and ultra swanky Mary Taylor, a choice of the socially-minded Hecht and MacArthur. She played creditably in Soak the Rich, but there is no record that Hollywood producers flew east with contracts for Miss Taylor.

Indeed, there are some society people have met any true success in Hollywood that their scarcity is not only conspicuous but significant. Katherine Hepburn was a Junior Leaguer. Margaret Sullivan came from an up-to-date environment, with an impressive list of private schools. Jane Wyatt and Rosalind Russell complete the list.

The Misses Wyatt and Russell, though, are members of a new order, and perhaps are the vanguard of a wholesome procession of former young society people who seem genuinely serious about earning screen careers.

Of these newcomers there are Polly (Mary Elizabeth) Rowles, Pittsburgh socialite; Patricia Havens-Monteagle of San Francisco; Patricia's husband, Richard Palmer Smart; and Lynn Gilbert of Chicago.

Jane Wyatt was dropped from the social register when she was indiscriminate enough to marry a man who wasn't in it, and to choose acting for a vocation.

What Miss Wyatt thinks of society in the movies appeared in our issue of September 28. She won't say much, however, because she has been bedeviled by her social connections ever since she joined the apprentice school of the Berkshire Playhouse in Massachusetts. She is good and tired of being pointed out as a socialite, because she wants no truck with the third-rate shows and can't help it if she happened to be born with a silver spoon in her oatmeal.

Here's an example of how débutantes begin their acting careers: On Broadway I belonged to the cast of a show that needed money. There was a stage-struck society girl who had tired of trips abroad, teas and penthouse parties. Her rich father became the angel of the play, and that amounted to buying her one of the principal roles. While we sat around for a week, the director rehearsed her on how to make entrances, exits and other routines which she should have learned through years of experience in playing minor roles.

It was the old story of the rich boy starting as penniless and working his way down to office boy. Few society girls are really serious about their careers. They lose interest if they don't get their names in lights within a week. I don't care what you say about acting: it's something that takes patient training. Money, position, and knowing the right people have nothing to do with it.

Miss Russell's father was a wealthy man who sent her travelling and to private schools. Her mother, incidentally, was the editor of the New York Rosalind decided in 1930 that she wanted to be an actress. To become an actress she selected the toughest job she could find—a place in a stock company that played under canvas. She graduated into better companies, into summer theatres, into Broadway plays.

She now is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood and has played major roles in about ten pictures. Recently she's been heard in Under Two Flags and in Craig's Wife.

Polly Rowles is the daughter of a steel man, Ralph Rowles, a man well known as a railroad executive in Pittsburgh, but his wife's side of the family is more truly social. For instance, Mrs. Rowles' mother, Mrs. Lewis Dick, regularly appears on every list as The Ten Most Charming Women of Philadelphia.

Polly Rowles went to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Carnegie Tech, usually is thought of as an institution of science, but it also offers one of the two toughest courses of dramatic training in America. It provides instruction by Broadway directors, and produces plays from every Shakespeare to A. A. Milne. Miss Rowles graduated with honours and a degree. She had never seen a sound stage until she reported for work at Universal—to which a talent scout had sent her. But the studio thought enough of her screening to test and sent her the lead in her first picture.

Lynn Gilbert—who is Mrs. Gilbert E. Kebbler, with whom Lynn is now going through no training of any sort. Her picture frequently appears on Chicago society pages, but the only cameras she has faced were of commercial photographers. She is the one individual in perhaps a hundred thousand who has succeeded in winning a contract by submitting photographs to a studio.

Patricia Havens-Monteagle, daughter of a San Francisco financier, struck an especially compatible match when she eloped a few months ago with Richard Palmer Smart, heir to a tremendous fortune in Hawaii. They're both crazy about acting. In fact they met at the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre.

She's a statuesque brunette with a torch-singing voice. Having appeared in Little Theatre plays around San Francisco, she seized upon one of the most up-to-date hotels along the coast—when a M-G-M studio representative glimpsed her and promised a screen test. She was a part of a months' contract. She played a few small roles, quit and joined the Bliss-Hayden Theatre for further training.

Dick Smart, a member of the company, has had more experience. His father was Henry Smart, the pineapple multi-millionaire. Dick went to college in California, trained in Chicago as a rich man's son, assumed the name of Broderick Dean and supported himself for nearly two years by acting with stock companies. What drove him to resume his real identity was an overpowering distaste for the name of "Broderick Dean."

Smart played on Broadway; as one of the sub-principals he was in the hit production, The Great Wall. After five months, with the walls giving every indication of going on for ever he quit and returned to Hawaii. Then he came back to Hollywood for serious dramatic training.
WHO is back in Britain to star in "Mill on the Floss," after completing "The Devil Doll" in Hollywood. Lawton's big screen successes have been in the works of Dickens, Galsworthy and Coward. His interpretation of George Eliot's hero will be watched with interest.
CLARK GABLE and Mae West are not included in "Who's Who", the American publication issued yearly, which lists what it considers are the important people of the United States. Clark and Mae have millions of admirers but they still are unable to be mentioned in the pages of this noted book.

It is good news to learn that Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor and Nelson Eddy all figure in the precious volume!

Traffic Dangers
Claudette Colbert, darling of the movies, has discovered that peril lurks on the open roads.

The star was driving with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, when her car was struck by another automobile. The star was badly shaken, but was not seriously injured.

Police officers arrested the driver of the other car half an hour later. He was a studio carpenter, and may be out of a job by this time.

A Mysterious Admirer
Robert Taylor is the "big moment" of many feminine film fans, and this tale tends to prove it.

Not long ago the young star received a letter from a lady, asking him to walk into the Brown Derby on a certain night between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, so she could take a good look at him! The writer said he would not know who she was, and that she would not talk to him, but might walk past his table to get a better look!

Taylor was at the restaurant on the evening designated, but he does not know whether the lady passed his table. Many ladies scrutinised Bob that night so it was impossible for him to identify the letter writer.

Muffled Romance
At the Santa Fe Station in Pasadena, when Nino Martini, singing star, boarded the train for New York, Elissa Landi was there to see him off. Both merely smiled and refused to comment on prevalent reports that they will be married this winter in New York or in Italy.

The singer, under personal contract to Jesse L. Lasky, returns to Hollywood in April for another motion picture which Lasky will produce.

Auto Vengeance
Robert Taylor has a shabby old car—fifteen years of age—which has disconcerted owners of large, new automobiles. The new cars are supposed to travel far faster than old relics of the road, but Bob, in his antique, speeds away from them.

The reason for this miracle is that the star has had the car completely overhauled and equipped with a supercharged motor capable of doing 110 miles per hour. Bob dislikes owners of large new cars, who laugh at shabby flivvers and often force them off the road, so he has decided to teach those haughty motorists a much needed lesson.

A New American
England has yielded another favourite son to the States—Frederick Bartholomew. His aunt and grandparents will make their permanent residence in Los Angeles, having purchased a home in California.

In January, Freddie's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bartholomew, sen., will return to Warminster, Wiltshire, to dispose of the Bartholomew home and other property there.

Tennis Fans
A autograph hunters find the tennis matches to be a fertile field, and flock to the games with their trusty pads and pencils.

Stars who watch the contests include Fredric March, Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores Costello, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Pat O'Brien, Dick Arlen and Lilli Damita.

Mary and the Indian
About two months ago Mary Brian received a beautiful Navajo blanket from a redskin resident of Oklahoma. Pleased with the gift, Mary wrote a cordial letter of thanks to the aborigine, who immediately answered her missive, saying it was the custom of his tribe not to give things but to exchange them!

So the little actress hurriedly purchased all the wampum in the studio property department and shipped it to him by air mail.

A Real Cowgirl
Josie Sedgwick is a native of Texas, a state larger than Germany before the World War.

Whilst there are many cowboys and ranches in the state, Josie lived in a large Texas city and never saw a cowboy or a ranch, except in the movies, until she was signed by Universal.

The studio immediately cast Josie as a cowgirl, although she knew little about riding at the time. Because she came from Texas the directors figured she must be from the wide-open spaces!

Kindly Ponies
Jack Haley and Johnny Downs, who need no introduction to film fans, recently attended the races, and, strange to say, made a "killing". The two actors sent half of their winnings to a worthy charitable organisation in New York, which aids actors in distress.

The Children's Hour
Darryl and Susan Zanuck, small daughters of Darryl Zanuck, famous film producer, gave a circus party at the home of their parents which was attended by offspring of other celebrities.

Among those present were Shirley Temple, Harry Joe Brown, jun., Stuart Erwin, jun., Harold Lloyd, jun., Peggy and Gloria Lloyd, Penny and Tony March, Wesley Ruggles, jun., Manny Robinson, Dionne Stanwyck, Richard Darryl Zanuck, Diana and Melinda Markey.

Entertainers were present and the orchestra was in clown costumes. The little celebrities had the time of their young lives.

Odd Footage
Clark Gable is an expert mechanic and does all repairs on his cars himself.

Elissa Landi has travelled in Austria, Turkey, Switzerland, France, Sweden, the British Isles, Canada and the United States.

Joan Crawford was a dance, salesgirl and telephone girl before she entered the movies.

Rosalind Russell is a vegetarian.

Franchot Tone is Hollywood's ace badminton player.

Buddy Ebsen gained fifteen pounds in the last three months by taking a boxing lesson every day.

Jean Rogers "crashed the movies" when she won a beauty contest.

Luise Rainer was an art student.
E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

NE man's poison, as I've often remarked, is sauce for the goose. Which is merely a circumlocutionary way of saying that Diana Churchill is playing in The Dominant Sex for B.I.P., in place of Gertrude Michael.

Gertie, poor lamb, is still ill in New York, and is unable to come over for a while yet; so Diana, who contributed so very much to the phenomenal success of the stage-play, has by a kind of belated and vicarious (not to say fortuitous) reward been cast for the same role in the film.

Which, my friends and admirers, is as it should be.

This raises, of course, the interesting question, "Is it more important to have a star, or near-star, name in the cast, or to have a player who created the part, knows it backwards, and has proved himself capable of interpreting the character?"

And this gives rise to the question, "Will Diana Churchill, though certainly she has established herself as one of our most interesting younger stage players, acquit herself as well on the screen, in an onerous leading role like this?"

And also "Will the part have been so altered that it doesn't matter whether Diana Churchill or Sophie Tucker plays it?"

Such things have been known to happen, you know. To take a very recent and opposite case, Someone at the Door, made also by B.I.P., though quite recognisable as the stage success, fell below it in quality.

A Week in Bed

So you see the whole question is a very complex one, which can only be satisfactorily answered by the finished production.

Phillips Holmes has arrived from America to play in The Dominant Sex—I understand in the role created by Richard Bird on the stage. Romney Brent, Carol Goodner, Billy Milton, and W. H. Berry have the other leading roles, and Herbert Brenon, who directed Someone at the Door, is doing this one, too.

I was telling you last week about the illnesses that have tied knots in so many production-schedules; well, Romney Brent is the latest prominent player to have a week in bed, but he enjoyed it; and it didn't hold up production at all, but rather furthered it.

He was playing in Dreaming Lips at Denham, in which he and Raymond Massey are joint leading men to Elisabeth Bergner; and his week in bed took place on the set, for the purposes of the story.

Never did invalid have less privacy.

Delicate Attention

I must remember to ask Brent whether the prop-men paid him the same delicate attention as they did to Luli Deste when she had to appear in a bedroom scene in Thunder in the City.

It was a very chilly day, and a sound-stage before the lights are turned on and the doors closed can be a very clammy place indeed.

Clad in a diaphanous nighty, she was not at all looking forward to getting between those clean, cold linen sheets; but when she did, she found the prop-men had put a hot-water-bottle in for her.

Luli nearly cried when she told me this; I really must discover the effect on Mr. Brent.

When Gertrude Michael does turn up, by the way, she will probably be co-starred with John Lodge in Bulldog Drummond at Bay. Lodge is the best choice for "Drummond" that I have yet seen; he looks the part, and that's about three quarters of the battle—in film-making.

On the stage it's more important to be able to act; and Lodge can do that too, in the right role.

Hero into Villain

By the way, he is well away in Sensation, in which he is playing the reporter hero, with Francis Lister as a suspected murderer.

This husband of Margot Grahame, a clever actor, seems to play nothing but villainous parts these days; it isn't so long since he was always the handsome young hero.

Diana Churchill is in this, by the way; presumably she will walk from one sound-stage to another, changing her character as she goes.

This is being directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, director of Ourselves Alone; it's from a play Murder Gang, by George Munro (a newspaperman) and Basil Dean.

It's a study of murder from a crime-reporter's angle; Munro actually covered for his paper the
crime on which the play is based, so it should at least bear some semblance to life, which not all our newspaper stories do.

Incidentally, I wonder whether there is a superstition about the use of the word "gang" in a film title. Crime Over London (featuring Margaret Grahame aforsaid) was originally called Gang, and now Murder Gang has been changed. Memo on shuffit: must investigate this.

Good Title

Crime Over London, by the way, was made by Criterion, Doug. Fairbanks jun.'s unit. I hope they won't go and change the name of their picture which Raoul Walsh is directing at Worton Hall—Jump for Glory. Such a good title!

Doug. jun. himself will play the lead in this, the role of a cat-burglar; and the main supporting part will be played by Alan Hale, a famous Hollywood character actor who came over to play in the Scottish Border historical film which Tay Garnett was to have directed for Criterion.

This film, which has been provisionally entitled His Father's Son, has a great bulk of its scenes actually on the border, and unfortunately our freak summer prevented the necessary location-work being carried out, so the production has been postponed till the spring, and Doug. jun. is getting on with a little burglary instead.

Tay Garnett has returned to Hollywood, but will be back when the primroses bloom. Raoul Walsh, by the way, is the American director of Westminster, completed O.H.M.S. for Gaumont-British; he is a picturesque figure, with a black patch over one eye.

Colourful

Another director who has gone home to Hollywood is Harold Schuster, who came over to edit Wings of the Morning for New World, and stayed to direct Henry Fonda and Annabella in that picture when Glen Tryon bowed out.

He was taken with him in round tin cans the result of his labours, to see it through the final laboratory processes (Technicolor in this country is not yet ready to do the whole thing) and the final titling and scoring.

He'll be back in a few weeks with the whole picture complete, and then will remain to direct another picture for New World.

To revert for a moment to Bergner, whose screen husband Romney Brent we left in bed with or without hot-water bottle. This picture, Dreaming Lips, is described as "a study of a wife's conflict between loyalty and fierce womanly passion.

In the effort to be fierce and womanly both at once, Bergner dances a rumba in the fashionable London night club "the Four Hundred," which has been reconstructed in detail in the studio.

Personally I've never profaned the Four Hundred's classic portals, but I know several London night clubs where four hundred try to dance in a space designed for six couples and two passing waiters.

There is hardly room to do the Static Shuffle, much less the rumba.

Contrast

On another stage, Dietrich, to whose arms countless screen lovers, Bob Donat, has now been happily restored, has been appearing in Russian peasant dress, looking singularly like Anna Sten.

These scenes, in which with torn blouse and mud-caked boots she seeks refuge with the White Army, were in great contrast to the ones she had appeared in earlier in the week, which represent the street outside the Russian Embassy in London in 1914.

Among the horse traffic and all the leisurely bustle which we greybeards remember so well, Dietrich in a beautiful white summer frock and picture hat looked entrancing; but there is enough drama in the later scenes to compensate for their lack of glamour.

Pine Wood is going very strong at the moment; no fewer than three different production companies are working there, including British and Dominions (making A Man with Your Voice, which I hope will be known by some other name before long), Herbert Wilcox Productions (making Splinters in the Air, the Sydney Howard picture about the R.A.F.), and Paramount British, who all but succeeded in keeping from me the fact that they were making something called The Scarlet Murder Mystery.

My well-known detective powers even go so far as guessing what the film is all about.

Snapshot

A Man with Your Voice is the shipping story in which Ricardo Cortez and Sally Eilers are teamed, and of which the director, Carol Reed, is co-author with Anthony Kimmins.

Amateur photographers visiting the set I saw last week would be green with envy, for there is a photograph of a shipyard, measuring 24 feet by 16.

This enormous affair, which is used as background outside a boardroom window, was enlarged from a 10 in. by 8 in. negative, and is much more convincing than the old-fashioned painted backing.

And, by the way, photographers are in the news down there.

It happens that there is a still-man in the studio of Russian origin, named Boris Pocrovsky, known to his intimates as "Popsky."

Fred Culey was cast for a part in this film, which included a long speech in Russian; presumably he was given this part because he speaks French and German fluently, and English is his native language.

Well, they were up against a snag here, for although 999 members of the audience wouldn't know whether it was Russian or Gaelic the man was talking, there is always the 1000th man who does. However, Mr. Pocrovsky came to the rescue, and coached Mr. Culey every moment of his spare time for three days; and when he was ready to play the scene, he was word-perfect, and one "take" was sufficient.

There is certainly an advantage in having these cosmopolitan units, after all!

Caught Red-handed

Paramount-British are not the only people who have endeavoured to hide their light under a bushel—and failed.

Fox-British, who also suffer from a secrecy complex about their product, have been detected by me in the very act of making two Quota films—Full Steam Ahead and Strange Experiment.

Now, I don't pretend to attach a great deal of general importance to these Quota films from the point of view of entertainment; but they do very often prove a good training-ground for new directors, new authors, and new players; and therefore I am interested to find that the leading players in Strange Experiment are Robert Gray and Ann Wemyss (which kindly pronounce "Weems"), neither of whom I have been previously privileged to encounter.

Let's hope the experiment, though strange, will prove successful.

They certainly have four very experienced players to support them, in Mary Newcombe, Ronald Ward, and Alistair Sim, and James Carew. And Albert Parker is directing.

Modest

The other one, Full Steam Ahead, is being directed by Lawrence Buntingdon, and they've built a ship in the studio; but these meagre details are all I've been able to glean.

Maybe it's modesty that keeps these Quota companies so secretive; but I for one feel more confident that they would take us a little into their confidence.

And now for a little more illness, just to cheer you up. Nita Harvey has had appendicitis.

Maybe that means little to you; but it means a whole heap to producer Jimmy Marchant, who had cast her in the leading role in the first production of his brand-new company, Burlison Wood Productions, entitled Nyassa.

Mr. Marchant, who has been an Art Director for British International at Elstree for about as long as I've known B.I.—a matter of ten years or so—has now blossomed out as a producer and an author, for he wrote the story of his first film.

Frank Miller will direct it, as soon as Nita gets all through with having her "appendectomy," as they call an appendicitis operation in America.
Rider Haggard's great adventure story comes to the screen with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson and Roland Young bringing the famous characters to life.
Paul Robeson makes a striking figure of Umbopa the exiled King of the Kuhuanos.

Allan Quatermain learns the secret of the treasure from Selvethra.
Mr. Havisham was happy to find that Ceddie had made friends with both his grandfather and the huge dog.

"I don't, but I don't know of any boys who are better brought up than mine." He turned his head to the window, where a little boy was playing with a dog.

"And the dogs are all right," he added, "there's no harm in them."

"Yes, I know," the boy replied, "but I don't like dogs."

"You'll like them when you're older," the man said, "it's a matter of habit."

"I don't think so," the boy insisted, "I hate dogs."

"You'll change your mind," the man predicted, "you'll find them useful one day."

"I don't see how," the boy answered, "I don't think they're useful."

"They are, they're very useful," the man persisted, "they can help you in many ways."
Confidences are exchanged, the latest fashion news discussed, and it is agreed that Yardley Lavender is the only wear for the countryside. Its clean, fresh fragrance is charming at all times, but for outdoor sport and the little informal occasions of the daytime Yardley Lavender is the one perfume which is always delightful and always in good taste.

Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 10/6, Larger Sizes up to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap — 'The Luxury Soap of the World' — 2 6 a box of three tablets, Lavender Face Powder 1/9, Compact 2/6, Lipstick 3/6, Bath Salts 2/6 to 10/6, Talc 1/2 and 2/6. Not in I.F.S.
GLOWING COLOUR for your lips
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Have you that clean-cut look that is the modern ideal of beauty? That tang of freshness, that superb assurance that you're looking right, make-up perfect, whether in the great outdoors with the wind on your cheek or in the glamour and romance of the ballroom?

It was for modern girls that Outdoor Girl Lipstick was created. You'll never know how provokingly lovely your lips can be until you use it. Lovely five colours (six to choose from) that tone with every skin. And remember that Outdoor Girl Lipstick has an olive oil base. It not only goes on evenly but it keeps lips smooth—protects against wind and cold. And one application lasts for ten hours. Put it on in the morning—and you know that your lips are radiant, glowing with colour for the whole day.

Of course you know Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder that clings and actually nourishes the skin. Also the New Four Purpose Cream. For free trial outfit, 2 shades of lipstick, trial size Four Purpose Cream and Olive Oil Face Powder, and 18-page booklet on the art of make-up, write to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. 1421), 32-36, City Road, London, E.C.1. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

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Now in De Luxe size 2/6
Also in De Luxe size—
FOUR PURPOSE CREAM 2/6 PAUL POWDER 2 BRIGHT E

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spells charm

Are you always wondering how you're looking—how your gown fits—what new hat to buy? Then be a "mirror person"—must say it sounds charming. Your own lips are lovely—Outdoor Girl Lipsticks have that kissable touch.

description of Dick and the apple- woman until dinner was announced. "Is your guest hurting badly tonight? If so, just lean on me. I'll take you in," Ceddie promised. He did not realise how far the dining-room was, any more than how much the footman, who had to bear the brunt of his lordship's temper as well as his weight on such occasions, was being spared. But though the old gentleman, not without intention, leaned less on his ebony stick and harder on his grandson, Ceddie still the best.

"It's really very warm. A person will get hot on such an evening," was his comment on attaining the armchair at the bottom of the vast table and mopping his brow with Dick's gorgeous handkerchief. "Fauntleroy, what are you thinking of?" the Earl inquired after dinner as the boy's voice, with its remarkably clear enunciation of words, ceased for several minutes. "Dearest. I was thinking about her. She's my mother," Ceddie answered. Here's her picture." Confidently he rested the open velvet case from his pocket on his grandfather's knee. Little did he guess the astonishment of the Earl, who had described his son's wife to Mr. Havisham as a mercenary, sharp-voiced American, on meeting the likeness of a particularly charming young woman.

Ceddie indeed, to whom those gentle eyes, sweet mouth and fair, soft curls represented all that he loved best in the world, had much ado to keep from crying. Perhaps the Earl, tyrannical and selfish, had never admired courage as he did in the younger of eight, who after asking permission, walked up and down the room to steady himself. For the first time in years, the Earl's arm went out with kindly intent, his hand on a human being. "What are you thinking of doing when you grow up, Fauntleroy?" he inquired.

"I didn't think of going into the grocery business with Mr. Hobbs," Ceddie answered, brightening. "But I said rather like to be president."

"We'll send you to the House of Lords instead," the Earl promised.

The following day the Reverend Mordaunt called and found, to his amazement, the Earl on his knees on the floor, playing marbles with a small boy.

"My grandson, Lord Fauntleroy," the Earl announced, further aston- ding the clergy by shaking hands with him. Ceddie, having jumped up to say "Hello!" if you do," listened to all the more interestingly to the ensuing conversation when he found that it concerned one of the Dorin- court tenants. Presently his grandfather turned bushy eyebrows towards him.

"What would you do with this Mr. Higgins, who can't pay his rent, Fauntleroy? I must mention that his grandchildren are very low, as Mr. Mordaunt says, after fever."

"If I were rich," Ceddie exclaimed, "I should let him stay on his farm and give him the things he needs for his children, but—oh, I forgot! You're rich, grandfather. You can do what you want."

"Humph! So that's our opinion! Well, you can write a letter now to that Mr. Newick. He's my agent. Some of my tenants are not over-fond of him. . . . No, never mind the spelling. I'm not the philantropist, you are.

Considering the weighty occasion, Ceddie tried hard to mind his spelling; the result, after some moments, being this rather curious epistle:

"Dear Mr. Newick if you please, Mr. hignis is not to be interfured with for the present and oblige yours respectfully " Fauntleroy."

"I think you must be the best person in the world. I shall write and tell Mr. Hobbs," Ceddie enthused, and, on being questioned about Mr. Hobbs' views on the artistocracy, was forced to admit their shortcomings. "I'm sure, if he knew you, you would have felt quite differently," Ceddie concluded.

"He was feeling happy because he had been promised to spend the afternoon with Dearest.

"There's something for you, if you'd like to see it, this afternoon," the Earl said, after the midday meal.

"Something for me? A present! Why, I haven't looked at half the wonderful things upstairs yet."

"It isn't a toy or a game. It's in the stables."

"Then it's alive! Is it—is it a pony?"

"All your own, Wilkins shall teach you to ride. You would like to go and see. The offer was thundered, but thought, someone of some standing waiting at the lodge and said de- cidedly: "I think, if you don't mind, grandfather, I'd better tell tomorrow to see the pony. You see, I'm looking forward to being with Dearest. She expects me."

Sitting beside the Earl in the barouche, Ceddie, with every clip- clop of the high-stepping horses, felt more pleased with this choice. Arrived at the lodge entrance, he jumped out. "Aren't you coming?" he inquired eagerly as the old gentleman did not move. "Not to see Dearest?"

"Dearest will excuse me," the Earl said coldly. She was at the open front door. Church next day occupied all Ceddie's attention. The box pew seemed as quaint as the stone effigies and wall-tablets inscribed in old-fashioned lettering with the names of the first Earls of Dorincourt. In the middle of a hymn, Ceddie drew his grandfather's attention to the last-named.

"Are those my ancestors?" he whispered and, on the old gentle- man's ceasing singing, albeit not in tune, "answer in the affirmative, add, 'I think I get my spelling from them.'"

Life at the castle continued hap- pily, with the only flaw in that Dearest stayed alone at the lodge, until, out of the blue, trouble fell. On the night of a party, at which Ceddie made a conquest of the acknowledged belle of the evening, the pretty Miss Herbert, Mr. Hav- isham arrived and was closeted for a long while with the Earl. Next day Ceddie learned that a woman, well as herself, Uncle Mordaunt's widow, was staying at the Dorincourt Arms claiming that her boy Tom was heir to the Dorincourt property.

The evening of the day grand- father went to town, to hear the Lord Chief Justice's statement on the matter. Mr. Ceddie was nearly as lonely, when someone entered his room.

"Grandfather, you've had bad news, haven't you?" Ceddie asked as the tall figure drew back into the shadows.

"The very worst. She—that woman's beaten me."

"Then I'm not Lord Fauntleroy any more. Grandfather, then the boy'll have to be your boy now."
FAUNTLEROY—Contd.

"No." The old gentleman spoke vehemently. Ceddie sat up. There was no mistaking his expression as he said: "Then I shall be your boy, even if I'm not going to be an earl, just as I was before.

"My boy—yes, as long as I live. Sometimes I feel as if you were the only boy I ever had. They shall take nothing from you that I can hold for you, and I've been talking to Dearest. She's promised to come and live with us. His voice grew husky and the hands that drew up Ceddie's covers trembled.

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Mr. Hobbs and Dick, who for the past six weeks had been lodging with the confirmed bachelor, were at the very moment staring at a picture in the Illustrated London Weekly containing the caption "Lady Fauntleroy, Mother of Claimant."

The result of which picture-gazing, causing Dick as it did to exclaim: "Holy Mackerel. She ain't no 'ristocrat. That's Ben's Minna," sent him in the company of Mr. Hobbs to interview Alderman Murphy. Thus it came about that on an auspicious day a few weeks later the boot-black, his brother Ben, and the grocer followed the Earl of Dorincourt and Mr. Havi- sham into the sitting-room of the Dorincourt Arms.

"Hello, Minna!" grinned Dick at the dark-skinned woman on the sofa. "Hello, Dick!" she gasped; then saw Ben. "Why, where have you been all this time?" she asked.

"Do you know this woman, Ben?" Mr. Havisham inquired.

"Funny if he didn't," Minna thrust in, "he's seeing his second husband."

"Where's our boy Tom?" Ben persisted.

"What boy? Don't you remember he died from pneumonia?"

While Minna hedged, Dick gained the communicating door and flung it open. A boy a little older than Ceddie fell across the threshold. "Uncle, you knocked me over!" he whined.

"This is my son—Bevis' son—Lord Fauntleroy!" Minna screamed. Her words were drowned in her husband's snort of protest and adjurations as to whether Tom didn't remember his own father, to which the boy replied as was expected.

"I'll have the law on you for this—hounding a poor weak woman!" Minna vituperated.

The sooner you and your son leave the country, the better," his lordship calmly declared, whereupon Mr. Hobbs, realising that what he called the bit of "hocous-pocus had been properly dragged to light, remarked that he would be jiggered.

With Ceddie's position assured, largely, as he felt due to him, Mr. Hobbs accepted with satisfaction an invitation to stay at the castle over his little friend's birthday celebrations. A tour, personally conducted by his lordship, of the gallery containing portraits of the Dorincourt ancestors more than anything, caused the genial grocer to revise his views of the nobility.

"You know," he remarked to the distinguished figure beside him, "I used to have a very poor opinion of your kind, but I've changed. You're a pretty good sort, even if you are an earl."
ODD DODSWORTH
INCLAIR LEWIS' novel has been exceedingly well adapted for the screen by William Wyler, whose polished direction is one of the main features of a very well acted and highly entertaining picture. Exceedingly a triangle drama, but its approach to the theme is novel and it deals with very human and easily recognisable characters.

Mr. Dodsworth, brilliantly played by Walter Huston, is an elderly business man who, after twenty years of marriage and hard work, decides to retire and travel abroad.

His wife, Fran, has a fear of growing old and consistently dramatises herself. She has a grown-up married daughter.

In this role Ruth Chatterton gives one of the best performances of her career, as is emphasized by the phrase, "the first lady of the screen," but a compelling and singularly subtle character study.

During their travels Fran frets first with an Englishman whom she marries on the Queen Mary, then with a Frenchman in Paris. The first affair is negligible indeed in her life too far, and her husband, who has returned to America, gets suspicious and comes back.

He asks whether she wants to marry her lover and finding she does not, decides to wipe the slate clean and return home.

Several months later the Dodsworths are still abroad and Fran has captured the affections of a young Australian, and, making a final break with Dodsworth, announces her intention of marrying him.

Dodsworth, awaiting a divorce, and in Naples meets Edith Cortright, an American divorcée to whom he had introduced himself when he first came to Europe. She puts him up in her house and for the first time for months he begins to feel normal and happy.

Meanwhile Fran has discovered that her Austrian lover's mother had no intention of letting her son marry her, so she gets in touch with Dodsworth, asking him to meet her on the Red, bound for America.

Although he has almost unconsciously fallen in love with Edith, he decides to go, but when he meets and sees her he realises what a selfish woman she really is and returns to Edith.

Merv Astor is wholly sympathetic as Edith, and contrasts vividly with Ruth Chatterton's subtle rendering of Fran.

The three diverse lovers are excellently characterised by David Niven, as the Englishman who only seeks a good time, Paul Lukas as the Frenchman who wants Fran's money, and Gregory Gaye as the young Austrian who really falls for the lady's mature charm.

A fine cameo study comes from Maria Ouspenskaya as the old mother of the Austrian who practically upbraids Fran for "baby-snatching."

The dialogue is both witty and forceful and the characterizations are some of the most interesting I have seen for some time.

It is one of those pictures of real merit which you cannot afford to miss.

THE DEVIL TAKES THE COUNT

This story of American boyhood is highly sentimentalised and propounds the moral that to be "really tough" you must do what is right.

The so-called "toughness" of the gangster is easily acquired.

It is a somewhat rambling affair, amusing in parts and well characterised, but it is wholly American in feeling and the sentiment is laid on too heavily for conviction.

Freddie Bartholomew, very precise and high-minded, plays the part of Claude Pierce, the child of an American mother and English father.

His parents are divorced and when the story opens we see him with his father, a poor architect who is given custody of him for six months of the year. The remaining six months are spent with his wealthy mother.

Pierce does not want his son to be a "gentleman" and encourages him to rough it with the poor boys of the neighbourhood. Claude makes friends with Buck Murphy and Gig Stearns, two tough street-arvers who has met his death in the chair.

Their main escapade consists in trying to steal motor tyres to raise money to buy a memorial for Gig's father.

For this purpose Claude decides to raid his own house and take his toys and sell them. He does not tell his fellow conspirators that the house is his father's and the toys his.

They are later brought before a children's court and put on probation, but Gig and Buck, disgusted with the whole affair, decide not to report to the officer.

However, Claude develops a timely bout of pneumonia following a hectic effort to persuade his friends to do their duty, during the course of which they are taken by gangsters and manage to escape from them.

He nearly dies and the result is that the other two reform and become upholders of law and order—we might even say "gentlemen," except that in America that would appear to be a term of reproach.

Jackie Cooper is good as Buck, as is Mickey Rooney as Gig.

The youngsters hold the stage most of the time, but their elders are well characterised by Ian Hunter as Pierce, Gene Lockhart as Mr. Murphy, Dorothy Peterson as Mrs. Stevens and Peggy Conklin as Rose, Gig's aunt who lives in guilty splendour but decides to lead a new life, having met the fascinating Mr. Pierce and been treated chivalrously by him.

DANCING PIRATE

A really entertaining musical comedy in the true sense of the word. There is no attempt to make it a dramatic story with musical interludes—you are not asked to be interested but to be amused and you will be hard to please if you are not.

The whole thing is in Technicolor, some of it crude, but a great deal, particularly the dance sequences, really beautiful in effect. The settings are coloured and the reds in the rhythm of the dances are exceptionally good.

The story, which was directed by Lloyd Corrigan introduces a newcomer to the screen in Charles Collins, a New York stage dance master.

He makes a good impression, more particularly as a dancer in the title role, who is chivalrously treated by a Frenchwoman whose charm characterises all her work, but the pair are unable to add much of the somewhat nebulous characters of a slow-moving love romance.

Victor Moore is fair as Pop, a newcomer as is Helen Broderick as a friend.

Eric Blore is starved of material as the proprietor of a dancing class establishment who becomes manager to Fred and Ginger when they are given a try-out at a smart cabaret, Fred's being created by a man in the café's conductor, is played by Georges Metaxac.

The settings are extremely good and the dance numbers very well staged.

A shadow effect in the "Dancing Pirate" number is particularly noteworthy.

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Pleasantly amusing little story of a presumably wealthy young girl who marries a reporter in order to avoid the ardant gold-digging suitors and who turns out in the end to be a "fake"—an ex-wife put out by a famous firm, is a comedy about the203 introduction of the heroine to its millions in order to advertise its wares in fashionable society.

Hette Davis is exceedingly good as the supposed heiress who falls in love with Johnny, the reporter, but finds it hard to make him forget her money.

George Brent does well as Johnny who marries the girl solely to protect her from the foreign courts and lesser nobility, who are seeking her because of her great wealth. When Johnny really declares his love when he discovers she is not a heiress and that she is not expected to live on her money.

There is some novelty in the idea and the snobbery of the smart set is well sustained as are the ingenious schemes of a publicity manager.—Lionel Collier.
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Charlie Chaplin in the United Artists
picture 'MODERN TIMES'
Other notable performances from Mickey Rooney as an American bootblack; Jackie Searle as the false claimant to the earldom, and O'Connell as Dearest's personal maid.

The atmosphere of both the American and Ballybeg sequences is exceedingly good and there is strong pictorial value in the latter.

Sentimental scenes are unfortunately accompanied by soft music, a practice which I abhor. It always strikes an artificial note and robs the film of an accompaniment of conviction.

What the asterisk means—** An outstanding feature. ** Good. \* Average entertainment. \* Also suitable for children.

**LORD FAUNTLEURY**


That W. C. Fields still retains his claim to being one of the funniest and cleverest comedians on the screen is evidenced in this talkie version of an old silent success, Sally of the Sawdust, which was directed by Victor S. Trümmel and in which W. C. Fields also starred.

As it happened, he also made his stage debut in the original musical comedy of the same title. As usual the star succeeds in making his character human as well as comic.

He is cast as Professor Eustace McGregor, a fair-ground charlatan who, through forging a marriage certificate with the help of a crook lawyer, is able to get his daughter, Poppy, accepted as heiress to a big country estate.

The lawyer double-crosses his client but turns out in the end that the Professor is not Poppy's father, and that she really is the rightful heiress. It is a very modernised version of the plot which introduces "turns" for W. C. Fields but does it in a logical and polished manner.

Rochelle Hudson is delightfully unsophisticated and she and Richard Cromwell give delicacy and charm to the youthful love passages.

A very good story comes from Lyon Overman as a crook lawyer, and Catharine Doucet is also excellent as the woman who hopes to inherit the fortune.

**MEMORY LANE**


Good advice for anyone planning commentary well delivered by Hay Petrie adds greatly to the sincerity and vividness of this interesting documentary film.

It seeks to show the way in which Great Britain has commemorated the sacrifice of those who were killed in the Great War and it succeeds in being both poignant and impressive.

Monuments, cenotaphs, halls and cottage homes erected all over the country by various societies and councils are shown in detail and the way they came into being is explained.

**MARY OF SCOTLAND**


Katharine Hepburn...Mary Stuart

Frederick March...Lord Bothwell

Douglas Walton...Lord Darley

John Laurie...John Langstaff

Ian Keith...James Stuart (Morsy)

Ned Was tissues...Paul Malatesta

Fredric March...Jean Louis

Molly Lamont...Mary Livingston

Jean Fenwick...Mary Seton

Monty Olsen...John Keio

Donald Crisp...Hunley

Hugh Herbert...Leonard Moustic

David Tomlinson...Granville Bates

Welfred Lucas...Lelfington

Shane Hugon...Arturo d'Arcy Corrigan

Kirkcaldy

Frank Bazer...Lyce

Cyris McLagen...Faun duste

Newell Lane...Robert Warwicke

Sir Francis Kessler...Walter Huston

Alex Craig...Donal Darmo

Gaye Moore...Leicester

Ivan Simpson...Earl of Kent

Lawrence Grant...Nicol

Barros Bowland

Murray Kinnell...Wynne

English Sergeant-At-Arms

Lionel Belmore...Baron

Doris Lloyd...Husband

Mary Gordon...Nurse

Gustav von Seyfferttz...Monte Blue

A Messenger

Directed by John Ford from the play by Dudley Nichols. Premiered 1936.

Q uantity rather than quality is the predominating note of this picture which, with the drakes with history while at the same time presenting it in the most human manner. The flat, dark-starved Queen who was brought from France to Scotland in order to challenge the supremacy of Elizabeth, the fae-like Princess, but is sadly marred by the fact that the majority of the players fail to adapt themselves to the sixteenth century atmosphere.

Katharine Hepburn emotes with vigour but fails to convey the impression of the young woman from earliest childhood has been condemned to tread the hard and tor- tuous path of sovereignty. Rather does she suggest a modern woman struggling with the minor problems of everyday life.

Fredric March as the impetuous Bothwell whose love for the luckless Mary brings tragedy to both, acts with fire and colourful assurance, fully in keeping with the spirit of the man and the times. His performance does much to make the picture from banality. John Carradine as Rizzio, the Queen's favourite, gives a sensitive and very positive performance. Olsen thunders majestically as the reformer Knox, and Florence Eldridge is convincing as an interfering matron. Apart from these, the cast fails to capture anything approaching the atmosphere of the film.

Here is History with Tears—and not even authentic history.

**THE OLD SCHOOL TIE**


Charles Butterworth......Glen Harvey

Walter Abel......Phillip Reed

Amarilus Standidg......Stan Steward

Usa Murke...Susan Stanfield

Walter Catlett......Senator Budge

by Lionel COLLIER

In spite of a strong comedy team and an extremely active new star, Edith Attwater, there is not a great deal of entertainment in this farce, which deals with a reunion of the old boys at a school.

The main high-lights are a burlesque football match and a serio- comic sequence of the school's death scene from Othello.

Walter Abel is good as Phil, Charles Butterworth as High Herbert are so starved of material that they do not shine to any extent.

Usa Murkel, too, is miscast as Susan.

**HALF ANGEL**


There is quite a sound surprise in this murder mystery, which eerie which rather on the fantastic side and is a little wild in its comedy.

Everyone does Frances Dee very well. Lynne Russell acquits herself very well in the leading role of Allison Lang, an attractive young girl who is acquainted of the captive, but is pursued by Duffy Giles, a newspaper man eager to secure an exclusive while the escape from him temporarily by accepting the hospitality of Mrs. Hargraves an eccentric old lady who makes a big business of sheltering life's unfortunates.

While in the Hargraves' home, however, another murder is committed and Allison, of course, is made suspect. Her unhappy predicament makes her whole when she again buts in, and by cultivating the friendship of Dr. Cotton, de- ments half-brother of Professor Cotton. Dr. Cotton's hench- man, he eventually solves the crime, one of jealousy, and wins Allison.

As Duffy, Brian Donlevy is suitably aggressive, but likeable with it, and Charles Butterworth con- vey the idea of his own particular kind of humorous characterisations.

Sound character studies are given by Helen Westley and Henry Stephenson as Mrs. Hargraves and Dr. Cotton. For the Giradot is poor as the demented doctor.

The production generally is well set and has an exciting court scene.

**THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND**


Very fantastic melodrama which could have better possi- bilities as a comedy.

The theme implies that a certain Dr. Laurence performs a method of...
as the result of practising archery in the garden, Birdie starts up a water main and nearly drowns all the guests by uniting their offspring.

"THE REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES"


Condensed serial type of production featuring fantastic design and spectacular execution in execution. Basically it is a triangle drama with the theme that love cannot be bought.

As a whole it is very well acted and colour hokum but not badly done of its kind.

Despite the war, a party of Allied representatives, which include Armand Loune, a student of dead languages, and Claire, a daughter of a French general, sets foot in Cambodia in the hope of discovering a secret of Cambodian power to turn men into automatons.

There is rivalry between Armand and Clifford for Claire's heart when Armand unmasks the formula he exploits it to possess Claire. The final climatic scene does not succeed in true love triumphs.

Dean Jagger gives a good performance as Armand, and Robert Roland is quite effective as Claire.

Dorothy Stone is somewhat weak as the heroine, but the support is generally sound.

I MARRIED A DOCTOR


Somewhat dull story of American small town life slowly developed and quite effective as stage picture.

The characteristics are quite good and are efficiently interpreted by the cast.

Josephine Hutchinson is intelligent as Carol, the wife of William P. Kennicot, a successful Middle West doctor, who arouses the jealousy of the entire feminine community.

Ross Alexander too is good as Erik, a susceptible young woman, friendship with Carol is misconstrued by the townsfolk, and leads to tragedy.

J. O'Brien has not a lot to do as Kennicot, but he is efficient, while well-drawn supporting characters are played by Guy Kibbe, Dorothy Stone, Robert Barrat, Olin Howland and Hedwig Reina.

Small town atmosphere authentic and the dialogue is intelligent.

My Dear, your hair looks glorious.

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Superma Machineless won the World's Championship first prize and three gold medals in the grand final of the Open International Permanent Waving Competition at the Hair and Beauty Fair, Olympia, 1936, and Grand Prix, Brussels.
ONE would imagine, from the ridiculously overdone press publicity, that the Millenium of British film production had arrived with the visit of La Dietrich to these shores. Let's wait for the finished film before shouting hosannas from the house-tops! I believe in the international exchange of acting talent, but cannot see that Marlene's willingness to play in a British film is an altogether epoch-making event.

Viewed sensibly, what has Marlene achieved to be graded as a front-rank star? Despite her years in Hollywood, she has only one better-than-average performance—in Desire—to her credit, and, histriionically, remains more of a "photographic illusion" than an actress.

Personally, I should be more interested (not to say surprised!) if an announcement appeared that Peggy Ashcroft, Margaretta Scott and René Ray were at last being given important screen roles of some dramatic significance, such as their talent and individuality undoubtedly merit.—D. D. Jolly, 27 Queen Street, Forfar, Angus.

They Scream too Much

I believe at last I have put my finger on the main difference between British and American films—and then put both fingers hastily in my ears! In the same programme I recently saw Trail of a Lonesome Pine and Someone at the Door. In the former, when the characters spoke in a whisper, they whispered; in the latter, Billy Milton and Aileen Marlos shouted confidences at each other within a few feet of passers-by, utterly destroying the illusion.

Max Brown has told us that the British sound-engineers are able to cope successfully with Marlene Dietrich's murmured tones. Can't they do the same for our own players? Must we be condemned in perpetuity to a clumsy stage convention?

Or is this the British producer's idea of keeping the "baw!" rolling?—M. Torres, 4 Bloomery Court, Silver Street, W.C.1, who is awarded the first prize of 41 ls.

Stage v. Screen

I have just seen Komisarjevsky's production of Antony and Cleopatra in Glasgow, and am struck afresh by what the screen can do that the stage cannot. Here it seems to me is a play that should be a film produced with the splendour that the theme demands.

Shakespeare would have adapted it for the screen if he were alive to-day, I feel sure. The stage is too dull for it: the effect is dull and the attention is not held. It is too long.

If this had been a film we should have seen the River Nile, with barges on it. When the scene changed to Rome it would really have changed, instead of our having to imagine it changing.

There would have been armies, instead of half-a-dozen soldiers passing each other on a small stage. It is an excellent screen story—a most unsatisfactory stage production.—(Miss) C. M. Smith, 43 Sandy Road, Renfrew, Scotland, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Bad Usherettes—

I think it would further the enjoyment of pictures if the management of some kinemas employed dumb lady ushers.

I visited the local cinema this week and had a seat in the back row behind which three lady ushers stood. Throughout the whole of the programme, with the exception of the few moments spent showing people to their seats, they talked, and not in whispers either.

They must have been telling one another funny stories, I think, as there was a great deal of laughing going on.

Then the chocolate girl's boy friend came in, and a special seat had to be found for him, where she could stand and talk to him under the pretence of selling cigarettes or something.

Nothing is more annoying than to hear someone talk, talk, talk all the time. And more annoying still is the fact that one has to grin and bear it, as a complaint to the manager might cost the girl her job.—(Miss) A. Bullock, 12 Burghley Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.3.

—And Good Ones

A great deal is said about the directors and stars of pictures, but little mention is made of those who help to show the films. For example, for no one thinks of praising the operator, apparently considering him just a machine. But an unskilful operator could spoil even a Garbo film.

Then again, the attendants help just as much towards a pleasant evening's entertainment. Yet some folk treat the attendants disgracefully. They grumble if they are not immediately shown to seats, accuse the attendant of saving the best seats for her friends, and generally behave like spoilt children.

Personally, I have never had reason to complain, having always found the ushers courteous and efficient, and I am a regular movie-goer.—C. E. Taylor, 46 Revelon Road, Brockley, S.E.14.

Show us Royalty

I am just one of the millions of people who saw and enjoyed the film of Prince Edward of Kent and his parents. Could it possibly be arranged to give us more of this type of film? The Royal Family is rarely seen unless its members are opening hospitals or reviewing troops. Judging by the popularity of the above film (many cinemas showed it for a second week) it appears that many people are of the same opinion as myself.

I should love to see a film of Princess Elizabeth and her sister playing in the grounds of White Lodge. It would give the public the opportunity of seeing the real children instead of the smiling handwaving little ladies of ceremonial drives.

I wish, through the PICTUREGOER, to express my thanks to the Gaumont-British Company for the lovely film they have given us, and hope to see another soon.—(Miss) A. Maira Brady, Kincardine School, Conwyham, Victoria Park.

Escape from Reality

I see that several people are advocating "working-class films for working-class people". I do not agree. I go to the films to be "taken away" and live in somebody else's world for a few exciting or educational hours. What better?
I was ashamed to be seen...

Don't let a skin disfigured by blotches and pimples spoil your enjoyment. You'll get more fun out of life if you've a perfect complexion. If your face is spoiled by unsightly blackheads, blotches or enlarged pores, try D.D.D. Brand Prescription. This non-greasy lotion will quickly clear the skin of every blemish and give you that flawless complexion you admire so much in others. For Eczema and other stubborn skin diseases, D.D.D. Prescription will be found a safe and certain cure.

1/3 a bottle at all chemists. Ask too for D.D.D. Soap and D.D.D. Talcum Powder—they are both delicately perfumed, and will keep the skin soft and velvety.

FREE Send a postcard to D.D.D. Laboratories, P.J., Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4 for liberal sample bottle. Write today.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

You've never seen a red so red! Vivid, tempting, tantalising—unique! Only TATTOO could give your lips such gorgeous colour...definitely indestructible too! Won't turn the least bit purplish! Four other glorious, gorgeous TATTOO shades...transparent stain instead of greasy coating. You simply put TATTOO on...wipe it off...only the colour stays. No puckering! Soft, inviting, adventure-seeking lips...TATTOO.

4/6 REFILLS 3/4

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL SIZE
70 Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Dept. T, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.'I.

For 6d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.) please send me generous Trial Size Tattoo in beautiful metal case. (Mark a cross in colour desired).

CORAL BUCCANEER NATURAL
PASTEL HAWAIIAN

Tattoo Ltd.

Just like the SUN

Stablond Lightens Brown-Blond Hair NATURALLY...SAFELY.

New "Sun-Action" Shampoo-Rinse washes Mousy Brownish Hair 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER!

BLONDIES—You know how the sun will turn mousey—brownish blond hair several shades lighter—make it beautifully lighter—so appealing to your friends. You can't have sunshine all the time, but Stablond does the same thing in the same natural way as the sun—it makes hair even more beautiful, keeps it soft and elastic without a trace of that streaky, bleached look. This remarkable "sun-action" shampoo-rinse combination prevents light blond hair from darkening and if hair has already turned mousey or brownish, Stablond will bring back the true golden beauty of childhood. Millions of blondes use it. Your hair will have the clearest, golden glints—and stay that way too! Stablond contains no dyes or harmful bleaches.

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D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES

Give yourself Film Star Appeal

The "loveliness" of a film star is not solely a question of beauty. No one is moved by mere appearance, or an inanimate doll or statue would give just as much of a thrill. It is the radiant glow of warm vitality—the ceaseless expression of pulsating life within—shown in the rich curves of living flesh and the soft-streaming blonde which animates it, the sparkling eyes and living lustre of the hair—that is where the film star's alluring charm comes from.

Do you ever wish for this irresistible appeal? For the power to attract, for that something which will make men vie with each other to be near you. A course of Clotabs will soon effect a big transformation.

Clothas are pleasant little sugar-coated tablets which contain the valuable active vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil. They are the most effective aid known to science for the building of a healthy body and a shapely figure. They restore your strength and energy, and put "sparkle" into your living. They are as easy to take as sweets, and do not upset the most delicate stomach.

Start taking Clotabs to-day. Of all chemists, 1/3 or 2...

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You can forget uncomfortable, clumsy and unsatisfactory "Dress-shields," yet get complete protection for your dresses. "SUDOL" is the new LIQUID DRESS-PRESERVER. Just add it to your underarm of the dress—"SUDOL" will ensure that your dresses will keep their freshness indefinitely. A 1/8th is sufficient for ten dresses. Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist, Timothy Whites, at all London Stores, or by post free from (Dept. B), Sudol Products Ltd., 7 Bruton St., London, W.1.

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Please send me Coat C.254. I enclose deposit, with postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments (Enclose with full name [Mrs. or Miss] and address, choice of colour, size and length, and Postal Order crossed thus // in ink.)

(Overleaf: full cash)

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Clotabs

1936
AMAMI PERFUMED NAIL VARNISH

Bette Davis

The girl who, according to the disclosures in the recent high court case, now earns 60s a week, once worked as a waitress and as a theatre usherette. That was in the days when she was struggling to get a dramatic training.

The turning point came when, after a few small parts on Broadway, Bette got a role with Richard Bennett. He recommended her to Warner in Hollywood. They put her in one picture, Bad Sister, and then dropped her on the grounds that she lacked "screen personality".

Then came the now embattled Warner contract and the new sophisticated, honey-coloured blonde Bette Davis of The Silent Voice and finally that big chance in Of Human Bondage, which nearly won her the Academy acting award. They gave it to her instead the next year for her performance in Dangerous. The star was born on April 5th, 1908, is 5 ft. 3 in., weighs 7 stone 6 lb. Pronounces her name "Betty".

Frances Day

An American who has become a naturalised British subject. Frances came to England in 1928 to play in cabaret. The actress made a reputation on the West End musical comedy stage in Out of the Bottle, but her film debut shortly after was inauspicious. She appeared, almost unnoticed, in a cabaret scene in The First Mrs. Fraser. Since then she has in Girl

What Do You Think? Cont.

medium could I choose than a film of the Forsaking All Others calibre.

Granted that a working-class film can be, and usually is, most interesting, I would sooner see a light-hearted comedy or musical.

The trials and triumphs quoted by Miss Jenkins may be all very well on celluloid, but I have too many trials and too few triumphs of my own to want to see them on the screen.

J. H. Whiting, 27 Avon Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

"H" for Humour

I wonder if you have noticed that the names of most of our British comedians and comedienne begin with "h".

We have Jack Hubert, Claude Hubert, Gordon Harker, Leslie Henson, Will Hay, Bobbie Hope, Sonnie Hale, Binnie Hale, Peter Haddon, Robertson Hare, Sydney Howard, Renee Houston, and there are others who are not quite so famous, such as Biddy Hughes, Richard Hearne, Robert Hale, Stanley Holloway, Georgie Harris and Jimmy Hanley.

Evidently H stands for humour.—(Miss) E. Brooks, 35 William Road, Sutton, Surrey.

A Bouquet for Marjory

A few words of gratitude are due to Marjory Williams from the many deaf kinema-goers who, since the arrival of the talkies, have to rely solely on their eyesight to follow the story of a picture.

Perhaps to some who are fortunate enough to possess good hearing, it may not always be an advantage to know "the end of the story" before entering the theatre.

But to those handicapped like myself, the opportunity of previously reading a short fictionised version such as Picturegoer gives us each week, makes all the difference between muddled misunderstanding and complete enjoyment.—Annie Nevinham, 11 Shrubby Gardens, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

All At Sea

Nobody but those who travel by sea can imagine what a great joy to the passengers on board! the liners and cruising vessels the

From Maxims, Two Hearts in Waltz Time, Oh Daddy and Public Nuisance No. 1, become one of our most popular feminine stars.

Frances Dee

Success came easily to the second Frances on our list this week. Entering pictures "just for fun" while still at college, she was precipitated into fame when she was chosen as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in Playboyt of Paris. Then followed leads in, among other successes, An American Tragedy, The Silver Cord, Little Women, Of Human Bondage, Becky Sharp, The Gay Deception and Holy Angel.

Frances was born in Los Angeles on November 26th, 1911, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 5 stone 6 lb. Mrs. Joel McCrea in private life.

Katherine De Mille

KATHERINE is the adopted daughter of the famous "Cecil B." and must be one of the busiest actresses in pictures to-day. She learned about films in small parts and, for a while, acted as her father's script girl. She first met her husband, David O. Selznick, in Eva Villa, and roles in Belle of the Nineties, Call of the Wild, All the King's Horses, The Crusades, Sky Parade and Ramona followed. Probably her most ambitious part is Rosaline in Romeo and Juliet. Miss de Mille is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and weighs 8 stone 3 lbs.

Film Boxing

A professional boxer tells me that the conventional film "scrap" makes him see red. Can you wonder? Queensbury Rules may do for the ordinary man. Many producers prefer the :

FILMSBERRY BOXING RULES

1. Be tactful and never allow yourself to be taken by surprise. Never avoid what’s coming to you.
2. Receive opponent’s blow squarely on jaw, and crumple up in approved fashion.
3. Rise promptly and return the compliment. Your antagonist likewise will be entirely unprepared.
4. Set several times, varying with chairs, lampstands, and other furnishings. Alternate action throughout; “vantage server—vantage striker.”
5. All blows to be aimed at jaw. Boxers never hit elsewhere. They've never heard of the mark or solar plexus, nor do they clinch, duck, side-step or counter.
6. Go ahead, and may the best-dressed man win.

Isn’t it time these ridiculous exhibitions were “scrapped”?—George Tremaine, 42 Stirling Place, Hove, Sussex.
In England alone 12 million women mothers, wives, girls—let their skins starve. Wrinkles, bad complexions, blackheads, enlarged pores, sagging muscles are the skin’s cry for food. Let your skin eat! Give it nourishing Biocel, a skinfood obtained from deep skin cells of young animals. Instantly absorbed by pores, and digested, because Biocel is “kind to your own skin.” It is now blended with Creme Tokalon, rose colour, in just the right proportions to make your skin firm, fresh and young. Try it to-night. Next morning, feel your face—your real face! Look at it! Food did it—Tokalon Cream, rose colour, at night, white colour in the morning—Creme Tokalon White Colour, non-greasy, also contains oxygen white—a magical substance that will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days. Success guaranteed when both creams are used or your money refunded. By special arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon “Mousse of Cream” Powder. Send 3d., in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. SC/LA), Chisle Road, London, N.W.10.

Now the Quintuplets use only PALMOLIVE

The Olive Oil Soap

July 2, 1936

At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets and for some time afterwards they were bathed in olive oil.

When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies.

Allen Ray Dafoe

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE DIONNE ‘QUINS’

1. There was less than one chance in fifty-million that they would be born alive.
2. When all five of them had lived for more than an hour they had established a record in the history of the world!
3. All told, they weighed at birth no more than 13 lbs. 11 ozs.
4. Yet before they were 18 months old they weighed nearly 20 lbs. each!
5. Today there are not five more healthy, happy, bonny little girls living than Colette, Yvonne, Emile, Annette and Marie Dionne!

WHAT TO DO FOR A HEADACHE

It used to be the custom whenever one had a headache to retire for rest and quiet. But life is much too strenuous for that nowadays. The thing to do is to get rid of the headache quickly and carry on as usual.

Getting rid of a headache is a simple matter. ZOX, the well-known specific, charms it away as if by magic, as millions of sufferers have proved. It is equally effective for Neuralgia and for reducing the high temperature in a feverish cold.

ZOX Powders are sold by Chemists and Stores at 2d. each or 1/6 and 3s. per box; or the proprietors, The Zox Manufacturing Co., (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, will send Two Free Samples to any reader enclosing 1½d. stamp for return postage.

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Now the Quintuplets use only PALMOLIVE

The Olive Oil Soap
Let GEORGE DONT!

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.

LION HUNTERS (Surrey).—The following books by John M. Denver have been filmed: The River, Ludlows, Old English, Escape, The Skin Game, and The Apple Tree and The First and the Last have been made but have not yet been released. (2) You must write to Fox Films about a re-publication of the following books: Gidget, The Last Wave and Blind Man's Bluff.

M. C. (Surrey).—Write to James Stewart, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is shown in the opening credits of the film, with Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

N. E. (Coventry).—Ruth Chatterton with Ralph Forbes (English) (mar. div.) and George Brent (Irish) (mar. div.).

TWO READERS.—James Mason, b. May 15, 1908, married, dark brown hair and eyes, 11 ft., 5 ft. 11 in., ed. Manchester College and Harvard. Films include Last Exile, Twice Bounded, Trapped Waters, Jack of All Trades and Blind Man's Bluff.


J. H. (W.S.17).—Douglas Montgomery recently made Everything is Thunder for Gaumont British Studios.

J. C. (Banter).—(1) Release dates: Modern Times, Oct. 19, 1936; Fame, Nov. 30, 1936; Little Linnett, Jan. 9, 1937; Shearer's Daughter, Jan. 25, 37; Mr. Deed's Goes to Town, Oct. 12, 37; Queen of Hearts, Oct. 5, 37; Rainbow End, Sept., 1935.

DARRIE.—Stanley Morner took the role of Gentleman Caller in The Great Gatsby, he was born Dec. 20, 24 years ago, Prentice, Wisconsin. Latest film is The Great Englishman and Maytime, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to which he is under contract.

M. H. (Portsmouth).—Yes, Hartley Power took the leading role in Jury's Evidence with W.4, Richard Waring, Nora Swinburne and Sebastian Shaw.

NELSON EDDY FAN (London).—Nelson Eddy at present making Maytime with Jeanette MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. His photographs are obtainable from the Postcard Saloon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2d. a dozen.

M. M. (Wolverhampton).—(1) Latest films: Miss Stowe, Secretary; Robert Laurence-Bailey and Holy; Berne Davis—The Petrified Forest; Katharine Hepburn—Slide Away; Laurel-Ijy Difor; The Green Light. (2) We published a centre spread of Captain Blood in our Feb. 23, 1936 issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publisher, 207, Southwark Bridge Road, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

I. N. (London).—I am sorry, but we do not have publisher's address and graph of Margaret Barmerman in Immigration to the West in her Madam Pimpandor. I suggest you write to the film company, British International Pictures, asking them as they can supply you with one.


BUNNY (Harrogate).—The Maid of the Mountain was in pictures about April to August, 1932. The chief players were Harry Washburn, Nancy Brown, Betty Stockfield. (2) Nat Gonella, b. London, March 7, 1908, married to Godelichie Mr. Gonella's Georgians are: Albert Torrance, George Hay, Don Barrie, Harold Hood, Arthur Baker, Will Hennings and Bob Dryden.

ENElfFlynn Fan (Heaton Chapel).—(1) Errol Flynn appeared in Murder at Monte Carlo, going on to America. His first American film was Captain Blood. (2) The Charge of the Light Brigade, released Feb. 8, 1937.

A. H. (S. Africa).—Kenneth Howell is nineteen years old, son of a doctor, born Los Angeles, 3 ft. 5 in., fair hair and dark blue eyes. Made many shorts at Educational Studio, etc. First full-length film—Saturday Night for Twentieth-Century Fox studios.

GREEN-EYED GIRL FAN (Col. Durham).—(1) A letter to America costs 1d., but an English stamp is of no value, so, if you want a reply, so you must enclose an International Money Order for 1d. payable from your Post Office. (2) The film is The Night of the Hunter, address above. (3) Claudette Colbert's latest film is Maid in Paris for Twentieth-Century Fox and Clark Gable—Love On the Air for Goldwyn-Golden Seal.


N. L. (London).—I am sorry, but we have no information on the music in the film.

R. E. Y. (Prittlewell).—As this film is old now, the only tune we have been able to discover in The Mob Man is "Broken Dreams," obtainable from Keith Prowse.


J. (Glamorgan).—(1) Chief players: Robin Hood of Elidor—Warner Baxter, Anti Loring, Bruce Cabot and Marge, A Message to Corrie—Wallace Beery, Barbara Stan- wyck and John Boles.

Khasana Blush Cream

Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush for blondes; Blush Dark for brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours

FAN CLUB NOTICES

The MYRNA LOY LOY CLUB welcomes new members. Headquarters should write to Nell Briggs, c/o International Club, 29 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, for full particulars.

New members are welcome to join the JAMES MASON FAN CLUB. Each member will receive bi-monthly club news, James Stewart's Review, membership list, an autographed photo of James Stewart and club privileges. For full information write to The Editor, Representative, William E. Whidden, 470 Buckhead Court, Harrington, N.J., U.S.A.

The SYR CLUB FOR RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN asks you to write for information! This is a club full of novel and interesting ideas with a very nominal subscription. Write to Miss Crown, Secretary, 836 Spring Bank West, Hull, for full particulars.

Write to Douglas Graf, Hon. Secretary, THE NAT GONELLA FAN CLUB, 22 Cadron Street, Hammersmith, London, W.6, for full particulars of this club, which has about 400 members and publishes an interesting magazine every month.

Please remember to enclose a stamped-addressed envelope for your letter to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.


Editor's Office: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.1.


Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegram: Picturegoers, Southernwood, Rand, London.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 1d.
HOW TO TREAT A STOMACH PAIN

When your stomach is healthy and well, you never think of its existence. But when it is out of sorts for any reason you know all about it. Pain sets in—sometimes very severe, nagging pain.

What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In the modern manner too, if your mood demands flowers, are Azia'd Compact Flower Perfumes. There are the luscious flowers to choose from—Gardenia, Spring Flowers, Jasmin, Lilac or a dozen others. The most perfect perfume— in the most convenient form. Make them yours.

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COMPACT PERFUMES are obtainable from Boots, all good chemists, stores and hairdressers 2/6, 7/6 (double size), 1/- or direct from Azia'd Limited Dep. C., 17a, Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.1.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU 

TRADES, The Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER (Patented). If your nose is devilish, you can make it sit right with Trado Model 21 Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without suffering with your daily application, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. Trado Model 21 & Nose Adjuser can change whilst you sleep, quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Model 25 is highly recommended by physicians for fractured or similar noses. Gentle, porous, firm and perfectly comfortable.

Write for free booklet and testimonials.


When you wake with "MORNING MOUTH" there’s something wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous decayed food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth" — along with bad breath and coated tongue—is a sure sign of stomach, disorder or constipation, coming not only bad skin, headache, loss of vitality and depression, but eventually serious illness and disease. Let Feen-a-mint clean your system and banish stomach troubles and constipation. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works naturally and easily, and its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. 15 million people all over the world depend on Feen-a-mint. Sold in 1½ packets by chemists and stores everywhere, or for a free sample, send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage to White’s Laboratories Ltd., 445 Thames House, Westminster S.W.1.

YOU MUST SEND FOR SAMPLE of these Wonderful Creams

Buty-Tone Foundation and Cleansing Creams have a magical effect on the skin, making it flawless and soft. Send 3d. in stamps (mentioning "Picturegoer") to Beauty Proprietaries Ltd., Eagle House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. for a generous sample of either Foundation or Cleansing Creams.

Permits your hair the Hollywood way

in your own home at no cost!

Pay for this stately waveform remainders. Six "SAFE-KURL" gives your hair smartness, charm and wonderful efficiency. Exactly the same in principle as the waving methods used by leading hairdressers. The "SAFE-KURL" is truly new. It makes your hair new. The stylishly sculptured effect of the most fashionable and expensive systems. Strongly made nothing to go wrong, the "SAFE-KURL" will give a lifetime’s service and satisfaction. Absolutely safe. Full instruction, details and photographs of 17 different styles supplied with your 5d. per day.

STATE VOLTAGE.

Many letters of appreciation received from famous film stars.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
(see page 4)
Did the money guarantee hold— you are entitled to return your order within 20 days without obligation. If you at the expiry of this guarantee return this money order, we fully refund your money.

A simple way to keep your hair as you’ve arranged it—without using any sticky dressing

That’s all it costs—sixpence a week at the most—so be sure of your hair every day and all day long. To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

After you’ve had your hair shampooed, ‘Danderine’ will keep it getting out of place. When you pay good money for a wave, ‘Danderine’ will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

It’s a pity not to know this little secret that means so much in the way your hair will look. It’s no trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as ‘Danderine’ could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy ‘Danderine’ at all Chemists and Stores 1/-, 2/6 and 4/-.

The Best that mummy can buy!
Everyone will notice the improvement in richness and flavour in your stews, soups and meat dishes generally if you add OXO Cubes.

For Oxo makes good cooking even better. It provides the essential food-substances of prime beef in concentrated form—it increases nutrition—AIDS DIGESTION—makes the meal more appetising and attractive.

The Flavour they Favour

CUBES

IT'S NEARLY HERE! Great 100-page Film-fan Thrill

A film sensation ! ... in thrill every film-fan, is ON ITS WAY! Out next Wednesday, November 11.

"The Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL will set the whole country talking—100 glorious all-photogravure pages crammed with lovely pictures of screenland's most glamorous stars. Then you will know Myrna Loy's romance-secret; the price starts pay for stardom—the girls Robert Taylor falls for—you'll read Fredric March's letter to a movie-struck girl—all this and much more in the magnificent CHRISTMAS ANNUAL of "The Picturegoer." Remember Wednesday, November 11—sixpence only—There'll be a huge demand.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

THE PICTUREGOER  XMAS ANNUAL

6d

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"I shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old; At age shall not weary them, nor the year's enrolment. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them."

We can best remember them by offering the hand of friendship to their comrades who survived, so many thousands of whom, because of sickness or because they are in dire need of help.

Please help the British Legion to help these men and their families by giving as generously as you can for the Poppies you will wear on POPPY DAY November II.

DONATIONS will be welcomed and these should be addressed to the local Poppies Day Committee, or to: Captain W. G. Wilcox, M.R.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W. 7.

LADIES wishing to act as Poppies Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppies Day Committees or to the above address.

PUBLISHED WITHOUT PROFIT

Leaving IT to ANNE

Please accept the invitation to "leave it to me." I am sure that I can help you over your pet problem. Send a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a quick reply.

OWADAYS your nails must be conspicuous, not by reason of their beauty but their contour. The manicure has given place to softer more delicate tints—but by reason of the care you have given them.

Modern manicure does more than grom the outer nail. It is devised to the nourishment and care to the embryo, nails. "Soft" manicure is what they call it, and not only does it care for the new nail to be, but it also sets out to eliminate ridges, horniness and brittleness, caused mainly by acidity in the blood, and secondly by the use of cheap manicure preparations.

Here is the way to go about a soft manicure.

First of all wash your hands with warm water and good soap, and then scrub with a soft cotton wool about it, dip it in a good cuticle remover, working patiently and gently around the base and sides of the nail. Now cleanse the nail tip with the orange stick, and when each one is clean, repeat the process with a piece of dry cotton wool until the stick. Never use the points of the scissors or a metal file for this purpose. It roughens and shrinks the nail and under-nails and so make it ready to pick up dirt again.

Rinse the hands in clear water, dry with a soft towel, and with the manicure brush gently brushing the cuticle and rubbing away any bits of dead loose skin.

Now is the time to remove the old nail polish. Take a scrap of cotton wool and apply the remover, it must be an oil remover. The old fashioned acetone removers depopularize your nails and render them brittle. A good oil remover nourishes the nail at the same time, and (but this is important) when its work is done, it does not leave a film of oil to spoil the real application of polish.

If a nail is the slightest bit greasy or damp, nail polish will not spread itself easily and smoothly. It is bound to crack and peel.

Apply the polish, leaving the tips and the periphery unpainted. If your nails are a good tapering shape. But if Nature has given you broad and square nails, you can give them a better appearance by taking the polish to the edges.

Nowadays there is a lovely new range of de-toe tints. Smokey shades are the vogue. There are several from which to choose, and then blend well with the autumn's most fashionable tints. Here again notice that you have the best for it is cheapest in the long run. A cheap nail polish goes cheap in the bottom of the bottle and you must throw it away before the bottle is half empty. The good ones last to the end.

There are many older women who are conservative about this matter of mixed nails, and perhaps quite rightly; they think nails which appear to glow with nothing but purely healthy. For such as these thin powders and cake polishes. These just give the nails an appearance of a lovely suit.

The nail tips should be accented with a touch of nail white. A pencil is the easiest method of accomplishing this, though some still prefer the tube variety.

When the French is quite dry, the final touch must be given. Both nail and cuticle should be topped with the same polish, or if you prefer it, cuticle cream. A nail polish that should be applied routinely. If you have a tendency to brittleness or ridges, it will help to improve the condition of the nails.

A complete set of the necessaries mentioned in this article may be bought in a trial size for 2s. 6d. So it would not be an extravagance to try out this new soft manicure idea. In

The preparation here is every ingredient to help your nails, and nothing to make them hard and unattractive. Where nails have been neglected over a period, it is perhaps better to let the first manicure be a professional one. You can still ask for "a soft" manicure. If you see a professional manicurist at work, it gives one a good idea as to how they are going on your own account. After she has begun the good work, it is fairly simple to carry on with the daily care yourself.

I am afraid for removing the polish at night time, and going to bed with nails still naturals, it is not only good for their health, but it also forces you to give the nails the right measure of daily care.

You must make preparation for renewing the polish, and that is all to the good.

Answers to Correspondents

H. J. (Ecceter).—Most of us realise what a difference really attractive hands makes to our appearance, but somehow our hands, in spite of all we do to it, never seem to acquire the soft, silky finish we admire in our favourite film stars. Well, here is something which will make your hair equally soft and silky—a new shampoo. It is called Drene, and only costs 6d. for a bottle containing enough for two shampoos.

L. M. (Hertford).—Phild-Nana is quite unlike any other perfume you have ever used. It has that rare quality of distinction. A whole suite of beauty aids, including powder, creams, soap, bath crystals, brilliantine, and eau de coque, share Phild-Nana's mystery—a mystery you must discover for yourself.

Erica (Liverpool).—There is a new wave setting lotion which is also a good colour remover. It is useful for brightening up the hair between shampoos. It is available in half a dozen shades. It costs 1s. a bottle. Let me have your address please.

Pam (Liverpool).—Massage your legs with a soothing cream, or use the same reducing lotion. Make it by adding to a pint of surgical spirit ninety grains of camphor to the bottle and leave for 48 hours before use. Do not use on the face or the bust. Dab on the parts two or three times a day.

Ginger.—"Puppy fat" is not unusual at 16 years of age. You will probably lose it in a year or so. Don't worry about it. Continue with your exercise. Do not eat sweets or sweets between meals. Eat wholesome bread, oat mashing fish such as salmon, herrings, sardines, and lean the least possible, of meat and cut out bacon. Give up pastries and cakes.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to G. W. Stirk, of 3 Cook Street, New Seabourn, D., for—

Wanted
A Sailor's Bride Just My Luck
My Old Man's a Fireman

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:
Miss Amos, of Hurlstone, Redcliffe, N.10, for—

Who Killed Cook Robin?
A Woman Accused
Circumstantial Evidence
A Feather in Her Hat

Joe S. Parker, of 40 Tame Street, Hill Top, West Bromwich, for—

Madam Satan
The Devil's Sister
Up Pop the Devil
The Unobstructed

Mrs. Gladys C. Harrington, of 79 Robart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for—

The Temptress
Take Me Home
I'm a Very Honourable Guy
A Woman Alone

Mrs. McLean, of 22 Jericho Road, East Croydon, for—

Carry a Doorstep
Night After Night
After Office Hours
When It's Over

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" has been such a success that we are now offering a prize of a postcard to Pictogether, Martlet House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

Guy Beagon.
Never THE mide refining, each Post- flute. PARISIAN Postage can famous models, ing. Wonderful clear- printing. 2d papers achieves under half an ounce. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Postage 1d.

PLATE LIFTER (Palpitator) A startling practical joke. Extra long tubing. Serves the purpose of the place back of you and also makes your heart! Great. Full directions sent. 6d. (Postage 1d.)

LUMINOUS PAINT Makes your watches, clocks, etc., visible at night. Luminescent effect permanent. EMITS HAVE OF WHITE LIGHT perfectly visible in the dark. The darker it is the more brilliant it shines. Price 1d. Postage 1d.

MAGIC BOTTLE The owner can lay the bottle on a table and it will lie flat, but ask a friend to do it and it is impossible; you can do it every time! Price 1d. Postage 1d.

DANCING SKELETON A figure of a skeleton 16 inches high. Dances and performs various caryonizations at your will. Post 1d.

SEEBACKROSCOPE This instrument is beautifully finished. Holds itself in the eye as a magnifying glass, used by jewelers, etc. Placed to the eye you can see what is taking place back of you and have lots of fun with this instrument. 2d.

MAGIC NOSE FLUTE A unique and novel musical instrument that is played with the mouth. Produces very sweet music that somewhat resembles a human voice. Nothing to learn. No knowledge of music required. Price 2½d. Postage 1d.

THROW YOUR VOICE A into a trunk, under the bed, or your pocket. It will also help a teacher, policeman, or friends. Price 1/2d. Postage 1d.

THE VENTRilo This little instrument fits into the mouth out of sight with sounds for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. Never fails. A full size book on Ventriloquism, together with the instrument. Price 6d. Postage 1d.

"G" MAN AUTOMATIC A replica of the automatic carried by the "G" men of America. Nickel plated.不可触碰. The slightest touch of the finger causes it to shoot out of sight. You can move your fingers. Sparks fly from it and a real automatic is heard. No ammunition to use. Price 2d. Postage 1d.

WHOOPPEE CUSHION Made of rubber. Blown up like a balloon and places under seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits on the cushion it goes off, quite a joke, which can be better im- agined than described. Price 1d. Postage 1d.

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I was terrified when the manager called me in

When I started taking down, I saw his eyes positively glued to my hands. Horribly embarrassing — they were hopelessly red and rough. Made me so nery I couldn’t keep up with him. I was in despair.

Yet now I’m his private secretary

I bought some GLYMIEL Jelly today, the one I hadn’t tried. My dears! Over- night it made my hands smoother and worty. He noticed them, too. My conf-idence rose — I zipped through the work. Hands are so notice- able — take my tip — get GLYMIEL yourselves.

Be sure you get GLYMIEL Jelly always. Avoid imitations. GLYMIEL Jelly is made by a private process impossible to copy. GLYMIEL sinks in immediately, without a trace of stickiness or grease; it feeds the underlying tissues, thus building true beauty for your hands. Get a tube of GLYMIEL Jelly today and notice the difference in your hands to-morrow.

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Just as GLYMIEL jelly gives your hands charm and beauty, so GLYMIEL FACE CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d. a tube.

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PICTUREGOER. Weekly

November 7, 1936
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PAMELA OSTRER: "Lux Toilet Soap is an important part of my daily beauty treatment. It keeps my skin clear and smooth."

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GLENNIS LORIMER: "It's so easy to make skin lovely. My daily beauty care, Lux Toilet Soap, keeps my skin clear and soft."

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The BIGGEST FILM THRILL of the YEAR IS HERE!

"PICTUREGOER XMAS ANNUAL" JUST OUT

100-PAGE PAGEANT of SCREEN GLAMOUR and GLORIOUS ROMANCE

"Picturegoer" readers—here's a Christmas TREAT indeed! The most exciting film thrill of the whole year—"Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL—JUST OUT, on sale everywhere, price 6d. only.

It's brilliant... sparkling... fascinating... immense! A hundred big, glowing photogravure pages crammed with breathless thrills, secrets that will make you gasp, intimate revelations... all the marvels and wonders of filmland paraded before you in a glittering pageant of glamour and romance.

On the left you have a glimpse of the entertainment that's packed between the coloured covers of "Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL—but that's only a fraction of its lavish contents. Over 100 lovely pictures—a review of the highlights of 1936 and a prophetic peep at 1937—brilliant criticisms of new films, reviews of current releases, etc., etc.

"Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL is selling fast. If you postpone getting it until later, you may miss this thrill of a lifetime. Don't waste a second. Hurry to your Newsagent now and make sure of your copy AT ONCE.

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The PICTUERGOER XMAS ANNUAL is a lavish annual that is published every year. It features a variety of content, including film reviews, celebrity profiles, and photographs. The 1936 edition, in particular, highlights the excitement and glamour of the film industry at the time. It includes entries on famous stars like Merle Oberon and Myrna Loy, and features photographs and reviews of films. The annual is sold for 6d. and is available at newsagents. The cover of the 1936 edition features a prominent photograph of a woman, likely a famous actress, and the title is clearly visible.
Sylvia used to cut sandwiches... now she's too busy dancing

A pretty face usually helps a girl to popularity—and 'Tired Skin' usually holds her back. But don't be worried if your skin isn't as lovely as you'd like it to be; even if you work in the grimy city atmosphere all day long you can still have a fresh and lovely complexion. It's so very simple to counteract the effects of the stale city air. Use Knight's Castile—the soap that is specially made for the face. Long years of experience have shown Knights the exact blend of oils that will stimulate the skin to loveliness—Knight's Castile refreshes your complexion just as country air does, and gives it a new, vivid beauty. You can buy Knight's Castile Soap for only 4d a tablet, so start this wonderful complexion treatment to-day.

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Specially made for the face

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PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 for 1/-
SHOULD the public talk back at the talkies? The question of film audience demonstrations is raised again in serious form because of the rapidly growing development of the Young England fashion among the fans.

Young England, you will recall, was the play that became a theatrical joke and gave the West End a new indoor sport; it ran for months because it was so bad that people paid good money to go in and "razz" it.

Now filmgoers have discovered the idea and are enthusiastically searching for screen Young Englands, buying tickets simply for the sheer joy of "razzing" them.

Not the least ironic feature is that the outbreak has been worse in the "neighbourhood houses" of Hollywood than anywhere else. It has replaced Handles and Knock Knock as the game of the hour.

Movie Kings Worried

The procedure consists of "talking back" to the actors, anticipating their lines, singing with them, hissing the villain, cat-calling, jeering and feet stamping.

It's great fun and a good time is had by all, even the exhibitor concerned, because the worse the picture the bigger the box-office receipts.

The film world, however, is seriously worried over the possibility of the idea spreading until demonstrations, hitherto rare among movie audiences, become a habit.

If the development is not checked, it is feared, ridicule will not be limited to bad pictures but will extend into the realm of the average picture and even the super.

The remedy lies with the industry itself. We know that all pictures cannot be good, but it would pay the producers in the long run to cut their losses and junk those talkies that are obviously bad.

Nobody wants hooliganism in the cinema, but the film public has as much right as the theatre public to express its disapproval of inferior entertainment.

The Garbo Jinx Again

Now they are talking again in film circles about the Garbo leading man jinx, and shaking their heads over the fate of Robert Taylor because he is co-starring with her in Camille.

The legend started years ago when the eclipse of Jack Gilbert followed his silent screen partnership with the Swedish glamour queen.

The superstitious recalled then that Ricardo Cortez had never achieved his outstanding promise of greatness after Garbo was his leading lady in The Torrent.

Her countryman, Lars Hanson, Nils Asther, and Gavin Gordon loved Garbo on the screen; all were nearly as great as Taylor is to-day, and all subsequently and almost unaccountably faded out.

Gable Survived

The superstition gained strength when Charles Bickford, to whom the endearments of the Voice the World has Waited For were directed in Anna Christie, afterwards failed to fulfill his expected screen destiny. Robert Montgomery, it is claimed, has never been the same since Inspiration.

Clark Gable broke the hoodoo in The Rise of

Judith Barrett is one of Hollywood's up and coming ingenues. You will see her in "Flying Hostess."

Helga, but Ramon Novarro started on the well-known toboggan after Mala Hari, his last really big hit.

One has, however, noticed no decline in the careers of Herbert Marshall and Fredric March, who survived the jinx in The Painted Veil and Anna Karenina.

A New Screen "Sleeper"

In films the customer is always right and the producer is often wrong. The latest picture to turn out to be what is known in the trade as a "sleeper" is The Gay Desperado.

"Sleepers" are presumably so-called because they catch the movie kings napping. They are those movies, like The Thin Man, which, produced without any great hope, expense or ballyhoo, are unexpectedly hailed by the public as epics.

"Sleepers" are not new, of course. When James Cruze made The Covered Wagon, executives were so disheartened about the rushes he sent daily from location that they ordered him back. He refused to return, and the picture was recognised on release (and has been ever since for that matter) as one of the great achievements of the cinema.

Caught England Unawares

More recent examples have been Disraeli, Lady for a Day, The Informer, and One Night of Love.

(Continued on page 6)
Nobody in Hollywood, least of all Columbia, its sponsor, attached much importance to It Happened One Night until it reached the screen (Picturegoer, incidentally, discovered it for you here), and Flying Down to Rio attracted practically no interest until the fans picked out the dancing of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire for themselves.

Little was heard even about Mr. Deeds Goes to Town until the public adopted the picture as a hit.

Similarly, The Private Life of Henry VIII caught the English industry unawares. Nobody would look at the idea.

A Masculine Grace Moore

In the case of The Gay Desperado, the picture's possibilities were never suspected in Hollywood.

Immediately on its completion its producers, Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky (who were known to be disappointed with their earlier effort One Rainy Afternoon), announced with a sigh that they were folding up their tents for good.

Then The Gay Desperado reached the screen and was accorded raves wherever it was shown. Now it is expected to do for Nino Martini what One Night of Love did for Grace Moore.

Cruelty to Animals

 Allegations of cruelty to animals in the production of motion pictures are again causing a scandal, which should be cleared up right away.

Strong moves are afoot at the moment to tighten the existing restrictions. The Humane Society, for instance, has demanded the privilege of checking scripts and stories of films using animals before they go into production, in the same way as they are checked for breaches of the morality codes.

Trip-rop e Trick

The present situation has been brought about through charges of cruelty in connection with the charge scenes of The Charge of the Light Brigade.

I know that sounds like a lot of charges; anyway, what happened was that the animals charged the guns and then the animal lovers charged some of the company officials—at the Sonora court.

The allegation was that three horses had had to be killed as a result of the injuries they received through the old trip-rop e trick. Three officials, including the assistant director, were fined.

Frank McHugh's Big Break

I wonder if Three Men on a Horse will make a front rank comedy star of Frank McHugh. Frank has for a long time been turning in a fine job of work on the screen, as one of the studio's stock company, playing small parts, providing comedy relief in the Warner musicals, and saving big pictures for the stars.

For years he has been the Directors' Friend at Burbank. "This opening is a bit flat," or "the film is not shaping up too well," they'd yell in frantic S.O.S. messages to the front office, "write in a bit for McHugh." And McHugh never let them down.

Now they have given him what virtually amounts to a stellar lead, one of the few big comedy roles written in years. Eddie Cantor himself, I know, wanted to play it.

Well, here is one slinger who will be crossing fingers for Frank when the picture reaches the screen. I like Frank McHugh, and the talkies, heaven knows, need new front-rank comedy stars.

McHugh, by the way, had applied for one of the small roles in the film and had been disappointed when he was turned down.

The assignment to the lead was a complete surprise to him.

The comedian is one of the most modest of film actors. He still lives in a small house, which hasn't even a swimming pool.

Dearth of Comedy Stars

One of the most serious screen problems of the moment, as a matter of fact, is the shortage of good funny men. The position will be even more critical if, as appears likely, Laurel and Hardy part company, though I have never considered either Oliver or Stan a genius.

Chaplin offers his precious wares too infrequently these days to be considered a factor as a laughter-maker and most of the others have, through sheer lack of ingenuity, become stereotyped or have ceased to be funny at all.

Fortune dealt both him and us an unkind blow in the matter of W. C. Fields. The health of Fields, the one great comedy discovery since talkies, broke down just when he had the world at his feet.

He is now, I am glad to be able to report, progressing well. He has been in a sanatorium in Pasadena, is looking better and is writing a book. It's called, he says, Murder In a Hospital and is alleged to be a running account of how they tried to kill him during the care!

Oh! Mona

Talking of swimming baths (we were just now, weren't we?) Mona Barrie has set up a record of some sort or another.
That's one thing we'll want, Dean,' he said.
'Those two windows will have to come out
for the time being.'

"The Dean, they say, has not yet recovered.
Well, it's a good story.

Fatty Grows Up
Do you remember Joe Cob, who played
the fat boy in the "Our Gang" comedies for years?
Joe has grown up now—he is 19—and is
seeking a come-back as an adult actor. He is
Moni has bought her pool first and is adding
the house afterwards.

The pool is on a mountain top and was
to have been part of a sanatorium but the funds
ran out. The new owner is now building a
kitchen, living, and sleeping-room, on it.

Five Bobs' Worth of Dietrich
So they are going to charge $5-a time to look
at Dietrich in the flesh. Marlene's first-
night mobbing parties have brought a heap of
criticism down on her carefully coiffed head.

Now, it is announced, the star is to attend the
Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House, on November 22, and special balcony accommodation
affording a close-up view of her will be available to
the public for the nimble "dollar."

I do not know whether genuine fans will
regard the innovation as worthy of the dignity
of an actress who is one of the first ladies of the
screen.

A more dreadful possibility is that the muster
of the faithful may not come up to expectations.
One imagines that the fact that Marlene is to
be put up as a public peep show at a hospital
ball will not be widely advertised.

I advertise it here for the same reason (presumably) as Miss Dietrich consented to the stunt—because it is in a good cause.

A Tale of a Cameraman
While there is still no news of special Coronation
Year films, the news-reel companies are
already busy with their plans for the day.
Variety tells a story of how a Paramount cameraman
"knocked over the Dean of West-
minster Abbey while news-reel units were
discussing with him the possibilities of filming
the ceremony."

"Cameraman," the tale goes on, "casting an
appraising eye round the Abbey to seek out
camera positions, spied two priceless stained
glass windows, which are among the most
jealously guarded treasures of the ancient pile.

But Mae West is out to reverse the roles.
Go West Young Man may introduce a vogue
for pugilistic hero-hitting heroines.
Many as a temperamental movie star, lands
a haymaker on Warren William, as her press
agent, and knocks him down.
The print packs a punch, too, according to
Mr. William. She is, of course, the daughter of a
prize fighter and is one of the most enthusiastic
and regular patrons of the Hollywood boxing
matches.

Another Impending Revolt?
The Warners seem to be unfortunate with
their players and at the moment another
revolt, that of Pat O'Brien, is impending.
That zealous Irish-American is registering
vigorous protest over the type of role assigned
him and he is attempting to con-
vince the studio that he should
portray characters other than
those of Irish cops or prize fighters.

To lend force to argument,
he has purchased for himself an
unproduced play on the life of
Robert Emmet, in which he is
trying, with indifferent success,
to interest the firm.

O'Brien has taken the attitude
that with the number of good
Irish stories being made, he should
be allowed something worth while.
He wanted to join the casts of The
Informer and Farrell, but couldn't,
and RKO sought him for The
Plough and the Stars, but Warners
denied.

More War Films
There are signs of another minor
cycle of war pictures. Univer-
sal is to make The Road Back,
Eric Remarque's sequel to All
Quiet on the Western Front. James
Whale is to direct it, but I am
inclined to think that the publicity
department is in error in describing
him as the genius behind the previous Remarque
screen epic. It was Lewis Milestone who got the
credit at the time.

At any rate, The Road Back is expected
to result in the discovery of several stars of the
future. All Quiet, you remember, made a star of
Lew Ayres and brought into screen prominence
Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason, Slim Sumner-
ville and several others. Whale is at present
looking for six likely young men...

Any Woman Can Be Beautiful
I suppose the statisticians will get round to it
some time, but a rough estimate I should
say that the films have increased the general
standard of feminine beauty by about forty
per cent.

Wally Westmore, one of the famous English
Westmore brothers, head of the make-up
department at Paramount, declares that if a
woman is ugly to-day it is her fault.

"Give me any woman with a personality and
fairly regular features," he says, "and I will
make her beautiful." The art of making oneself
beautiful he considers, ought to be taught in
high schools.

Katie Breaks a Record
Katharine Hepburn may have a reputation
for childish exhibitionism off the screen, but
on the set she is one of the most hard-working
of trouper.

She has set up a record for consecutive
shooting in one film in A Woman Rebels.
When the picture was completed, it was found
that Miss Hepburn had worked continuously
for fifty-three days with eight Sundays off.
The production had a fifty-four-day schedule and
Katie was on the set every day but one.
In addition, the red-haired star had to wear
twenty-two different gowns, changing them
back and forth approximately three times each
for lapping scenes.

As the action of the picture covers a period
of twenty years, she also had to change make-up
and coiffure more than fifty times.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS
PRODUCERS may quail before her
very decided ideas on what is
best for Bette Davis, the actress.
Interviewers may gasp over the
vivid ideas of this bright young
modern with the big blue eyes and the
provocative lips.

But there's one man in Hollywood who isn't
at all impressed by the fame and import-
tance of Bette Davis, Academy prize-winner.

That's Harmon O. Nelson, her husband!

Bette told me, "Both Ham and I have
always believed that it’s possible for a couple
to live in Hollywood without going in for the
artificiality and show so often associated
with stardom. With the help of Ham's
sanity and good common sense, I've proved
this to myself—actresses can live like people!

"I couldn't be temperamental and movie-
sharrish at home even if I wanted to. Ham
wouldn't stand for it. He'd walk out on me.
If I ever feel like throwing dishes—and I
guess every woman does, once in a while—
I have to throw them at synthetic husbands
in my pictures.

"Maybe that in itself," she observed impishly,
"is good for my art. I have to save my acting
for the screen!

"Someone once asked me," she added, "if
stars should try to create glamour and excite-
ment by living up to the exotic ideas some fans
have of Hollywood. I wouldn't know the answer.
I've never had a chance to find out!"

And the story of how Ham and Bette have
kept Bette Davis, the Star, out of their mar-
nage, making it one of Hollywood's gayest
most delightful unions, is a fascinating story
that has never been published before.

Once she puts foot inside the rambling,
New England-type home that is furnished with
lovely antiques, bowls of flowers, and small
"throw" rugs, Bette completely forgets the
girl whose sharp personality captured a world
audience in a series of startling roles.

She receives friends, on late summer
afternoons, out on a shaded front porch with
only a green stretch of lawn and a white picket
fence protecting her privacy from a busy boule-
vard in one of Hollywood's not-too-fashionable
districts.

No movie-star seclusion here! Small boys
ride by on bicycles and call out, "Hi, Bette
Davis!" as they pass. Conversation is some-
times made difficult by a roar of traffic. Being
human, Bette threatens to move. It's significant
that she pleads with Ham—"aren't you getting
just a little tired of all this racket?"

"We can't move," he shouts back across
the porch. "Not yet." And that settles it, for Mr.
Nelson is very much the master of his own
house. As Bette wants it.

They still live under the unique arrangement
they worked out back in the days when Ham
was just a struggling young orchestra leader
instead of one of the town's most popular band-
masters, as he is to-day. He pays half the
expenses, she pays half. And even Hollywood,
sceptical at first, admits now that the plan is a
smashing success.

Their friends are not influential people, but
writers, young business-folk—intelligent rather
than professionally intellectual.

When Bette goes shopping, she will actually
bring home bundles under her own arms. If
you call her on the telephone, she's likely to
answer herself, not barricading behind a bat-
talion of butlers and secretaries. She isn't
surrounded, as stars sometimes are, by an
army of "stooges"—toadies who know how to
a sleepy look, and when they weren't looking, I rubbed off the make-up.

"Actresses should look like people, too!"

Just then Ham came up the front walk with a school friend of his and Bette's at Cushing Academy, which they both attended back East. Only it turned out that he hadn't gone there with them. He had arrived as a freshman just as Bette graduated. "I can't bear it," she shrieked.

"You're making me feel like an old woman!"

Immediately, reminiscences of Cushing Academy began. The teacher who had always been so severe but who was, they realized now, a fine influence, and a gentleman, Bette had just sent a telegram to the winner of the "Bette Davis Cup," presented each year for excellence in sports. She confided in an aside: "Some girls hate their school days. I adored mine. Perhaps I'd have disliked the usual, correct and formal girls' school, but Cushing is co-educational and sometimes I think I was happy just because Ham was there.

"I was his girl," then, and I can still remember one day when he had a terrific battle with a fellow who'd been his enemy all through school. They fought in the gym, which was right under the room where I was attempting to have my dancing lesson. I'd wave my arms and kick my legs and smile prettily, and all the time I kept hearing these awful slashing noises and tremendous thumps and bangs.

"He just about killed me," Ham admitted.

Bette looked at him fondly. "I bet you could beat him now."

"And don't think I won't try," Ham said.

"If ever I see him again!"

Bette refuses to dramatise the fact of their having had school sweetheart — that they waited for each other while she struggled toward success in Hollywood and he tried to get a start in New York.

"I've married somebody else," she insists, "if I'd met anyone nice enough."

She won't dramatise the success of her marriage, either. Ham wouldn't let her even if she tried it. When she had a vacation recently, she may have expected considerable breaking-up of her usual routine on the part of her husband, so he could be with her. Other stars' husbands have done this; and found themselves, before long, playing glorified attendants.

Ham kept right on with his daily golf games, with his orchestra practice, with his orchestra work each night in a popular Hollywood cafe. The golf games bothered Bette most, because she had always hated the game. "That's one sport I'll never be interested in!" she has said with her usual emphasis. "It's a ridiculous game for a woman, anyway."

Now she's taking golf lessons—and loving them—so she can go around the course with Ham some day.

Even in her public career of Bette Davis, this amazing girl doesn't live up to the standards the feminine stars have set for themselves. Just the other day she sought to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in Katharine Hepburn's new picture, Mary of Scotland.

It was so unprecedented that no one knew what to say—an Academy award winner begging for a supporting role in another star's picture! Bette even got herself a costume as Elizabeth and had portraits specially taken, but another assignment kept her from playing the part. She's a one star who can say, "I'd rather play a good part no matter how small, than a big meaningless one!" and really prove she means it.

But if Bette should ever attempt to bring it home with her, if she ever confuses the two roles, Mrs. Harmon Nelson and Bette Davis, Ham would forthwith be a pet, ego-deflating nickname he reserves for these occasions, when he says, "Now, Bess—!!"

MARK DOWLING
A hectic day with Katharine Hepburn on the "A Woman Rebel" set. First (above), a session with the hairdresser, Jean Woodall, then (right) with Director Mark Sandrich.

Above: Entertaining the baby—Marilyn French, who plays the star's child in the film. Below: With Assistant Director Eddie Donahue and Edward Killy, one of her oldest friends.

The hair stylist again. Joan Woodall supervises the difficult problem of a period hat.
November 14, 1936

Walter Forde’s dog “Chum,” takes a look through the camera while his master is directing. On the right is Richard Tauber.

My film career started at the age of six months, in defiance of the law existing in this country forbidding those of tender age to take an active part in the making of motion pictures. Until then I was leading a quiet country life in some Lincolnshire kennels. I should perhaps state here that I am a wire-haired terrier (and by this I mean, without any desire to appear snobbish about it), that my parents and theirs before them were also wire-haired terriers, and having been born into circumstances in which I should have passed peacefully huntin’, shootin’ and fishin’, little did I dream in my childhood days that I should soon be cast into the hurly-burly of film production.

It so happened that Walter Forde (a film director—as our kennel-maid informed us with a certain amount of awe in her voice), visiting the kennels one day with Mrs. Forde, took a fancy to me, and I was told that at any rate good-bye to my parents. My mother, a gentle pious creature, warned me against the perils of the film studios. My father said that the sight I could well look after myself, and winked broadly at me behind his back. And so my film career started.

I was fortunate in getting my schooling with so experienced a hand at the game as Walter Forde. He has been directing films now for eighteen years, both here and in Hollywood, and was—as you know—also the director of the film which really started this current boom in British films, namely Rome Express.

That was before my time, of course, and I will say he made a pretty good job of it in spite of the fact that I wasn’t there to supervise everything, but I have worked with him on the Jack Hulbert film, Bulldog Jack (heavens how I resented that title, but nothing would persuade him to change it to Wire Haired Jack’s). And also on the Conrad Veidt—Helen Vinson film King of the Damned, so by the time he got his contract from Max Schach of Capitol Films, and was assigned to direct Land Without Music, with Richard Tauber, “Schmooze” Durante, Diana Napier, June Clyde, Derrick De Marney, and Esme Percy heading the cast, I felt that I was now in the position to take the reins of government—so to speak—and do a bit of directing myself.

I don’t want you to misunderstand me; I have a very high opinion of Walter Forde. As far as human beings go, he is as efficient and imaginative as they make them, but the qualification is still much as human beings go. Sometimes I feel that he resents my showing him the way; for instance when he all but kicked me through the door (so he said) spilling a “take,” just because I barked while Richard Tauber sang one of the Oscar Straus songs that are a feature of the film, I knew it was mere jealousy on his part.

He must have realised that I was merely barking to ensure that there would be perfect quiet on the set. But that is you, these humans can be so unreasonable.

My day at the studios begins before nine o’clock in the morning, when I go round our set (and sometimes round the other sets as well, just to be helpful) and see that the carpenters, electricians, painters, etc., are all doing their jobs.

Then perhaps there’s a script conference to attend, or a chat with Richard Tauber in his dressing-room. I may say is a very great friend of mine; not many people can claim the

CHUM who, as his master, Walter Forde, puts it, has been collaborating with him in directing films for the last two years, here gives his impression of a film in the making, as told to our contributor, Roma Nelson.

I have frequently heard the Guv’nor (as I call Walter Forde) complain that being a film director is a dog’s life. I wonder if he realises how right he is? Certainly I feel absolutely in my element in a film studio—there’s always such a variety of things to do and such a variety of things to see.

Take for instance that day when Marlene Dietrich came on to our set to see Tauber, whom she used to know so well in Germany long before she became famous.

I had no less than eight hundred people acting on the set that day—and as I wanted to impress this fair visitor from Hollywood with the efficiency of our British productions, you can imagine what a busy time I was having—keeping those eight hundred people in order, rounding them up for their scenes and so on.

I still can’t forgive The Guv’nor for getting me locked in his office that day; he said I was getting in the way again—there’s gratitude for you!

There are all the shops to visit daily, where they make the scenery, do the plasterwork and their like. The scenery in Land Without Music is one of the important features of the film, and it needed a lot of supervising on my part, as you can well imagine.

There’s only one thing which I admit I find impossible to direct in a film and that is a fight scene. Time and again I’ve tried to be calm and collected while one of such scenes was being taken, but my breeding and heritage have always got the better of me, and I’ve never been able to prevent myself from joining in the fight with great gusto at the critical moment.

Well, you can’t fight against nature, they say, and when these scenes have to occur I make the big gesture and leave it to “The Guv’nor”, who (curiously enough) never seems to have the slightest desire to join in the fight himself. I don’t like not being present when any shooting is being done, but there are some things that just have to be done, and that’s one of them, and I always hope that somebody or other they’ll manage without me.

Johnny Boyle, who’s in charge of the cameras, tells me that I have a habit of getting into some shots, so if you see a wire-haired terrier wandering about one of the Italian streets depicted in Land Without Music you will know that they just didn’t spot it. But give me a hand, if you do happen to see me, because for some time I’ve nursed an ambition to get into the acting side of the business and show Clark Gable and John Barrymore where they get off, and your encouragement might draw some producer’s attention to me. You never know.

But whatever side of the business I’m in, films are the life for me. The other fox terriers can keep their huntin’ and their shootin’ Give me the arc lights, the hustle in the studios, the glamour of film-making—and I’m happy!

NEXT WEEK

If you have regarded Ann Harding as a wan, long-suffering creature, you have a surprise coming next week, when Max Breen reveals the truth about the blonde star.
You all know Ricardo Cortez—tall and dark and handsome, one of the most accomplished actors in the Hollywood studios, virile and versatile. You’ve probably seen him dozens of times—as a gangster, a crook attorney (he’s a wow of a crook attorney!), a detective, a dancer—always turning in a faultless performance.

And it may have occurred to you some dozens of times to wonder why this man, having everything it takes, has never reached the pinnacle of stardom.

I confess it has puzzled me for years—until I met him the other day, and he told me the reason.

I called on him in his suite in a West End hotel, where he was having a “day off” between shots of his first British film. I was surprised to find him looking so young; having been accustomed to seeing him in pictures since 1921, I had begun to imagine he had always been there.

“Sure, I started young,” he agreed. “And maybe there was a time, before I really knew the game, when it would have seemed good to be plastered all over the front of the house, with my name in neon lights over a thousand marquees.”

“I suppose every youngster in films dreams of that, and then as he begins to get to know the ropes, he gets a different view.”

“Not all of them,” I murmured.

“Oh, sure, sure! Some go right on, and some go right out. I chose the middle way.”

The fact of the matter is that Ricardo Cortez has never allowed himself to get mixed up in the game of politics that constitutes a star’s life in Hollywood.

“Getting on”... what is it? Perhaps thirty per cent. good looks; twenty per cent. acting ability, fifty per cent. string-pulling and back-scratching and log-rolling.

That has never appealed to Cortez. Although living in Hollywood, he is not, in any literal sense, of it. His friends are not necessarily “motion picture” people, and he certainly does not go out of his way to forger with people merely because they have influence in the film world.

That is the means whereby he avoids being a star; and now for the reason why he does.

“Take as an example this film I’m playing in at Pinewood for British and Dominions,” he said. “It’s a good story, and very unusual; a fellow who is an adept at imitating voices is tricked by the villain into swindling his brother, head of a ship-bullying firm.

“The role of the swindler is being played by Basil Sydney; Randle Ayrton is the ship-builder, and this is a grand part; absolutely the cream of the picture.

“The part I play is the hero, pleasant enough but not very much to it.

“Well, here’s the point; I’m billed together with Sally Eilers as playing the two leads in the picture. Supposing I’d arrived from Hollywood, a way-up, big-shot, front-rank star, and they’d handed me that script, what would I have said?”

“That the part wasn’t big enough,” I suggested.

“Exactly! And you couldn’t have blamed me, because I’d have my reputation to think of, and a star’s reputation goes with big, meaty roles. He may survive two, even three comparatively small parts... but not four.

“All right, I’d have beeled about the part, and because I had the glamour of Hollywood about me they would probably have altered it—made it longer and fatter and thrown the whole story completely off balance.

“That might have paid me as a star; but it certainly wouldn’t pay me as an actor, for in that capacity my chief interest lies in getting a good film.”

“If that’s the way you feel, Mr. Cortez,” I pointed out, “it seems a pity to me that you’re not a star; we could do with a few stars with that point of view.”

“Ah, but maybe stardom would affect my
view," he laughed. "It frequently does. I've noticed. No, I prefer to go along on an even keel—neither staving nor starving. In Hollywood studios I'm known as a 'gold bond.' That's worth a lot more to me than my name in lights."

"Now, let's see, you were born in Vienna," I began.


"They weren't there—I was," Ricardo pointed out, and I had to admit the truth of that.

"And you started as a commissionaire, and then progressed to a job behind the scenes," I went on.

"Sorry to spoil your story," he said regretfully, "but I was never a doorman and never a scene-shifter."

"My parents intended me for a business career, and I went into a broker's office; but I got excited about the theatre—you know it gets hold of a youngster's imagination—and did a lot of amateur acting; and then I gradually eased into the profession."

"I can't pretend I got very far. In fact, I kept on my job in the broker's office, because even an actor has to eat."

"When I went round the theatrical agents' offices hunting the elusive job from nine till three, the agents were surprised at my taking the word 'No' so philosophically."

"They didn't know I had what we call an 'ace in the hole'—a nice cozy job to go back into when work was scarce."

"Then one day a friend introduced me into Fort Lee, which was the old Selznick studio up the Hudson River. The proprietor was Myron Selznick, father of David, who is now head of Selznick International Pictures and producer of Little Lord Fauntleroy; David was quite a kid then."

"The director was Rex Ingram, and he was making a film called The Imp, featuring Elsie Janes. I was engaged to play her brother."

"That was back in 1918. But it didn't cut any ice to speak of, and I went back into the theatre and played every kind of role, some bad, at intervals, for another year or two.

"Then in 1921 I went out to California on business, not even remotely connected with motion pictures, and there I met the late Irving Thalberg, who at that time was a big noise at Universal City."

"Naturally, he didn't know me as an actor; why should he? My name wasn't well-known on Broadway. But he evidently thought I looked like one, for he offered me a part in The Gentleman from America, in which I had to play a Spaniard with Hoot Gibson."

"That was really the start of my picture career. There were some pretty interesting ups and downs since then."

"The 'ups,' at any rate, have certainly been very impressive; two of them in particular have stuck in my memory."

"Do you, for example, realise that Ricardo Cortez is the only player in Hollywood to have been billed above Greta Garbo?"

"The Swedish girl—had been accepted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because without her they could not have her friend and "dis-coverer," Mauritz Stiller—was playing in her first Hollywood picture, The Torrent; and the star of that picture was Ricardo Cortez."

"Do you remember also that in 1932—only four little short years ago—in the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal voting, he was placed second only to Ronald Colman, for his brilliant performance in Melody of Life?"

"Just before the introduction of sound films, Cortez was experiencing something of a slump; but talkies sent him booming again (his first talking picture was, as far as I can remember, The Spanish Main, starring Tom Teale and Virginia Valli—and very good he was), and since then he has hardly waved."

"Every time it's hit so big since I get a more important part that usual," he told me, "you see the caption 'Ricardo Cortez Makes a Come-Back.' But I don't make any come-backs. I just haven't been away!"

Despite his romantic appearance, there is nothing quixotic about him that enables him to extract a good deal of amusement from some of the stories that have been written concerning him.

That famous fable, for instance, about his replacing Rudolf Valentino is a pure flight of fancy."

"The story goes that Valentino had had a first-class row with Paramount, and walked out; whereupon the producer shouted "I'll take an extra and good-looking man from you!"—and the extra he chose was Jack Kranz, who was given the Latin name of Ricardo Cortez."

"It's a swell story," said "Ric" with his usual apologetic smile when I recounted it to him. "Pity it isn't true... I was a featured player at Warners at the time Rudy had his blow-up with Paramount, and I never worked as an extra."

"There was an attempt to nominate me as a successor to Valentino at his death; and they also tried to get me to take George Raft's place when he had a bust-up with his producers."

"But you can't fool the public. There's no such thing as a 'second Valentino' or 'another George Raft,' any more than I hope, you would find another Ricardo Cortez."

"Why, the public takes a world-famous player like Rudolf Valentino and puts him in a shrine; and when he dies, that shrine isn't left empty. It's still full, and they still worship at it."

"I've seen too many first-rate players suffer failure through being billed as 'a second Will Rogers,' 'a second Marie Dressler,' 'a second Lon Chaney.' There just aren't any second ones, and its fatal to attempt to be."

"I'm not having any of that."
DORIS NOLAN

Keep your eye on this girl (it won't be hard at that). She is hailed as a big discovery at Universal, where she is being "built-up" for stardom in "Top of the Town," "St. Moritz" and "Dancing for Love." Doris, a former artist's model and stage actress, made her screen debut in "The Man I Marry."
"And what about China? Didn't you have a few adventures out there?" I prompted.

"Well," she continued, "I was engaged at the time to a naval officer, but it all came to nothing, I'm afraid. I was frightened to act because I was engaged, but I was engaged to the Navy, not East, so, of course, I was frightened to go to sea.

"And didn't you get captured?"

"Yes—but it's quite a common thing to be captured by the pirates. As the pirates were coming aboard and I was really excited and thought something thrilling was going to happen, I gave the captain a kick and off scuttled the pirates! It was most disappointing—I'm afraid all my adventures have fizzled out at the critical moment.

"When we got out there it was at the time of the trouble between China and Japan, and when we were in Shanghai the Argylles were sent up—that's when the Argylles and I, as the pirates were in the Army, having broken it off with the Navy!" she added with a smile. "But I wasn't to marry either, as it happens! But to go back to China once again, the trouble with bandits died down, for as soon as the Argylles came up the Chinese ran away again and so I'm afraid nothing really exciting happened to me in China."

And what did you do when you came home?

"I found I'd lost all my stage connections, so I began to try and make new ones for myself and finally took up screen work and worked in Quota films for a bit. Then Al Parker saw me and took me for an American—that was while I was working for Fox Films. He was who I'd married out of the Navy, and they'd gone to Egypt on location with The CAMELOT unit, I met my husband."

And that, of course, explains Anna Lee's liking for England and her lovely old-world home on Bankside, where she becomes Mrs. Robert Stevenson and rejoices in every nook and cranny, in each window box and the living flowers with which she fills them. "We go to very few parties, my husband and I, not because we are unsoiable, but there are so many other things to do. Perhaps it's partly laziness, also we enjoy one another's company and I love my home!" she smiled as she spoke.

Anna's gaiety is in her smile; when she speaks of something which gives her great pleasure an intent look comes into the blue eyes. Her very early days as the only little girl in her father's small school for boys has given her a delightful poise and a quiet straightforwardness underlying her characteristic feminine impetuosity.

It is this combination that makes her what she is, very English and very charming.

"I'm not fond of going on location because it means leaving my house behind!" she said, and then added, "I'm working now in King Solomon's Mines."

The star as Kathy O'Brien in "King Solomon's Mines."
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A Nurse’s Collapse

Wasted away to a shadow,

“Last April I suffered a complete nervous breakdown,” states Nurse Osborn, of 320, Brentwood Road, Romford, Essex. “I had severe pains in the head and neck; the nerves of my stomach gave way and I had attacks of vomiting. For weeks I was in constant pain; I couldn’t eat or sleep, and wasted away to a shadow. I was so depressed that I was continually crying.

At last I decided to try Dr. Williams pink pills, and after a few days there was a marked change. I began to want my food, and soon the head pains vanished. There was no more vomiting, and my nerves grew firm and steady. Now I can eat well and sleep soundly, and I have picked up all my lost flesh. It is a joy to be able to take up my profession again.”

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The Girl You Were?

Sighing over lost loveliness, wondering what to do about those age-line and wrinkles? Or perhaps you feel too tired or imagine you are too old to start bothering about your looks now? Forty-odd? That’s nothing! Snap out of it and remember the girl you were, you can have her charm still if you will.

No matter what your age, daily corrective care on the lines advocated by our Beauty Expert will produce a remarkable improvement in your appearance.

RECAPTURE LOST LOVELINESS.—Don’t waste time bemoaning the loss of your youthful complexion or bewailing lines and wrinkles. You can get rid of that middle-aged skin, recapture your lost loveliness. You have probably neglected your complexion during the years you have devoted yourself unselfishly to your family and your home—but now your children are grown up you have more time to notice yourself and you feel despondent about it all. There’s still time for you to get back to beauty, to reawaken your husband’s fading interest, to stimulate your children to fresh admiration. Shed that ageing skin and give yourself a new, youthful complexion, radiant with youth and beauty. All you want is an ounce or two of Mercolored Wax from your chemist. Smooth a little over face and neck nightly and while you sleep the wax will work its magic. In ordinary cases a ten-day treatment suffices to transform neglected skins into beauty. This oxygenated wax actually absorbs the outworn skin, revealing the fresh, young complexion now concealed beneath. But you must give it a trial to be convinced of the wonderful transformation it works on middle-aged skins.

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Call your chemist today and start your journey to a healthier, happier you! Stalaxx Berries are available in a convenient single-serving pack at all good health food stores.
RECENTLY had the pleasure of luncheon with Shirley Temple and her mother at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Fox Hills. As I realized at several other interviews with the child star, she is all her seven years, and not a bit more than that, although she is exceedingly intelligent.

All those who have seen Shirley in pictures, if they had the opportunity, would say that she was the same way in real life. The same curls, the same quaint little voice. And her mother, Mrs. Temple, a young, good-looking brunette, is proud of her child, as all mothers should be!

But Mrs. Temple is rather conservative in her praises of Shirley, evidently having profited by the experiences of other mothers of child stars, who talked loud and often. I have been told by officials on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot that Mrs. Temple has had much to do with the success of her clever little daughter.

She Won’t Eat Crusts
Sad to say, to the dismay of her mother, Shirley does not eat crusts. She has excellent table manners, but crusts are taboo with her! While we were eating, in a private dining-room on the Fox lot, a bird flew along outside the window. Shirley immediately darted to the window and watched the bird’s flight. The pony, sent to her from a friend in England, received so many gifts of sugar from California admirers that he became sick and had to be sent to an animal’s hospital.

Shirley is a marvel! In the days of the silents all she would have to do would be to look pretty, but now that sound has arrived she is far greater. All the studio executives ask of her is that she appear pretty before the cameras, show emotion in dramatic scenes, dance better than women old enough to be her mother, and sing better than the average musical comedy actress.

And Shirley does all that and more. So, you mothers of clever little daughters, if you wish them to be movie stars, follow the example of Mrs. Temple, Shirley’s mother, who has guided her child to film success.

Marriage in June
Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who fulfilled the proprieties of Hollywood romance observers by announcing their betrothal several weeks ago, will be married next June, according to their present plans. They have not decided upon the exact date. So definitely is the date set for some time in June, however, that Gene is already negotiating with the RKO-Radio studio for a two months’ honeymoon leave of absence. Indications are that the request will be granted.

The actor and Jeanette are now looking for a home in the San Fernando Valley. They hope to have one ready to move into when they return from their honeymoon following the June wedding.

Stars on the Air
Gloria Swanson, evidently determined to win back her niche in the Hollywood firmament, invited a number of film celebrities to speak with her to South America over a radio broadcast.

Among those who spoke with Gloria to the fans of Latin-America were Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Lily Pons, Cary Grant, Boris Karloff, Merle Oberon, Olivia De Haviland, Frank Morgan and Alice Faye.

Alas Romance!
Ruth Chatterton says—she said it to me—that she will never take another husband. This clever actress has been wed to such fascinating men as Ralph Forbes and George Brent, but she insists that she never will journey again to the marriage altar.

The lady declares that marriage is “such a boring business.” So that’s that!

An Odd Accent
Herbert Mundin, clever little English comedian, known to his intimates as “Tommy,” told me an amusing story.

An executive of a major studio asked him to take a test for a Scottish role. Tommy said he could tell a Scots story with the proper accent, but was positive that he could not do it in dialect for sound. However, under urgent persuasion he took the test.

The executive phoned him the next day, saying: “Your test was half Scotch and half Bourbon!” Tommy did not get the part, and was very happy.

Saving Time
Otto Kruger knows how to handle the autograph hunters. When they bear down upon him at a preview or premiere, he does not flinch. Instead, he draws a pad out of his pocket, upon which he has written his name scores of times, and smilingly hands them out!

The fans are satisfied, and Otto gets through the ordeal far more quickly than other players, who have to laboriously sign their names in a crowded theatre lobby.
WELL, I never like a week to pass without being able to cheer you up by telling you of someone else's misfortunes.

This week Will Hay has obliged. The wig he was to wear for his role as the schoolmaster in Gainsborough's "Gardenlife, Boys" was too big. So they did what your hatter or milliner seldom does to you when the hat he or she wishes to sell you is too big.

They soaked it in water and put it on his head to shrink to the right size.

The result, as might reasonably have been expected, is a frightful cold, which has put Will out of the way for the moment.

This new film of his is a deliberate attempt to capitalise on the success of his previous "Narkover" picture, Boys Will Be Boys.

This time he has with him his son, Will Hay, jun., who has appeared with him in his stage sketches, but is now, I understand, making his film debut.

They have Hay fever pretty badly down Islington way, rightly regarding this clever comedian as one of their biggest, brightest, and best bets.

An Able Crew

When he started to get into his wig for his new Narkover knockout, he had hardly come off the ship on which he has been strenuously pursuing the life of a sailor bold in Windbag the Sailor.

In that he had a strong team—Norma Varden, Graham Moffat, Moore Marriott, Kenneth Warren, Denis Wyndham, and Amy Veness.

Only one of these is in Good-morning, Boys—to wit, Graham Moffat; but the rest of the assembly is equally hand-picked, comprising (as the auctioneers say) Will Hay jun., afresh, Lilli Palmer, Marita Hunt, Peter Gawthorne, and Fearless Jewellyn.

By way of a change, Hay has not William Beaudine (American) to direct him in this new one; Bill did Windbag; Marcel Varnel (French) is "megging" on Good-morning Boys.

By the way, that megaphone is now chiefly used by temperament directors for throwing at dundereaded stars; but Beaudine and Varnel do not come into the category of "temperamental." In fact, they are two of the most popular, as well as most successful, foreign directors who have worked in our studios.

Patchwork

And, having fired off that double-barrelled bouquet, I am carried by the recollection to Shepherd's Bush, where King Solomon's Mines is about the most important thing on the floor. And in that film in John Loder; and on that actor is a dressing-gown which must be just about unique, even in filmland, where old dressing-gowns abound.

It is patchwork, and consists of bits snipped from the costumes of famous stars with whom he has appeared. There is a bit from Constance Bennett, in Rich People; a morsel of Ann Harding, from Private Affair; a scrap of Ruth Chatterton in The Doctor's Secret.

One bit is from an evening dress Loreta Young wore in Second Floor Murder; two are from Grace Field's dress in Sing As We Go, and Merle Oberon's kimono in The Battle; Elizabeth Allan and Anna May Wong, with whom John played in Java Head, are both represented in the collection; and so on.

He is in something of a quandary over Anna Lee, because she has offered him a chunk of the incredibly coarse canvas trousers she wears throughout most of King Solomon's Mines, and he hardly likes the prop.

John calls this composite garment "a portable historical souvenir of my career"; pity he couldn't have thought of a long name for it, such as "a transportable synthetic habitation commemorative of the histrionic associations incidental to the pursuit of my kinematographic Thespian vocation."

But perhaps it would take rather a long time to ask his dresser to hand it off the peg to him.

Savvy Efik?

Just by way of a change, Gaumont-British are making, not an epic, but an Efik.

Efik, as far as my limited intelligence allows me to grasp, is a language spoken in Nigeria; and this is the lingo that Paul Robeson speaks in King Solomon's Mines, so he has to be coached by Mr. E. I. Ekpenyong, who is an authority on it.

Mind you, I don't suppose you and I would be any the wiser if Paul Robeson spoke in Tewfik, Biftek, or Burmese; but there would be sure to be some Efikian over here on a loin-cloth-buying trip who would see the film and write to the papers about it.

Hence the ebeno Mr. Ekpenyong.

Paul Robeson says the tonal notes of Efik are almost exactly like those of Chinese; but then Robeson happens to be a particularly brainy cove, who is far gone in philology.

Our candid cameraman catches three delightful views of Ann Harding in conversation with her director, Rowland V. Lee, in her dressing-room in a pause in production of "Leaves from a Stranger," at Denham. Bonnie Hale is on the left.

Geoffrey Harbas has already gone off to Africa to shoot exteriors for this film, with which the interiors will be "matched-up."

Mr. Barbas was responsible for the fine location shots we saw in Rhodes of Africa; although a young man, he is an "old campaigner," and an expert at this kind of thing.

Crazy Six

One of the forthcoming films to be made at Shepherd's Bush is Brave and Beautiful, in which Anna Lee will star, directed by her young and properly adoring husband, Robert Stevenson.

Well, Anna's beautiful enough to make any fellow brave.

And, while I am on the subject of new films, Gainsborough are to make a screen version of the Palladium Theatre success Okah for Sound, which includes three sets of twin souls—Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold.

I'm sorry Clapham and Dwyer, Scott and Whaley, and Swan and Edgar can't be there, too, because I like a film to be an epic while it's about it. But I imagine the director (when
because in the studios one seldom sees more than a two-minutes' scene before the director says "Cut it!"—just as you're getting worked up about it.

But nevertheless, one does sometimes see a piece of acting in the studios that stirs the old glands into action.

Particularly so I enjoy seeing two fine actors playing a scene together; their timing and their give-and-take (reciprocity to you) are a joy to watch.

I experienced this at Pinewood recently where two experts, one American and one British, gave a practical demonstration of the difficult art of acting.

On my right, Ricardo Cortez, the Hollywood Stand-by; on my left, Battling Basil Sydney of Shepherd's Bush (you probably remember his fine performance as Dr. Jameson in Rhodes of Africa).

Seconds out of the ring.

Modest

Sydney is the double-dyed villain; for once in a way Cortez is the hero; and this was a scene between the two when Sally Eilers, heroine, with whom they are both in love, has disappeared.

When they had finished that scene (which gripped me, even with "grips" and electricians standing around), Sydney was through an inductor of helicopters who finds himself in an R.A.F. depot. Through all the ordered bustle of Air Force life Sydney blunders with a complete and bland ignorance of routine and discipline and only an implicit faith in his own invention to sustain him.

They Faw Down!

Ellen Pollock, one of the cleverest comedienne whom our stage has bestowed upon our screen, is the vivacious French wife of the commanding officer, played by Franklin Bellamy.

She is keen to fly, and persuades Sydney to take her up in his own aeroplane—and perhaps you don't know how persuasive Ellen can be when she tries.

Anyway, he falls for the idea completely, but as it turns out there is more falling to be done before they finally come to earth—in a fearfully literal sense—in one of the depot flowerbeds.

This sounds like perfect Sydney Howard material, and the few scenes I have seen on the floor justify a hope that this will be the best Howard effort we have had.

So much for the Air Force; but Herbert Wilcox Productions are also immortalizing the British Navy, in The Navy Eternal.

Here Herbert Wilcox is following the lead set by Darryl Zanuck, of Hollywood, who believes in cashing-in on topical subjects while they are worth cash.

Battle

The particular topicality is the Spanish rebellion; the H.M.S. Royal Oak, disguised as the El-Mirante, a foreign battleship of unspecified nationality, has mutinied and is shelling the British consulate in a foreign port; and H.M.S. Curacao has become (for the sweet sake of Kinema) "H.M.S. Audacious," a British cruiser which goes into action to protect the British nationals in the port. I devoutly hope they will reproduce an incident which took place recently when the captain of a British battleship went ashore in a Spanish port, to evacuate the British residents, armed with a walking-stick!

A terrific running fight between the two ships has been secured, with salvos popping off in all directions. In fact, one popped off in the wrong direction, and burned a cameraman about the face and hands.

He is one of those who will not be influenced by this film to dash to the nearest naval recruiting office and join up.

Join the Navy . . .

Scenes between decks, as well as the fighting, will be shown, to prove what a jolly carefree life a Jack Tar leads. This ought to go some distance towards counteracting that song of Fred Astaire's in—was it Follow the Fleet?

We joined the Navy to see the World
And what did we see? We saw the sea!

That must have caused a nasty dip in the Navy's enlistment-clout.

We certainly ought to become navy-conscious this season. At Denham also there has been a sea-fight, and I don't mind hazarding a guess that this will prove to be one of the most realistic ever filmed in, about, or near a British studio.

It's the sequence in Dark Journey in which Conrad Veidt, as a German U-Boat commander, is captured by a British O-Ship. And I defy any ordinary layman (that is, member of the audience not connected with film-production) to distinguish between the shots actually secured at sea and those made in the studio.

Ned Mann has done some uncannily realistic model-work; I'm not going to tell you about it, because it wouldn't be fair to blow the gaff; all I will say is that nothing better has ever been done in any studio than we are getting at Denham to-day.

Veidt fans (whose name is legion, to judge by the letters I receive about him) will be better pleased with him in this role than in any he has had since I Was a Spy.

That's a tip straight from the stable!...
(Left) Helen Hunt Jackson's story of the tragic love of Ramona and Allesandro has all its old tenderness in the portrayals of Loretta Young and Don Ameche.
ONE of the most famous of the silent far-jerkers comes to the silver screen in Technicolor, with Loretta Young in the old Dolores del Rio role and Don Ameche, one of Hollywood's most promising newcomers, as Allesandro.

The tragic romance of Ramona and her Indian lover has lost one of its old poignancy in the new version. Pauline Frederick and Kent Taylor support the stars.

Don Ameche is expected to achieve stardom as a result of his fine work in this picture.
The stars of Hollywood are facing a
terrific danger, all the more menacing
because it cannot be warded off as
they keep out kidnappers—with tangible,
external guards.

This peril attacks from within—and
menaces, especially, the very stars on whom
Hollywood's future depends—the Robert
Taylors, Henry Fonda's, and Olivia de
Havillands.

Otto Kruger told me, "The danger is no
less real because it is intangible, an insidious
thing we may not be aware of until one
moment before it strikes.

"Then it may go hand in hand with our
happiness, our careers, our futures, our very livelihood
itself, because it strikes at the one thing on
which we all depend."

He paused thoughtfully. "Have you ever stopped to
consider that almost every successful star
endured hard knocks before reaching his or her
present position in Hollywood? I mean, now,
real stars who have proved their worth over a
period of years—Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman,
and many others. Those hard knocks were vital
to success—and part of Hollywood's danger lies
in forgetting that important fact. Suffering is
absolutely vital to successful acting!"

He paused for a moment, smoking out a
cigarette in the ash-tray on his dressing-room
table. You will soon see his most recent picture,
"Dracula's Daughter," which he made immediately after returning from England, where he appeared in an important picture for a
British company. Deluged now with offers from
both Hollywood and London producers, swamped
with invitations to appear on the stage in New
York, London, and Los Angeles, Otto Kruger is
truly an international favorite.

He said thoughtfully: "It takes suffering,
you see, to make a man or woman sensitive
enough to portray emotions—realistically. I can
remember my first hard years upon the stage.
For possibly five years I drifted along
as do many newcomers. I could act things but I
didn't feel them. Consequently I wasn't con-
vincing.

"Then I left the stage temporarily, and had a
number of experiences that gave me that
sensitiveness. What were they? I shrugged
and didn't even turn my head away from watching
him as this friend of mine burned—burned and
his clothes smoked and charred and finally, after
what seemed fifty hours, he fell to the ground.

"Kruger paused, shaken by the story he had
told. He went on, a moment later, "I needed
that shock, that terrific emotion, to make me
act. Afterwards, playing lesser emotions was
easy for me. I went back to the stage a few
months afterward, and felt in myself a new ease
and ability to handle dramatic scenes that would
have been completely beyond my powers before.

"If you looked into the past of every successful
actor, you would find a record of such an experi-
ce! I doubt if there are more than one or two
exceptions to this rule. A star's greatest danger lies
in becoming so smug and sure, with success,
that such experiences are forgotten—
just as if they'd never been felt.

"I thought of young Crawford, struggling for
her "break" as a shopgirl, hearing the mockery of
those who said she could never succeed in her
great ambitions. We thought of Edward Arnold,
who tasted failure for years before Hollywood
brought him world fame. Of Barbara Stanwyck
to-day, rising to greater heights than ever before
after the domestic smash-up of her marriage to
Frank Fay. The lives of Hollywood's greatest
stars prove all too truly Otto Kruger's words:

Even among the newcomers, tragedy has
made them conscious of the other side of life—
has made them feel. Jean Parker, a domestic
helper in a Pasadena household, struggling to
acquire a schooling and an education. Errol
Flynn, tasting high moments—and low ones—
who carved his career as an adventurer and
soldier of fortune.

Kruger told me, "Living dangerously is the
only way an actor can be a good actor. The very
qualities we prize, in Hollywood, are fatal to
artistry. Trust funds, bank accounts, riches,
estates, domestic happiness—these things are
Hollywood's real danger!"

"They are the very opposite of irresponsi-
ble, for which actors, he smiled, "have
been notorious. A star who cannot
abandon without irresponsibility.
And you cannot portray a keen emotion greatly
without abandoning!"

"And in explaining how he keeps this quality
of abandon in his own life—despite a happy
marriage which has lasted for 16 years—Otto
Kruger told me an amazing story.

"I'm afraid of a happy domestic life...
afraid of what it might do to me. I run away
from it. Five times a year, or more. I leave my
wife and daughter and go off by myself. Hunting,
or fishing, or riding. I never take my wife along
when I go away for pictures. I take my wife to
London, for instance. I am planning to
go over there again, soon, and I'll go by
myself.

"The very loneliness I feel at the separation
is good for me. It makes me wake up—keeps
me from sinking into a happy rut of comfortable
living."

He added, "I don't believe a good actor
should even play chess—for chess makes for
routine, for method, and method makes for
instability instead of spontaneity. And the
history of the stage and the screen, no three
actors who depended on technique alone have
ever lasting success.

That's why Hollywood's greatest danger lies
in the very things the stars prize most dearly.
The sure, steady pay cheques, the safe, comfort-
able homes, the regular hours.

Indeed, these factors, which to the outside
world represent the chief advantage of being a
Hollywood star, are the very things which
have caused a number of well-known New York
actors and writers to flee from the Californian
costume as though it were a place accused.

There is, they say, a devitalising influence
about so much safety and luxury; and one
famous star, who has consistently suffered from
bad roles, once complained to me that he was
shackled to Hollywood by golden chains—by the
high salary, the climate, the pleasant com-
panionship.

He would have broken away if he could,
because he is a man who takes his profession
seriously; but for the sake of his wife and
children he felt obliged to stay . . . and, as he
put it, "rot."

And because wealth and luxury are handed so
lavishly to the newcomer, who has only
stayed briefly of the other side of life—the
tragedy and sorrow and heartache—this
danger is attacking most vitally the very
newcomers who are springing into prominence.

Can Hollywood ward off this peril?
It isn't easy to ward it off. Dolores Costello
Havilland emerged from domestic tragedy as a
greater actress. So has Joan Blondell. After
a broken romance, with Mervyn Le Roy, Ginger
Rogers obtained greater distinction than ever before.
Will the newer stars find the same
heart-break—and success?
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PICTUREGOER Weekly
November 14, 1936
Of the two, Katherine was the more composed, as she insisted on seeing up the flap of Joe's pocket, which had been ripped on an iron railing.

roused in Joe a sickening sense of annoyance.
"Straight ahead, Tom. Come on! You're walking backwards." Charlie urged as he opened the living-room door.
"Gosh! I feel awful, Joe," his younger brother confessed, steadily
himself against the jamb.
"We only had a couple drinks after the show." Charlie put in.
"The kid's got to have some fun. He just can't take it, that's all.
"Who says I can't take it?" Tom blustered. "Evan Mr. Donelli
said I was all right.

Donelli?" Joe's blood was up.
"You're waiting for the undertaker or the cops running errands for that
racketeer. You leave Tom out of the gangster business if you can't
quit yourself. It's a mercy Mom and Dad aren't here to see what
sort of life you two are leading."
"Can that Sunday-school talk! D'you think I'm going to ride to heaven
in some sweat-shop at thirty dollars a week. Times have changed,
my Reverend Okay."

Indeed, the scene had all the marks of a first-rank was familiarised
by Joe, by virtue of the hundred-per-cent. masculinity aforesaid, became a dictator.

Two, she was the more composed as she found her compartment
and insisted on seeing up the flap of Joe's coat pocket, which had been
ripped on an iron railing.

"Aw, this is dreadful," he stammered.
"I'm coming for you soon as I get that bank balance up to the third floor and a kitchenette.
Why can't you stay with your job here? It wouldn't take—"

"We've been through all that, darling. There's a better job there,
and I'll be saving for us, too."

"I know." He left her to buy candy and peanuts, and came back,
in addition, with a fragrant parcel.

"Scent! For me? How lovely!"

I thought I'd get you a little "momentum."
"Memento, darling! 'Tis—not 'tum. I've told you plenty. Well,
I've got you a little 'momentum,' too. My mother's wedding ring. You
can see the inscription, 'Henry to Katherine,' and on the side, 'Katherine to Joe.' I'm glad you like it, darling. Try it on."

"Guess I'll have to wear it on
my little finger. All the better if it's tight. I shan't lose it."

Five minutes later, thinking of Katherine's "goodbye" kiss, he
left the station munching peanuts

for consolation, between tossing them to a mongrel who put in
a friendly plea for one as he ambled somewhat dejectedly by a street
hoarding.

"Hello, stranger! Think you're
smart, don't you?" Joe com-
mented, petting the animal.
Two bright eyes, peering from tousled
hair, looked up at the man with friendly recognition.

Lonely and small. Guess you feel
the same as me." Joe stated
and was in no way displeased when
the mongrel took it into his head
to follow him home. The fact that
Tom had left a note to the effect
that he had gone to a cinema with
Charlie roused innocent enough,
but the ensuing sound of his
brothers' footsteps on the stairs

In six months' time, Katherine, gracing books to wireless accompani-
ment in her room at Gabsburg, was able to smile over the following letter—

"Katherine dear,

'Here's the best news of the year. Charlie quit working for that
gangster Donelli. You don't know what a relief it is to me to see him
chin up and both eyes on the 'help wanted' page. Katherine dear,
time went so slowly and I'd been saving so little, so I bought
an option on a petrol station; and, talking of momentsums, enclosed is
a garage we're going to own. Don't ask me how it was done,
but the boys and I cleared up a bit on the races; so I was thinking
I'd quit the factory job at Christ-

mas, and if there's enough cash
I'll hire a flivver and come and get
you, so we can be married. All
my love, Your Joe."

Forecasted hopes being realised, Joe one raw January morning actually
did run his flivver out of the garage and drove off to the farewell of "kiss Katherine for me." and "Happy landings, fella" from Charlie and Tom respectively.

Glad to be off again, he was doing a comfortable thirty when a
man, issuing from a side road, shot
across his bows. Jamming on brakes, he found himself looking at the
barrel of a shot-gun while a
plain-clothesman ordered: "Stop your motor, buddy! Hands up on that wheel!"

"What's the matter? I wasn't speeding."

"No? Well, you wasn't letting
gas go under the tyres. You
got Illinois number plates—Chicago ...
Hmm! What's in that bag on the seat—Salted peanuts, Why?"

"I ain't answering questions, buddy. You are. Come on.

Within ten minutes Joe dis-
covered that his personal liberty
was at an end. Escorting to the
sheriff's office, he was subjected
for "Memento," to a rigorous questioning as to his
actions during the past forty-eight hours. The fact that peanuts had been found in the
envelope containing the ransom
money.

"Craziest thing I ever heard of. Those details might fit any-
one," Joe challenged. "Am I the only man in the world who eats
peanuts?... Very well, Sheriff, if you want to take what I got in my
pockets." He turned them out, disclosing a few dollar bills. Again he
was destined to be unlucky. The serial number on one was found
to tally with that on one of the
ransom banknotes.

"Man, this is going to be a sensation!" the plain-clothesman
said with juicy satisfaction.

"Let me telephone Chicago?" Joe pleaded. "Better still, phone
straight to my brothers."

Brothers, eh? Tom and Charlie Wilson, that's the news. I temporay
ly under suspicion of being involved with
Donelli gang. Not likely. If you're mixed up with it, too, it
wouldn't be very smart of me to let you 'phone," the Sheriff
snapped.

Incarcerated in the town jail pending investigations, Joe was
caught, like a rat in a trap, had not the slightest inkling of the forces
at work to bring him to pass.

To appreciate them he would have needed to be an expert on
the minds of the leading politicians of Strand. Mass swollen head was the first
impetus towards an outrage for which the citizens of Strand were
headed.

No sooner had news leaked out from the Sheriff's office of the arrest
of a possible child-kidnapper, then the word "possible" was excluded
from town talk. In the bars, across kitchens in the barber's shops, pride in the publicity afforded to

(Continued on page 15)
RED, ROUGH HANDS banished overnight
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Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising Tattoo, the new cream Mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply squeeze Tattoo out of the tube on to the brush, whick it over your lashes and there they are...instantly dark, lushous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smears. Absolutely harmless, Cry or swim—Tattoo won't run or smear! In smart, rubber-lined satin vanity, with brush.

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For each 6d. enclosed stamps or P.O.S., send one thirty-day trial tube of Tattoo Cream Mascara, with brush. Mark each colour desired: BLACK [ ] BROWN [ ] BLUE [ ]

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Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes; Blush Dark for Brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours.
day watching a newsreel of myself getting burned alive. Place was packed. Folk got a kick out of seeing a man die. There was a big explosion, the cell door caved in and killed Rainbow. Yeah, but it didn't kill me. I got out down a rainpipe. I almost burned my side off. I could smell myself. It was awful. I feel like thanking God or something."

"Did you get burned bad?"

"Pretty burned, Tom; but it didn't hurt me, because you can't hurt a dead man. D'you remember me preaching to you to be decent and live right? Well, I tried it, and it wouldn't work. People won't let you. Charlie, you were right. Donelli was right. I was wrong but I know now, and I'll punish the folk that made me so."

"Sure, we'll get a lawyer and have them."

"What! Have them arrested, Charlie, for disturbing the peace? No; that's not enough for me. I'm burned to death by a mob of animals. They're legally dead and they're legally murderers."

"They'll hang for it. Killing by lynching law is murder in the first degree, and all who consent to kill a man that way are responsible. I got that out of a law book in the public library.

The obstinate streak, the power to carry revenge to a finish from being only a factor in Joe's mental make-up, obtained complete mastery during the ensuing weeks. Public feeling, fomenting on the arrest of the genuine kidnappers, played into his hands. Twenty-two citizens of Strand indicted for murder by the District Attorney were to stand for trial in Central City. Regardless of the danger of discovery, Joe joined his brother in their apartment on the East side.

"What did you want to leave Chicago for?" Charlie grumbled. "Somebody'll see you."

"No one will, because I shall keep out of the way."

"Maybe you'll want to see Katherine some day." Tom put in.

Joe frowned. He had a hard fight to keep a stiff upper lip when Charlie told him how the sight of Joe in the burning cell had temporarily maddened Katherine's brain, but that she was recovering. "Don't forget, Katherine came out of Galbuorg the same day you caved, to see if she could help," Charlie added.

"Get this straight, Joe; fling out. Katherine's not to know I'm alive. She'd crack. She'd never go through with it. She wouldn't see things as they are, I want those fellows to squirm as they made me squirm. I want to see them hang at the end of it." One thing seemed liable to prevent this. Joe, straining for every word about the opening days of the trial issuing from his wireless set, realised that the fact his death had never actually been proved might save the lyncher's skins. By news- reel, now in possession of the State and screened in court, the identity of the original lyncher was definitely established. Was revenge to fail because Joe Wilson's body had never been found? After a sleepless night, Joe had a brilliant idea. The following day the District Attorney produced, for the benefit of the Judge and crowd, a letter addressed to His

Honour. It was not handwritten, but composed of words cut from newspapers and pasted together. Inside the envelope was a gold ring.

"The confession of a tortured conscience, ladies and gentlemen," the District Attorney announced. "Listen! I can't hide truth any longer. I am a citizen of Strand who helped clean up the god-awful mess. I found this ring in the ashes. At first I was keeping it for a moment. But it's upsetting my conscience. I don't dare sign this, or I would probably get lynched myself."

"That letter was the best thing I ever thought about." Joe exclaimed the same evening. 'Gallows Loom for Lyncher's' makes fine reading in the papers, don't it? It almost cost me my finger getting that ring off, but it was worth it. I see Katherine identified it as mine all right. Was she upset, Charlie?"

"Not so much as one of the women who set fire to the prison when she left the Strand. They had to carry her out of court. It's getting me down, Joe. I wish I hadn't got mixed up in the thing."

Turning yellow, eh? Why don't you squawk on me?"

"Nobody's talking about that, but I wish you'd get out of the country, and we could start again."

"I'll kill you first."

"You might as well kill me, too." Katherine was speaking. Katherine, coming into the room, looking pale and years older. Anger at seeing her changed, as much as anything, brought out Joe's gun. "So you brought her here, Charlie; you lying little—"

"Joe, don't! I followed him here. I knew you were alive when I saw that letter. 'Momentum' you said in it. Thank God you never will remember how to spell it. Listen to me. You're hanging twenty-two people for something they didn't do on. Twenty-two human beings. If they die, Joe Wilson dies. Wherever you go, whatever you do. I couldn't marry you now, Joe. I couldn't marry a dead man."

"Night. I don't need anybody."

He saw her go. That night he walked the streets, drinking at the bars, reckless of being identified, a man fighting with himself not to listen to a woman's voice, and again he heard it echo! "I couldn't marry you now, Joe. I couldn't marry a dead man."

In the small hours he got back without knowing how to his apartment. The room was empty as he swivelled on the light. Loneliness, kept at bay for an evening, suddenly overwhelmed him. "Katherine, don't leave me!" he groaned, and fell face forward on the floor.

"Your honour, I am Joe Wilson. I know that by coming here I save the life of twenty-two people. But this isn't why I came here for my own sake. I couldn't stand it any more. I couldn't stop thinking about the twenty-two men without knowing how to his apartment. The room was empty as I swivelled on the light. Loneliness, kept at bay for an evening, suddenly overwhelmed him. "Katherine, don't leave me!" he groaned, and fell face forward on the floor."

Your honour, I am Joe Wilson. I know that by coming here I save the life of twenty-two people. But this isn't why I came here for my own sake. I couldn't stand it any more. I couldn't stop thinking about the twenty-two men who died without knowing how to his apartment. The room was empty as I swivelled on the light. Loneliness, kept at bay for an evening, suddenly overwhelmed him. "Katherine, don't leave me!" he groaned, and fell face forward on the floor."


Beautiful Binnie Barnes

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CRITICISMS OF THE LATEST FILMS

THE ROAD TO GLORY

OME of the most vivid and realistic war sequences I have ever seen are on the screen form the highlight of this picture, which has as its theme devotion to duty and love of country.

While these sentiments are admirable in themselves, I do not feel that these grim reminders of a world gone mad must constitute entertainment in the true sense of the word.

For those who lost sons and relations in the war the horror of it all must be unbearable, while those who served have memories of some wild nightmare.

The story which accompanies these harrowing battle scenes on the French front is not free from artificiality, and the note of unquenchable patriotism is rather over-stained.

The action takes place in a section of the French line which the 39th Regiment of the line has been holding since 1914. Captain Larocque has the reputation of a fine soldier, just as ruthless as he keeps his nerves from letting him down by living on cognac and aspirin, and while he is not helped by Monique, a pretty nurse whom he loves devotedly.

A Lieutenant Denet joins the regiment, and while sheltering from an air raid meets and falls in love with Monique.

The regiment goes up to the front and discovers its trenches are under sneers of some Frenchwomen. After terrible suspense the men are relieved just before the Germans detonate the mine Einige.

Back in billets, Denet meets Monique again and falls in love with her, not knowing that his captain has a predilection for her.

Before they return up the line Larocque gets wind of their relations, but says nothing. His old father, who has managed to enlist under an assumed name, manages to get up with him in spite of an order that he was to return to base because of his age.

It is in this character of an old man that the full fire of patriotism is enshrined. He is a bitter, old, retired officer, an old warrior who does heroic deeds but whose nerves go under the strain.

Later he redeems himself by assisting his son to telephone atery observations to the gunners from an advanced post which must inevitably be blown up if they wish to get the correct aim.

Both of them are killed and Denet returns to Monique, only to be forced into the routine which has been Larocque's lot for the past two years—a perpetual going and returning on the road to glory.

Fredric March is remarkable as the Captain and Fredric March turns in his best performance for some time as Denet.

June Lang is beautiful to look at as Monique, a rather vague character who, for dramatic emphasis should, I think, have been made more definitely a light woman. June Lang's acting is rather stilted and colourless.

The best performance comes from Gregory Ratoff as a sergeant. It is a very clever character study.

While the settings are most convincing and the attack sequences terribly realistic, the atmosphere in billets is not so good owing to the diversity of accents used by the various characters. Some speak pure American and some broken English.

Fine dramatic tension is obtained in the sequences where the company is listening to the mining in progress under their trenches, fearful when the tapping stops and assuming nonchalance when it continues.

On the whole, Howard Hawks' direction deserves great praise, but I still feel it is too grim for the normal filmgoer's entertainment.

MAYERLING

The tragic story of Rudolph of Austria's love for Marie Vetsera which ended tragically at Mayerling in 1889 is brought realistically and artistically to the screen.

Charles Boyer has done nothing finer than his characterization of the Archduke who is driven mad by the court restrictions that are placed on him. It is a sensitive and thoroughly sympathetic portrayal.

Danielle Darrieux is wholly charming, naive and youthful as Marie. She expresses her devotion with a most effective restraint.

Jean Dax is remarkably like the portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph and carries his role with dignity, while the remainder of the cast is flawless throughout.

The story, based on actual fact, shows how the Archduke Rudolph, having been forced into a marriage of convenience by the Emperor Francis Joseph, proceeds to run wild; his friendship, too, with the editor of a Liberal paper gets him into trouble.

One day he meets and falls violently in love with Marie Vetsera. They have to meet in secret, but they are followed and Marie is sent off to Trieste from Vienna.

Rudolph starts his wild parties again until Marie comes to him promising never to leave him. He tries to get a divorce from his wife, but the Emperor eventually gives him twenty-four hours in which to end the affair. Marie consenting, the lovers go to Mayerling, where Rudolph first shoots her and then himself.

Anatole Litvak has treated this tragedy in rather a leisurely manner, but he has given it a wealth of sincerity and reproduced the atmosphere of the period admirably. The splendid of the court scenes, with the restrictions they impose on the Archduke's craving for normal companionship, are well contrasted with the scenes of Rudolph's carousals and the tenderness of the love interest.

The true denouement is led up to with full dramatic force, and it is most moving in its pathetic intensity.

Brilliant camera work does full justice to the settings, which include famous landmarks of Vienna, including the ballroom of the Imperial Palace, the famous Sacher Restaurant, the Royal Opera House, and the hunting lodge at Mayerling.

THE AMAZING QUEST OF ERNEST BLISS

How often have you wished that you could generously help those who have helped you, and repay in kind those whose one aim in life seems to be to hinder your advancement.

That is what Mr. Bliss is able to do in this praiseworthy and pleasantly entertaining adaptation of E. Phillipps Oppenheim's novel and that it is a success. I will enjoy it; the hero is doing something which most of you would like to do. A sort of satisfaction by proxy.

Very briefly the plot illustrates how a very wealthy young man, eager a Harley Street doctor that he will earn his own living for a year starting with a capital of only five pounds. He is, of course, at first unwilling to help others, but he must not benefit from or touch it himself.

During the course of his self-imposed task he meets and falls in love with a charming little secretary, and also comes in contact with a variety of clever characters, of which form the main source of the film's entertainment.

Gary Grant is quite good as Bliss, and the characterisation, wit and intelligence of the little secretary, Frances Leisler has given full value to the material, straight comedy, and his direction, while erring a little on the side of the serious, is nevertheless clever, and he has achieved an exceedingly good London atmosphere.

The hero becomes, in turn, a gas station attendant, a greengrocer, and a chauffeur.

In his first job he meets the heroine, and in the second he has a first-class scrap in Covent Garden market which provides a very good bit of local colour.

As a chauffeur he saves the heroine from a designing rogue, and also has an encounter with crooks who take possession of his flat, having bribed the butler.

Lionel Collier.

THE THREE MAXIMS

A good plot, like a good car, lasts a long time; but there is a difference between the two. If the car can be reconditioned or the plot rehashed.

The triangle of trapeze-artists among whom jealousy and revenge come to a head high in the air under the "big top" is worn out; no amount of refurbishing can make it look like new.

The story begins weakly, with long pointless speeches by the members of the "Three Maxims" stirring acrobatic troupe in France; and it proceeds through a circus-tent performance from which hundreds of feet could be cut without anyone being a penny the poorer.

The circus is wrecked by roughs, but the manager named Winston, who has seen the show, is persuaded by Mike, the Maxims' Irish manager, to give the troupe an audition.

Although he obviously thinks very little of their performance, for some minute unexplained reason he engages them as the star turn at his theatre, supplies them with smart clothes, puts them up at the best hotels and promises to introduce them at the Annual Students' Ball.

At this function, Mac, the strong man of the show, rejected by the girl Maxim, becomes intoxicated and makes a scene, which drama of jealousy works itself out on the flying trapeze in the old familiar way.

The story, though it has a surprise twist in the climax, is not worth the excellent acting lavished upon it. While Banks shines as the door, devoted Mac, and Tullio Carminati is good as his gentlemanly rival; someone as Mike and Arthur Finn as Winston, both turn in sound performances, but Anna Neagle's acting is forced and artificial.

Herbert Lom finds her a better story, with fewer repetitions and the ends tucked in more tidily if he had been asked to take on the precarious trapeze of stardom.—E.G.C.
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The most amazing discovery since face powder was first invented. A powder with 'electro-static affinity' for the skin. This means that the powder clings tight to the skin exactly like a needle or a piece of steel is attracted and held by a magnet. Clings tighter—longer—than any powder before known. The worst wind and rainy weather cannot spoil the lovely 'matt finish' complexion it gives. Never a trace of shine on nose or face—not even when dancing for hours in the hottest room.

Try a box of the New Poudre Tokalon to-day—see how different this 'electro-static' secret makes it. You will be amazed and delighted with the fascinating girlish complexion Poudre Tokalon gives you. If not, your money refunded in full. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beaux Arts Outfit, containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may try them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinsods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, parking, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 2958), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

DO YOU GROW each day the HAIR YOU LOSE?

When your comb is always left full of loose hairs, and you find your hair coming out "in handfuls," you simply must act quickly if you want to avoid thin, straggly locks and bald patches. You must grow new hair to replace that which is being "combed out."

The way to do this is to brush a little 'Lavona' Hair Tonic well into the scalp every day. 'Lavona' immediately kills dandruff infection, which is the chief cause of falling hair; then, by stimulating and nourishing the hair roots, it encourages luxuriant new growth. Get a 2s. 3d. bottle from your chemist to-day; if the first bottle doesn't improve your hair, helping it to grow thicker, glossier and healthier, you get your money back, for there's a guarantee in every package!

Face up to a close-up?

Good health should shine through your eyes, bloom in your skin, and give you a figure to get by 'even your own critical eye. So keep your system regular—regular as the clock! Remember Beechams Pills—the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

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AVA COMPACT PERFUME

Enhance your charm with A.V.A Compact Perfume real flower fragrance in highly concentrated semi-solid essence. Open the dainty box, touch your brow or hair with this lasting exotic fascination. Choose from:

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Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explaining how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No drugs, no auto-negation. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage.

**FURY**

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS**

by Lionel Collier

The lynchers whilst he remains apparently dead. The suspects are araigned on a charge of murder, and all news reaps of the episode is sufficient to prove their complicity and refute all the perjuries of witnesses who had tried to protect them. The one thing wanted is definite proof that the victim is dead. I do not propose to give away the upshot of the trial nor the subsequent action of Joe, since there is a strong element of suspense which would be lost if you were told it beforehand.

The character drawing is remarkably fine. Spencer Tracy's rendering of the peaceful easy-going lover who is transformed into a revengeful killer is an outstanding one. It is sincere and vivid in the psychология and vital forcefulness. As his fiancée, Sylvia Sidney also gives of her best. Her transition from light-heartedness to abject misery is extremely poignant and realistic.

Joe Abel is very good as the barrister retained by Joe's brother and Edward Ellis is noteworthy as the sheriff.

Murder cases are convincingly handled and rather harrowing in their realistic detail.

**THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS**


Directed by William K. Howard.

An unusually novel and breezy version of the lightly treated murder mystery type. It is also notable for an excellent performances given by Carole Lombard as a

When we first meet her she is "throwing a Garbo" and doing it remarkably well. She contrasts this up stage act with her Brooklyn chorus girl self extremely cleverly.

Trouble starts when romance enters in the person of King Maskell, a concertina player engaged as a witness by Fred MacMurray and a murder is committed in the "Princess's" suite.

There is plenty of action, numerous wisecracks and the whole proceedings are characterized by directness and polish and give the necessary human contact.

Alison Skipworth is very good as the English actress and a bevy of detectives who happen to be on the boat and try to spot the murderer are excellently characterised by Douglas Dumbrille, Hume Cronyn, Sigi Ruman, and Tetsu Komai.

Porter Hall gives a clever study as a blackmailer—the victims of the crime.

George Barbier makes a jovial ship's captain and William Frawley is amusing as King's friend and partner.

**SECRET INTERLUDE**


Directed by Michael Curtiz.

The action is well set, the suspense well maintained and the tension is kept up to the very end.

**THE WALKING DEAD**

National, American. "A" certificate, Macabre melodrama. Runs 66 minutes. DUKE ELLINGTON, CAROLL BAIN, BERNARD MANNING, GEORGE WICKWARE, GEORGE RAMSEY, PERRY EDWARDS, GEORGE MILLER, GEORGE SUTHERLAND, MARGARET BAYLIS, ROBERT CLARK, MARGUERITE CHURCHILL, NANCY POWELL, FRANK HARTY, BARTON MACLAINE, LORER TAYLOR, HENRY DAVIES, JOSEPH KING, JUDGE SHAW, GEOFFREY ACKLAND, ROBERT STRANG, MERRIT KEMP, JESSE SAWERS, EDGAR ACUFF, BETTINA, RUTH ROBINSON, MRS. SHAW, ARTHUR RICHARDS, PILOTH WADDELL, KENNETH HAREL, STEPHEN MARSHALL, GEORGE BLESSING, ADRIAN BIDDLE.

Directed by Michael Curtiz.

Reviewed August 8, 1935.

Sound acting and production values makes this good entertainment for all lovers of macabre subjects.

All the mumps-jumbo of witchery which attends the usual spine-chiller has been so overdone that it is now almost ludicrous; this time we are confronted with pseudo-scientific marvels that are fascinating in themselves, quite apart from the horror angle.

The "science" is employed in bringing back from the dead a man who has been unjustly executed; an anachronistic science which performs the miracle, Edmund Gwen is sufficiently matter-of-fact to be convincing.

While in "the Beyond," the subject of this experiment has learned

**REVIEWS**

What the asterisks mean—

** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good.

** Average entertainment. Also suitable for children.

**FURY**

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate, Psychological drama. Runs 91 minutes. CAROL LOMBARD, KINGSLEY WILLIAM, ALAN DAWSON, JAMES CRAGGS, SYLVIA SIDNEY, JEAN HADLEY, EDWIN MAXWELL, VICKERY, HOWARD HICKMAN, JOHN BARRYMORE, LILA BOND, EDNA EDDIE, WILLIAM HUTCHINS, MAURICE WILSON, GEORGE WINFRED, FRED GARRETT, EDGAR KENNEDY, ALAN SUNPMJOW, "Lady" GERTRUDE EDERVILLE, CAPT. NICHOLLS, WILLIAM FRAWLEY, PORTER HALL, MARY HOPKINS, DAVE ROBERTSON, MURPHY KERR, LEO MACDONNELL, STANLEY BROWN, BETTY HARRIET, DONALD RAWLINGS, BRADLEY PAGE, THE STRANGER, TREVOR KOMAI, REX WHITNEY.

Directed by William K. Howard.

Launched July 25, 1935.

A conventionally enough theme—dealing with the romance of a servant girl with her wealthy employer's son, with a butler intempering as the villain who also has designs on the heroine.

But in spite of the plot's banality the well directed entertainment is as polished as the direction is polished, the characters well drawn and the acting good throughout.

Robert Taylor, for instance, is winsome and appealing as the girl who secretly marries her employer's son and presents a human and likeable character.

Robert Taylor, a tripe stereotyped, is unsuited to the rôle and the Rathbone is extremely passengerly as the butler—he would earn a round of hisses at any self-respecting motion picture theatre.

The settings are effective and the treatment generally helps to obviate the old-fashioned nature of the plot.

**EVERYTHING IS THUNDER**


Directed by Milner Cameron. From J. L. Hardy's "The Precipice."

The atmosphere of Germany in war-time is effectively portrayed in this story of a Canadian officer, Hugh MacMurray, who escapes from a prison camp and reaches Berlin after many exciting adventures. Soon after his arrival he meets Anna, an attractive wif...
Edward Arnold scores a personal success in "Sutter's Gold." and the biographical story becomes somewhat obscured.

It is, however, well acted and certainly varied in its entertainment; comedy, romance, spectacle and adventure are all presented in its compass.

It deals with John Sutter, a Swiss, who is wrongly suspected of murder and forced to flee to America. On landing in New York he makes friends with Pete Perkin, a loquacious adventurer, and the two eventually reach California via the Sandwich Islands. Sutter, by an agreement with the Mexicans, establishes the colony of New Helvetia, but just as he becomes King of the Castle there is a gold rush, and his position is threatened by the encroaching Census. The census is sent by Countess Elizabeth Bartolfski, who he is the worst of the argument.

Frenzied settlers ride roughshod over their property until his vast lands is abandoned when death at last claims him.

Edward Arnold gives a very good performance as Sutter and Lee Tracy very well as the Countess. The last is sometimes funny, as well as being a good deal of the riotous character.

Binnie Barnes as well as Countess, as does Katharine Alexander as Mrs. Sutter; the pair are well contrasted.

**SUTTER’S GOLD**


In its effort to cover a very wide field this picture becomes overcrowded with historical spectacle and hope that Congress will return to him his lost lands is abandoned when death at last claims him.

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**SUTTER’S GOLD**

**The Screen's Fire Clown**

W. C. Fields's Gems of Pure Comedy

I HAVE yet to see W. C. Fields eulogised in a letter from a reader. This grand old comedian, who has all Chaplin's perfection of mime plus a booming voice that is a sheer joy, must be the finest clown on the screen to-day.

He is at his best in knockabout burlesque, but every part he plays is a rich and fruity characterisation of the kind loved by such as Dickens and Mark Twain.

W. C. Fields, hurriedly made, often shoddy films, he has little cameos equal to the Chaplin highlights of the past. His anguished attempts to shave while his daughter is in the bathroom; his beaming and bowing pride when he is accidentally placed at the head of a procession; his baffled dismay when he is entangled in a fence—these are gems of pure comedy.

The modern Micawber, blustering his way through his films in spite of illness in private life, "Bill" Fields is a real clown.

"Even so, my little glow-worm," as he would say.—*A. Thomas, 161 Inverness Place, Cardifff.*

Our Shop-window

I suggest that British producers should "look ahead" now and do some careful planning for 1937.

If the coronation year Britain will be filled—probably almost uncomfortably filled—with visitors from every country in the world.

These people will flock into our cinemas, and it will be undoubtedly a unique opportunity of impressing the world with the excellence of British films.

What are we going to put in our shop window? Will our screened be filled with fifth carbon copies of Hollywood's "drawing-room comedy" type of picture (which Hollywood itself is finding a drag on the market) and equally "faint yet pursuing" imitations of Hollywood's gangster pictures or slapstick? Or enormously expensive "musicals," which fall far below the Hollywood standard?

Or shall we find pictures essentially British, not only in name but in atmosphere, like the sadly-underrated "Turn of the Tide,"”

That might help the kinema tide to turn in our direction.—*A. W. Peterson, Merton College, Oxford, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

"Apathetic" Fans

 Permit me to contrast theatre enthusiasm with kinema apathy.

If entrepreneurs cheerfully pay fares, "stool-money," "entertainers" (?) refreshment, programme; wait several hours; then endure three hours uncomfortable seating, often a bench (in the gallery).

Kinema audiences enter at any time, disturb others during the showing of a film; later murmurs: "This is where we came in," exit: more disturbance; or worse, stay and tell us "what's coming."

Having seen the second half first, a complete film, "shorts," they see the first half; then consider themselves competent to judge the film! Would *Picturegoer*'s critics do this: could one thus criticise a play or book?

Managers could help to remedy this by printing the times on advertisements and outside the cinema. Also with the "trailer," with a friendly hint that patrons would add to their own enjoyment and comfort if they entered during the "shorts." I think this would also help to abolish queues.—*Frederick C. Collins, 26 Oakfield Road, Clapton, E.5, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

A Tip Worth Having

I have recently joined the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and am thrilled at such beautiful cards. The above-given free to new members is a thing anyone would like to possess. After seeing the single photos I can well imagine what the "partners" are like. I shall never tire of looking through my album, with new cards to add every week or month.

I urge everyone to join, I know you will be thrilled, as I have been. Congratulations to "Picturegoer" for such splendid postcards of our favourite stars.—*(Miss) E. Holloway, 10 Princess Row, King Square, Bristol, 1.*

Classifying Powell

Some friends and I were recently having an argument concerning the film actors who sing. We all agreed they could be divided into three classes, namely:

(a) The operatic singers (Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett and Nino Martini).

(b) The "musical comedy" type (Jack Buchanan, Carl Brisson and Maurice Chevalier).

(c) The crooners (Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross). But we started to argue when Dick Powell's name was mentioned. Although nobody suggested class a, some (including myself) declared him to be in the b class and the rest in c. One of those argued that Mr. Powell himself has remarked: "I'm no Caruso." That is, however, obvious, as Caruso undoubtedly tops a and it was probably only modesty on Mr. Powell's part, anyway. I commented that personally I thought all crooners could murmur was "Boo-boo-boo."—*Miss* R. Barfoot, 3 Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.I.

Discriminate!

I disagree with the correspondent who proposes kinema clubs run by the management. It is playing into the producer's hands. They are heart and soul with any movement that makes a patron slavishly adhere to one kinema. In that way he can put rubbish for exhibition.

Only by discrimination and boycott can the film producer be made to give his best. I patronise four suburban kinemas who have twice weekly changes, yet I only average two shows per week. I would go six times, but I desire the best.

Attendance at a single kinema, no matter whether the show is good or bad, keeps the art at a low level.—*Albert Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.*

Surprise Us!

Whilst both British and American producers are turning out some really first-class pictures, at the same time I wish some producer would go off the beaten track once in a while and give us a picture that contains an element of surprise so that we are really taken out of ourselves.

Most people are superstitious. Wouldn't a story based upon the life of a character that was superninuous be of interest? Then what about our dreams? Many of them are weird yet I have only seen one picture and that was

(Continued on page 34)
The secret of Phul-Nana's attraction ever intrigues but is never solved. It is the very breath of mystery—the very essence of bewitching fascination.

"One fragrant theme for every toilet need."

Perfume, Powder, Cream, Talcum, Soap, Bath Crystals
Of all Chemists & Perfumers

**PHUL-NANA by grossmith**
Famous as British Perfumers since 1855

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**New Hair Styles ENRICH YOUR PERSONALITY**

The hair styles you find so attractive in film stars can be yours... with Hindes Wavers. Curls, Waves, Fringes—all are possible with these magical wavers.

Ask for No. 42 for Waves, and No. 42 or 40 for Curls and Fringes.

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As Hairdressers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores

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**Banish Ugly Hairs with ROTEXA**

without harmful plucking

Plucking (and for that matter shaving) is definitely harmful to your skin, often causing nervous and painful inflammation. Eyelids and superfluous hair from any part of the body are most easily and safely removed by ROTEXA—the cleanest and simplest little clipper ever devised. Its cost is only 5d. and it’s guaranteed for 5 years!

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For Everyday Use. Absolutely Undetectable.

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**L'Onglex**
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
6 SHADES—also CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER

British Manufactured 6d.

**In 2 Shades—**
Black or Brown—
with Gas.

**5d. per pair—postage 3d.**

(EASY TO FIX) (EYE WITH)

---

**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

November 14, 1936
Dolores Del Rio

DOLORES DEL RIO was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905, the daughter of a wealthy banker. She was leading the life of the average society woman when Edwin Carewe, the director, saw her at a party in Mexico City and persuaded her to try a screen career. The actress made her debut in a small part in Joanna. Shortly afterwards the role of Charminne in What Price Glory? skyrocketed her to fame.

Her other big silent successes included Resurrection and Ramona.

Since talkies, she has done, among others, Bird of Paradise, Flying Down to Rio, Wonder Bar, St. Louis Come Dancing, In Caliente, I Live for Love, The Widow from Monte Carlo and Accused, made in Britain.

The star is 5ft 3½in. tall, weighs 8st 3lbs.

Reginald Denny

ONCE one of the screen's highest paid comedy stars and now holding his own as a character actor, Denny was born in Rich mond, Surrey, on November 20, 1894, of a well-known theatrical family. He made his stage debut in London at the age of 16 and entered films in 1919 in The Dark Lantern. The Leatherpushers, a boxing series, made him a star, a position which he occupied for years at Universal. Recent pictures include The Preview Murder Mystery, Midnight Phantom, No More

What Do You Think? Cont.

Emil and the Detectives that endeavoured to interpret in terms of fantasy a dream. It was very interesting indeed.

I think we all need to be jogged at some time or another and a picture with a surprise element that made us rub our eyes in wonder would be such a delightful change. I wouldn't mind if there was no star of importance in the picture at all.—Miss Lily Winthrop, 24 Dean Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

Film Boxing

A professional boxer tells me that the convetional film "scrap" makes him see red. Can you wonder? Queen'sbury Rules may do for the ordinary man. Many producers prefer the :

FILMSBERY BOXING RULES

1. Be taken completely by surprise. Never avoid what's coming to you.

2. Receive opponent's blow squarely on jaw, and crumple up in approved fashion.

3. Rise promptly and return the compliment. Your antagonist likewise will be entirely unprepared.

4. Repeat several times, varying with chairs, lampstands and other furnishings. Alternate action throughout "vantage server—vantage striker."

5. All blows to be aimed at jaw. Boxers never hit elsewhere. They've never heard of the mark or solar plexus nor do they clinch, duck, step or counter.

6. Go ahead, and may the best-dressed man win!

Isn't it time these ridiculous exhibitions were "scrapped"?

—George Tremaine, 42 Stirling Place, Hove, Sussex.

Too Many Telephones

There is one great fault with the present-day films, and that is: the telephone is used far too often. I have noticed in several very good pictures the telephone has spoilt them.

As soon as the hero or heroine gets in a tight corner, they start using the telephone, and then we, the audience, are obliged to sit and listen to an unnecessary conversation, often breasting a squeaky voice at the other end of the phone.

You film producers must remember that nearly all the poorer classes who go to the pictures never use the telephone.

Next time you sit and watch a picture count
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR made my life a misery...

“My arms and legs were covered with a hideous growth of thick dark hair. It tried everything to get rid of it. Irritating pastes—evil smelling powders—painful electric treatments. Nothing did any good. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a chemist told me of a new discovery made under the trade mark new ‘Veet’. To my great delight it dissolved away the hair in 5 minutes. Left my skin soft, white and smooth, as if that disfiguring hair had never existed. And new ‘Veet’ is so pleasant and easy to use; it’s just a dainty scented toilet cream. Now my superfluous hair troubles are ended for ever.” New Veet 6d. and 1/3, by exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 8d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: D.D.D. Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. (130L), Cunard Road, Acton, London, W.10.

"My arms and legs were covered with a hideous growth of thick dark hair. I tried everything to get rid of it. Irritating pastes—evil smelling powders—painful electric treatments. Nothing did any good. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a chemist told me of a new discovery made under the trade mark new ‘Veet’. To my great delight it dissolved away the hair in 5 minutes. Left my skin soft, white and smooth, as if that disfiguring hair had never existed. And new ‘Veet’ is so pleasant and easy to use; it’s just a dainty scented toilet cream. Now my superfluous hair troubles are ended for ever.” New Veet 6d. and 1/3, by exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 8d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: D.D.D. Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. (130L), Cunard Road, Acton, London, W.10.

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LESLIE HOWARD FAN (Sussex).—Art
plaster of Leslie Howard as follows—
Dec. 21, 1932; June 15, 1935; Summer
29, 1936, Oct. 10, 1936. Story—Woman in
His House, July 29, 1933. Centre- spread—
Secrets, June 6, 1933. Of Human Bondage—
Sept. 29, 1934. Back numbers can be
obtained from the Publishing Dept., 39
Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d.
post free.

BUBBLES (Cape Town).—(1) Stanley
Morrer sang the song "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" in the film The Great Ziegfeld.
(2) Latest films: Robert Montgomery Fic- 
cally films with Margaret Lindsay. Robert Taylor
Camille with Greta Garbo; Franchot Tone
Leslie of the Blue, with Joan Crawford; Ern
Flynn, The Green Light with Anita Louise.

PERSPIRATION (San Francisco).—(1)
Svetlana Tihonova died in September
this year. (2) The usual charge for an
autographed photograph is 1x, which you
should enclose in your letter to the stars
in the form of an International Money Order.

V. W. (Oldham).—Latest films and com-
panies; Shirley Temple, The Bemy Pri-
son; Camilla Horn, The Great Gatsby; 
Powell, Stage Struck for Warner Brothers.

DIETTE (Devon).—We published the story of
The Goldent Harvest in the April 28, 1934,
issue of this magazine. For back numbers see
above.

F. H. (Croydon).—We published art
plaster of Leslie Howard as follows—
Summer 1935; Summer 1935; July 13, 1935,
and from 1938; Summer 1935, issues.

B. A. (S.W.18).—(1) Robert Taylor is at
present filming Camille for Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Ltd. (2) Frank Albertson, who took
part in the recent Gaumont-British produc-
tion of the Bells, is. Feb. 9, 1939; Fregusa
Minn., Apr. 10. at 5.30, dark brown hair,
blue eyes, mar. Virginia Sheldon. (3) Mo-
mento, Len the part of the director in the
film, Farmer in the Dell.

R. M. H. (Essex).—Write to Mr. Mervyn
Rey, No. 2, Warner Bros. and Samuel G.
Mayer, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PILBEAM (Stonham).—(1) John Loder's late-
film, Solo mon's Mines. He was born
Jan. 5, 1885, London, 6 ft. 3 in., brown
hair, gray eyes, mar. Michelle Chevaler.
(2) John Lodge married Francesca Braggitt;
latest film, Dominant Star. (3) Your request
has been passed on to the Editor.

MADONNA (Minneapolis).—(1) Gene Raymond,
Aug. 13, 1908, New York; real name, Ray-
mond Gaubon; 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes, blonde
hair, 157 lbs., hobby polo. Engaged to
marry Jeanette MacDonald. (2) Ronald
Colman's latest film, Lost Horizon, and John
Barrymore, Romeo and Juliet.

N. B. (Doncaster).—Centre-spreads of
Greta Garbo's films as follows:—As You
Desire Me, Aug. 4, 1931; Lorenzo, May
28, 1932; Queen Christabel, Feb. 17, 1934;
The Painted Veil, Aug. 31, 1934; Anna
Keranina, July 6, 1935. Supplement—
Queen Christabel (out of printed Veil); Mar.
2, 1935; Anna Keranina, Jan. 4, 1936.

L. L. (Walsham-Le-Willow).—Robert Taylor is
at present making a film for Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer.

LESLEY MUNROE (Manchester).—Story The Little
Colonel—Oct. 12, 1935. The Littlest Rebel—
Aug. 1, 1936.

NOYA PILBAM (Farnam).—Noya Pilbom to make
New York for Gaumont-British Studios very
shortly.

P. M. B. (Cornwall).—The chief players in
Sylvia of调动 were Joan Barry, Harold
Huth, Kay Hammond and Isabel Jeann.

GALLOWS FANNING DAVIES.—Ann Dravik
b. 1912, New York, 5 ft. 4 in., brown
hair, green eyes, 110 lbs., real name Ann
Preston.

F. G. B. (Glo).—I am sorry but the
Postcard Service is still dormant.

L. S. H. (Kent).—(1) Charles Laughton
recently played To Attila.
(2) We have not published the life story of
Leslie Howard. (3) Leslie Howard's son took
the role of the minor page in Romeo and
Juliet.

ROBERT MAO.—(1) Robert Taylor, b.
Films, Nebraska, is married. Yes, he
played in Murder in the Flirt. (2) Write to
Anita Korda c/o London Films and to
Sam Goldwyn c/o United Artists.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE ENGLISH HISTORY OF BRITISH FILM CLUB, 
will again hold a private film show, by the kind
kindness and courtesy of Gaumont-British, in 
Filmland's own private theatre, on Sunday 
evening, November 29, in aid of the Cinemas-
tograph Trade Benevolent Fund, to which 
every penny taken, will go. The best films will 
be shown, by the kindness of Twickenham Films, Herbert Wiens Prod-
uctions, and Gaumont-British, and many 
stars of the club will be present. 
Tickets, price 2s. 6d. only, and full 
 particulars, can be obtained on receipt of a stamped 
addressed envelope, from the Hon. Secretary, 
23 Amersham Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2. 
Any application is advisable as only a 
limited number of tickets are available to 
non-members of the club.

Are you Harry Roy mad? If so, join the 
Harry Roy Club. Write to Harry Roy (organizer, No. 1 Branch), 13 
Aberdare Road, Birmingham, 11 for full particulars.

THE IMPERIAL FILM CLUB is holding a 
grand Film Star Dance on Thursday, Nov. 26 
the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell

SALE EVERY THURSDAY. 2d.
New Postcard of BING CROSBY
JUST RELEASED!

BING CROSBY is a hot favourite amongst the forty-nine postcards of famous stars recently released by "Picturegoer" Salom. Magnetic Madge Evans is running him close. Perhaps you prefer Mary Brian, Frank Lawton, the one and only "Norma," or perhaps Nova Pilbeam? Lend variety and charm to your collection by getting postcards of favourites from yet another fascinating angle.

5/- ALBUM FREE

Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 300 cards. The book is a magnified specimen of the binder's art, made to resemble scratches and lettered in gold. An album de luxe bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. doz. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from the following or include in your order the names of any well-known stars. Real photos, sepia glossy 3d. each, 2s. 6d. doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

Robert Allen
Alan Baxter
Charles Bickford
Mary Brian
Charlie Chaplin
Peggy Conklin
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Madge Evans
Sonnie Hale
Charlotte Henry
Frank Lawton
Margaret Lindsay
Francis Lister
Frank McHugh
Maureen O'Sullivan
Lilli Palmer
Nova Pilbeam
Norma Shearer
Onslow Stevens
James Stewart
Robert Taylor
Shirley Temple In The Poor
Little Rich Girl (52 new and
totally different cards)
Desdemona Teter
Eleanor Whitney

HOW TO PRESERVE THAT SLIM LINE
AT ALL TIMES

No need to fear the revelation of a tight-fitting gown if your choice is Mene Towels. For Mene, whilst being soft and exceptionally absorbent, has a waterproof back which protects and conceals. And being less heating, Mene is more comfortable.

Prices:
1/-, 1/2, 1/6 and 2/- per dozen
Also in 6d. Fackets

Send the coupon below for free samples.

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful kissproof lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—tonight! You can use this lipstick, the very same lipstick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter, insist on having in the stars' dressing-rooms.

Ask for the fascinating KISSPROOF automatic at 1s., smart, novel, elegant, containing all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

Kissproof NEW AUTOMATIC KISSPROOF LIPSTICK

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out its two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1d. and 3d.
Leave IT to ANE

Do NOT be depressed at that spotty skin of yours. Do something about it. I am sure that it can be cured. Let me see if I can help you. Write, telling me the details and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

BEAUTY comes first from within. I know I have said that before, and I hope you won't think me a bore for saying it again. But it bears repetition. It is a great truth, and one that many girls are apt to forget in their search for the perfect complexion.

They willingly spend money on first-class beauty products, and neglect the elementary rule of establishing good personal habits.

Nowadays we discuss the subject of elimination without false modesty. On its perfect rhythmic working depend bright eyes, clear skin, good digestion, and indeed cheerfulness and one's whole outlook on life. You cannot be alert and happy with an overloaded colon.

Let us suppose that you suffer in this way. What do you do about it? Common sense tells you that you must take action at intervals, and so perhaps once or twice a week you have recourse to a somewhat violent aperitif, and then consider that things are quite all right until you repeat the treatment some days later. Indeed, some of my correspondents have been apt to pride themselves upon the fact that they dose themselves with such regularity.

This method of dealing with the trouble is almost worse than the complaint itself. Violent purgatives do a great deal of harm. Where faulty elimination is a chronic condition, Nature—ever ready to do the best she can in the circumstances—sets up a kind of protection whereby the fermenting poisons are confined. The sufferer by taking some cheap pill or drastic salts liberates this poison and sets it circulating in the system.

The first lesson to be learned therefore is this. Choose your aperient carefully. There are many excellent ones to be had, quite a number of which are advertised in our pages. It must be gentle and laxative; sure in its effect, but not violent.

Habit

WHILE a gentle laxative is of great value in curing faulty elimination, you must not rely upon it alone. An attempt must be made by regular effort and exercises, as well as carefully chosen diet, to make the lazy muscles take on the job for themselves without any prompting.

We are largely creatures of habit. So the first thing is to choose a special time of day to establish the habit. Generally speaking, the natural time is after breakfast. Settle on this and to no matter what befall, keep to it. It may be some period before Nature begins to respond to a time-table, but habit tells in the end, so stick to it.

Take your gentle laxative at night, and in the morning give five minutes to some special exercises.

Tummy fatigue is of great help. A small rubber ball may be used for the purpose, or you can double up your lists. Go round and round, slowly and gently but with firm pressure. Then try bending and touching your toes.

These you may do daily. Then when you do them without feeling any effort, add the next exercise to your repertoire.

Take up a squatting position, balancing on the toes, with the arms outstretched in front, palms downwards. Rise quickly to the full height, still on tiptoes, and at the same time swing the arms upwards above the head.

Yet another useful exercise is this: Lie on your back on the floor with knees drawn up towards the chest, clasped by the hands. Raise the head slightly from the ground. Unclasp the knees, and push them forward and apart till the soles of the feet touch the floor, the back is upright and you are in a sitting position with clenched hands pushed vigorously out in front of you. Take this exercise deliberately step by step at first. It is not quite easy to do but it may be accomplished with perseverance.

The exercises are best performed in pyjamas in a well ventilated room, continue to the point of exhaustion, and if you have ever had an abdominal operation, or if you are over forty years of age do not attempt them at all. Just be content with the tummy massage.

Exercise of the abdominal muscles can be carried out unobtrusively at any odd time during the day. The muscles of the abdomen should be rhythmically retracted and expanded a dozen times or so. Take care, however, that you are not laboring this by means of vigorous breathing in and out. Performed that way, the exercise has no value.

A diet that aims at combating faulty elimination must contain sufficient roughage, which may be got out of breakfast cereals, lettuce and green vegetables, wholemeal bread, and whole meal cereals. Vitamin B is an energiser of the nerves concerned and this too, is to be obtained from wholemeal flour, pulses and nuts.

A good one may be used as the base of all gruel, and added to soups—are helpful. Considerable assistance may be gained from drinking plenty of water between meals, especially night and morning, by taking adequate fat in the form of butter.

Answers to Correspondents

Self-Conscious (Plymouth)—Hair destroyed by electrolysis can never grow again. The treatment you received could not have been properly given. I advise you to go back and see the practitioner who administered it.

Bubbles.—At fourteen years of age, girls often suffer from "puppy fat." Do not worry, as your weight is now reduced, you will probably remain slim. Be sensible about diet, avoiding too many starby foods. Your approximate weight should be a stones 5 lbs.

Brown Eyes.—There is no cure for your large eye. Many fellows suffer from this blemish, so don’t worry. Hair grown long at the sides would merely draw attention to the ears. Your protruding teeth could probably be improved by a dentist. There is nothing you could do yourself.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to K. STEWART, 31 Paignton Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, for—

The First Year

Quiet House

Children to Bless You

Not So Quaint

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Mrs. B. J. SLATER, 221 Lloyd Street, Moss Side, Manchester

Man from the Follen Berger

Lady of the Boardwalks

Innocents of Paris

You’re Telling Me

Miss R. C. MONTFORD, 68 Somerston Road, Wimbledon, C.W.19,

The Beloved Bachelor

Leap Year

Settle

A Woman of Experience

Captured

Miss M. HAYWARD, 2 Giffarde Street, Priory, Tunstall, for—

Every Night at Eight

Hands Across the Table

Have a Heart

Marry the Men

W. BECKLEY, 20 Desilah Street, Victoria, London, S.W.1, for—

Dinner at Eight

One Hour Late

Just My Good Old Party

The Party’s Over

As you can see, the idea "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, clever story. Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTURES, Market House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

CUT HEARD.

MACLEANS
Peroxide TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere, 6d., 1/- and 1/9

If you use Tooth POWDER, try the new

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Powder—6d. per tin.

Well, look Doctor
“Christmas Pie”

... deserves to play to a nation-wide audience

“Christmas Pie” deserves to play to a nation-wide audience! It is really a grand production. Dale Collins’ fine story, “Girl from the Sky,” for instance, has a strong and topical flavour, and the humorous drawings are a long laugh that should last from now to Christmas.”

IT’S JUST OUT—the all-star Christmas feast of entertainment—112 brilliant pages of fun and fiction for sixpence—“CHRISTMAS PIE.” It’s the magazine of all the talents—containing a grand array of stories... joke drawings that will keep the whole family amused... magnificent illustrations (many in colours)... all by leading writers and artists. Only their co-operation enables you to enjoy “Christmas Pie” for sixpence. SEE what a treat is in store for you in “Christmas Pie.” Stories by: Sir Philip Gibbs, Dorothy L. Sayers, Warwick Deeping; Lord Dunsany, Gilbert Frankau, A. P. Herbert, Cecil Roberts, S. L. Bensusan, Phyllis Bottome, Dale Collins. Illustrations by: George Whitelaw, Frank Oldham, S. Trevelyan, W. J. Turner, Collins, Orme, Stanley Davis, J. Grainger Jeffrey, A. Sindall, H. R. Millar, Sinclair Calow. Joke Drawings by: H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, A. C. Barrett, Batchelor, Lawson Wood, Tom Cottrell, Bruce Balmisfather, Edgar Spenceley, Ridge- well, A. W. Browne, etc., etc. Already thousands of families are revelling in “Christmas Pie.” Thousands more are getting it at this very moment. Don’t risk being disappointed. Look for the striking covered cover specially painted in oils by Gilbert Wilkinson—and secure YOUR copy of “Christmas Pie” at once.

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A

unusually big campaign is being devoted to putting over Mae West's new film Go West Young Man.

The star herself is to entertain eight hand-picked bachelors—they are being chosen by newspaper competitions—as part of the publicity as well as making a personal appearance tour.

The truth is that Go West Young Man will be rather a critical picture for Mae, who has been slipping lately as a front page personality.

The Purity Drive, which caught and almost overwhelmed the actress just as she was getting into her film stride was partly responsible for the slump in her stock and her recent pictures have not helped. A star is as good as her last film and Klondyke Annie was no world beater.

Apart from being far from good as entertainment, it offended a lot of people to whom the idea of Mae West as an evangelist was distasteful. It was also unfortunate that the star who is usually photographed with loving care was for once careless about the cameras and the famous curves at times looked suspiciously like plain and simple middle-aged spread.

Is Mae a Man's Star?

Mae has a new kind of role in Go West Young Man, but she is still apparently surrounded by adoring males.

Personally, I cannot help thinking that the time has come for her to abandon the beautiful illusion that the screen Mae West is a siren irresistible to the opposite sex.

Speaking as a mere male and with such box-office statistics as are available on my side, I doubt if she has ever been a man's star. She's not the type, while for sheer, wicked feminine guile she has a lot to learn from Shirley Temple.

Looking for Lucky Omens

May or may not be significant, meanwhile, that Mae, who is superstitious, has fallen back on astrology for comfort and is consoling herself with the fact that all the omens point to Go West Young Man being a big success.

When the start of the film was delayed Miss West considered this a lucky sign, because her first appearance before the cameras was on August 8. The numeral 8 is her good luck number, and the stars on August 8 said, for a person born under the sign of Leo, "Your magnetism is at a high point. Begin important projects."

Further, the astrological forecast assured Mae West that all creative efforts started in August would reap a rich harvest.

Miss West's birthday, August 17, was a highly auspicious occasion, judging by the messages observed by astrologers, who recorded that highly favourable publicity would come on that day.

The unusual omens surrounding the new Mae West picture are supplemented by a number of other circumstances the star views as "lucky." Go West Young Man is her first film for Major Pictures and the supporting cast contains eight outstanding film names.

The temporary dressing-room, which Miss West occupies until the completion of her bungalow, is No. 26—the two figures adding to 8.

Feminine Free-for All

Who wins the honours in Ladies In Love, that filmic feminine free-for-all which features Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon?

After seeing the picture at the trade show the other night I am inclined to take the cowardly way out and nominate Alan Mowbray, whose delightful though overacted portrayal of a temperamental illusionist, brought down the house.

However, if we must give a decision, let me raise the dainty hand of that old campaigner Janet Gaynor. That's my choice and I'm going to stick to it.

Miss Bennett sweeps smoothly through a typical Bennett role, Loretta has all the big dramatic scenes and the pert little Mlle. Simon pouts devastatingly in a comparatively small part.

Bigger Titles

There was a time when all film titles contained the words "love" or "passion" and it was widely believed that they were put in a hat in odd assortments of a hundred or so and drawn for.

Time marches on and titles are growing bigger if not better. A year or two ago they were con-
subject to charge off by the company. The script demanded more embracing and what goes with it than any script in recent years.”

Raft is a “Crusher”

Westmore, in commenting on the kisses of the stars, reports the following technique:—

Gary Cooper: A thorough, sincere kisser, putting real concentration to his work.

Jean Harlow: Kisses with lips parted. Very yieldant. This always calls for repairs.

Joaan Crawford: A head mover. Smears lipstinc from right to left while oscilating.

George Raft: A “crusher.” When George finishes a whole staff of make-up men is needed.

Claudette Colbert: Coquettish. Has no definite technique. Her kissing follows the script and therefore is changeable.

Fred MacMurray: Masterful, with a matter-of-fact technique.

William Powell: The leading women as well as the make-up department know they’ve been kissed.

Gail Patrick: A reserved kiss. Always holds out, indicating she’s in love with somebody else. Westmore expects to hear there’s a big romance in her life.

New Tarzan

The talkies are to have a new Tarzan. His name is Lou Gehrig and his chief claim to fame so far is that he is a baseball star and has dined.

Gehrig was discovered for the screen by Sol Lesser, who describes him as the “perfect jungle man.”

His vacancy has occurred as a result of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer having sold their rights to the famous Edgar Rice Burroughs’ character. I don’t know what idea Johnny Weissmuller will do now that his tree swinging days are over, but the studio evidently expects to find a niche for him somewhere.

The “Tarzan” films, incidentally, have caused superior smiles in the West End, but they have been among the biggest money makers of recent years.

Shirley’s Brother Now

Shirley Temple is fast bringing the whole family into motion pictures. Her mother has been under contract to remain constantly on the set when Shirley is acting in a scene, and now the younger of her two brothers, Jack, has blossomed forth as assistant to Director David Butler in the filming of Pajakin Parade.

In the cast are Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Stuart Erwin, Johnny Downs, Betty Grable, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar and the Yacht Club Boys.

The assignment is a most happy one for me,” says Jack Temple, “Naturally, I’m just learning the film-making technique now, and a picture which ‘exposes’ me to dramatic comedy and musical comedies, and ‘Pajakin Parade,’ is an opportunity that doesn’t often happen to one in my situation.”

Jack is determined upon a career in films. He has no ambitions to emulate his little sister and work before the cameras, but hopes to become a director and producer.

Film “Follies”

With Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck coming into line, all the major Hollywood studios will now have an annual musical extravaganza.

The Goldwyn Follies will go into production early next year. William Wyler, its director, will, it is said, look for a leading man for the piece during his holiday in Europe.

Zanuck’s contribution will be 20th Century Follies and it will be directed by Earl Carroll, the former Broadway girl show king and rival of Flo Ziegfeld.

Leads for Leeds

Sam Goldwyn, by the way, offers two new stories for your consideration.

One is Andrea Leeds, who plays an important role in Come and Get It, starring Edward Arnold. She has been signed on a long-term contract as a reward for her work in that picture. Her next appearance will be in The Woman’s Touch, starring Miriam Hopkins.

Miss Leeds was first discovered acting in an amateur film made by the University of California Dramatic Society. The young actress was the heroine of a kissing marathon which took place at the Goldwyn studios some time ago. She was kissed 467 times before the camera by three aspirants for the role in Come and Get It. Shields, the American Davis Cup player, was adjudged to kiss the nicest and was awarded the part.

Another “Find”

Another Goldwyn “find” is now en route to Hollywood with a long-term contract in her pocket. She is Evelyn Terry, an 18-year-old Pittsburgh beauty, who has not appeared on the screen, and can only boast of a few months’ stage experience.

She was spotted by a Goldwyn talent scout while appearing with a stock company in Massachusetts, her first job. A screen test followed, and Goldwyn immediately offered her a contract. No role has yet been found for her.

Coronation News Reel

In the special Coronation numbers of the news reeels the pictures taken on King George the Fifth’s Coronation Day over a quarter of a century ago will flicker and stagger across the screen once more.

At the time they were considered the last word in movie magnificence. Picturegoer (it was called Pictures then) recorded with pride that a total of £200 was paid for special permissions along the route.

Two hundred pounds was no small sum in those days, although as our editorial writer remarked, with awe, photographic magic had in America cost as much as £1,000.

When Stars got £50 a Week

The same incident, incidentally, was at pains to justify the big salaries paid to film artists.

Thus we learn that “Miss Florence Lawrence, whose face is familiar to every picturegoer, since she acts the heroine in 300 different dramas per year, draws a salary of £50 a week.

“All cinema actors,” the article goes on, to explain, “must be expert swimmers, skilled in horsemanship and have an all-round knowledge of athletics. They must tell their story by facial expression and by gestures.”
“The high rate of remuneration is, therefore, by no means immoderate, when the personal plans of the actor are taken into account.”

Florence Lawrence was the highest paid star of her time. Most of the others got between £10 and £40 a week. Extras, however, were already getting their guinea a day.

The golden age of the film star did not really begin until 1914 when the world was staggered by the news that Mary Pickford had earned £20,000 in a single year.

**Colour Problems for Stars**

Colour is bringing new problems for the stars. A Star is Born, for instance, the first colour film with modern clothes and sets, is causing Fredric March some serious loss of beauty sleep.

It seems that in the present state of the new medium the actor’s apparel must be the proper hue and Freddy has been busy interviewing his tailor, a task complicated by the somewhat appalling fact that green is considered photographically one of the best colours.

**Garbo Talks!**

I thought that “Garbo Coughs” would be the slogan for Lady of the Camellias (Camille that was) but apparently “Garbo Talks!” will still meet the bill.

In the new picture Greta speaks more words than she ever has before in a single production during her eleven years of stardom.

In adapting the script from the Dumas classic, Director George cukor and Scenarist Zoe Atkins allotted 449 uninterrupted dialogues to Garbo—a fourth more “speeches” than she has ever before uttered in any of her pictures.

Robert Taylor, who plays Armand to Garbo’s Marguerite, has a total of 259 dialogues—leaving 591 divided among more than 20 other players, including Lionel Barrymore, Henry Daniell, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crewe, Elizabeth Allan, Russell Hartlie, Rex O’Malley, Guy Bates Post, Jessie Ralph and others.

Garbo’s longest uninterrupted scene is with Lionel Barrymore, who, as Taylor’s father, pleads with the Lady of the Camellias to leave his son. In this scene, Garbo has an exchange of 47 dialogues with Barrymore, including her longest speech in the picture—122 words.

**Songs from the Shows**

Whitaker Booth’s rendering of “The Way You Look To-night” is delightful and gives the song its full value. He also sings “Serenade in the Night.” Both these are on B.8498.

Any record of Paul Robeson is always welcome, even if it be the rather hackneyed “Of Man River” from Show Boat. He sings it magnificently on B.8497 with full choral accompaniment. On the other side of the record he sings the new number from Show Boat, “I Still Suits Me,” with Elizabeth Welch.

Finally, George Elliot and his Sweet Music-Makers play “When Did You Leave Heaven?” from Sing, Baby, Sing, on B.DS112. It is doubled with “The One Rose.”

**Chan Outwitted at Last**

Warner Oland, creator of “Charlie Chan,” has been outwitted by a group of Mexican natives who cost the veteran character actor more than £1,000.

Oland, who purchased a small island some time ago off the coast of Mexico, tells of how he was induced by the natives down there to plant more than fifty palm trees of a special variety along the very edge of the island as a “wind break.”

The trees, which cost approximately £20 each to set out, have roots that are considered a great table delicacy in that section. Oland, however, did not know this. So the natives induced the actor to plant the trees on the fringe of the island, knowing the wind sooner or later would blow them over, exposing the deliciously edible roots.

The fifty palms have just been turned upside down by an accommodating wind for the natives, who have paddled out in boats to garner the luscious roots.

Warner said the next time he plants trees down there they won’t be palms and they won’t be on the very fringe of the island.

**Short Shots**

John Barrymore will probably play Napoleon to Greta Garbo’s Marie Walewska in Beloved.

Arthur Rankin, yet another member of the Barrymore family, now has a film contract.

Dave Gould chooses Clareta Ellis, Miria Bratton, Marjorie Timms, Beatrice Coleman, Billie Huber, and Gall Goodson as the six best all-round chorus girls in Hollywood.

Spencer Tracy has to sing in Captains Courageous.

Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray will co-starred in Exclusive.

Darryl Zanuck is to do a Spanish civil war film, The Siege of the Alcazar.

Bing Crosby’s South Seas holiday did him so much good that he is now on a diet.

Madeleine Carroll’s latest Hollywood feat is to be signed up to play opposite Dick Powell in a musical On the Avenue.

Fredric March won the monthly award of the Screen Actors’ Guild for his performance in Anthony Adverse.

It had to happen. An eighteen-year-old boy named Donald Duck has been discovered living in North Dakota.

Cesar Romero now lives in Rudolph Valen-
tino’s former home.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS
YOU could most definitely have knocked me down with the proverbial feather; or the more literal steam-hammer.

Here I have been, for the last five years or so, lavishing simply buckets of compassion on Ann Harding, the sad, the misunderstood, the thwarted and frustrated, lovely, lonely, lorn lady of Hollywood.

But as soon as I arrived at Denham my ideas began to change. First a publicity-man of another company (Denham is a warren of companies) said: “You’re lucky to be lunching with Ann Harding.”

Then a typist in another office said: “Ooh, she’s grand!” (Eyes shining to match the tone of voice)

The comissioneer, seeing me waiting for Miss Harding at the car, offered: “If you’d rather not go, sir, I’ll take your place!”

And finally a friend of mine who knows her well said: “You’ll love Ann; she’s fun!”

Fun! That sad, silent, lovely, etc., whom I had seen bearing her screen sorrows with such patient fortitude! It almost seemed like sacrilege.

And twenty minutes later I realised it was true.

If you’ve never lunched in an old English inn, with your eyes full of one of the world’s loveliest profiles, and your ears soothed by Ann’s silver voice and your mind racing to keep up with her wit, let me recommend it as one of the pleasantest human activities.

The Ann Harding legend is one of the worst Bogeymen that the world has ever perpetrated and perpetuated. Having been in her society for a few minutes I could not imagine how it had ever come into being.

So I adopted the line which always seems to me to yield the best results; I asked her.

“I expect it’s my house,” she said thoughtfully. “You know I have a house perched away on a hilltop, overlooking the whole sweep of the San Fernando Valley. I like to have my particular friends up there and enjoy music, and talk—but not about motion pictures.

“And I stay up there, because like it better than swooping down on Hollywood—which, after all, is only ten minutes’ drive away—to parties and binges and whoopee and all the other—no, more deadly pleasures.

“Consequently people, occasionally missing me, have said, ‘Where’s Ann?’ She’s not down here having fun. She must be up on her mountain-top, feeling perfectly miserable—because in Hollywood very few people can envisage you having fun unless you’re having it in droves.

“So, although I was having the best kind of fun on my mountain-top, somehow or other the illusion got about that I was a sad, wan creature.

“And, of course so many of my screen roles have been sad and suffering ones—so I’ve got the credit for being sad and suffering, too.”

There’s another reason, though, which Miss Harding did not touch upon.

Her marriage was widely publicised by the companies she worked for; so, when it came to an end, that excitement also entailed a great deal of unwelcome publicity.

This led the public—you, perhaps, and certainly me, I’m afraid to reason thus: Ann Harding looks sad in her films;

Ann Harding has had trouble in her private life; therefore Ann Harding is sad in her private life.

And Ann just isn’t: which shows what punk reasoners we are.

The fact of the matter is that Ann Harding is too great a lady to let any part of her life spoil the whole of it for her; that is one of the golden rules of living, and Ann knows quite a lot about living.

Ann Harding, film executive (British, and a shrewd judge of character) once said to me: “Ann Harding is one of the very few film stars about whom you can be absolutely sure that they were ladies before they became stars.”

Which, when you come to think of it, is a sampler-full.

She certainly has an air of breeding, but that can be acquired; it’s in her absolute naturalness that you can perceive the mark of the "gentlewoman born."

The story of Ann’s life has been told before, but in case you are not well up in your Harding lore, I’ll briefly tick off the outstanding events.

Her pop was an American regular army officer—in the Field Artillery, too, which made him more difficult to argue with, ‘way up there on a horse; but fortunately at the age of seven or so she could ride like a trooper (aha, you thought troopers only swore!) which put her on equal terms with the irascible General Gatley. By the way, it had been Cathleigh, of England, a couple of generations earlier, but after a few Americans had pronounced it "Gaastly" it was hastily changed.

The reason Dorothy Gatley had to argue with her pop was his quite unreasonable objection to his lovely, frail, ethereal-looking daughter going off and becoming a celebrated actress.

She had been put up to it by the daughter of Otis Skinner, a famous New York actor; and having contracted the well-known bug she found it mighty hard to dislodge.

The above might be captioned "Why Girls Leave Home."

Ann did; but suppress that rising envy, please—she didn’t walk straight into a leading Broadway role opposite John Barrymore.

Instead, she went to work as stenographer in an insurance office.

That sounds a roundabout way of becoming
a celebrated actress; but the immediate and important thing was to wriggle clear of the family circle before she could be bestowed in marriage on a lieutenant; and Ann has always (even when she was Dorothy) possessed a fortunate instinct for putting matters right. In other words, she has a sense of values; and that sense is due very largely to its development at the hands of one Jasper Deeter.

No story about Ann Harding would be complete without mention of Jasper Deeter, who sounds rather like the villain of an old-fashioned melodrama, but is really Ann's dramatic guide, philosopher, and friend.

He was director of the Provincetown Players, who gave her her first stage chance. She applied for a small part in his production of Susan Glaspell's Inheritors, and he was so impressed with her looks, her voice, and her personality that, although all her experience had been in school theatricals, he gave her the leading role—and she became Ann Harding.

H is confidence in her was justified; she acquitted herself so well in that that she was offered a chance to play opposite James Gleason in Like a King.

To keep herself going until that came on (for rehearsals were unpaid) she had to economise pretty stringently, doing her own washing and occasionally going without sufficient food; incidentally, at this time she had her first contact with the world of cinema, for to save her slender capital she read stories and prepared synopses for a film company.

Like a King failed in a fortnight, and in her next play, Tarnish, she did not even come to Town, but was withdrawn from the cast after a fortnight on the road.

Bruised and battered, Ann went back to Deeter, and to restore her lost faith in herself she put on Inheritors again for her; and after that she opened in Tarnish on Broadway and scored an instantaneous success.

The Deeters of this world are responsible for more successes than we shall ever know; all players are not as ready to acknowledge their indebtedness as Ann Harding is.

Meanwhile, she had married and gone to California incognito with her baby daughter, while her actor husband was on tour; but for once the movie moguls saw what was under their noses, and snapped her up to play in films.

And soon Ann, who was supposed to be on holiday, was in Holiday; and the rest is movie history.
Irene Dunne admires the two portraits of herself painted by Terry Mulligan for "Theodora Goes West."

Below: Domestic sidelight: Mr. and Mrs. Joan Crawford to you; Frank C. Tone relax between scenes of "Lose on the Run."

Robert Taylor's mother and his girl friend, Barbara Stanwyck, were there to meet him when he arrived back in Hollywood the other day after his first visit to New York.

Chester Morris and Richard Dix gallantly vie for the attention of Dolores del Rio between scenes of "The Depths Below."
DEAR ROBERT TAYLOR,

I SEE you have moved in to one of those fashionable stellar mansions in Beverly Hills and are going in for a racing stable.

Lest any unfortunate misapprehension should subsequently arise in the mind of anyone who may be thinking of putting one at my disposal, let me hasten to explain that I have no personal prejudices against Beverly Hills mansions as domiciles. I have, indeed, heard excellent reports of their comforts and amenities.

Moreover, with the movie queens almost literally spilling each others blood all over the Hollywood lots for the privilege of having you as leading man in their pictures and your fan mail topping Clark Gable's, you are getting on in the world—and I expect you can afford it. For a young man of 24, in fact, you are doing very well for yourself.

It isn't as if, as film stars go (and they go very quickly) you don't "rate" a private palace, either. Beverly Hills is full of much less important citizens.

Nevertheless, the news that you are moving up among the Hollywood high-steppers is vaguely disturbing.

Perhaps it is because it is only a few months ago that you were telling the world at every interview how film fame and wealth would not make you change your mode of life or your modest little farm-house home down in the San Fernando valley. Here was one star, we were invited to believe, who was not going to be dazzled by the trappings of stardom. It was part of the Robert Taylor legend, and even the best legions become suspect when parts of them are exploded in our faces.

Perhaps it is because in the past "Going Beverly Hills" has so frequently been merely a prelude to "Going Hollywood!" which, as you doubtless know by now is the worst thing that can possibly happen to a film player.

I've been in the film game a long time, and I've seen it happen so often before. The history of Hollywood is full of stories of bright young men who got a few lucky breaks in pictures and then set out to startle the natives.

The "Hollywood is not going to spoil me" publicity yarns went on just the same (it's not a new story, you know) but they didn't read them any more, except the more flattering bits about their sex appeal and their popularity, of course, and the next thing we knew, they were on the outside looking in and there were new "house vacant" signs in Beverly Hills to tempt their successors.

Any film star who is honest will tell you that once you begin playing at film stars off the screen you may as well wrap up your soul in a nice parcel and deliver it with a bill of sale to the mammon of moviedom. The glamour and the glitter and the luxury and the show grow on one like a drug until you discover you can't do without them. You find yourself needing more and more money, growing more and more afraid of failure and doing more and more things you don't want to do—and you put yourself to do anything because you have to have that big pay cheque every Friday night.

Perhaps, again, our mild misgivings are due to the fact that fame and fortune have come too easily to you.

Most of your predecessors as the idol of the feminine fair have had to struggle to the top, Valentino, whose successor you seem likely to become, learned about life in a hard school.

In which Malcolm Phillips warns the newest aspirant for Valentino's crown of the pitfalls he is likely to encounter in the next few months.

You practically stepped from a college classroom to stardom. After three pictures you were a leading man, and after five you were a star. And after seven you were the biggest matinée idol the movies have produced since talkies.

Your success, in fact, has been unprecedented in Hollywood, which has hitherto reserved it's overnight fame miracles for its Cinderellas rather than its Prince Charmings.

It is significant, however, that few of those who have achieved stardom with the aid of the magic wand have found happiness. One name comes readily to mind just now in this connection—that of Mary Astor.

Perhaps you will think that this is a severe and unnecessarily pessimistic sermon over a very small matter of moving house—and perhaps you will be right.

All the past evidence points to the fact that you have accepted success with a level-headedness and modesty rare in Hollywood. You must be the first discovery for years who hasn't immediately gone on strike for a new contract demanding everything but the studio lion.

We have liked the way you have kept your feet on the ground so far and we want you to go on keeping them there.

You might be pardoned if you find it difficult in the coming months. There's that lead opposite Garbo in Lady of the Camellias, for instance, and those glamorous stories of a romance with the great Greta.

Garbo was supposed to have been in love with nearly all her leading men and all that ever happened was that the picture got publicity and she subsequently stole it from most of them.

Yours,
MALCOLM PHILLIPS
He is the first actor of national importance to deny the country of his birth. "I was not born in Rumania. I went to America at ten years of age. I hate Rumania."

Edward G. Robinson was born Emmanuel Goldenberg more than forty years ago. He is of Jewish descent, with possibly a strain of Romany blood.

His early years were sandwiched between poverty and the horror of pogroms.

At five years of age he fled with his family from a burning village, carrying a small samovar, one of six children, accompanied by his father, mother, and grandparents.

The scene is still stamped indelibly on his mind.

Life was ever after to remain a pogrom to him. To hide inner fears he became the most sinister gangster on the screen.

The leader of anti-social cinema war is a shy man in real life. He is far more interested in works of art than bullets, and in books than bravado. His habitual sneer is a passport to life.

He was his ancient grandmother's favourite. He shared her bed as a child, having none of his own. She told him tales of pogroms and persecutions, and of her own great grandfather who wandered with his family in a wagon along the roads of Rumania. One tale she did not finish. "She was too tired to talk." That night she died.

By superhuman effort the future actor's father amassed enough money to take his wife and children via steerage to America.

It was a land of marvel to the frightened young Goldenberg. His teachers in the public school were kind. With a passion for learning that is the finest attribute of his race, the boy expanded like a rain-beaten flower. Knowing nothing of English on arrival, he won a medal for oratory in two years.

As a reward his father took him to see a western melodrama. There was so much excitement and shooting that the future cinema gangster became ill and had to be taken home.

He remained indoors the following Fourth of July rather than be too near the exploding fire-crackers of other boys. His mother, with rare understanding, called him to her that evening. "You will go with me, son—I must walk." She explained as best she could that an unconscious fear was fixed in his mind. The boy listened attentively. It is likely that the future man was born that night.

If he faced all things in the future like a boy whistling in the dark, such procedure was vitally necessary for survival in his environment.

He did all manner of work after school and during vacations to help defray family expenses.

Quite unaware, Mrs. Goldenberg's motto was: "All for one and one for all." If one boy earned more than another, it went ungrudgingly into the mother's hands. It is the same with the world famous actor's family to-day.

During the long winter evenings, Edward studied intensely. After five years in the new world, learning a strange language and adjusting himself to an altogether different environment, he entered high school at fifteen.

There were several students in his class who later became famous. One was named Gershwin.

When a group of other boys tried to rule his neighbourhood, the future cinema gangster, not combative by nature, but still afraid to be afraid, "took a punch" at the rival leader.

The other boy resented the blow so much
that he "beat up" his assailant. The scars of his blows are on Robinson's face to-day. "You didn't run?" asked his mother.

"Not me," was the proud answer. "That's all I want to know," she said.

The whipping proved a blessing in disguise. In disgrace with his "gang," he enjoyed the divine comforts of solitude and wandered about the different sections of New York. His mother, a gentle woman who cried over the agonies of people she had never seen, would insist that he take his lunch each day in a shoe-box.

"But, mother, I may not be hungry."

"You'll find someone who is," was the great woman's comment.

On Second Avenue was a Jewish theatre in front of which the boy often lingered. He would watch the players come and go, proud that they were his people. Seeing him so often, the manager, an old man, said to him: "Would you like to go to work?"

The boy's eagerness pleased the manager, who immediately took him back-stage.

His salary was six dollars a week. He remained until he returned to school at the command of his mother. "There's time enough to play-act."

Though his family was poor, there was growth in the home, and avid curiosity. While his parents contended that America was a better land than Rumania, the growing boy sometimes forgot.

In Rumania, poverty had made him acquisitive. In America he became belligerent.

Upon leaving school he mounted a soap-box as a member of the Young Students' Political League, and thus made his first appearance on Broadway. Filled with the zeal that attends lack of reason, he campaigned for William Randolph Hearst, then ambitious to become mayor of New York.

Lacking a sense of humour, he did not realise that America, with all its faults, allowed an east-side youngster to tell it how to vote—and paid no attention.

Unable by the force of oratory to drive political corruption from New York, he began the study of law at Columbia. To help himself through, he worked as janitor and waiter.

Still confused over the woes of the oppressed after Hearst was defeated, he took part in a tram-car strike and was arrested.

He disdainfully refused the services of the defence lawyer appointed, saying dramatically that the legal gentleman was in court to "make convictions easier."

The judge, a humorons and wise man, did not sentence the young radical to gaol.

Emanuel Goldenberg gave up the study of law.

Changing his name to Edward G. Robinson, the G. for Goldenberg, he took the shoe-box containing his lunch and went to the theatre where he had first appeared.

He might have been Rip Van Winkle. The troupe that knew him as a boy had long since vanished. Young Robinson told of historic triumphs there that would have thrilled the worn heart of David Warfield. As a result he was cast in the role of an old man. Beyond failing in love with the leading lady, nothing happened for a week. He was then discharged.

Undaunted, his world became larger. He called on many different theatrical producers. Months passed without employment.

"Why don't you write your own play?" asked his mother, with boundless faith in her son's capacity.

"I never thought of that," was the laughing reply.

His mother would not allow him to forget the idea. "You have a pencil and paper," she said in broken English.

Given no rest, he began to write.

After many weeks the play became restricted to one act. He called it The Bells of Conscience. He was "booked" with it over a vaudeville circuit.

The family moved to a larger dwelling. One brother began to study dentistry. The unflappable Mrs. Goldenberg took the change of fortune as a matter of course. Her sons could do anything.

A hall came in the fortunes of the family when America entered the World War and the travelling vaudevilian enlisted in the Navy. He was stationed at Pelham Bay until the armistice.

He then joined a stock company and played many roles with the hope of attracting attention, and in the meantime gaining more experience than in vaudeville.

While in the part of Hamlet he declared the famous soliloquy to his mother. She shook her head with apprehension, saying: "Why don't you write the part over; son—you make him laugh a little?"

After several years his work attracted the attention of a film producer. He was selected to play "an old man" in a film in which Richard Barthelmess was appearing, called The Bright Shawl.

The result proved so unsatisfactory that he resolved never again to appear on the screen. He adhered to this resolution for some years, while becoming known in many Theatre Guild productions; among them Peer Gynt, The Adding Machine, and Kibitzer—of the latter of which he was co-author.

His marriage to Gladys Lloyd, then a successful actress, followed. A supremely happy union, their companionship was such that in order to be with her he accepted a small role in Henry Behave. When later he was given an important part in The Racket, his wife took "a lesser part just to be with him."

His role in The Racket was the first rung in the golden ladder upon which he climbed to his present high screen position in Hollywood.

Remembering his experience in The Bright Shawl, he read many talkie offers over with his wife. At last they came upon Little Caesar.

The frightened boy who carried the samovar from the burning village was subjectively responsive to the blatant and devil-may-care gangster. His performance not only made him internationally known, it is still considered as one of the finest of its kind ever given upon the screen.

He has long been rated one of the great character actors of the films.

His ambition is to be a guide on a round-the-world tour—providing his wife and mother will accompany him. "They will keep any ship from sinking."
Nino Martini

A STAR of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this fine singer made his bow to the screen public in "Paramount On Parade," which was followed by his first starring feature, "Here's To Romance." In "The Gay Desperado" he has made a hit which puts him right in the forefront of screen musical leads.
THERE are plenty of glamorous jobs about the studios besides acting; consider, for instance the "stand-ins." They have one of the most paradoxical jobs about the lot—humdrum yet humorous, onerous yet glamorous. I have been a stand-in.

If a young man or woman came to me and asked me to recommend a job that would lead to success in the studios, I certainly should suggest applying for a job as stand-in. On the face of it, it's an absolute blind-alley; and yet—here's the paradox—its practitioners do occasionally go on and on and up and up. One of the qualifications of the successful stand-in is a sense of humour.

Imagine yourself standing for an hour, perhaps two, in the centre of a big and important set. The fierce blaze of some hundred floodlights concealed behind a canary-yellow screen is concentrated upon you, while the electricians fiddle with the lights, the cameramen with the cameras.

Have enough of this stand and sit about; no one worries about them. All the attention is concentrated on you.

At last everything is ready for shooting. The scene has already been rehearsed, and just before the director says "Roll 'em" and the clapper-boy claps his clappers and the scene is committed to celluloid and posterity, the star appears from her dressing-room, fresh and lovely as a daisy—and you move out, feeling limp and walled up, to make a scene for her.

You need quite a sense of humour to appreciate the joke in that! And still harder to bear is overbearing the eager question of a studio visitor: "Oh, is it Betty Davis (or Ann, or Miriam) ? " immediately followed by the contemptuous reply: "Nah! It's just her stand-in!"

BUT there's another side to the picture. Stand-ins are usually very glad to have their job, because they are often people who have been actors themselves, and hope to be actors again as soon as the luck changes. Meanwhile, they feel it will surely change if only they can keep within sight of a camera and within sound of the "mutes." Some stand-ins closely resemble the star, some not so closely.

A few years ago when I visited the Gainsborough Studios where Herbert Marshall was playing, I said to Marshall (whom I have known for years): "Hallo, Bert! It's good to see you," whereupon he gave me a blank look, and I realised I had been addressing his stand-in.

Of course, it may be a disadvantage for the stand-in to resemble his or her principal too closely—at any rate, if he or she has any aspirations towards fame.

The ideal is probably reached in the case of Sally Sage, who is Bette Davis's type, but not by any means her counterpart.

Sally tried for some time to crash the studies as a small-part player, but without any appreciable success.

Then she accepted the job of stand-in to Bette, partly because a healthy girl likes to eat, partly because she would have a chance to study acting technique.

She is fortunate in having Bette for a friend, for Bette, realising that Sally was keen to learn, has dug up her old dramatic-school notes, and has been teaching her dictation, elocution, and so on, in her spare moments.

While Bette has been in England, Sally has been working as an "extra" to keep her hand in. We may be hearing about Sally Sage, later on.

Another girl stand-in—has been fortunate in her choice of principals is Jean Alden.

In the intervals of stand-in for Anita Louise, she has been studying dramatic technique and whatnot, with Anita (a sweet person) giving her a helping hand.

Result. Jean gets an acting contract with Warner Bros.

As a general rule the stand-in is chosen for his or her general likeness to the star, at least in height, build, and colouring; but there are notable exceptions, of whom probably the most notable is Carter Gibson, a long, lean, lively young man with glasses.

That doesn't sound much like George Brent, does it? Well, it doesn't sound a very good description of Doug Fairbanks jr. and, yet, Carter Gibson stood in for Doug, jr. for some years before coming to fill the same office for George.

But he is more than a stand-in; he is Brent's secretary, handling much of his private business, and also pilots George's plane.

When Brent isn't playing in a picture, Carter goes off and does a little crowd-work.

George isn't the only star who is attached by bonds of friendship to his stand-in. Joe E. Brown has one, Pat O'Shea, whom he insists on having for every picture he makes. Pat is a former baseball player, and occasionally he doubles for Joe (who he closely resembles, except that his mouth is only Size 14) when the latter has a scene involving "rough stuff."

Quite a number of stand-ins are "old-timers" who have either given up acting or been given up by it.

Two of these are Bill Dagwell and Bert Kennedy. When Bill is not standing-in for Hugh Herbert, he's usually doing "bits," falls, and stunt-work, such as crashing cars. One of these days Hugh will probably have to have a new stand-in while the old one mends, and this will annoy Hugh, who even takes Bill Dagwell with him when he is loaned out to other studios.

Bert Kennedy was a vaudeville actor for twenty years, and travelled all over the world with his act. Now he stands-in for Pat O'Brien—but he looks forward to a time when a revival in vaudeville may send him out on his travels again.

It isn't often that a stand-in plays in the same production as her principal, but Marie Osborne, who fills that innumerable position for Ginger Rogers, achieved a small part in "Swing Time."

Leonard Traylor used to stand-in for the late lamented Will Rogers, and Fred Stone inherited him on the great actor's death, but is likely to lose him, for Traylor is now playing minor roles with success (he was in "N'Less with Anne Shirley and John Beal) and may go on to bigger and better parts.

Some weeks ago at Denham I saw a girl playing a scene in which she had to be jostled by a large and muscular crowd of extras dressed as Russian soldiers.

I thought her reactions were remarkably realistic—a mixture of fear and indignation—so I watched her during the next rehearsal, and found she re-acted in precisely the same way.

"This," I thought, "is a lack of parts," and on inquiring who the likely blonde might be I was informed that it was Marlene Dietrich's stand-in, Erna Haig, who was taking her principal's place while the soldiers rehearsed their rough-stuff!

I fancy we shall be hearing the name again. By the way, speaking of Denham—and names—do you happen to have heard the name "Smith"? It is attached to Elisabeth Bergner's stand-in, but it doesn't belong to her.

Her real name is Aksana Zvezgintzov, but that takes too long to say in a film-studio.

Incidentally she is a granddaughter of the Dowager Duchess Obolensky, and a distant relative of Prince Obolensky, the phenomenal Oxford Rugger player. If she had a name like Francis Lederer's stand-in, she might have reasonable cause to complain. His full handicap is Mohammed Achmed Agha Sobhy Efendi Racri Jeelalid Sabuni.

No wonder he's Sobby!
BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES are certainly showing a great deal of enterprise these days in snapping up the successful West End stage comedies and translating them into terms of celluloid.

First it was Someone at the Door, next The Dominani Ser, and now it's Aren't Men Beasts, the riotous farce which has been turning 'em away from the Strand Theatre, London, ever since it was put on.

Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, who have been packing 'em in, as well as turning 'em away, at the Strand, are both in the stage version, but John Mills is not to make the long bleak journey to Elstree. He's playing in O.H.M.S. anyway.

Instead his part will be played by Billy Milton, who is on long contract to B.I.P.

Opposite Billy you will find a favourite of mine, June Clyde, whose talents have been rather neglected lately, but who in the Tauber film Land Without Music has certainly re-established her claim to be considered one of the best comedienne at present within our gates.

Well, Aren't They?

In addition there are Margaret Vyner, Ellen Pollock, Frank Royde (whom I haven't seen in films for a long time), Ruth Maitland, and a number of other well known.

I like the sound of all this. Those of you who wear cuffs kindly make a note of Aren't Men Beasts. Others may use the tablecloth.

Propos my remarks concerning Francis Lister's tendency to being a screen cad, rotter, and dirty tyke, instead of the halloed hero he used to be, he has now explained to my entire satisfaction why he prefers villainy.

"Just think of the amount of bad temper you can get out of your system," he observed. "It's grand to arrive at the studio on Monday morning, knowing you have a scene where you can really let yourself go, and unload all the petty annoyances and irritations that have been stored up over the week-end—and get paid for doing it!"

"Yes, put like that, it certainly does seem a cinch."

So if you have the pleasure of Lister's acquaintance, every time he's mean to the heroine in B.I.P.'s Sensation, you can remind yourself that it's something you did or said last Sunday that's grudging him to it.

An intriguing thought for his friends.

Wants to Reform

Guy Middleton, on the other hand, is heartily sick of being a villain.

Ever since he played (in the stage play Young England) the scout-master whose motto was "one bad deed a day," he's had to go on being double-dyed and nasty.

About the only film in which he has been fit for a nice girl to talk to was A Woman Alone, in which he played "Charles, His Friend," to Harry Wilcoxon.

In the two Grovesnor pictures The Gay Adventure and Take a Chance he has been a most unspeakable cad again. Let him up, you cads! Can't you see the fellow wants to reform? Gosh, aren't men beasts!

But, seriously apart, it is a bit tough on a peaceable-minded bloke whose hobby is—no, no, not bashing old ladies! I tell you you've completely misjudged him—fishing for conger-eels off the Sussex coast.

He's a bit of a dab at this—if it's permissible to mention dabs and congers in the same breath. Anyway, he and an assistant-villain (probably just a small-time blackmailer) landed a 65-pounder the other week-end, after a three-hour altercation with the brute.

To congers, at any rate, he'll never be a hero, so he might just as well give up the idea.

Rene isn't There

By the way, while we're on the subject of B.I.P. (a subject that is growing more and more interesting now that they are getting well into their new production programme) here's the full cast of The Dominani Ser.


Presumably Kathleen is playing the role that Rene Ray played in the stage version; a small one, but Rene did it extremely well. However, she's under contract to Criterion now, of course, and can't be "among those present."

No, I don't like the contract system—much. That is to say, not as it is practised in this country.

In Hollywood, when they put a girl on long contract, they groom her; here they usually
bung her into one unsuitable rôle after another (because she's on the pay roll and has to be employed) and then cast her loose when the process has resulted in the fans getting tired of her. Is that cricket? It sounds more like football to me.

Nimble Rory

And Welwyn has gone Irish. The studios have been resounding with the strains of Irish folk-songs and dances, which figure in Kathleen Mavourneen, in which pretty Sally O'Neil is playing the title-rôle.

Cock o' the roof here is young Rory O'Connor, born in Dublin a trifle over fourteen years ago, who has an amazing record behind him already.

He holds the All Ireland Step-dancing Championship for 1934, 1935 and 1936, and they're almost as ready to give him the 1937 award as look at him. In one scene in the picture he wears a belt covered with the medals he has won at various competitions—just a couple of hundred of 'em.

They've got an insurance policy on his feet for £5,000, which sounds reasonable enough, seeing that he has been to Berlin and to London as a representative Irish dancer, and has broadcast several times to the United States through 2RN Dublin.

Important young feller this Mr. O'Connor, and don't you forget it.

Sweet Sally

And Tom Burke and Talbot O'Farrell are singing in this film, and Jack Daly, Sara Allgood, Pat Noonan, and Fred Duprez are in the cast.

All the same, it's for Sally O'Neil's sweet sake I'll be seeing the picture. I liked her very much when she started in pictures, and have always regretted that she didn't make more of them, instead of deserting us for the stage.

Norman Lee is directing it—not for B.I.P. but for Argyle British; and Wardour Films are distributing it, and that gives it a kind of a B.I.P. flavour, which doesn't do it any harm.

Talking about studios resounding, you should have been down at Pinewood the other day when the Herbert Wilcox production Splinters in the Air reached the concert scenes.

Of course the concert party is the famous "Splinters," which has been appearing under the guidance of Lew Lake for many years. Sydney Howard as an old "principal boy" of this party makes his appearance with a background of the Splinters' "beauty" chorus, and the fine baritone voice of Stuart Robertson (brother of Anna Neagle) will be heard to advantage in camp-fire songs "with chorus."

Anonymous

I wonder whether it's only us old fogy, war veterans, has-beens, and superannuated crocks who thrill to "Let's All Go Down the Strand" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

I confess they're just a little too much for me. There's too big a cluster of memories hanging to them.

Down at Teddington a new "musical" has gone into production, but it hasn't a title yet; all I can tell you is that Keith Falkner is making his first film-debut in it, and his brother Jack Falkner is directing it. First National's whole bunch of contract people, Chesli Bouchier, Bruce Lister, Joyce Kirby, and George Galleon are all appearing in the picture.

Arthur Woods, one-time B.I.P. director who was responsible for Drake is in charge of this unlabelled one.

All Calling!

Meanwhile, Reed Davis and Herbert Smith are wearing out their throats calling against each other for stars, one from Elstree and the other from Beaconsfield, and one will know until the films are seen which has called the loudest.

They've both directing films called Calling All Stars, which seems to me the ultimate apex in futility, when there are better titles to be found at any street corner, just waiting to be used.

They'd better call it The Far Away Stars and the other Stalling All Cars—and toss a penny to decide which is which.

Anyway, between them they've just about cornered the market in music-hall, concert-platform, and radio stars. I don't seem to descry so many film stars in the line-up, but that's the way the world wags nowadays.

Whenever I protest, I'm reminded in caustic tones that Soft Lights and Sweet Music made a million billion trillion pounds.

So radio and vaudeville stars are what you want, and you're going to get 'em—and bang in the eye and ear.

Two More Comedies

At Sound City they've got hold of a good title—Wake Up Pancho—which Gene Gerrard is directing as well as playing the lead in it.

Need I reiterate my views on this "doubling" practice? No, I think not.

This is a Stafford Radio Production, and along with Gene we find Nelson Keys, Josephine Huntley Wright, and Esther Kiss.

Oh, and there's another effort on the floor at Teddington besides the non-labelled musical.

This is The Vulture, which Ralph Ince is directing; and you only need to be told that Claude Rains is playing the lead to appreciate that it is not the melodrama it sounds like.

Claude is playing an amateur detective—graduate of one of those "Schools of Detectives." Hal Walters, who generally seems to be in evidence when I wander down Teddington way, plays a crook who is hired by Claude on the well-known "set a thief to catch a thief" principle.

Opposite Claude is a young Yorkshire lass named Learoyd; Lesley Learoyd in full. Yorkshire in name only, born at Folkestone, graduated from amateurs to R.A.D.A., then went to Croydon Repertory Theatre (where they are establishing an excellent reputation for discovering and training promising young actresses), and thence to Coventry Rep.

We'll Lose Leslie

She's still on contract there, but she left Godiva's town, singing in The Vulture. Irving Asher thinks he has a find—which means that she will probably be snatched across the Atlantic and the American continent to play at Burbank, be groomed out of recognition, and return in six months or a year, enormously expensive, and looking exactly like every other film-star that ever was.

Frederick Burtwell, who recently figured in Trigame at Teddington, is in the cast, and also Archibald Batty, George Merritt (this is a happy hunting ground of his), and Neil More.

By the way, you may be on the look-out for the football picture Playing the Game which Herbert Smith recently directed at Elstree, with Sandy Powell in the lead and Gina Malo playing opposite him.

And you won't find it; at least not under that title. It has been rechristened His Lucky Day, and it's no use asking me why they do these funny things with titles.

I simply don't know.
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MAE WEST, blonde film star, lives in a very high-class Hollywood apartment house. One of the features is a large garage where tenants park their cars. While Mae was absent one evening, two bandits held up the garage attendant, bound and gagged him, and then calmly robbed tenants as they arrived in their cars. Valuables to the amount of £300 were taken.

As Mae always travels with bodyguards there might have been some shooting if she had encountered the gangsters.

Garbo's Autograph

Greta Garbo, who never gives her autograph, has been cornered at last by autograph hunters, and it happened right on the Camille stage.

Robert Taylor had been entranced by a new style fountain pen, a huge affair that holds a bottle of ink. He bought one each for the entire company, and handed them out on one condition, that they could keep the pens if they obtained Garbo's autograph. En masse the forty company members surrounded Garbo demanding her signature. Garbo took it all in good part, but gave only one autograph, to Taylor.

The Bride Wins

Dick Powell and his bride, Joan Blondell, have returned from a honeymoon trip to New York and are living in a big house in Beverly Hills.

The actor probably hated to sell his Toluca Lake home, which was one of the show places of North Hollywood, but Joan likes Beverly Hills, so Dick bowed to the inevitable.

A Costly Threat

Edward Stephens, a 16-year-old youth of Atlanta, Georgia, thought he could frighten Shirley Temple's mother into giving him £5,000. The boy sent a threatening letter to Mrs. Temple, the police were called in, and now young Stephens will remain in a reform school until he is 21.

Worried Lady

Mary Brian was not dismayed when her new house servant informed her he was of mixed Filipino and Dyak ancestry.

But she was disturbed several days later when a friend told her the Dyaks were a notorious race of natives, loosely described by explorers as "head-hunters."

So far, the servant has confined his hunting to heads of lettuce at the Toluca Lake market, but Mary is keeping her eyes, filled with suspicion, on him.

A Famous Tree

The ashes of John Gilbert, filmdom's great lover, rest beneath a tree in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale.

Later, a bronze tablet, upon which will appear a facsimile of the actor's signature, will mark the spot.

Too Much Devotion

Universal studio officials approve of romance, but in its proper place, as this story will demonstrate.

Louis Hayward, who is very devoted to Ida Lupino, had to be removed from the cast of Three Smart Girls, when stricken with an acute attack of pleurisy. His sick-room was brightened, however, by daily visits from Ida. But these stopped abruptly when the little actress sprained her ankle. Meanwhile, on the same set John King turned up with a bad cold, and it was discovered that he spent all his spare time visiting Gail Patrick, who is working for another studio.

So the director told young Mr. King to pay more attention to his work at the present time and less to the girl!

Clever Idea

The typewriter sent to Bess Meredyth, noted scenarist, by a mechanically minded uncle in Buffalo, is an ingenious machine. Set near the top is an ash tray, a clock and a meter for recording the number of words per page. A tiny music box, with a repertoire of three tunes, is fitted on the side and timed with the typewriter keys. Its harmony is said to induce better thought.

Unfortunately, something seems to be wrong, for Miss Meredyth is unable to make the machine do any actual typing, although the clock and the music box are in good working order.

His Island Home

Charles Bickford, when he is on holiday, can have all the seclusion he desires, for he owns an island near Java, which he purchased from an Englishman. The population consists of several hundred natives.

Next summer the actor plans to visit the place, which he has never seen.

Dark Mystery!

Every precaution has been taken to keep secret the solution of After the Thin Man. Not even the stars, William Powell and Myrna Loy, or the director, W. S. Van Dyke, know the ending to Dashiell Hammett's sequel to The Thin Man, now being filmed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The last four scenes are missing from the script, and the only copy is locked in a safe deposit vault. When the picture is finished, with the exception of the final sequence, the latter will be photographed behind closed doors. Everyone on the set will be sworn to secrecy.

Odd Footage

Katharine Hepburn always manages to see successful New York plays by aeroplaning East between pictures.

Gertrude Michael was educated to be a concert pianist.

Ralph Bellamy collects old music boxes as a hobby.

Andy Devine is an inveterate horse-trader.

James Stewart studied to be an architect.

Olivia de Haviland will get a thousand dollars from her mother on her twenty-first birthday if she hasn't smoked by that time. Exceptions are if she has to smoke for her picture roles.

Lionel Stander became an actor because he could shoot dice.

Ginger Rogers has given her mother a ten-room house costing £5,000.

Luise Rainer was an art student.
LIBELLED LADY

A demonstration of affection by Gladys (Jean Harlow) who had temporarily married Bill (William Powell) in order to help her fiancé, an editor, avoid a libel action.

Bill, who has been deputized to compromise Connie (Myrna Loy), an heiress threatening a libel action against a newspaper, finds himself falling in love.
ECTED by Jack Conway, who was responsible for the sale of Two Cities," this comedy dealing with a per's efforts to prevent press bringing a lawsuit against him has an all-star cast. Includes Myrna Loy, Jean Arthur, William Powell, Spencer Tracy and Walter Connolly. Written by Wallace Sullivan, a Chicago reporter, and it is notable for its clever dialogue, direction and polished direction.

Bill tries to get into the good graces of Connie and her father, J. B. Allenbury (Walter Connolly) by pretending to be a great fisherman; fishing was the old man's favourite hobby.

Every time Gladys put on her wedding dress ready for her wedding with Warren he phoned her up to say that he was detained by a news-story!

Bill, amongst other accomplishments, was famed for tall stories, but they did not all pass muster with Connie and Mr. Allenbury.
GET down! Give me that hat box and umbrella. D’you realise who you are? Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria; never left home before, and bumping her way to the Imperial Austrian court in a donkey cart!"

All very well, Elizabeth, otherwise known as Cissy, reflected, for father to become the heavy parent. If, as her mother, Duchess of Bavaria, frequently said, nothing would make a lady out of her second daughter, then assuredly nothing would make His Royal Highness, Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, a gentleman. From the driving seat of a square cart, constructed of ash poles and piled with bandboxes, Cissy regarded her father’s portly figure, attired in the shabby velveteens in which he had been wielding the axe in company of the palace woodmen.

“Mother’s gone with Helena, as you know, and taken all the carriages,” she protested, “and I’m going to follow them to see the Emperor in the summer palace at Hellbrun, if I have to walk.”

“Over my dead body.”

“But, father, think of Helena. She loves Poldi. Just because mother’s set her heart on it, and Aunt Sofy, the Empress Dowager, is in favour, why should Helena be forced to marry the Emperor? No, I’m going to walk up to Aunt Sofy, even if she is the mother of His Imperial Highness, and tell her just what I think about her.”

“A fine idea. And do you know what would happen if she happened to disagree with you?”

“No, but I could sneak Helena out of the palace until Poldi could resign his commission as a lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, and marry her. Come on, merry Ned.”

“Cissy! Don’t go, Cissy... Oh, well, can’t you wait a minute while I get my uniform?”

“Right here, father. Jump in.”

“Well, let me get my hat and coat.”

I’ve got that, too, darling. Come along.” Prodding Ned with the umbrella, Cissy congratulated herself on achievement of her first step. A safe arrival at that fine old hostelry, the Golden Ox, at Hellbrun, was the second. “There you are, father. Have it pressed. Throw out your chest and make room for the medals. The more important you look, the better,” she counselled, handing out the uniform case as Maximilian, overcoated, with a cockaded Tyrolean hat, climbed down from the cart.

“Get that uniform. I never could drink freely in it,” he sighed.

“Now, father, you promised you wouldn’t drink a drop of beer until you’ve given the Emperor a piece of your mind. Please, mind that bandbox. It’s Helena’s silver dress; the one mother said I was to be sure and put in her trunk. That shall be my open sesame to the palace.”

“If you so much as set foot in the palace grounds, I’ll tell your mother. Now leave the Emperor Francis to me,” Maximilian riposted.

Alas for self-sufficiency. No sooner had he engaged rooms and got himself addressed by the large, curly-haired inn proprietor as “Royal Max”—nearest achievement towards preserving an incognito—than the Duke and the landlord took to discussing beer. They were still backing up their arguments by draining innumerable steins when Cissy, by joining a roomful of ballerinas due to perform the following day to celebrate the Imperial birthday, obtained a signed pass of entry to the palace.

Regardless of being all but knocked over at the wrought-iron gateway, by the arrival of the Emperor (who she was too dastured to see) in the royal coach, Cissy, still clasping umbrella and bandbox, penetrated to the rose garden. She was gathering an armful when her shoulders were seized and a military voice announced: “You’re under arrest. Follow me.”

Stuttering in a fine temper about the ridiculousness of being deprived of one’s personal liberty for picking a few flowers, Cissy was hustled to a lofty room containing a young man attired in the type of uniform worn by Helena’s Poldi.

Considerably handsomer than Poldi, he enquired whether Cissy wasn’t aware that there was a law against insulting the Emperor.

“I’m not surprised,” she countered, “but there isn’t a law in Austria that’ll stop me telling the Emperor what I think of him. Announce me, please.” Opening a door, the young man did so; then, emerging from the room within, inquired:

“Did you wish to see me?”

“You? The Emperor!”

“You had no right to pick my roses.”

“I guess I should be punished.”

“Well, I might make an exception and show mercy. Can I help you in the delivery of your bandbox? You are a dressmaker, I suppose?”

“Yes. It’s for the Princess Helena. I wanted to take it to her myself, so that I could see the future Empress.”

“You mean to say that it’s known I’m to be engaged to-morrow. As a matter of fact, my mind’s been made up for me by my mother, and the State ministers. What is your name?”

“Eliz—I mean, Cissy—that’s short for Elizabeth—Schmidt. Father calls me Cissy.”

“A lovely name. What does your father do?”

“Well, he—he’s a recognised authority, and very safe.”

So far Cissy had proceeded, not quite sure if she could be said to have accomplished her third step satisfactorily, when Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, announced:

“Wait in there for a moment, while I see my uncle,” the Emperor ordered.

Glad of a pause—glad, too, that the elegant panelled doors of the palace seemed of just the right thickness for eavesdropping—Cissy settled herself in the adjoining room. From the conversation which ensued between uncle and nephew, she gathered that father had got no nearer to saving his eldest daughter from a loveless match than accepting the offer of beer, when Poldi entered and announced:

“Your mother and her guests from Bavaria, your Imperial Highness.”

“Get me out of here. My wife doesn’t know I’ve come, and I’d rather face a loaded cannon than your mother, Francis,” Maximilian was heard. Ignoring Emperor’s adjuration to wait a minute, the Duke invaded Cissy’s room. Hurrily she placed herself behind a screen, forgetting, in her
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Please send me, free, Richard Hudnut Eye-Matched Makeup booklet on the art of makeup, with large trial sachet of Face Powder.

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<th>My eyes are</th>
<th>BLUE</th>
<th>BROWN</th>
<th>HAZEL</th>
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NAME ____________________________
(State Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS ____________________________
I am losing
his love, he
is attracted
by
another girl?
-what can I do?

Miss Dorothy Dickson
whose deep understanding of human problems
has been so much help to countless women,
answers here a question—one that she is often
asked. The answer is so simple—yet it may
mean a lot to you.

How many thousands of women are living through
the same experience as the writer of this letter?
And what am I to say? Just this—what I say to
all women. Take stock of yourself, be brutally
frank, pick out one vital, attractive woman that
you know and ask yourself this question: "Why is
she more attractive than I am—why can she hold
love where I fail?" Why? Because she is vibrant,
alive, there is a spark in her eyes and the blush of
youth on her cheeks.

Natural colour—that is what is so important to
attractiveness—colour that brings youth back to
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fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is your
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But anxiety, to conceal black taffeta skirts and silk, basqued blouse,
embroidered with stag-hunting scenes, that several yards of fine net
frilling and a pair of silk-clad ankles prominently protruded. She
was not so far removed from the communicating door by this manoeuvre
on the contrary, that she could not overhear the Dowager Empress
introducing Helena to the Emperor Francis as his future wife.

"Say something to your cousin, Francis," the Duchess ordered.
"I'm overcome. His Majesty is so unlike his portraits," Helena was
heard to respond dully, and Cissy could not repress a thrill at feeling
her own admiration for Poldi, who had evidently in no way been
disturbed.

Escort the ladies to the garden, Count Poldi," the Empress Dowager
ordered, and Cissy had the interest of hearing Helena referred to in the
maternal inquiry: "How do you like her, Francis?"

"Since when does my opinion
matter, mother?"

"I shall announce the engagement
to-morrow evening, my son," came
the imperturbable answer. The Empress's
signal was for Maximilian to return to his nephew,
whereat Cissy was made almost to blush on hearing her father chaff the
Emperor on having stood up and realising that if one will ankles
protruding from behind a screen, the
intentions, and even the personality,
of their owner is liable to mis-
interpretation.

However, blushes were forgotten
in the discovery that the room
contained a grand piano. In spite
of never attending Herr Schmidt's
singing lessons at home if she could
help it, Cissy loved accompanying
her voice. She came to the
conclusion that "Stars in My Eyes"
and realised that the Emperor was
beside her.

"I thought you'd forgotten me,
Highness."

"For a second, even though
my future wife is waiting for me
in the garden. That frock you
are going to deliver. Don't you think
it should be done to-night?"
"I never go out at night alone."

"Perhaps I could come and pick it up. Where do you live?"

"At the Golden Ox. But the
village is celebrating your birthday
to-night. Besides, your mother
ordered you to order it.

She got away at that and found,
as she suspected, Maximilian at the
inn table drinking beer.

"Well, I wiped the floor with the
young puppy," he announced. "I
said, 'I refuse to consent to Helena's
marriage,' and brought my fist down.
You've no idea what sort of Casanova
young Francis is. There was a pair
of ankles behind a screen. One glance
at them and I knew they were too
good to be respectable. And he
wants to marry my daughter!"

Cissy thought it the wrong moment
to undeceive her father. Not with-
out secret hopes of their being
admired by the right person, she
was planning to put on a white gown of
ruffled net and brush the gleaming
curls, worn loose at home, into a
coiffure fitting for the eve of the
Emperor's birthday.

In spite of being thrown out by
the proprietor of the Golden Ox,
who mistook the royal visitor for a
saucy customer, Francis, wearing
the white tunic of a subaltern, met
Cissy in the grounds, where all the
delights of the fair were in progress.

"Are you happy, Cissy?" Francis
asked after the health of the
Emperor, with impassioned singing of
the "Austrian Hymn," had been
drunk at midnight.

"Do you remember Helena?"

"Never heard of her. Personally,
never could work up any enthu-
siasm for princesses. Now, if you
were a princess instead of a dress-
maker, I wouldn't be out with you."

The sadness of which confession for
Cissy, was almost, if not quite,
mitigated as the hours went by.
Encouraged by Francis, she found
she could sing. "Merrily in Love," and
felt his eyes upon her as a woman—
not a seamstress.

Which divine mood lasted till
morning, when she called through
to her father's room:

"May I come in? Did you sleep
well?"

"Like a lamb," he said, forbidding
entrance till he had struggled into
his night-shirt on the top of his
clothes and concealed a row of
empty steins under the blankets.

"Father," she ventured. "You
remember the blush of ankles you
thought too good to be respectable.
Well, they were mine. The Emperor
thought I was a dressmaker, and at
four o'clock this morning he told me
he wouldn't be engaged to Helena."

"You mean to tell me you were
with His Imperial Highness till four
o'clock this morning?"

"Till five, father."

"Cissy, can you look your Poppa
in the eye?"

"Later. I'm too busy now. I've
just got to see Helena."

Aided by a pass signed by the
Emperor, Cissy gained admittance
to the palace and conveyed her
band-box to Helena's sumptuous suite.

Never very happy looking, life at the
capital had evidently not proved
inspiring to her sister as she said:

"Cissy, how did you get here?"

"Never mind. I've wonderful
news. Open this."

"My silver dress! Why, it's only
a shawl. What possessed you to trick me with it in my box?"

"Because the silver dress was too
heavy to carry. Besides, you don't need it. You don't have to
marry the Emperor."

"How d'you know?"

"I'm positive. . . . I think the
Emperor loves someone else."

"Who? . . . Oh, I see! When
did you meet him?" Feeling as if
her dream castle were falling to ruin,
Cissy told her.

"So you saw a chance to be an
empress," Helena challenged.

"How can you say that?"

"But it's true. You're envious.
You couldn't bear the idea of my
becoming Empress."

"I was only thinking of you and
Poldi."

The entrance of the Duchess
occurring at this moment was still
another blow. Mother had never
been as unconventional and
understanding as father. Two minutes
and the reason for Cissy's coming to
court was out, but worse was to
follow in the impertinent figure of the
Empress-Dowager. But veering to the
height of her plaited coiffure, she
declared of her gentleman-in-
waiting if the young woman before them
was Elizabeth Schmidt.

"Yes, madam."

"So this is the young lady who
nearly upset all my plans by being
out with the Emperor till all hours.

**THE STORY OF**
of the morning. Arrest her. Take her to the village. Put her in prison.”

Obviously too staggered to plead for her daughter, the Duchess remained silent while tear-stricken Cissy found herself obliged to accommodate her spreading skirts to the narrow confines of a cell. She was roused in the course of the next hour, however, by the entry of Maximilian, resplendent in his despoiled uniform— even to the cocked hat with white plumes that seriously endangered vision by straying over his eyes.

“So Foldi was telling the truth when he informed me you’d been arrested. Why didn’t you tell them who you were?” he demanded with such breath as remained to him after storming at the gaoler.

“I should have stayed at home,” she evaded. “Please take me back. You told me to have nothing to do with the court.”

“We’re going to have plenty to do with the court right now, Cissy. I’m informing her Imperial Highness myself of her error in arresting you at once, and I dare the gaoler to get ahead of me.”

To harness Ned herself and leave by the road she had come seemed the only way to cope with a father genuinely on the warpath and ensure Helena’s happiness. She had urged the patient move only as far as the fair-ground of pathetic memory, when a youthful figure with curly hair and white tunic, albeit his eyes looked tired, stepped briskly across the road.

“I certainly helped a lot, your Highness, didn’t I?” Cissy said, taking refuge in vicious attack on her Emperor. “Very clever of me. You ought to be pulling this cart instead of me. If we were walking along side by side, no one could tell one jackass from another.”

“All the same, you’re going back to the Golden Ox to share my birthday dinner.”

“But to-night the Empress Dowager announces your engagement.”

“Eight-thirty, then. I agree to go back to the palace at eight-thirty. Meanwhile put on your best dress, the dress you keep on telling me you bought for Helena. We’ll have a private room and the landlord shall be pledged to contradict every statement that the Emperor is here. How’s that?”

On the inn stairs Cissy encountered mine host.

“What are you doing here?” he thundered. “I thought you packed up and went home. How did you get here without my seeing you, and why did you come back?”

“What are you talking about? I never went away.”

“Never went away, yet I see you mit bundles, balloons, and an umbrella?”

“The Emperor’s birthday has gone to your head. Better sleep till it’s over. Leaving mine host in a state of collapse, Cissy, definitely convinced that something had gone to her head, sought her room. Helena’s dress, from rich Cissy, for some reason had found herself unable to part, fitted.

“I’ve never seen anyone so beautiful,” Francis said across the table for two.

“Take a long look, your Majesty, because I shan’t be here very long. No, I refuse to drink.”

“But as a means of encouraging me to give you a kiss.”

“Out of the question. You particularly promised you’d make no attempts to kiss me.”

“You should never believe what a man says when he’s in love.” Her answer, seeing that she could hardly resist the invitation in his eyes, was to sing to him, though her choice, “The Old Refrain,” was hardly calculated to lift them out of the sentimental rut. Mine host did his best in that direction. Mindful of Imperial orders to the bodyguard, “be at the palace at eight-thirty,” the worthy man stood outside the private room with his stop-watch, audibly counting the minutes. Meanwhile, it was evident, from sounds without, that not only had a carriage stopped at the inn, but that a crowd had collected in the square.

Mine host had barely uttered the terrific threat, “Eight-thirty. I throw you out, sir,” when footsteps pounded on the stairs, followed by mine host’s trembling voice: “In there, singing to an Austrian officer, Royal Max.”

Dragging the offending cocked hat from his head, Maximilian strode in. “Excuse me for interrupting, your Majesty, but half the population of the town is outside, and I thought I’d give you my consent before you married my daughter without it.”

“Uncle, I’m not marrying your daughter.”

“Not! . . . Oh, you haven’t been introduced! Francis Josef!— my daughter Elizabeth, Princess of Bavaria.”

“Cissy, why did you let me believe you were a dressmaker?”

“Didn’t you say you couldn’t work up any enthusiasm for a princess, though heaven knows you’ve tried?”

Cissy, your people are waiting for you. Are you going to let me get out on the balcony to announce my engagement alone?”

Eyes rivalling the gleam of her frock, lips forming the refrain, “I’d say just gladly, madly in love,” she allowed him to draw her forward.

“Didn’t you say you couldn’t work up any enthusiasm about a princess?” Cissy asked.

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THE GAY DESPERADO
HERE is something novel—a gangster-cum-bandit musical in which Mexican bandits, having seen an American gangster picture, decide to organise themselves on similar lines. It is played as a burlesque and is effective because of the music and singing, as well as of some of the most tuneful—productions I have seen for some time.

The acting honours go to Leo Carrillo, who as Braganza, a Mexican "bad man" with an ear for music and a veneration for the trade, plies, gives an exceptionally amusing characterisation, rich in comedy but, at the same time, very human.

His essay into American gangster methods is inspired by seeing a film at a kiosk during the course of which the audience, fired with enthusiasm, emulate the rough house they are witnessing by a free-for-all fight.

It is quelled by the manager making his vocalist, Chivo, sing to them. It is in a song which attracted Chivo's voice that he insists on making him a bandit and taking him to his mountain base—Braganza's.

As usual, Gino Martini sings well. He renders an aria from Aida magnificently and his lighter Spanish songs are equally pleasing.

He also interprets the part of the amateur and unwilling bandit very amusingly, and puts plenty of southern warmth into his love-making.

This romantic element is developed by Braganza eliminating American methods, kidnaps a wealthy youth and his fiancée, Jane, and Chivo decides to woo the lady.

Jane is played by Ida Lupino, who acts with spirit but brings little sympathy to the part. Her accent, which is now a cross between American and English, is none too attractive.

The fiancé, who is ready to leave his lady in the lurch so long as he can get away, is well characterised by James Blakeley.

Harold Huber is excellent as Braganza's more bloodthirsty lieutenant, who wants to shoot Chivo ceremoniously when he helps the prisoners escape, while Mischa Auer is outstanding as a solemn Indian Diego, who disapproves thoroughly of the fine old Mexican sport of banditry being associated with Chicago gangster methods.

A racketeer in the kidnapping business whom Braganza goes to for advice on the subject, well presented by Stanley Fields.

However, the gangsters' ways prove so distasteful to Braganza that he eventually robs the lot and turns them over to the police.

The burlesque is excellently staged with picturesqueness of Mexican interiors and beautiful desert exteriors.

The songs are well introduced, particularly effective is the way in which Braganza raids a radio studio so that Chivo can fulfil an ambition and sing over the wireless.

There is plenty of action and an atmosphere of gay abandon and irresponsibility about the whole proceedings which make for unusually good entertainment.

CRIME OVER LONDON
There is really a good idea in the plot of this production which suggests that gangsters driven out of Chicago manage to smuggle themselves into this country and attempt similar rackets here, but it has not been very successfully carried out.

The trouble is that we have been accustomed to seeing gangsters so vividly portrayed that the bunch we are presented to here do not convince us a little bit.

There is a slowness, too, in the action which does not improve matters; also one has to swallow that rather indigestible fact that one man looks so much like another that even their best friends could not tell them apart.

Joseph Cawthorn plays this dual role of Mr. S., a gangster; a large store, and a Mr. Riley, who is discovered by a gang of crooks and substituted for the head of the store during big jubilee celebrations, when it was proposed to make a present of a full week's wages to the entire staff.

Joseph Cawthorn's performance is an excellent one and he differentiates admirably between the two roles.

Basil Sydney is not very convincing as a tough crook who is eventually laid by the heels after a gun fight in Sherrwood's store.

Paul Cavanagh is suitably non-chalant as a detective inspector and Bruce Lister is good as Sherwood's nephew, who is framed on a murder charge by the gangsters.

He also supplies the slight love interest with Rene Ray, looking quite attractive, as a shop assistant.

Margot Grahame is sound in the role of a gangster's moll.

The settings in the store are very good and there are several well-directed humorous touches, but as a whole the picture is low and not nearly convincing enough.

REMBRANDT
The tragic story of a great painter who gradually degenerates through the buffets that fate rains upon him and eventually dies in poverty would seem to present a theme that has its fair share of dramatic intensity and poignancy; Alexander Korda has not succeeded in bringing out either to any appreciable extent.

The painter whom he presents is an uncouth and not a very sympathetic character who is prone to deliver long speeches or Bible readings on the slightest provocation, and events in his life appear to happen in a haphazard and disconnected sort of manner.

In fact, his tragic downfall, which should have filled me with the strong emotion of pity, leaves me cold and, I must confess, rather bored.

Charles Laughton plays it with an excess of stylised naturalism and a kind of self-righteous unctuousness which repels rather than attracts.

In other words, in his patent efforts to appear natural he only succeeds in being artificial.

The development is jerky. Obviously it must be episodic, but there is no attempt to create an atmospheric continuity which would ensure sustained dramatic construction.

The action, too, is very slow and gives you more time than is really necessary to admire the technical qualities of the production and the picturesque Dutch settings.

These are indubitably very good indeed, and the grouping is artistically composed, but even here there is a sense of artificiality induced by the fact that stagecraft is always apparent; art, in fact, does not sufficiently conceal itself.

According to the picture, Rembrandt's life divides itself into three periods. First of all the wealthy painter, happy and settled by his fellow-townsmen. His wife dies and the second period commences in which he loses his popularity by his refusal to paint to his patrons' whims and lives with his housekeeper, Gertrude Dirx, who brings up his son Titus and tries to force him to paint for money.

This period is in bankruptcy and his love for a maid in his house, Hendrickje, whom he makes his mistress.

The third period begins with the ex-communion of Hendrickje by the elders of the church because she is in sin and the first signs of Rembrandt's degeneration, which is hastened when Hendrickje dies and enters eternal art in poverty.

Gertrude Lawrence is good as Gertrude, but the character is sketchy and not wholly comprehensible, and the problems he is wonderered at, since the stage is held almost continuously by Laughton.

As Hendrickje, Elsa Lanchester suggests the unsophisticated and devoted country wench with feeling, but, on the other hand, the scene which is definitely over-emphaisised.

Comedy generally is conspicuous by its absence, which accounts for the serious lack of refinement in the subject as a whole. Light and shade is essential even in a tragedy.

John Bryning gives a sincere performance as Rembrandt's son and Roger Livesey draws a brilliant character cameo as an old beggar who's was centred to pose for him as King Saul.

This sequence is perhaps the most simple and moving in the whole picture.

The credits in this production go to the technicians, who have shown that this is a photographic dictionary of Rembrandt's and scenic effects go, England need not fear comparison with the best of other countries.

FREDLOS
In the old silent days the Danish company, Nordisk, produced many notable films and was particularly successful with adaptations of Dickens; they always made one get a thoroughly convincing atmosphere.

This is the first talkie of theirs I have seen and it seems to me to live up to the reputation they so firmly established years ago.

The story is set in Finland, which makes a novel and unusual background for some first-class acting and clever characterisations. Its characterisation is rather gloomy and it seems to be a little naive, but it succeeds in keeping one quite well entertained.

It deals with Boris Borodoff, the Russian Finish governor of the Finnish province, who designs Imlar Marta to Siberia for concealing arms. He commits suicide. His son Juhani, who had married a Lapp girl, Aino, and incurred the enmity of her father and fiancé by stealing her away, next comes under Borodoff's attention.

He sends Juhani on a journey, meaning to have him killed on the way, and takes his wife.

Juhani returns, however, and Borodoff declares them outlaws. They wander into Lapland, where Aino's ex-fiancé tries to kill Juhani, but he is himself killed.

Later, a price is put on Juhani's head, and Aino is savaged by wolves. Desparing for her life, Juhani takes her to his father and the town, where he arouses his countrymen to overthrow the Russian tyrants.

John Eckman gives a clever study of the bestial Russian governor, and Sten Lindgren is virile and sympathetic as Juhani. Miss Ilmaj Nordlund, a statuesque beautiful actress, gives full value to the role of Aino. The rest of the cast all give polished performances.

(continued on page 28)
Supplement the natural juices from the meat with Oxo—Add the actual rich appetising extractives of Beef, that is the secret of perfect gravy.

Oxo Cubes provide the meat basis of gravies in the handiest and most economical form. Their rich Beef ingredients add strength and flavour.

"I can't take my eyes off your marvellous waves."
"Don't forget you're looking at a 'World's Championship' perm—SUPERMA."

Superma employs only pure water vapour and gently steams into your hair, waves and curls far lovelier, longer lasting and more natural than is possible with any other system of permanent waving. Insist on SUPERMA—don't be put off. Superma cannot harm your hair, and Superma rapid machineless curls are guaranteed to last for at least six months in unimpaired hair. Write for free folder to-day!

Superma Machineless won the World's Championship at Olympia and the European Championship at Brussels, 1936.
**REVIEWS**

by Lionel Collier

Simple but human story set in rural surroundings and noticeable for its realist characterizations and convincingly human atmosphere. Alice Bradley is delightfully clever as the ambitious wife of a village estate agent who wants to marry her daughter to an eligible young farmer. Hamilton Tombs is thwarted when he finally marries a little orphan whom she had engaged as a servant. It is chiefly owing to her acting that the picture proves so entertaining.

Russell Hardie is well cast as the young farmer and Ann Rutherford is appealing as the girl he loves.

As the designing woman, with Mr. and Mrs. Tombs, children of a servant, and Joyce Compton is true to type.

Pleasing juvenile interest is afforded by Cora Sue Collins as the orphan girl's baby sister.

**TWO'S COMPANY**


A comedy which draws its humour from the racial differences of thought and habit between the families of an American millionaire and an English aristocrat. It is conventional enough and is played broadly with lapses into slapstick.

On board they mistake Muggridge, a character played by Barry Fitzgerald, for his character, and Earl's son leads to a pooling of interests.

The production is sound enough but rather lacks subtlety. The fun it provides is of an obvious order for the most part.

B. G. Madison, an American millionaire, is kidnapped by his wife, daughter, Julian and Al, a sourced lawyer, and brought into making a trip to England. On board board they mistake Muggridge, the Earl's son, for his character, and Earl's son leads to a pooling of interests.

Muggridge represents an easily recognisable type as Muggridge who insists on "mothering" Chester while Charlie Ruggles is in excellent form as the timid employee.

There is rather a lot of dialogue, but since it is really bright one can put it up with.

Norman McLeod has directed his farcical situations with polish and skill, and there is a wealth of "sleep-walking" sequences.

**THE HARVESTER**


The plot is rather too slowly developed, but the director has brought out the characters in vivid relief. He has not allowed for many light touches, and the atmosphere, although convincing, is sombre.

There are, however, excellent settings of a Finnish township and picturesque exteriors of the country under snow and in the spring-time.

**THE KING STEPS OUT**


Directed by Victor Fleming, the story focuses on the bond between two men, Elmer and Al, who must confront their differences in order to succeed.

**E.A.RLY TO BED**


Directed by Joseph Scalise, from a story by Charles Foote Willman, the film features the character of a middle-aged man, who finds himself at odds with his wife and children.

**KELLY THE SECOND**


Directed by Gus Meins, from a story by Jeff Meiffert and William Thorne, the film follows the life of a man who must navigate the pressures of fame and fortune.

**KEENELLETH SECOND**


Directed by Gus Meins, from a story by Jeff Meiffert and William Thorne, the film follows the life of a man who must navigate the pressures of fame and fortune.

**WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**

**KELLY THE SECRET SERVICE**

What the asterisk means—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

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There are, however, excellent settings of a Finnish township and picturesque exteriors of the country under snow and in the spring-time.

Lovers of good music in particular will appreciate this exceedingly well staged adaptation of the operaetta that Fritz Kreisler has written. His music is exceedingly melodious and Grace Moore and Arthur Robinelli in it to the best advantage.

Basically it is conventional comic opera but Joseph von Sternberg whose picturesque imagination is admirable, has seen to it that the settings and composition are charming in original.

As the heroine, Grace Moore not only sings well but brings vivacity and attractiveness to the part. On the other hand, Franchot Tone is not too well cast as the King, Francis Josef, but in spite of that he brings out that individual charm and personality which is characteristic of him.

Two very amusing studies are given by Walter Connolly as a Duke and Herman Bing as an inn-keeper.

In spite of the inconsequent nature of the plot the production as a whole represents very pleasing, light hearted entertainment.

**E.A.RLY TO BED**


Directed by Joseph von Sternberg, based on "Cousy," an operaetta by Fritz Kreisler, for the story freely based on the play by Marjorie Williams, see page 22. Previewed October 17, 1936.

Bright farce with more than the usual amount of comic business gives plenty of chances to that excellent comedy team Ruggles and Bing.

Ruggles plays the role of Chester Beatty, a down trodden employee at a glass-eye factory, who after twenty-five years' engagement marries Tessie. He had not married her before because he walked in his sleep and she was afraid he would kill her. They go to a rest-cure hotel, and there Chester's sleep-walking propensities get him suspected, both of robbery and murder. He also has trouble with a big wholesaler to whom he is trying to sell glass eyes which are are straightened out, and Chester is taken on as chief superintendent to the wholesaler.

Mary Boland represents an easily recognisable type as Tessie who insists on "mothering" Chester while Charlie Ruggles is in excellent form as the timid employee.

There is rather a lot of dialogue, but since it is really bright one can put it up with.

Norman McLeod has directed his farcical situations with polish and skill, and there is a wealth of "sleep-walking" sequences.

**THE HARVESTER**


Directed by Joseph Scalise, from a story by Gene Stratton Porter, the film follows the life of a man who must navigate the pressures of fame and fortune.

**WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**

**KELLY THE SECOND**


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Now—

THE 'QUINS'

ARE

Schoolgirl Complexion all over!

July 2, 1936

At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets and for some time afterwards they were bathed in olive oil.

When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies.

— Allan Roy Daft

The famous "Quins" laugh and splash and shout and sing in their bath just like millions of other babies. And—here's something just as familiar—they are bathed with Palmolive Soap, already chosen by mothers all over the world for its gentleness on tender baby skins! "What a natural choice!" women will say anywhere. For they know how gently but thoroughly Palmolive cleanses... how soft and smooth it keeps complexions through the years. Safeguard your Schoolgirl Complexion—and your children's—with Palmolive like the "Quins" do!

I never knew my Brown hair could sparkle with such pretty tones until I spent 6" on

CAMILATONE

with GOLDEN BROWN TONINZ

I ask for

Camilatone Shampoo

IN THE BLACK PACKET

...because my hair is Brown

But there's a Special Camilatone Shampoo for Fair, Auburn, Dark and Grey or White hair.

Camilatone is the only Shampoo which includes a real toning rinse in each packet.

FROM HAIRDRESSERS, CHEMISTS AND WOOLWORTHS
**HUMAN CARGO**


**RACY ROOMING LADY**

**Columbia.** American. "U" certificate. Adventure drama. Runs 60 minutes.

- Fay Wray as the heroine. Joyce Ralph Bellamy as the villain. Dan Thorndike as the detective. Edward Gargan as the hero. Roger Imhot as the villain. E. J. Barrie as the villain. Andy Devine as the villain. Margaret Dumont as the villainess. Paul Guilfoyle as the villain. Lloyd Corrigan as the villain. Young Tetsu Komai as the villain. Fang Thompson as the villain. Arthur Harkin as the villain. Directed by Albert S. Rogell, from a story by Diana Brown and Burt Manning.

I

not taken seriously there is moderate entertainment value in this story of a girl who, determined to marry a famous airman, follows him to the Orient where the girl is captured by a Chinese warlord and after a hectic time manages to escape. While not convincing it is well presented and Ralph Bellamy makes a likeable hero of the intrepid aviator.

Fay Wray in "Racy Roaming Lady." Bunker eventually succeeds in winning her and "chiseling" the old man at the same time.

Owen Davis, Jun., makes the most of the humorous possibilities in the title role and the way he stands up to his employer and makes love to his daughter after being inspired by the clairvoyant affords both comedy and a human touch.

Louise Latimer plays up to him well as his employer's daughter, a girl whom his new found courage leads him to spank and who later admires him for his strength of character.

But an old-timer, Robert McWade, almost steals the acting honours as the employer: a character in which cunning and irascibility are equally combined.

The satire at the expense of quackery is well pointed, and the business angle, too, is presented with humorous insights.

- Fay Wray as the heroine. Joyce Ralph Bellamy as the villain. Dan Thorndike as the detective. Edward Gargan as the hero. Roger Imhot as the villain. E. J. Barrie as the villain. Andy Devine as the villain. Margaret Dumont as the villainess. Paul Guilfoyle as the villain. Lloyd Corrigan as the villain. Young Tetsu Komai as the villain. Fang Thompson as the villain. Arthur Harkin as the villain. Directed by Albert S. Rogell, from a story by Diana Brown and Burt Manning.

H

ere is a quite amusing farce with the acting, perhaps, better than the material and the presentation.

Rochele Hudson is seen as Gwen, a "romantic" flapper who falls in love with Stephen Conyers, a notorious woman-hater. But she persuades Dean Scardale to drive her to Conyers' country house. Failing to find Stephen at home, Scardsale, living next door, asks Gwen in, an action which is misinterpreted by Scardsale's jealous wife. Harriedly leaving, Gwen hears a shot and takes refuge with Conyers, who has returned. When Scardsale is brought in badly hurt, Stephen, to protect Gwen, pretends he is her husband. The position is further complicated by the arrival of Gwen's sister, Pat, who is running away from a jealous husband. Gwen, however, gets her man in the end.

The film depends for its laughs mainly on Rochele Hudson's farcical adoration of the uncompromising Conyers, neatly played by John Warburton, but there is a fair quota of good farce situations and the dialogue is amusing when it is not allowed to predominate. Good work is done by May Beatty and Judith Vossell in supporting roles.

- Fay Wray as the heroine. Joyce Ralph Bellamy as the villain. Dan Thorndike as the detective. Edward Gargan as the hero. Roger Imhot as the villain. E. J. Barrie as the villain. Andy Devine as the villain. Margaret Dumont as the villainess. Paul Guilfoyle as the villain. Lloyd Corrigan as the villain. Young Tetsu Komai as the villain. Fang Thompson as the villain. Arthur Harkin as the villain. Directed by Albert S. Rogell, from a story by Diana Brown and Burt Manning.

**C-KELLY OF THE SECRET SERVICE**


- Lloyd Hughes as the hero. Ted Kelly as the villain. Anson Mills as the villain. Sonny Fling as the villain. Fozzy Knight as the villain. Lefty Hogan as the villain. Tom Selleck as the villain. Jack Mulhall as the villain. George Lesserman as the villain. Forrest Taylor as the villain. Dr. Ralph Wray as the villain. John Elliott as the villain.

Directed by Bob Hill.

Bian Donlevy and Helen Troy in "Human Cargo."

Serial-like melodramas, somewhat crude and highly coloured, dealing with the theft and recovery of a formula for a radio bomb. All the old-time contrivances such as trap doors and hypnotic influence are dropped into the fantastic development of a story which might appeal to juveniles.

When Dr. Marston, a scientist, is robbed of the plans and formula of which he is the inventor, Kent, a Secret Service man, is called in to investigate. At first he suspects Marston's secretary, Sally Flint, and then the scientist's assistant, George Lesserman, but later it transpires that Marston is a crook and all the clues point to the involvement of Dr. Welch, Sally's uncle.

The attempts on the part of Dr. Welch to recover the invention are foiled by the fantastic happenings, which, of course, end with the apprehension and unmasking of May Beatty and Judith Vossell.
New Liquid Shampoo puts
Gleaming Highlights in Your Hair

In cafes, on dance floors, in thousands of homes, women are raving about Drene, the amazing new liquid soapless shampoo. But what else can be expected! Just one shampoo makes ordinary-looking hair beautiful beyond your wildest dreams.

Look at the girl above. What a difference it made when she used Drene! Don’t hesitate. Try this glorious new shampoo today. Get ready for a shower of compliments. For nothing is more irresistible to men than shining, lovely hair!

“ How does Drene make hair so gloriously lovely?” you ask. Simple! Drene, being neither soap nor oil, not only rids your hair of dust, excess oil and loose dandruff, but also washes away every trace of that beauty-clouding film left by old-fashioned shampoos. Every single hair is washed cleaner than ever before—in one quick lathering! A few drops of Drene rub instantly into a billowy lather—5 times more lather than soap even in the hardest water, and there’s no messy before-mixing either!

Most important of all—only clear water rinsing is necessary. For Drene is an entirely new soapless shampoo and cannot make that sticky, unrinseable "lime-scalm" film that other shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre.

Whatever colour your hair is—it can now be always radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth. Even dyed hair becomes undetectable—soft and natural—with regular Drene care. And just watch how much longer your “perm” lasts—how easily it pushes up into those natural silky-soft, alluring waves!

You will see Drene at all chemists and department stores including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and Woolworths, in the 6d. size giving 2 shampoos or the 1/6 family size giving 8 shampoos or more. Buy Drene tonight, or send your name, address and 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) to Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Dept. DN-5, Queen’s Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and you will be sent a bottle of Drene (enough for 2 shampoos).

CLOTABLES BRAND
Halibut Liver Oil Extract Tablets
Made by Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

SIX for 6d.
12 for 1/-
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE
Camellia Soluble
SANITARY TOWELS
Rounded Ends for complete concealment
ARE WE HEROIC?
And Can We Bear Comparison with the Stars?

READ with surprise a certain Miss A. Dunne’s letter and wondered at her extreme humbleness regarding her personal appearance. Has she never considered, as I have, the astonishing contrast between her boy friend and the hero of the screen? He invariably lacks:—

(1) The smile of George Brent, in addition to his attractive personality.
(2) The culture of Leslie Howard.
(3) The agility of Fred Auster.
(5) The athletic figure of Carl Brisson.

Instead we see:—

(1) Toothful, but well-meaning grin.
(2) Blissful ignorance of the elementary points of etiquette.
(3) Clumsy feet which seem to be attracted by every obstacle.
(4) Uneven, if homely features.
(5) Artificially broadened shoulders, aided by a well-padded overcoat.

It probably never enters his head to compare himself or his girl friend with the stars. He just continues to exist in sublime indifference.

Success to the PICTUREGOER, my indispensable weekly.—Georgia Nolan, 26 Roma Road, Walhamstow.

Star Party
At Christmas Time dear MICKEY MOUSE Gave, in the GABLE of our house, A party, and his bride was there; To make a MINNEfinding of care, She came to GRETA guests so gay Clad in the GARBO holiday, LAUREL AND HARDY evergreen Made for the WALLS a leafy SCREEN, And Stars indoor and out shone bright As if it were a fair JUNE KNIGHT. And made for the sky two lucky mice A PICTUREGOER’S paradise; Their laughter seemed to reach the sky, Nor CANNA NEAGLE fly so high; Sweet JESSIE was their dancing star For she is no MATTHEW Selah, RALPH crossed the LYNNetel midst applause The picture of good Santa Claus. “AH! no SHERLEW MERY will sing ! ” he cried. Come OBERON the sunny side.” While POP-EYE thought it was not nice Bad SAILORRETTA YOUNGster’s ice. “TIP-UP your glasses, FILM ‘em quick, Before your EXIT,” laughed our MICK.—Nancy Gunter, Clock House, High Street, Tonby, Pens., who is awarded the first prize of £1.

Welcomed Home!
Before I married, nearly two years ago, I was a regular film-fan, priding myself on knowing almost everything I could know about film actors and actresses, films, etc. (thanks to the help of the PICTUREGOER), forming my own opinions, discussing films from every angle with my friends, and being a rather over-critical patron altogether.

Well, after settling down to the “happy-ever-after” stage and welcoming a baby son to our small circle, I am realising that M.G.M., Gaumont British, etc., etc., are still making films.

On entering a cinema now, I feel I am amongst old friends, and a nice comfortable glow makes me say to myself: — “I am glad to see you all again,” and I do not feel half so critical as I used to, because I can see now that every actor or actress, from star to small part player is trying to please me personally.—(Mrs.) C. Pernet, 17 Thorold Rd., Bowes Park, N.22, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

An Ill-timed Blow
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town is the year’s best film.
I must, however, make one protest. Mr. Deeds would have realised that the effect of his speech in court would be neutralised by his act of contempt when he punched the lawyer.

He had quickly understood the motives of other schemes for his wealth and would have realised that his sanity was questioned because he had asked for an account of the estate. Surely he would have unmasked the plotters by demanding that details be placed before the Court?

I admit the punch had the audience’s approval, thus proving the director had anticipated their wish, but it was an ill-timed blow.

It should have been delivered after Mr. Deeds had secured the verdict and thus have been the first action of a certified sane man.—Frank Armstrong, 115 Hurlingham Road, London, S.W.6.

Wise Guy!
I know too much! I know the time my favourite film-stars rise in the morning, the name of the soap with which they wash, the make-up they use, the clothes they wear and their favourite meals.

I know their homes, having seen photographs of them, their peculiarities, their pastimes and hobies, their past and present life and their romances.

I know the type of jewellery they wear, the cigarettes they smoke, in fact I could tell certain stars their life story better than they themselves could relate it.

Thinking it over I consider myself lucky to be just plain.—Harry A. T. Double, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Ivy Wants to Know
This is about the tenth time I have written to you, so perhaps you will take pity on me this time and print my letter, just to see if any PICTUREGOER readers can answer my questions,

(1) Why doesn’t Joan Crawford play a poor working girl part, and give the society ladies a miss?
(2) Why does Miriam Hopkins always look as though she is going to cry?
(3) Why doesn’t Ginger Rogers stick to dancing? she can’t sing?
(4) Why doesn’t Rosalind Russell stop being quite so “nice”?
(5) Why doesn’t Grace Moore stop flashing her sugary smile about?
(6) Why doesn’t some producer realise what a great little actress Isabel Jewell is?
(7) Why doesn’t Jean Harlow take a few lessons in voice culture? Hers is mmm too harsh.—Ivy Ochell, 166 Highbury Grove, Cosham, Portsmouth, Han.

Way for a Miracle!
Have we not forgotten the fundamental thing about the screen—the fact that it is a mirage?

Gum you like at certain films, praise certain stars and, if you are built that way, form fan-clubs, but for Keyston’s sake do not forget that every time you sit watching the (Continued on page 34)
Romance comes quickly to the girl with a lovely skin and fresh, healthy complexion. Men cannot resist the thrilling, satiny-like softness of skin kept beautiful with D & R face creams and skin tonic. No girl need have a poor complexion if she follows the famous D & R way to loveliness. D & R beauty creams keep the skin soft, supple and young, and D & R skin tonic tones up and refreshes the pores. Start using D & R beautifiers to-day and see the transformation in your complexion ... and his affections!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

PERFECT BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

D & R Perfect Cold Cream  D & R Perfect Skin Tonic  D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream

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DENMAN PRODUCTS, Ltd. (Dept. P.), 169 Regent St., London, W.1
Marlene Dietrich

The current queen of the British movie scene was born in Berlin on December 27, 1904, or 1906 if you prefer the earlier publicity data on the subject. Her father was an army officer who lost his life in the War. Marlene originally intended to be a violinist, but an accident to her left wrist ended her musical career and she studied drama instead at Max Reinhardt's famous academy. The actress had her first stage part in the German version of Broadway, and for the next three years divided her time between musical comedy and pictures without attracting international notice. Then came her discovery by Josef von Sternberg, The Blue Angel, and Hollywood glory. The star made her American debut in Morocco, and since then she has appeared in Dishonored, Shanghai Express, Blonde Venus, The Song of Songs, The Scarlet Empress, Devil is a Woman (which she considers her best picture), Desire, and Garden of Allah. She is now making Knight Without Armour at Denham.

I think we have all forgotten about the magical element of the cinema. Even the most naive of picturegoers is blasé about it: yet we could enjoy our films much better if we remembered it.

Hang it all! They actually move!—Douglas A. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle upon-Tyne, 6.

Divided We—Stand!

After reading in a recent Picturegoer of the expected dissolution of the Laurel and Hardy partnership, readers may be interested to know of an early film in which the two stars appeared—but not together!

I recently saw at a local church hall a silent comedy film of which both the title and cast were missing. The film dealt with a divorce case in which Charlie Chase was sued by his wife (actress not recognised) on the grounds of parental cruelty.

In the course of a quarrel between husband and wife a policeman intervened, he was fat and yes, you're right, it was Oliver Hardy!

To continue the story, the case was taken to court and the defendant's lawyer was none other than Stan Laurel, who in a very small part succeeded in stealing the film from Charlie Chase.

"United" they may stand, but "divided" Laurel definitely did not fall.—Frank Fraser, 20 Bath Lane Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

A Novel Angle

Being a university student, and consequently a regular filmgoer, may I be permitted to say that the films being produced nowadays are getting into a rut? There seems to be no novel method of presentation. I suggest that the camera should be used more as a character in the plays, and thus each kinemagoer can imagine himself to be actually taking part, and not be a mere onlooker.

I can foresee that there might be many difficulties and am not suggesting that the entire film should be made from this viewpoint, but merely that this "angle" should be used more frequently as it would certainly give a much greater thrill to the film-fans.

Imagine the culmination of a great spy drama with the camera facing a firing-squad! Or would it give the Ambulance Brigade too much work?—(Miss) Iris J. Cathles, Mason Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh, 8.

(The technique Miss Cathles suggests was used with great effect in the execution scene in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."—The Thinker.)

Whew!

I have read with great interest a number of letters which have been sent by your readers from time to time, stating the various collections of Film Stars' photos they have acquired.

In just under two years I have collected 1,200 photographs of Shirley Temple, none of which have been duplicated. Amongst these, there are 65 splendid photographs of Shirley obtained from the Picturegoer Postcard Salon.

Apart from those already mentioned, I have also obtained over 45 duplicates, some of which are coloured and enlarged portraits of the above numbers.

I wonder if any reader of the Picturegoer can beat this?—Temple Conscious.

Who's Who

Recent appearances include Thanks a Million, In Old Kentucky, Your Wilde Dudley, The Pay Off, It Had to Happen, Everybody's Old Man, and Human Cargo.

Richard Dix

With 63 starring vehicles to his credit, Richard Dix probably holds all the records for starring solo power. He has been in films since 1921. Before that he got his acting training in stock and on the Broadway stage. His silent successes included The Christian and The Vanishing American. A lean period followed, then Cimarron made him as a talkie star, a position which he has maintained ever since. He has recently been seen in Special Investigator, Yellow Dust, and Devil's Squadron.

Like Alan Dinehart, Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is now 41 years old. He is 6 ft. tall, weighs 131 lb. and is the father of twin sons.

Claire Dodd

Usually plays the "other woman" in the hero's life and does it very well, Claire was born in New York on a certain December 29.

After failing at a first attempt at films, she got a part in a Ziegfield show on Broadway and went back to Hollywood with a name and a contract.

Among her screen successes since have been: An American Tragedy, The Match King, Footlight Parade, Massacre, Babbitt, Roberia, Don't Bet on Blondes, The Glass Key, The Case of the Curious Bride, The Case of the Velvet Claws, and The Case of Mrs. Penbrook.

The star has green eyes and blonde hair, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and weighs 8 st. 12 lb.
Hard Water makes your hair Stringy, unless you wash it regularly with Shampette

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**Michel**

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Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like—wind, gas, flatulence, distension; you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals. This powder, known as the "signature" brand because every bottle carries the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," has been the salvation of thousands. Never a day passes without a fresh tribute to its benefit being received by Macleans Ltd. Don't delay another day if your stomach is causing you anxiety. The original MACLEAN BRAND will soon put you right. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Powder and tablets. Never sold loose.

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A complete beauty treatment in one cream

This is the better Beauty Treatment—Outdoor Girl Four Purpose Cream does the work of four creams. Use it at bedtime—it cleanses deeply, the rich oils are quickly absorbed and nourish the underlying tissues. It tones and refines, makes skin supple, keeps contours firm and young. Use it in the daytime, too, if you wipe clean with a tissue after cleansing, there’s not a trace of stickiness left, only a bloom on the skin to hold powder.

Beauty Specialists say the less you play about with your face, the longer you’ll hold on to youthful beauty. That’s why we’ve made this wonderful cream.

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Ask for Outdoor Girl Four Purpose Cream—you’ll have four creams to use and only one to buy: you get a complete beauty treatment every time you use it.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars’ addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.1.

A Reader (Birmingham).—(1) Asterisks as follows:—King Kong—four, Sign of the Cross, Mystery of the Wax Museum—three, Night Flight and Men in White—two. (2) Release dates—Under Two Flags—Nov. 2, 1936; San Francisco—Jan. 11, 1937; Show Boat—Jan. 25, 1937.

PICTUREGOER FAN (Warwickshire).—(1) Ronald Ward of Farnborough is the part of Jimmy in The Man Behind the Mask. (2) Rafael Sarno took the part of Jules in The House of a Thousand Candles. (3) Alan Baxter, twice颀 and the part of a Specialist in Like Father Like Son. (4) John Measom, married Helen Gazapan, 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. (5) Fredric March, b. Aug. 31, 1918, Racine, Wis., 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes, with your residence Edgbridge. (6) Ross Alexander, b. New York, July 27, 1908, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 14 in., married Anne Nagel. (7) Kent Taylor, b. May 11, 1918, Nashua, Iowa, ltd., dark wavy hair, brown eyes.

Eddie.—Write to Philip Reed c/o United Artists Studios.

D. B. (Lytham).—Nelson Eddy, h. Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901, blond, blue eyes, unmarried, 6 ft. 7 in. Latest—Sings with the Sourdough by Jean MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.


K. (Greenwich).—Robert Clowman’s latest films Three Cheers for Love and Desert Gold. His photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. I suggest you write to him c/o Paramount asking him to let you have a photograph and enclosing an International Money Order to the value of 15s.

E. W. S. (Portsmouth).—The ballet music in As You Like It was composed specially for the film by British & Dominions staff composer and is not published.


FILM CRAZY (Durham).—(1) Michael Winters the real name Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. (2) Arthur Tracy, b. June 23, 1903, Philadelphia, unmarried. The Street Singer was the name Arthur Tracy used for five years on commercial radio in America before entering films. (3) Ross Alexander, b. New York, July 27, 1908. (4) Gracie Fields is married to Archib Pitt.

CBR FAN (Canterbury).—(1) Miss Evered, c/o Palace, has on her account of Michael Strogo^ and in The Sun and the Moon. (2) Gladys Cooper is very much attached to Miss Evered. (3) Gladys Cooper has been in a film called The Sun and the Moon. (4) Gladys Cooper has been married to Gertrude Rudge. (5) Robert Harris was born on March 28.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

The Film, Stage and Screen Club invites applications for membership. Members receive a quarterly magazine containing criticism, articles, reviews to queries, etc., full information write to the Secretary, 29 Carlingford Road, N.W.3.

All those interested in the RAMON NOVARO club should write to Mrs. Walter Farret Ford, British Manager, 21 Edensor Court, Shepherds Bush, London, W.10, for full particulars of this interesting club.

A JOHN MILLS FAN CLUB is in course of formation. This club is personally acknowledged by Mr. Mills and all enquiries should be addressed to Miss Isabel Minors, 3 Hamilton Avenue, Westcliff, Essex.

The INTERNATIONAL FILM CLUB has now taken over the ANNA LEE FAN CLUB. Miss Lee takes a keen interest in her club, and an autographed photograph with a personal letter is sent to each new member. Readers interested in this club should write to the Secretary, I.F.C., 5 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3, for full particulars.


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Enclose a cutting of my grey hair for you to advise me which shade of henna to use.

State shade required

If other preparations have been used, write giving full details.

37
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Keep in trim for her arduous before the camera is a fetish with Sally Elers. Here she is with her daily set-up—a tall glass of ice-cold milk.

Leave IT to ANNE

I SHALL be happy to help you with any beauty query that may be bothersome. Address your letter to “Anne,” Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

Lorie

EVENING
IN PARIS

brush, rinse and dry. Next douche the bust itself with some tepid water to give tone to the muscles.

Now you are ready for your exercises. An imitation of the breast stroke as used in swimming is about the best I know. Swimming itself is the most effective developer there is, but if you cannot take this, practise the breast stroke regularly lying face downwards across your bed.

Get upon your feet and do another exercise. Stand with feet parallel, and stretch out the arms level with the shoulders, with the palms uppermost. Now twirl the arms in circles, first backwards and then forwards.

This exercise has effect on the big muscles that support the breasts. Therefore, not only is it good for developing the bust, but it also helps those that suffer from flabby drooping busts.

Flabby busts also benefit from douching with cold water and a stiff rubber sponge, adding a few drops of toilet eau de Cologne to the water.

A mild reducing soap may also be used, and a toilet reducing vinegar is quite harmless. This can be dabbed on with a pad of cotton wool night and morning. Really strong camphor reducing lotions are not advisable.

Is there any guarantee of success with these methods? Frankly, no. But they are worth trying because they succeed with some people. Give them a fair trial. If the results are not all you wish, then other expedients should be considered.

Nature’s failure in this matter of a beautiful figure can quite well be camouflaged in these days of clever corsetry and brassieres, and none but the wearier need be any the wiser.

Be sure to write to me if you would like further information on any point of this intimate subject.

N. D. (Watford)—You can obtain the new Hollywood hair shade, brownette, by using Hennafoam. Your fair hair is the type which needs brightening without dying, and this is exactly what Hennafoam will do. Price 5d., you can get it from all chemists and beauty salons.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss M. Harper, Killaroe, Ryde Road, Seaview, I.o.W., for—

First a Girl
It’s a Boy
Are These Our Children?

I am Doubting Thomas

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:
JAMES MOUNTFORD, 5 Beckett Avenue,
Mer, Stoke-on-Trent, for—
Beauty
False Faces
Behind the Make-Up

Miss J. Callaghan, 44 Lottus Road,
Shepherd’s Bush, W.12, for—

Heat Waves
We’re Not Dressing
The Wet Parade

MRS. A. FAULX, 80 Halsebury Road, Fulham,
S.W.6, for—
Don’t Rush Me
Kind Lady

Next Time We Live
You Belong to Me

MRS. G. Sampson, 45 Couhey Road,
Streatham, S.W.16, for—

The Clock Strikes Eight
There Goes Spite
Without You

Don’t Bet on Blondes

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 to Picturegoer, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
Magnificent greatly enlarged CHRISTMAS NUMBER of "WOMAN’S FAIR"

"WOMAN’S FAIR," the Journal of Beauty—on sale Friday, November 20—is a magnificent, greatly enlarged Christmas Number. It has over 100 pages, many in colours. It is lavishly illustrated throughout with beautiful and practical drawings and photographs covering scores of subjects of vital importance to modern women. There are many intriguing articles, and delightful complete stories by favourite authors. In addition this issue of "Woman’s Fair" has a thrilling Christmas Surprise for every reader. You are given your Christmas Gift Forms for

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Dress Clip—Free
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Free Above are illustrations of the three splendid Christmas Gifts which "Woman’s Fair" is presenting Free to every one of its readers. There will be a tremendous demand for this fascinating Christmas Number of "Woman’s Fair." Don’t miss it—and don’t miss these Gifts—order your copy at once.

WOMAN’S FAIR
THE JOURNAL OF BEAUTY—ENLARGED CHRISTMAS NUMBER
TO BE SURE . . . SEE THE NAME

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Parfums
QUELQUES FLEURS - LE TEMPS DES LILAS,
etc...

Made exclusively in Paris
NOW that John Barrymore has married his Elaine Barrie, we hear less about his private life and see more of him on the screen. John is becoming rather passé for the rôle of Romeo.

The actor gallantly gave his age at the ceremony as forty-eight (the blushing bride gave hers as twenty-one) though all the record books insist that he is fifty-four.

His apparent lapse of memory regarding his birth date recalls the story of his meeting with Bill Daniels, Garbo's cameraman, who photographed Grand Hotel.

"How do they light you?" Daniels asked him. "How do you want to look?"

"I have no idea how they light me," the star replied, "but I know how I want to look. I'm fifty years old and I want to look like Jackie Cooper's grandson."

Grand Hotel was made in 1933.

**Middle-aged Matinee Idols**

John doubtless subscribes to the theory that a man is as old as he feels and we can, I suppose, forgive him an odd birthday or two.

It is, as a matter of fact, one of the curiosities of the current cinema that screen lovers, generally, are not so young as they used to be. Some of them have to be photographed almost as carefully as the fading feminine beauties.

I know at least two fashionable stars who wear toupees to help preserve that sex appeal. One of them is among the half-dozen biggest box-office attractions in films.

**The Fascinating Forties**

Herbert Marshall is forty-six according to the record books.

Ronald Colman, probably the greatest screen lover of them all, is forty-five, but doesn't look it, while the fact that William Powell is forty-four does not detract from his particular, sophisticated bidd of Male It. It was rather tactless of him though to say the other day that he and Myrna Loy made a good team because they were about the same age.

**Watch It, Warner!**

Leslie Howard, Romeo himself, first saw the light of day in London in 1893—work it out for yourselves.

Warner Baxter at times looks his age, which is forty-three, and if he'll take a tip, he will avoid stripping as he does in The Road to Glory or else do something about that waistline.

Next to Barrymore, the senior member of the Middle-aged Movie Matinee Idols Club is, of course, Jack Holt. They used to say "too old at thirty," but Holt at 48 just takes a deep breath, carefully pulls in his paunch and proceeds to win the hand of the ingenue as dashingly as ever.

Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, both born in 1901, are well on the right side of forty, though they might have been considered decrepit by the standards of a few years ago.

Nevertheless, it's by no means a bad thing that Robert Taylor, just twenty-four, is bringing youth back into prominence.

**Jackie Cooper Dropped**

We might pause here to shed a tear over Jackie Cooper, who is too old at thirteen.

Jackie has suffered the fate that must inevitably overtake all the infant prodigies. He has completed the run of M-G-M, and the studio has decided not to renew it.

The boy star must have made a lot of money during his six years of fame. He received one of the biggest salaries ever paid to a juvenile up to that time, and most of it has been invested safely for him.

I hear this week, incidentally, that Shirley Temple has reached her first million dollars.

**Disappointed in Hollywood**

Dorothy Lamour, formerly a radio star, is peevish, claiming a conspiracy on the part of Paramount and fate.

She is playing the leading rôle in Jungle Princess and thereby hangs the tale.

It seems that ever since Dorothy started taking singing lessons and going to cinemas in her native New Orleans she has wanted to go to Hollywood, wear beautiful clothes, be taken about and in general do the things a Hollywood star is reputed to do.

Shortly after arriving in the film city she was placed under contract, assigned to the jungle role and sent off to a location in the Santa Monica mountains two miles from civilisation and given quarters in a location camp with a population of 150 technicians.

She hasn't even got a telephone and her only garment is a sarong.

"So this," she sighs, "is glamour."

**Joan vs. Norma**

Interest in the alleged feud between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer is revived by the announcement that Joan is to challenge direct comparison with her rival by starring in the new version of The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. The Lonsdale story was one of Norma's early talkie successes.

The assignment follows Miss Crawford's re-linishment of her role in Parnell with Clark Gable. The star, it appears, did not approve of the plan to make the film more romantic fiction than political history.

**Passion and Politics**

In Gorgeous Hussy, she says, "my characterisation as Peggy Eaton had too much to do with love exploits and not enough with her power behind American politics. And it didn't please me. I wanted Katie O'Shea in Parnell to be treated more seriously."

Myrna Loy will now have the role.

(Continued on page 6)
In the meanwhile, Merle Oberon, one of her closest friends, tells me that Norma is making good progress after her recent illness. The British star has been trying to persuade her to come to England for Christmas. It will be some time before we see Miss Shearer again on the screen. Louis B. Mayer, chief of M-G-M, announces that pending her complete recovery, all plans for pictures for her have been suspended.

Crawford Goes Blonde

Joan Crawford, by the way, is going blonde. The star, in solemn conference with Jack Dawn, her make-up expert, has decided on the new shade—light, with a touch of red in it.

Joan, you may remember, changed the color of her crowning glory once before, about the time she made This Modern Age, but the gentlemen and other customers preferred her brunette, and the experiment was not a success.

Tallulah’s Come Back

I wonder if Tallulah Bankhead will succeed, as so many feminine stars have done, at her second attempt at talkies. Tallulah has been signed to play opposite Ronald Colman in Gone With the Wind.

Miss Bankhead’s last expedition to the film city some years ago as a potential rival to Garbo and Dietrich, failed to arouse any very great enthusiasm. She amused the natives at her famous informal parties and created a social sensation by out-insulting the professional insults, but failed to ring the bell once in half-a-dozen pictures.

Apart from the fact that the vehicles given her were not good, the studios did not succeed completely in transferring the spectacular personality that made Tallulah the idol of the London "gods" to the screen. Here’s wishing her better luck this time.

Tragedy Behind Film

There is a tragic story behind the film. The scenarists usually reward courage and fortitude with a happy ending, but life is not always so kind.

Ten years ago, Margaret Mitchell, a newspaperwoman, was stricken with arthritis. During convalescence she began work on a novel she had planned since childhood. Her health improved, but her eyesight began to fail. Frequent rests were necessary. Her husband and friends begged her to give up. Finally, seven years later, her task was done. It was a monumental work, running to 1,037 pages. Yes, it was Gone With the Wind.

In the spring of this year, the novel was published. It created an immediate sensation. In the United States alone, more than 400,000 copies were sold within the first few months. David O. Selznick snapped up the screen rights for $15,000. To-day, Miss Mitchell is an international celebrity. Sarcely a day passes without stories of her appearing in the Press.

But the heroine of these stories cannot read them. For weeks she has been confined to a darkened room, attended by some of the greatest eye specialists in the world. But their hopes of saving her sight are slender.

Dancing to Success

The dancers continue to be in demand. People who should know are predicting a big film future for Tilly Louche.

Tilly, who is well known to London theatre audiences, has scored quite a hit in a small part in The Garden of Allah and she is also in The Good Earth, which looks like being one of the really big films of 1937.

The former Cochran stage star has another claim to distinction. She has become of the select and limited circle of Greta Garbo’s friends.

Local Girl Makes Good

Another young lady who is dancing her way into the front ranks is Virginia Gray who has been given a long-term contract by M-G-M. The studio considers her one of the most promising discoveries of the season.

Virginia appeared for a few fleeting moments in The Great Ziegfeld. It was her work in a short, Violets in Spring, however, that caught the eye of the Big Chiefs.

They Didn’t Come Up to See Mae . . .

Mae West’s publicity stories have an unfortunate habit of backfiring on her.

Last week I told you how the star was to entertain in Hollywood eight bachelors chosen by newspaper competition in the sacred cause of ballyhoo for Go West, Young Man.

Something went wrong somewhere, and only two came up to accept the famous invitation. One was Guy Baker, a forty-five-year-old advertisement man from Cleveland, and the other, Leroy Kling, of Cedar Rapids, Indiana.

This Week’s Great Thoughts

I’ve really only gone out with two girls since I first went to Hollywood.—Robert Taylor.

To-day, thanks to their careers, women can marry for love.—Grace Moore.

I won’t live in Hollywood because it is the most idiotic place in the world in which to live.—Walter Huston.

For my baby’s sake I want to amount to something really big in this business, and Dick is helping me.—Joan Blondell.

I don’t want to be known as a beauty; I think the reputation of being one starves a girl of most of life.—Virginia Bruce.

There is a new type of person in Hollywood—the literary gang and the engineers who came in with sound. It is not quite as crazy and not quite as courageous. Courage is born of ignorance.—Douglas Fairbanks.

Gracie Learns to Drive

Gracie Allen is contributing to the traffic problem.

Gracie has just learned to drive and a few days ago she was moving slowly along Wilshire Boulevard when she came to an intersection. A traffic policeman held up his hand.

"Hey," he said, "you can’t make a left turn!"
November 28, 1936

Sir Leo is afraid that the film version “is to dragged out to make more length” (on the stage it runs a little over an hour).

Modesty Needed

I am inclined, on general principle, to agree with one of his conclusions. “Generally,” he says, “it is high time that the film public was treated as composed of grown up intelligent people, who have no need to be fed with film jam to help the swallowing of what the producers charmingly conceive to be the boredom of great masterpieces.” A little modesty would serve them better than squandering tens of thousands on absurd improvements.

The Perfect Escort

Virginia Bruce, who is seen with filmland’s most eligible young men, enjoys a variety of escorts, because, she says, “No one man combines all the qualities I like.” The perfect escort, according to the Hollywood actress, is the man who is at the beat points of them all. She lists them: —

Robert Taylor to make all the other girls jealous.
Jack Dempsey for protection.
Clark Gable for his manly characteristics.
Noel Coward for his wit.
Fred Astaire as a dancing partner.
George Bernard Shaw for his intelligent conversation.
William Powell for his spontaneous good humour.
James Stewart for his lack of affectation.
Cesar Romero for his polished manners.
Francis Lederer for his charm.

Short Shots

For the first time in years, Greta Garbo has to go on location for Lady of the Camellias, and the problem of keeping her exterior sets closed is causing headaches among executives — Eddie Cantor’s first picture at Twentieth Century-Fox will be Saratoga Chips, a story about horse-racing — Alan Mowbray has added a huge oil painting of King Edward VIII in hunting costume to his billiard room — The latest feminine star to be photographed in colour is Carole Lombard, the film is Safari.

Clarke and Cagney

Mac Clarke, Hollywood’s hard-luck girl, is, I see, back in the limelight as leading lady in Great Guy, James Cagney’s first picture for Grand National.

Jimmy climbed to stardom almost over her prostrate body in Enemies of the Public. Among other gentlemanly attentions, he had to push a ripe and juicy grapefruit in her face. He was later on forgotten when next they made a picture together and he sent Mae a case of grape fruit on the day production started.

Leading Man Famine

Filmland’s greatest need at present is a philanthropist and if he shows up, producers will present him with the keys to every studio in Hollywood.

All this philanthropist has to do is to present films with a few leading men capable of playing roles opposite the feminine charmers of the screen.

Here is the situation. Hollywood has at present the biggest production schedule in many, many years. As near as can be estimated, there will be approximately 800 feature films turned out this production season.

To cast in these pictures, there are a total of about 15 well known leading men. Understand, this does not include the male stars such as Gary Cooper and Clark Gable who are capable of carrying a picture by themselves.

But this situation affects the stars in that stars have to fight for stardom and the beginning of it is to inherit positions which are already filled to the top. The result is that he is smoking from 9 o’clock in the morning until the company ends work for the day, which is usually about 6:30 p.m.

That’s a good one! Rod La Rocque, now visiting England, seems to be enjoying his “Christmas Pie.”

Cooper were teamed in The Plainsman, it tied up both stars for more than two months. And at the end of that time, Paramount had one picture instead of two to release.

The list of overworked leading men is as follows: Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant, Henry Fonda, Herbert Marshall, Randolph Scott, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Pat O’Brien, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Belvyn Douglas, Errol Flynn, George Brent, Joel McCrea and Ray Milland.

Case of Fred MacMurray

Now, if you don’t believe they are overworked, look at Fred MacMurray. Five months ago, he started work on The Texas Rangers. Before he had completed that picture, Director Eddie Sutherland was tearing his hair because he was waiting for MacMurray to start in Champagne Waltz.

Producer Frank Lloyd had to so arrange his shooting schedule on Maid of Salem so as to get at least some work done until MacMurray could complete Champagne Waltz and then rush over to Made of Salem to work in that production.

For a good many months, now, there has not been an available leading man in Hollywood. Their commitments on pictures run far, far into the future.

And many of the feminine stars are sitting around wondering where they can find a man to hold them in their arms for the edification of the film-goers of the world.

Without Comment

Three film executives in Russia were sentenced to labour camps recently. They were officials in the Eastern Film Trust and were convicted of squandering away state money in the production of pictures.

The charges were: purchasing a bad scenario and countenancing excessive production expense.

Cigars—£50!

By the time his current picture is completed, Paramount will have spent £50 on cigars for Jack Benny.

A cigar is a prop for Benny. He works with it just like George Arliss works with his monocle or Charlie Chaplin works with his cane.

But after all, cigars don’t stay the same length when you’re smoking them and it won’t do to have a cigar in Benny’s hand shorter from full-length to a mere stub on the screen in one flicker of a film. So there are plenty of cigars around the set.

In the Big Broadcast of 1937 there was an allowance for 1,500 cigars.

In his next picture, Stage Holiday, Benny will consume at least that many—perhaps more. As a matter-of-fact, Benny is so smoking so many cigars that he is getting slightly punch drunk. He is forced to memorize virtually every scene and is never without his cigar. The result is that he is smoking from 9 o’clock in the morning until the company ends work for the day, which is usually about 6:30 p.m.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

That’s a good one! Rod La Rocque, now visiting England, seems to be enjoying his “Christmas Pie.”

Eleanor Powell entertains the British Navy. Officers of H.M.S. Apollo visited her on the ‘Born to Dance’ which set at Culver City.

“I sure can,” retorted Gracie. “And don’t insult my driving.”

“Your driving,” said Gracie later, “that he ran after me and gave me his autograph; but Georges Porgie, my husband, thinks it a traffic ticket.”

Opera Battle is On

Screen opera is in the news again. Jeanette MacDonald, I hear, is to do Manon shortly, while M-G-M is at present negotiating for the screen rights to the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

At the same time, Richard Tauber’s recent article in Picturegoer on his plans for the film Pagliacci has created considerable interest here and there are indications that opera is likely to be a bitter battle-ground for the screen and musical worlds.

Sir Leo Chiroza Money fires the opening shots in a letter vigorously protesting against what he describes as Tauber’s proposal to “doctor” the Leoncavallo work, which, he says, should be filmed exactly as written—“continuously.”

“Tauber is Not a Great Actor”

“I see,” he adds, “a libel on a great work of art to assert that Canio is a figure that needs Herr Tauber’s assistance to make him human and as ridiculous as untrue to assert that the libretto contains a single sentence of the ‘open the door’ variety. Not a word is wasted, and the translation into English by Frederick E. Weatherley is perfect. Why, then, should we have a doctored version? From the first note to the last, Pagliacci as written, has not a single dull moment.

“Herr Tauber, a singer, but not, if he will forgive me for saying so, a great actor, insults the memory of Leoncavallo when he tells your readers that the opera needs toning down or to be made more sensible. As for the rumour that Tauber as tenor is to sing the famous baritone prologue, it is enough to make the author turn in his grave.”

PICTUREGOER Weekly

CHERRY PIE

That’s a good one! Rod La Rocque, now visiting England, seems to be enjoying his “Christmas Pie.”
"We were ten days in the desert making "Under Two Flags"." —Nigel Bruce with Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman and Herbert Mundin.

"How do your two children like living here?" I asked him.

"They simply love it!" he exclaimed. "And why shouldn't they? They lead a life here quite different from what they would in England. And there's another thing out here, the education. Both my girls are at the Hawthorne school down the road. And it doesn't cost me a penny. The school is building you've ever seen in your life and the mistresses and the children enjoy it in every way. They can amuse themselves outdoors all the time. They're being taught tennis; they go riding every Saturday, and at home and we can carry on without any expense, instead of seeing them only during the school holidays three times a year as we would in England."

I certainly agreed with him as to the wonderful time children have in California.

"What is there for an actor to do with himself in London?" he challenged me.

"Nothing," I answered. "Especially in the winter time, except 'mooch' around the house all day and idle the time away in a club until the evening."

"Exactly!" he agreed. Then working his big frame to the limits of his blue upholstered garden chair, "Would you like a glass of iced beer? It's hot enough!" And when I readily assented: "Steve!" this in the general direction of the house, "Steve! Bring a couple of glasses of beer!"

A moment later Steve, the Philippine house-boy, trim, smiling, in a short white jacket, emerged from the terrace door bearing a tray with a couple of glasses of foaming beer. "Mr. Niven is on the phone, Mr. Bruce."

"Oh, excuse me!" said the jovial actor, taking a quick pull at his glass. "It's about a fishing trip. I won't be a minute."

While he was absent I took a look about. A score of palm-lined, white houses in the palm-lined, wide avenue in the heart of beautiful Beverly Hills. From next door came the ping-pong.
at these marvellous markets. Under one roof you can buy every mortal thing from vegetables to fish. And the houses!

A house with a bathroom to every bedroom in England is almost unheard of. Here it's the usual thing.

"And look at the kitchens and the plumbing and refrigerators and hot-water systems, not to mention the marvellous cupboards built into every room."

"How do you like the studio working conditions?" I put to him.

"I admire the wonderful organisation here," he answered. "And the really fine types of men in the working crews.

"I've been on several location trips. We were ten days in the desert making Under Two Flags, and with Treasure Island nearly two weeks over at Catalina."

"After a few days with most of these fellows, prop men and assistant directors and so on, they're calling me by my Christian name—not in a familiar sort of way, but in a friendly way. You can play cards with them and have your meals with them, and they are all people who are worth knowing, and whose friendship I value."

"Do you think a character actor is in a more enviable position than the big name stars?" I asked him.

"I certainly do!" he insisted. "For one thing, the income and other taxes for the hundred-thousand-a-picture star are so enormous in California that they cut earnings down by half. Then an actor who just trots merrily from picture to picture playing anything from butlers to baronets and making a consistently good salary never has to worry about his 'public' and whether his pull is the same now as it was a few pictures back. He hasn't got to fight like mad to keep his name for ever in the papers and generally live up to what is popularly known as being a big Hollywood star. I'd rather make a decent living and be able to live in comfort and yet save plenty of money at the same time. A character actor can go on working in pictures for twenty years. There are few big name stars who can stay up at the top for long."

"Are you going to stay in Hollywood?" I asked him.

"Yes, until I've saved enough to be independent," came the answer. "Then I'd like to go back to England for a while to the stage, knowing that I could work just when I pleased and come back here to the sunshine and flowers when I pleased."

Mrs. Bruce, looking very attractive in a summery creation of white and blue, appeared on the terrace.

"Oh, Willie!" she called, "I'm just going down to the village. Is there anything you want?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied.

"I want a new pair of tennis shoes."

"Well," laughed the actor's wife, "you'll have to get those yourself. I can't fit your shoes for you! I won't be long."

Tennis, polo, fishing... Nigel Bruce has all the average Briton's love of sports, and he gets them all in abundance in the lovely Hollywood climate.

He is not even deprived of his cricket. In the season he can be seen regularly keeping wicket—and with surprising skill and dexterity—for C. Aubrey Smith's famous Hollywood team. It was Aubrey Smith, incidentally, who set his feet on the road to fame by giving him his first small stage part just after the War.

Nigel is also a keen follower of boxing, and he is at the Hollywood "fights" most Tuesday and Friday evenings. He has quite a useful record as an amateur.

There is another factor which may explain the actor's obvious liking for California. It is not generally realised that he was born here.

"Yes," he told me, "it happened in San Diego in 1895, while my parents were touring America."

We settled down in the garden chairs again and the old slouch hat was pulled a little farther over the Bruce brow.

"This is the life!" he said. "This is what an actor dreams of! And there must be something wrong with any British actor who comes here and says he doesn't like it."
Mother's Day at Paramount. Unusual casting in "Maid of Salem" has three juvenile stars working alongside their mothers. (Left to Right) Bonita Granville and Mrs. Granville, Bennie Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett, Rosita Butler and Mamma Butler, Virginia Weidler and her mother, Mrs. Weidler is not working in the picture.

(Below) Randolph Scott signs up—for his share of the drinks (soft) on the "Go West Young Man" set. It's an old custom in Mae West pictures.

Fashion note. Lucille Ball's handsome sports coat is of rust-colored warrumba cloth, made double-breasted with broad shoulder, nipped in waist and gently flaring skirt.

A character actor at home. The Candid Cameraman drops in on Mr., and Mrs. Reginald Owen.
November 28, 1936

INTERVIEWING film stars is a varied business; it isn’t by any means confined to discovering their first big chance or why they were divorced, or what gave them that glint in their hair.

When I meet a player who knows something that most other people don’t know, I try to find out about that, too.

Sally Eilers, although she looks just a girl, has been a long time in motion pictures; in fact, she had a couple of years in silent films before the first squawk came from the screen.

And that (apart from the fact that she’s a charming person, which I enjoy meeting anyway) is why I sought out Sally just before her return to Hollywood, and put a few searching questions to her.

I knew she had definite views on the subject, based on her long experience, plus—and this is important—a great deal of intelligence and an acute natural interest in what’s going on around her.

Sally, as you know, had been over for about five weeks this trip, co-starring with Ricardo Cortez in A Man With Your Voice for British and Dominions at Pinewood.

She dashed into her sitting-room at Claridges, breathless and full of apologies for being ten minutes late; but, as she’d been saying good-bye to her friends, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, I forgave her, because they’re my friends, too.

“‘What’s wrong with us, Sally?’ I demanded.

“With your films, do you mean?” That’s the pleasant thing about Sally; she sees what you mean without long, rambling explanations.

“Yes, you know films. Give us the benefit of your experience.”

“Well—” She hesitated, then went on: “You mustn’t publish this. Yes, you may if you like. It’s true.

“Your studio and your technique, and your methods and everything else, have improved enormously since I was here last. You remember, I played in a film with Ben Lyon at Elistree, called I Spy, in the summer of 1930—if you’d call it summer,” she added with the well-known and delectable smile at one corner of her mouth, accompanied by a screwing up of the corners of the eyes, which is pure Sally Eilers.

“Yes, they’ve certainly improved,” she went on. “Nowadays you really are offering an opposition to Hollywood and we’re entirely in favour of that, for competition is good for business.

“In almost every respect you’ve crept up. Your best films—which we see in the States—are so immeasurably better than our bad ones—which you never see over here—that the opposition to British films in general, a reasonable thing at one time, is being steadily broken down. But there’s still one thing—

“‘Shoot,’ I invited. ‘I can stand it.

“‘Pep!’ she exclaimed, ‘there’s not enough pep, not enough movement!’

“I bet it’s our dialogue you’re thinking of,” I said gloomily.

“You win your bet! I’ve been luckier than most, working at Pinewood; but I meet lots of my friends, working over here, and we always talk motion pictures. That’s one way we’re crazy. And they’ve no axe to grind by panning British production; they want a good picture, so that they can say when they get back to Hollywood: ‘Look at, Mr. Producer— I was in such and such a British film, and look at my notices—are they weak? are they well?’

“And what do they find when they come to read their scripts? Pages and pages of talk, talk, and talk as though they were on earth or in Heaven ever talked—at least, not since Queen Victoria died; and I don’t believe they were so dumb even then.

“It’s still, it’s over-deliberate, and it’s—it’s—

“Circumlocutionary.” I suggested.

“You said it! Whole passages that don’t advance either the action of the plot or our appreciation of the characters by a single inch; and those are our only two excuses for dialogue.

“I’ve seen some of these scripts at my friends’ apartments, and watched them tearing their hair over them; so I know what I’m talking about.

“Why, in one case, a Hollywood player I know threw up his hands and said to the producer: ‘Well, for crying out loud, is this dialogue?’

“‘We know it’s pretty bad,’ the producer told him—but we thought you’d be able to pep it up for us!’

“What do you make of that?”

“I’m afraid Edmund Lowe established a dangerous precedent,” I reminded her, “by supplying such excellent dialogue for Seven Sinners at Gainsborough.”

“I don’t see why you can’t always have a ‘script doctor’ on the floor, as they have in the Hollywood studios,” said Sally. “Someone who can listen to the dialogue as it’s spoken and, when a scene sounds lumpy or lifeless or long-drawn-out, cut it down or pep it up. After all, it isn’t—or it shouldn’t be—the dialogue that tells the story.”

Now this was interesting, because Sally was never a stage actress; she belongs properly to the era when you had to ‘say it with actions,’ and that was the day when moving pictures monied.

Sally and a few others have brought across to talkies something of the technique she learned in silent days, and combined it with the best of the stage technique.

Her first teacher was one of the greatest directors who ever lived—Mack Sennett.

At school in Hollywood, many of her friends had movie experience; so she nursed a secret ambition in the same direction.

What schoolgirl wouldn’t—in Hollywood? Sally would, anyway, but it had to be secret, because her parents were not entirely in sympathy with the project.

Her chance came when she visited the Mack Sennett studio one day with a friend of hers, Carole Lombard.

She was having her lunch in the studio restaurant, and thinking of nothing in the world but chicken gumbo, when Mack Sennett spotted her.

Mack was having a little bother with Alice Day, who had been asked to wear trousers in a certain role.

Alice took one look at herself in them and walked out of the studios. So Mr. Sennett had to refill them.

Sally was certainly a lovely child; the great Florenz Ziegfeld once selected her as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. It didn’t take Mack Sennett a minute to make up his mind.

Stopping at Sally’s table, he said: “Would you wear pants?”

“Try me!” I suggested Sally, looking up with a dazzling smile and forgetting her gumbo.

He signed her up; and the joke of it—to Sally, but not to Alice Day—was that they cut out the scene with the trousers and she never had to wear them, after all.

She learned a great deal from Mack Sennett—the value of economy in gesture, the value of building up, of give-and-take between two players, of timing—all of which has been of the utmost advantage to her in her successful career.

Those of us who know her delicious sense of comedy might expect that to be her favourite medium, but it isn’t.

“It’s much better fun to make people cry,” she told me, “and it’s easier, too. But I always remember one thing Mack Sennett told me: ‘Don’t cry too much yourself on the screen; if you do the audience will let you do all the crying.’

Yes, Sally certainly knows her stuff, and when she puts her finger on a weak spot in our production it’s just as well to have a good look at that spot.

We’ve got polish now and first-rate photography, expert direction, irreproachable art work and costuming.

Now, we must ‘pep-up’ the script and we should have good pictures.

A charming scene between Randle Ayrton and Sally Eilers as father and daughter in "A Man With Your Voice."
FRANCHOT TONE

J ust past the end of his first year of marriage—and to-day, Franchot Tone is still just about Hollywood’s most perfect husband. I’ve learned that it’s impossible to write a story about Franchot alone. Not that he’s even among the set, with the whole studio full of workers to look on. Tone makes no secret of his love. Oh, don’t get me wrong—he doesn’t go moon-mooing around, making a saccharine spectacle of it; but at the same time, he’s not ashamed of it. Look at their dressing-rooms on the set where they’re shooting The Gorgeous Hussy. They’re side-by-side. Look inside Joan’s—and every day, you’ll see it filled with fresh, new favourite flowers. They’re Franchot’s flowers. Every day, he sees to it that new, fresh offerings are placed in his wife’s dressing-room—
to remind her he loves her.

T hat’s a pretty gesture. He makes another, though—a gesture far more practical than flowers. You’ll see, in Joan’s portable dressing-room, a telephone. There’s a long white telephone in any star’s portable dressing-room in all Hollywood. Ask Joan about it, and she tells you happily that it was Franchot’s idea. He thought it up as a surprise for her—had a special telephone fitted with a plug, so it could be plugged in on the studio circuit, no matter on what star’s or what part of the stage. Joan’s dressing-room might be. It’s more than just a pretty gesture; it’s a thoughtful one. Because Franchot knows how Joan loves to phone.

T he man’s always thinking of little surprises—like that for Joan,” say those who work with them. “Always some new little gift for her—some little touch of courtesy, of affection, of respect. That affection goes beyond just little gifts. It goes so far that Franchot, keen psychologist as he is, realises that the privacy of any person—even one’s wife—must be jealously respected. And so, even though their dressing-rooms are so close they virtually touch, Franchot never visits Joan’s unless she’s invited. There’s more than either a pretty gesture or a thoughtful one—there’s a smart one!

Of course, he’s often invited—very often. Many a night Franchot spends long in late conversations in his dressing-room, or the room in which he and Joan sit and talk of the things they enjoy in common. And when, at last, the assistant director knocks at Joan’s door and calls to dinner—no, there’s always a little brief tableau as Franchot leaves his wife’s chamber—always, they stop on the threshold, and Franchot takes Joan in his hands and kisses her. N othing gooey, nothing dramatic—just a kiss. But in Hollywood, that’s something.

And when the day’s work is done, they don’t (like so many other Hollywood husbands and wives) go dashing about their own selfish interests, apart. They hurry home, instead. That home in Brentwood is the most intimate of all heavens. There is where the real life of Franchot Tone begins and exists. . . . There they become Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. Sometimes—most of the time, in fact—their home life is as prosaically “homely” as that of any Mr. and Mrs. in America. Franchot will spend his days in the great easy chairs with his wife. Joan loves. His dachshund, “Puppychen,” clammers up on his lap, curls up and goes to sleep.

A t his feet usually curls Joan. She’s utterly content there, just being Mrs. Tone. Her own dachshund, “Baby,” is beside her, and they play. And there you have a simple home-life tableau—and all the cynics who’d read this and grin, and make a sound once termed the “raspberry”—can go jump in a lake for all of me. Because this is the truth—not just press-agent twaddle.

Franchot doesn’t like many people. He’s frank about it. I’ll explain it, in his own words, later. But what I’m trying to get at now is this—because that’s Franchot’s attitude, and because Joan respects it, the Tone-Joan home is never the scene of any big Hollywood parties, as you can imagine them. They frequently have guests to dinner, but very few. There’s no chatting about who’s gonna have the next baby, who’s two-timing whom, what star is going out with what director, and all that sort of Hollywood tongue-clacking. There’s fine, deep, rich talk, such as many in Hollywood wouldn’t and couldn’t understand. Franchot can hold a great talk when the talk is on abstract subjects such as he loves and knows—philosophy, the state of the world, politics, human problems, sciences, music. He is a good talker then—but only then. For when there is small talk about, Franchot is dumb. He can’t talk on airy nothings.

And he’s not only a fine talker when the talk is in his line, but a smart one, too. You can’t trip him on any statement he makes. He makes no statement unless he knows it’s so. More than once, guests of his have challenged him. Franchot goes at once from the dinner table, in the middle of a course if need be, to his library. He comes back, then and there, with a book to prove what he has said. He’s always right.

Then, after dinner, comes the real, characteristic Tone-Joan part of the evening—movies and music. Always, Joan has provided a film or two for her guests, and in their private living-room-theatre-auditorium, they unreel it. Joan tries hard, since her guests are always from the very small Tone-Joan circle of friends, to find a picture they’ve never seen before. Pictures over, comes music—and it’s the mainspring of the Tone-Joan life, these days. They give hours every day to music. It is a passion with them.

In their great living-room, they have the finest music-machine money can buy. It’d be lese majeste to call it merely a phonograph. It’s the most perfect electrical reproducing instrument on which records can be played. It has not one speaker, but three—and they are placed in the room so that the music comes to the auditor from front, and from each side—to reproduce as nearly as possible the actual effect of a symphony orchestra or an opera in a great acoustically-perfect auditorium. The speakers are adjusted to finest treble, richest bass.

To play, on this reproducing device, Tone owns 3,200 records. . . . 111 It is the finest music library in Hollywood, and it is so pre-dominantly symphonic and operatic that you can dismiss, as negligible, all the other sorts of music therein. There are complete records, from
opening overture to final climactic thunderings, of every recognised opera.
And there, with that amazing accuracy in their gaiety and function, they sing music. Joan and Tone find their own several supreme hours. Not only with guests, but alone. They have it alone more, in fact, than when guests are there.

Often, they both sing with the music. They are industrious, fiercely sincere, about their singing. It is not a passing fad with them; it is something basic, important.

They have retained one of the finest voice teachers—an Italian maestro—obtainable. To him, they give at least two hours of hard work each day. To-day, they can—and do—sing together some of the finest operatic duets known. And they do it well. Why?—maybe they have it in their minds to use it, some day, in their work.

They don’t say, outright, but they concede certain things—Franchot, for instance, remarks, in answer to questions: “Well, I’d be crazy to spend so much time on music if I didn’t think I might use it some time later on, wouldn’t I?” Joan goes further. She admits that some day she may try opera. “But not,” she adds, “until I know I am ready.”

And by now, you’re probably wondering if there’s really anything at all about Franchot Tone that doesn’t depend on, or include, his wife. The answer is yes—there most certainly is. Let me tell you now, a lot of facts about Tone, that don’t drag in Joan—in the first place, Tone has never become part of Hollywood in the usual Hollywood style. Tone is not a fellow on the set, he’s no backslapping, grinning, handshaking, joke-telling extrovert. Franchot Tone, on the set, is probably one of the quietest actors in Hollywood.

And off the set, he’s probably one of Hollywood’s hardest-to-know men.

Practically all actors, between takes, have their stooges, and their friends, and they’re frequently clowning or kidding or playing around on the stage. Franchot, on the other hand, is almost a recluse amid all the camaraderie and the hustle-bustle of the movie stage. Most of the time, between takes, he retires to his dressing-room; frequently he sits and nods in a chair, paying no attention to what goes on around him most often, he gets by himself somewhere with his chess-board, and works out a difficult chess problem.

He rarely smiles. A Franchot Tone smile is as rare on a movie stage as an assistant director saying “no.” He hardly ever passes conversation with fellow-workers, grips, technicians. He’s no small talker, even here. He doesn’t play the Hollywood game. Once in a while, he unbends. During Mutiny on the Bounty, he went so far as to straddle the rail of the ship between “takes.”

and pop away at floating bottles or cans with a rifle. He has even been known on location trips to play poker with the boys. But—characteristically—he has never been known to win when playing these games with the grips and prop-men whose salaries are far, far below his own.

You might, seeing and knowing all this, accuse him of being unsocial. He resents that. “I’m not unsocial,” he asserts. “It merely happens that I am content with a few friends, instead of many.” And it is true of him that nothing pleases him more than to know that some lowly grip, some obscure prop-man, has remarked that he likes Franchot Tone. “They,” says Tone to one of his friends, “are the people I used to like me. It means much more, coming from them.”

It’s simply outside of Franchot’s nature to be a good mixer. He can’t go through the mummery of being one. “I think I was born hating artificiality and pretense,” he says. When other actors ask him for a criticism of their work, he gives it honestly. He has lost a few possible friends that way. He is smart enough to know that when an actor asks for criticism, he really doesn’t want that, but wants, instead, praise. But he can’t give praise when he feels criticism should be given. So he criticises—and people don’t like him. . . . But it’s precisely that quality which Joan loves about him, she says. “He’s so honest, so very honest,” she says. “But there is not much, dragging

In “The Gorgeous Hussy”—Franchot Tone is given twelve flowers every day during production.

Joan in again. Skip it, please—and let’s get back to the man, himself.

He’s honest, then, about himself. He confesses that he’s probably one of the laziest men in the world. He hates to shave—and so he used to wear a beard in the summertime, before he was in pictures. Now, neither work nor Joan will let him. He admits he’s not careful about dates—he keeps people waiting, and forgets to apologise when he breaks a date. He has dozens of suits in his wardrobe—yet he likes to wear the same suit for days at a time, because he’s too lazy to bother changing. Yet he believes he’s meticulous about his appearance. His screen clothes are made in Hollywood. But that’s not good enough for his personal wardrobe—that’s made by London tailors.

He hasn’t much consideration for others, he admits. He pushes right through a crowd, with the flowers and gloves, and never says “excuse me.” If he has guests, and gets tired, he calmly quits them and goes to bed. If he doesn’t want to talk when he’s in a party, he doesn’t talk. And that’s that. He’s very sensitive. Let me tell you a little story: he always admired Charlie Chaplin, intensely, with an admiration amounting to worship. So he started up to Charlie at a concert, asked for Charlie’s autograph. Without looking up, Chaplin muttered: “I never give autographs.” Hurt, rebuffed, blushing, Tone crept back to his own seat, and has never asked anybody for an autograph since.

Outside of all the and pretenses he does with Joan, Franchot has a yen for outdoor life—but that’s as far as it goes. Long ago he used to spend his summers in Canada, riding and hunting and fishing. He misses that now, he says. But he never bothers to do anything about it. Joan doesn’t particularly care for that sort of thing, anyway.

There’s still a strong family bond that ties Franchot to Niagara Falls. That’s where he was born. His dad was a bit of the big shots of the industrial world—head of the Carborundum Company of America, if you want to be exact.

Tone could have followed in his footsteps, become a big business man. He preferred the stage—and his family, intelligent, didn’t stand in the way that helped him. To-day his love for his family is far greater than that of many men for families who try to hinder them. At least once per month, Franchot phones his family and spends hours and hours and dollars talking with them. At these times, he does not stay on his intellectual peak—at those times Franchot, like any other son, talks family small-talk, and loves it.

It’s hard to say, summing up a man who keeps his soul so closely locked up, just what is the main motivating spring in Franchot Tone. Right now, to be sure, it’s Joan Crawford. But deeper than that, I believe—yes, deeper even than this tremendous love he has for her—is something else. It’s the man’s intense, flaming idealism. For here, in Franchot Tone, we have Hollywood’s fiercest idealist. Some of those who know him only slight, “parlour pink” because of his apparently radical, Utopian dreams. Those who know him more intimately, however, know that there’s no tinge of “redism” in his idealism.

Not long ago, he told a man, during a confidential talk while both lay on their backs under a beach umbrella: “I’m optimistic enough to believe that the perfect state exists somewhere. A Utopian state—no taxes, no money, no politics. Sometime, I hope, I’ll go buy a schooner and sail in quest of that place—and you can’t tell me that sometime, somewhere, I won’t find it.”

That was before he married Joan. After marriage, he said, “I can’t complain.” When someone asked him if that marriage changed his dream of sailing, some day, in quest of that perfect state.

“Why should it?” Tone challenged.

“But maybe,” the friend mentioned, “your wife wouldn’t care to go to sea!”

“Quite true,” said Franchot, “can’t change the individual that is me.
The girl who took time off to have a baby (she is Mrs. Charles Vidor in private life) is now getting into her screen stride again. She has a big part in Love Under Fire, and a brand new contract with Major Pictures, for whom she will appear in Happiness Preferred.
James STEWART is one of Hollywood's big new bets. In the comparatively short time he has been on the screen, he has rattled off some first-rate performances which have sent him to the top of the popularity poll at a tremendous rate.

If you have seen him in such films as *Wife versus Secretary*, *Rose Marie*, *Small Town Girl*, *Next Time We Live*, *Speed*, or *The Gorgeous Hussy*, you will understand why.

He is very tall. His manner is rather bashful. He has a smile which sets feminine hearts racing. And his natural manner on the screen is a delight to watch.

The picture to put him on the movie map was *Next Time We Live*. The other week, the director of that film came to England. His name is Edward H. Griffith.

And he told me the inside story of how he came to choose Jim Stewart for the part that was to gain recognition for him.

"If all came about through a switch in the casting arrangements," he explained. "I was engaged to direct the picture, and I found that Francis Lederer had already been cast to appear opposite Margaret Sullavan."

"Lederer is a fine actor. I admire him tremendously, but I had to disagree with this piece of casting. The role was that of a young American newspaper man, and Lederer didn't suggest the character to me for a moment. You could never take him for an American."

"I never does an actor any good to be seen in an unsuitable part, any way, so I suggested a change in the casting. Naturally, there were difficulties, but the studio finally saw my point of view, and Lederer agreed to withdraw from the picture."

"Then came another problem. The studio asked who I was going to have in Lederer's place. I exclaimed: 'I'll take anybody suitable — any young man, whether he's known or not.'"

"It was Margaret Sullavan who put me on to James Stewart. She said there were several promising youngsters in Hollywood whom she knew, and they were good actors. They had been with her in her repertory days. She mentioned the names of Henry Fonda and James Stewart."

Thus this chance remark on Margaret Sullavan's part led to James Stewart's selection. He was certainly unknown then. He had come from Broadway, and Metro had given him a film contract. He had, I think, been given a small part in *Murder Man*. The public had never seen him when Edward Griffith asked Metro about him.

"They sent me along a couple of tests they had made of him," he continued. "They had tested him for parts in *Ah Wilderness* and *The Great Ziegfeld*, but they hadn't made use of him in these pictures."

"I ran the test through, and knew at once that here was the man I wanted. There was an easy naturalness about him that I liked. He had looks and personality. And he seemed very suitable for the role."

"Metro were perfectly willing to loan him out. And I'm glad to say that *Next Time We Live* gave him his chance. He took full advantage of it. I found him to be a first-rate actor — easy in style and completely unaffected."

"His performance was a thoroughly natural one, and as a result of it, Metro gave him featured parts far earlier than they would otherwise have done. They have admitted to themselves. The boy's going to be a star."

"He would have got his chance eventually, of course. Anyone with his talent and obvious screen attractions couldn't be kept down for ever. But sometimes, when you're working in a big studio, you can go on for years without being recognised."

"James Stewart has been kept busy ever since *Next Time We Live*. As a matter of fact, he was rushed straight into *Rose Marie*, and this picture actually reached the light of day before *Next Time We Live* was out of the cutting rooms."

"Well—that was how James Stewart got his chance. If Francis Lederer had not been cast for that film, Stewart might still be hanging around the Metro lot, hoping that one day he would be given a worthwhile part."

"He is one of those numerous players who have graduated from amateur theatricals. He intended to take up architecture for a living, but somehow from quite an early age he found himself associated with the theatre."

"He joined the Triangle amateur theatrical company when he was at Princeton University, and he became one of its most popular members."

During summer vacation, he found himself acting as a magician's assistant. Then, back again at Princeton, he continued to be a shining light in the Triangle shows.

When he took his degree and prepared to start work as an architect, he was invited to join the Cape Cod stock company—a bunch of enthusiastic young actors and actresses, with Henry Fonda as one of the leading members.

Fonda was largely responsible for persuading Jim Stewart to join them. They had been friends together at Princeton.

Stewart eventually dropped architecture altogether, and took up acting professionally. He obtained a part in a touring show called *Goodbye Again*, and he kept his role when the play was presented in New York.

His rise to success on the New York stage was slow, but sure. Small parts led to bigger parts, until he established quite a reputation for himself. And then the film people began to take an interest in him. He received two or three offers to make tests, but at that time he had no particular interest in the screen.

Henry Fonda was his friend all the time, and it was he who went to Hollywood first. When he had been out there a little while, Jim Stewart received an offer from a Metro scout. The fact that Fonda was already out there went a long way towards deciding him. He said, 'Yes.' And a few weeks later, he was there.

He is the sort of fellow you like instinctively—whether you know who he is or not. He is amusing company—quiet, but always willing to turn in a spot of accordion playing if asked."

He is very different about himself. He shudders whenever he sees his own screen "rushes," and simply won't talk about himself or his film parts.
Before anyone on this side of the Atlantic even knows (at first hand) what New World Productions first picture is like, they are getting under way with their second, Under the Red Robe.

The reason for this is that their first effort, Wings of the Morning, which was shot in Technicolor, had to be taken to America to be colour-processed, and is not expected back until half-way through December.

Meanwhile, the Stanley Weyman costume thriller will be shot in black-and-white, as will also the next one, Cyrano de Bergerac.

This is not to say that Robert T. Kane, New World's chief, is souring on colour-kinetography, but he proposes to carry on in monochrome until Technicolor's English plant is in working order.

It does seem a pity that the gorgeous costumes which will be used in Under the Red Robe will not be seen in their natural colours, and for that matter, what about Cyrano de Bergerac's famous nose?

Schnozzel

I wonder whether New World have taken an option on the nose which was made for Charles Laughton to wear when he was to play this part for London Films.

An expert came specially from Hollywood, at enormous expense, to make and fit the thing—and London Films quietly dropped the idea of making the film, and the nose was shelved.

Maybe a little scooping-out or filling-in would make it practicable for the new Cyrano, whoever he may be, to wear.

Meanwhile, the cast of Under the Red Robe is being rapidly filled. It certainly starts well, with Conrad Veidt, Raymond Massey, Sophie Stewart, Patricia Hilliard, and Monty Banks.

This last name is rather surprising, for Monty has divided his favours between Teddington and Ealing Green since he left Elstree; but I'm glad to find him wandering back on to the screen; I began to be afraid we had lost him to the mysterious regions behind the camera, where directors lurk.

Pepped Up

Victor Seastrom, the Hollywood director, will be in charge, and I gather from Mr. Kane that every effort will be made to "speed-up the action, and give it that suspense which is often lacking in our too-peaceful productions."

"Although it's a period picture," he told me, "the tempo will be modern—and we are not allowing settings to overshadow story-values."

Three cheers for that—especially when one thinks of some of the top-heavy wedding-cakes which have passed by the name of period films in our studios.

I like the idea of Conrad Veidt in the role of the dashing, sinister duelist who pledges his life to the service of Cardinal Richelieu.

A great period, and a great player; I hope it will result in a great film.

Korda's Ten

So much for New World at the moment; but there are other activities at Denham, no less interesting.

London Films, having recently completed five super-films, are going into action with five more; they certainly don't let the Buckinghamshire greenwood grow under their feet.

The five finished are Rembrandt, which has already been shown in London. Erich Pommer's epic (and this time I believe we are really to see something meriting that sadly-abused word), Fire Over England, which I regard as the most important film to take the floor in Britain this year; Men Are Not Gods, featuring Miriam Hopkins; Dark Journey, the Victor Saville spy drama, with Conrad Veidt in the lead; and Elephant Boy.

This last one, the screen version of Kipling's Toomai of the Elephants, which Robert Flaherty spent months in the Indian jungle to make, puzzles me a little.

Weeks ago, when Flaherty returned, I was told that it was very far from completion, a great deal of it having to be shot on the floor; and also a publicity story was put out about having to send to India for an elephant large enough to "double" for the lead.

Phantom Jumbo

Well, I've been watching those studios like a cat watching an elephant, and many sign of a Jumbo have I seen; also I have heard no alarms and/or excursions such as usually take place when a major film is being made or completed in a studio.

So, putting two and two together and making five of them, I have a feeling we won't be seeing this elephantine epic for quite a while.

As the ancient rustics in Punch remarked, "Zemne zez one thing and zome zez another thing, but what I zee is, there bain't noa knawin's an' there bain't noa tellin's—and mark my words, I bain't for wrang."

Well, those five films between them have cost a tidy bit—a matter of over half-a-million pounds, I hear; and not much less than that is likely to be forked out for the next five, which also are well in the "super" class.

First, because it has already been on the floor for some weeks, though terribly badly held up by illness, is Knight Without Armour, with Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat; also I feel...
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this is likely to be one of the most important, too, if only by reason of the cast and the work of the French director, Jacques Feyder.

**Overlap**

Then there are two films which Victor Saville is producing—and which are to a certain extent overlapping— *Storm in a Teacup*, the Scottish comedy which has been extremely successful on the West End stage, with Sara Allgood in her original part; and *South Riding*—and I do have to tell you that that is a story about Yorkshire?

The fourth is *I, Claudius*, with Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon.

The fifth is *Tropicsh*, Erich Pommer’s second British picture; some time ago a camera-crew sailed on a troopship to the Near East for preliminary work on this one.

Incidentally, this is the third troopship picture to be made lately. The first was O.H.M.S., Gaumont-British’s contribution to the cycle; then came Warner Bros.—First National’s *Hail and Farewell*, made at Teddington, which developed into a slapstick comedy affair before it was through.

I have a feeling the Pommer one will be the most considerable of the three, but we shall see. It’s always much easier to decide after the release date!

**Bang Goes a Title!**

I’m sorry to disappoint you, folks, but that snappy title, *Jump for Glory*, one of the best I’ve heard for some time, has been changed to *For Ever and Ever*.

So why? Search me! I suppose they wanted to get it mixed up with every other film that was ever made; that’s the only solution I can think of;

This is the Criterion film in which Doug Fairbanks, jun., is playing a cat burglar at Wottons.

And at Pinewood, as though daring me to find out about it, Bernard Mainwaring has stealthily taken the floor with a Paramount Quota film called *Cross My Heart,* with pretty Kathleen Kelly in the lead.

They have had some very bad luck with *Teilers of the Sea*, which Beaumont Film Productions are finishing on the floor at Wembley.

after a strenuous time spent in the waves and rocks at Sark", in the Channel Islands.

**Cutty Sark**

First, while they were still on location in Sark, a member of the unit fell 25 ft. from the crane, cracking the knee. This would have been all right if he had not tried to push a boat out of the way with his head as he descended. A nasty scalp wound resulted, and he was fished out unconscious, put to bed in a hotel, and stitched extensively.

Latest reports indicate that he is very little the worse for his mishap, and now knowyn Jepson, director, has stepped back off a harbour wall (reproduced in the studio) and fallen to the floor below, injuring his back.

He pluckily carried on from a wheeled chair, but he must have been suffering a good deal of pain.

This is the film in which Mary Lawson appears. I have a strong presentiment that when Mary gets a real break she’ll go up and on and over.

**A Yorker**

They don’t care for the fine old Yorkshire name Learoyd down Teddington way; at any rate, not for a budding film star.

So when nineteen-years-old Lesley Learoyd, who had been brought from Coventry Repertory Theatre to play in *The Vulture* for Warner Bros.—First National opposite Claude Hulbert, reached the camera crane into the harbour and was presented with a long-term contract, she was also informed that she couldn’t be called that there ‘ere, or words to that effect.

So she chose the name of Brook, which seems to me an appropriate name for a film player who hopes to go on for ever, as most of them do, and perhaps, after several years, become known.

Joyce Kirby is on contract to this company too. It happened to her as a result of her good work in *Storm in a Teacup* and *Hail and Farewell,* and her first part as a contract player is opposite Keith Farknch, the well-known concert singer, in a film specially written for him.

**You All Know Keith**

I assume that, as good concert enthusiasts, you all know Keith Farknch, and let me confess in a small ashamed voice that, being but a humble film fan, I don’t.

He’s playing the part of a mechanic in a motor-car factory. He is heard singing by the daughter of the head of the firm—a millionaire—and the lass (Joyce Kirby, of course) decides that he must be properly trained, and launches him in Society.

And you and I are left wondering where we have heard all this before. Arthur Woods is directing this one, and George Galloen and Bruce Lister, two other contract players, have been given important parts.

Thus this will afford a good opportunity to inspect four of Irving Asher’s protégés at one sitting.

They haven’t thought of a title for this effort yet. I suppose it would be unkind to suggest *Tell Me the Old, Old Story.*

So I won’t.

**A Famous “Heavy”**

Leonel Atwill, celebrated Hollywood “heavy” whose performance in *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* is still used by the women of Stockton-on-Tees to frighten their children to sleep, is playing a strong dramatic role in *Fanfare Pictures’* second production, *The General Goes Too Far.*

Now that’s my idea of a grand title; so I bet you all Spain to a quid that all reports that she was murdered in the first reel or so, is playing opposite General Atwill, and there is a strong supporting cast, including James Mason, Leslie Perrins, Wally Patch, Henry Darrow, Drusilla Wills, Michael Lambert, Aubrey Pollock, and Stephen Geray.

There are quite enough familiar names there to form a quorum; and if some are a wee bit unfamiliar, they’re probably very well-known in the world of sport, or music, or bird-fancying.

The unit has been in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, where a warm and sticky but successful month has been spent in shooting exteriors.

**“The Troubles” Again**

In this film we are to have at least a glimpse of “the Troubles” in Ireland, which are such a peculiar and fashionable subject for cinema at the moment.

The story starts with the Sinn Fein Rebellion in Dublin [1916], and continues at a British outpost in West Africa.

I mentioned that this is the second Fanfare production; but if you were to tax me suddenly I’m afraid I could hold my hand on my hes — and say what the first one was.

The fanfare can’t have been quite loud enough.

There is an increasing tendency among the smaller companies now being formed, to say nothing at all about their first picture until it is completed.

Well, that’s all very well in its way, and I dare say the intention is laudably modest. But, after all, it frequently happens that the only chance a new production has of favourable publicity is when it is in progress.

**Houp-la!**

For months and months British International Pictures have been expected to produce a circus picture (called *Star of the Circus*) with June Clyde as the star of the circus, which seems appropriate enough.

When B.I.P. shelved the subject, it looked as if June’s chance of being a circus-star was dissolving in thin air.

However, she is to be one after all—in *Make-Up*, which Standard International Pictures (this week’s new company) are making.

Quite surprisingly, Nils Asther is to be a clown in this, and June Clyde will emulate Anna Neagle by being a tropez-artiste. However, she was that, opposite Jack Buchanan in the stage comedy, *The Flying Trapeze*, before Anna thought of it.

So far the rest of the cast consists of Judy Kelly, two elephants, Kenneth Duncun, a lion, Laurence Anderson, Laurence Grossmith, and two tigers.

This will be directed by Alfred Zeisler at Sound City.

**Hulbert Takes the Count**

It seems a long time since we saw Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in the same picture.

It was in *Falling For You*, one of the least successful of the Hulbert films. Nowhere to be seen them re-united in *The Count’s Livery*—and in that title you have a choice of meanings which lends itself to intriguing speculation.

Jack Hulbert himself indulges in a spot of speculation as a nobleman who loses his money by buying a non-existent oil-well.

He and his wife (played by Cicely Courtneidge) are employed by their ex-butler to manage a hotel in Dalmatia.

Well I can’t help it; there are no new plots.

17
Gifts FROM BOND STREET

Perfect presents for every person and every purse, each one conveying its fragrant message of goodwill with that distinction and assurance of delighted reception which their loveliness and Bond Street origin bestow upon them.

The delightful Yardley Gifts pictured here, and many others equally desirable, from the largest magnificent Gift Cases to the single lovely bottles of the enchanting Yardley perfumes, are obtainable at all the best Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

GIFTS BY YARDLEY

Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1
BUDDY ROGERS recently left by ‘plane for the East to fulfil a personal appearance engagement with a dance-orchestra, and the only one who accompanied him to the airport was Mary Pickford, rumoured to be the future Mrs. Rogers.

I chanced to be at the airport, sending off my copy for PICTUERGOER, when I saw Mary and Buddy entering the building, arm in arm, shortly before time for the ship to take off. They chatted affectionately for a few minutes, and then, after a friendly farewell, Buddy departed.

Just when Mary and her admirer will wed is hard to predict.

**Worried Newlyweds**

Joan Blondell and her new husband, Dick Powell, have returned from a honeymoon trip, and what a harrowing experience they had!

**Venus in the Sun**

A veteran gardener at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio was tending his flowers in the studio park when he almost stumbled over an apparently unconscious young woman lying on the lawn, and obscured from view by surrounding shrubbery. She reclined on two blankets and her auburn hair was strewn over a pillow. As he bent over the young lady she opened her eyes and scrutinised him.

It was Garbo, taking a nap after a hard day’s work.

The gardener, recognising the star, fled in consternation.

**Lucky Actor**

An indication of how exceedingly prosperous is William Powell is evidenced by the sale of his Beverly Hills home for $50,000.

The house is a handsome two-storey structure with grounds of three acres, and contains fourteen rooms. In the grounds are swimming-pool, pavilion and tennis court.

**The Tie That Binds**

Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, who were recently married, believe that Allan should be the legal father of her six-year-old daughter, Gail, child by a previous marriage.

So Allan has asked the Los Angeles courts to permit him to adopt the little girl. A favourable decision is expected shortly.

**Frolicsome Stars**

It is considered a great honour for a star to be asked to place his or her footprint in fresh mortar, later to be inserted in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. Most players, so singled out, attend the ceremony in a very serious mood, but William Powell and Myrna Loy did not.

A great crowd had gathered to witness the solemn moment when Bill and Myrna would place their feet in the moist mortar. Sid Grauman, the owner of the theatre, was present, and so were cameramen and many envious film stars.

Bill and Myrna arrived and walked to the place where the mortar was in readiness. Suddenly laughter resounded through the forecourt of the theatre, then more and more, until everyone present was laughing uproariously.

The stars had appeared wearing shoes as huge as those worn by circus clowns!

After the tumult subsided, Bill and Myrna stepped out of the giant footgear and placed their own shoes in the mortar.

**Star Likes Star**

Anna Sten, Russian actress, is an ardent Mickey Mouse fan.

Numerous old release prints of the rodent film character have been secured by Miss Sten for private screening in the drawing-room of her home.

Several original drawings of Mickey adorn the walls of the house, and one of the servants was chosen for employment purely because of his ability to imitate the voice of Donald Duck, Mickey’s henchman on the screen.

**Taylor Is Mobbed**

Robert Taylor, whom many consider to be the most popular actor in pictures, made a quiet trip to San Francisco to see a college football game. No one knew he was in town when he quietly took his seat in the stadium.

But an over-zealous radio announcer proudly proclaimed that Bob was in the audience, and then the fun began. Despite his dark glasses, he was soon “spotted.” After the game he tried to slip quietly out, but had to fairly fight his way through the throng before he was able to reach his hotel.

And even the hotel was no refuge. Fans have an uncanny way of learning many details about favourite film stars, so, posing as old friends, and apparently identifying themselves as such, many of the fans were able to get the annoyed star on the ‘phone.

Yes, Taylor was glad to get back to Hollywood.

**Odd Footage**

Myrna Loy has engaged a butler who was a ship’s steward for ten years. This is his first land job.

Glenda Farrell has made a small fortune in Hollywood real estate.
Blake, a detective, masquerading as a gangster, settles an argument with the gang leader Bugs Fenner (Humphrey Bogart).

Bullets or Bali

THAT king of screen gangsters Edward G. Robinson becomes a G-man for a change in this fast-moving melodrama and gives one of the most striking performances of his career.

Joan Blondell gracefully supplies the essential hint of romance in an important supporting role and Barton MacLane and Humphrey Bogart are the chief racketeers.

Left: Johnny confides to Lee that he is in reality on the side of the law.
Edward G. Robinson as Johnnie Blake, and Joan Blondell as Lee Morgan, a night club proprietor.

Left: The chorus girls are not the only attraction at Lee's club in Harlem. She also runs a gambling racket.

Above: A striking study of Joan Blondell as she appears in the new film.
Thereupon the blessed damsel unlocked the prison keys and unlocked the cell and they danced.

ONE, two, three. One, two, three. Please don't count. One, two, three. Good ladies and gentlemen.

Now for the turn. Let us remember first, we have to approach this new dance with freshness, gaiety and a decided degree of abandon.

"I counselled Professor Jonathan Pride, dancing master of Boston in the year 1820, concerning the waltz, the lively, irresistible and, low it be spoken, somewhat daring waltz. Picture him in his calf-length trousers, cream socks and black slippers, his neat high-collared, azure shirt, in the respectable parlour with its satin stripe wallpaper, instructing a gentleman pupil to put his arms round a lady partner!

Imagine moreover the blushes of a certain Miss Ponsonby—not so young either—on feeling Jonathan's hand resting lightly but firmly on the center back of an eighteen-inch waist.

"One, two three. One, two-three. Please don't count. Bravely, ladies and gentlemen. It takes courage at first." Jonathan had the impression that Miss Ponsonby was pleased, would in fact have continued partnering him while the musical box which served as pianist could be persuaded to play.

"Please don't count. Bravely, ladies and gentlemen.

"Mrs. Tucker entering, warned Jonathan aside. "It's almost nine o'clock. The Providence coach leaves in an hour, sir."

"So sorry, ladies and gentlemen . . . no Miss Ponsonby, I'm afraid we can't have one more turn. We continue the lesson next Wednesday. Meanwhile I go to my aunt's for the weekend.

"Mrs. Tucker reminded as Jonathan, executing a pas-"tu" in the empty parlour, snuffed the chandelier candles and buttoned his coat.

"Here it is. I'll take it, Mrs. Tucker, and the musical box. I never travel without that. Have you ever been on the Providence four-horse coach, by the way?"

"Mercy, no. I wouldn't tempt fate."

"It's the very danger that appeals to me . . . speed . . . excitement."

In confessing which little Jonathan foresaw the danger and excitement closer to him than even the coach. He was in fact still in Boston streets when a sailor bopped him on his corner.

"Excuse me, sir. Excuse me. My eyes were so fixed on the pavement."

"Have you lost something, sir?"

"Aye, that I have, maty . . . my gold lucky piece. Had it these forty years, man and boy, bless ye maty. It isn't every fine gentleman that would . . ."

"Perfectly all right. I've plenty of time to catch my coach." The words were hardly out of his mouth before he felt a crushing blow on the head, and knew no more till he came to in the hold of a pirate ship, and was ordered by a villainous-looking mate to sharpen cutlasses.

"How did I get here? I'm not one of the crew," Jonathan ex-postulated.

"Sure you're one of the crew. That's the way we get 'em. Shanghai 'em in the streets of Boston at nights before the night watchman comes along with his lie 'All's well.' Now get down and put an edge on them cutlasses." For a fortnight while the Bouncing Bess followed the coast from Boston to California, the poor professor obeyed the orders of every one on board from the pirate chief to the cook who grubbed indiscriminately at being sent a dancing teacher for a galley boy. When at last the ship drew in to port, Jonathan ramming his aunt's umbrella into his long trouser pocket and stowing away his musical box inside an empty cask, shouldered it and went on deck.

"Avest there, dancer," shouted the cook, coming after him. "Where are you going?"

"You told me when we got to California . . ."

"Delay the arguments. That'll keep you here.

"Rising from the knock-out that luckily had miscarried, Jonathan continued in a stooping posture.

"I've lost it," he wailed. "Shiver me timbers. I've lost me lucky gold piece that I've carried for, for—twentee years, man and boy."

"Gold, did you say? Stand aside, there. If there's anything about here, I wants it," the cook commanded, stooping forthwith.

The ruse succeeded. Buffeting him with the belaying-pin, Jonathan was soon shaking the dust of the Bouncing Bess from his heels. But it was evident as he reached the little town of Las Palomas with its adobe houses clustered round a plaza and dingly church, resembling one of Old Spain, that the fear of pirates had preceded him. Agitated villagers fled from him as he entered the street containing a water-cart that took up most of the road. Thirty yards from it stood a cannon, which a white-haired gentleman in a murrey-coloured coat, buttoned up askew, was firing with the help of two men.

"Hey, be careful," Jonathan cried as a couple of jugs, shivered to pieces, spilling their precious contents. "That's dangerous."

"The only answer was more firing. Terrified, Jonathan then climbed the wall of a large house. Carrying a cutlass between his teeth, he entered by a first floor window. A woman screamed. She wore pale-blue, sweeping skirts. Beneath a lace mantilla, her jet black hair curled in flat ringlets on her forehead. She was not more than twenty and very pretty.

"Hope I'm not intruding," Jonathan breathed, removing the cutlass from his mouth.

"Women of Spain know how to die. I'm not afraid. I know your intentions."

"My intentions are to hide. These people are a positive menace. Hey, there's coming up the stairs."

He started to pile furniture against the door. "Help!" the girl cried. "I prefer death to your embrace. This daggar will . . ."

With a crash of tables and chairs, the gentleman in the murrey-coloured coat accompanied by a heavily-built man in breeches and shirt entered demanding: "Where is my daughter, Serafina, what do they do? Never mind. I'll put him in gaol. I'll hang him by his . . ."

He made it very uncomfortable for him. Pamfilio, ride to Monterey and tell them we've caught the most dangerous pirate on the coast."

"Don Ramon, sir. You are the Alcalde. We have the right to hang the fellow ourselves. We'll call a scaffold here. The Plaza, urged the man in shirt sleeves.

"Well, well . . . if you can do that it will be fine."

"I demand a hearing, sir," Jonathan protested. "I am not a pirate. I have nothing to do with the ruffians against whom I see you are trying to protect yourself."

Beneath Pamfilio's finely-erected scowl, Jonathan furtively found himself. The Alcalde had changed into a crimson, gold-brossed coat, and a silk taffeta waistcoat, a wide-brimmed jewelled hat for the hanging. In front of assembled villagers, men on this side, ladies on that. Jonathan was requested to put his neck through the noose.

"Comfortable, Señor? Pamfilio (Continued on page 24)"

November 28, 1936
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Page 23
The Story of the

Professor Pride should be hanged in Monterey, or anywhere for that matter. He's not a pirate; he's a dancing master," was the context of the Alcalde's nervous greeting.

The proper authorities will decide," Don Baltazar contended with a sideways glance at Serafina. "Chago. Take charge of the prisoner. Let him work at the coal press."

Jonathan accordingly was marched off and never heard Serafina's gracious invitation, which would have worried him if he had, urging Don Baltazar to stay and enjoy the hospitality of the Alcalde and citizens of Las Palomas. To a fine physique and excellent teeth Jonathan soon thankfully acknowledged his ability to push the olive wheel alone. Thus, he could and did insist that his fellow prisoner Tecolote, an elderly man with an Indian countenance, and feeble, should rest from the monotonous duty.

Moreover, when Chago and the guard prevented the old man from tasting a mouthful of the chicken and rice Pamfilo brought for the prisoners' dinner, Jonathan let forth his strength in another direction. Battling with three soldiers at once, he did not at first see that Serafina, mounted and directed by Don Baltazar, had entered the gaol yard.

"Didn't I tell you to treat these people properly?" Don Baltazar demanded of the prostrate Chago, aware that Serafina's scorn was as a rod in pickle waiting for him.

"He should have been hanged long ago," Excellency." Take him to Monterey with a detail of soldiers and come the reply with a wink at which Jonathan wondered.

"Don Baltazar, you forget my dancing lessons," Serafina reminded with urgency. "Leave starting for Monterey till to-morrow. To-night, just one last lesson."

"Anything you say Señorita."

Don't know knowing that this was to be their last dance together, the musical box broke that evening as Jonathan, in the Alcalde's arched living-room, released Serafina from the light touch upon her waist.

"Pity," he sighed. "I was going to ask you to keep it. In Monterey there'll be no Alcalde's daughter who wants to learn the waltz."

"Monterey, as Don Baltazar intends it, is the cemetery, my poor Jonathan. Listen; Pamfilo is here ready to guide you to the nearest port."

"But I'm not in love with Pamfilo. You guide me... by saying you love me. You don't love Don Baltazar, surely."

"Hush. He's with my father now talking about my dowry and the presents out of it he will give to his guard."

"No, not. Talk of our wedding rather... in San Diego and the honeymoon in Boston. Wait till you see my aunt!"

"Señor Priede," came the Alcalde's voice as he and the Don entered. "Could you teach me the waltz in one lesson? I want to dance it at Serafina's wedding to my friend here."

"Father! I decline the honour of being engaged to Don Baltazar."

"But the señorita loves me. Why else has she kept me here day after day?"

"To save my neck if you want to know," Jonathan cut in. Rash statement. Chago was called.

---

He swears he hasn't changed - but a woman can always tell.

What can I do?

Miss Dorothy Dickson

has a wonderful sympathy for those tormented with the fear of losing an affection, and her shrewed advice has helped many a girl face this predicament and win through.

Try to realise, my dear, that in 99 cases out of 100 what appears to be a waning love is not that at all.

It is a shifting of interest on his part which can be easily arrested. And suppose the fault lies not in him, but in you. Suppose your make-up, careful though it may be, fails to give you that freshness— that colourful, glamorous quality which makes a woman vital and interesting to men.

Now I want you to try Khasana Blush Cream and see what a difference it makes to your complexion, how vibrant and youthful you look after its delicate, rosy blush has spread on your cheeks. The reason is that Khasana is your natural skin tone—whatever your colouring or type.

'Easy to apply, it is impossible to detect. And, by the way, it is quite waterproof—and kiss-proof!'
Protesting to the agitated Alcalde that he couldn't allow his daughter to incur a loveless match, Jonathan was hustled back to gaol. News of his release arriving almost immediately, had a bitter sting in its tail. Serafina, he learned, by promising to marry Don Baltazar had purchased the dancing pirate's freedom.

"Too bad you haven't Spanish blood in you. You'd have a sword in your hand instead of an umbrella," Pamphilo lamented, holding a chartered mule for Jonathan in the gaol yard. "Santa Maria, here comes the wedding procession with Don Baltazar at the head—to wish you well, no doubt.

Don Baltazar adorned as a bridegroom was profuse in polite leave-taking while not forgetting mention of the price of five hundred lous on Jonathan's head if thereafter found in the neighbourhood.

"That umbrella looks awfully heavy. If he'd use it in the right way, I'd gladly give him a new one," the Alcalde was heard to murmur aside. Jonathan swallowed hard, conscious of Serafina gloriously gowned in old gold with golden veil, tawny-red flowers at her breast and hair, standing with downcast eyes. Not for him, gripping the umbrella's ivory to jeopardise his plan by a false first step. Baltazar was too well protected by Chago and the guard. These must be accounted for while the bridal procession, slowly making its way across the Plaza, entered the church.

Tecolote, a willing accomplice, had not failed. While the altar candles were being lighted a peaceful tribe of Indians swarmed silently on the roof of the cantina, making fast their lassos to chimneys and buttresses. Peering below from the tiles, Jonathan could see Chago and his men drinking wine at a table in the room reserved for the bridegroom on the patio. Talking mingled with the wine fumes, talk that was a fine fillip to the dancer's intention. With their parole muffled mouths, Chago and his companions, acknowledged themselves, and particularly Don Baltazar, as no regular soldiers, but renegades who dared do so much as show their faces in Monterey.

While Pamphilo, overhearing these dire truths, was shouting that the wedding must be stopped, Jonathan jumped nimbly from the roof to the patio steps. "The Pirate," Chago cried. "After him, men." Down dropped the Indians' lariats noiselessly from above and up was drawn one renegade after another as he attempted to leave the cantina.

Tripping up Chago with the umbrella, Jonathan reached the church, praying that the service might not be concluded and the cry of "Pirate" might bring Don Baltazar forth to finish his victim. The fates were kind. Followed by the bride and her train, Don Baltazar and the Alcalde with drawn swords emerged on to the steps.

"You have interrupted my wedding. We must teach you better manners," Don Baltazar blustered.

"Chago!" "So mi Capitane" came a weak voice from one of the hamstrung bundles dangling at a lariat's end by the cantina wall.

"I'm afraid you are alone this time," Jonathan observed coolly. Good, I will take care of you alone. I choose swords. Here! catch the Alcalde's!"

Hardly had Jonathan parried a couple of thrusts before the borrowed sword left his hand at an unkind flip from his opponent.

"Much more difficult than dancing! isn't it," Don Baltazar sneered. The words inspired Jonathan to cunning in parrying attack. Never in performing galliard or waltz had he jumped, turned, spun and dived as now, when every jump, turn, spin and dive saved a sword point from piercing the skin. Finally, with aunt's umbrella furled, a better target was provided for that point. Bereft of his weapon ludicrously impaling the silk cover, Don Baltazar succumbed to the dancer's smothering.

"My boy, I couldn't have done it better myself," the Alcalde beamed, having ordered the removal of the arch renegade and his guard, roped and set backwards on their horses, to Monterey.

To say that Jonathan, being joined by the chief dancers of Las Palomas, interpreted the harribe before the wedding, is to speak of poetry of motion that cannot be described. Let us rather concentrate on the colour points of that colourful scene. Let us recall the nasturtium-red of the linings of the gentlemen's cloaks displayed in pools of richness on the ground and the happy blush on Serafina's cheek beneath the golden veil and the shower of golden leaves falling upon her and her groom.

Serafina and her father dashed out of the church.

If you have seen the recent released film, Murder by an Aristocrat, you could not fail to admire the glorious wavy hair of beautiful Claire Dodd. Your hair will be just as lovely and wavy if you have it "permed" the Superma way. The Superma system operates without electricity or machines, and employs only pure water vapour; it leaves your hair marvellously soft and lustrous, with beautiful waves and curls that are far more lasting than by any other system. Insist on Superma—do not be put off. Superma cannot harm your hair. Superma Rapid Machineless Curls are guaranteed to last for at least six months in unimpaired hair.

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No Machine at all!
LIBELLED LADY

HERE is a tendency in pictures, especially in British pictures, to head- line a star and then make him or her hold the stage during the entire produc-
tion.

M.-G.-M. has certainly not fallen into that error in this film. There are four stars—Jean Har-
low, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy. Loy is the one-featured player, Walter Connolly, who deserves to rank as a star. It is a delightful piece of irresponsible fooling, original in idea, and brilliantly characterised and directed.

Maybe its ending is rather too obviously manufactured, but for the whole of its footage—and it runs for ninety-eight minutes—it keeps you extremely well entertained, and no one can ask for more than that.

Gladiator Tracy as Haggerty, a newspaper editor who is trying to extricate his journal from a libel suit, is excellent. His feverish air of hurt and the overwhelming inaccuracy in his paper to the exclusion of everything else, even including his fiancée, is both comic and convinc-
ing.

William Powell runs true to form as another newspaper man, Bill Chandler, whose specialty is blight-
ing libel actions for inaccurate editors.

The plan of campaign in this case—Haggerty’s paper had libelled Connie, daughter of the fabulously wealthy Haggerty of Allenbury, and she was demanding five million dollars’ damages—is to ingratiata herself with the Allenburys and compromise Connie.

To make the affair more convinc-
ing, he temporarily marries Gladys, Haggerty’s daughter, who is agitated for her and his aggrieved wife may claim alienation of affection.

Myrna Loy, still rather inclined to over-emphasize the air of quiet, natural charm, is nevertheless very good as Connie.

At first she is suspicious of the scopic Bill, but eventually falls in love with him and he with her. As Gladys, Jean Harlow presents a loud-voiced, quick-to-temper young lady who marries Bill for Haggerty’s sake and then proceeds to fall for him.

Naturally, all these romantic interludes lead to complications so far as the libel action is con-
cerned; Bill does not eventually want to compromise Connie, and Gladys is ready to do anything that Bill asks in spite of Haggerty.

However, all ends well when Connie forges her libel action; but how the matrimonial tangle is straightened out I will leave for you to see; it is full of good situations. Walter Connolly is very good as Allenbury, whose one weakness is fishing, a weakness on which Bill plays, although his knowledge of the piscatorial art is negligible.

Those sequences where he is taken on a fishing trip are hilariously funny and prove that William Powell is not above playing slapstick when called upon.

The whole thing is admirably directed by Jack Conway, who gets the most out of every situation and puts over the witty dialogue to its best advantage.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT

Domestic bickering between a young bride, who likes the pretty unessentialities of life and is prepared to take a job in order to obtain them, and a young husband, who objects strongly to his wife doing anything but housework, is in the basis of this quite amusing, and at times very human, comedy.

The part of the wife is hardly one which puts any strain on Barbara Stanwyck’s acting talent, but she makes the part a convincing and natural one.

I am still waiting, however, for another Forbidden for this much-neglected actress.

Gene Raymond is good, too, as the husband, although one can hardly sympathise with his attitude nor blame his wife for walking out, temporarily, on him.

One feels that in real life she would have walked out for good, and not have been reconciled nor surrendered her principles.

The intervening party is admirably played by Robert Young, a wealthy and generally inebriated man-about-
town who falls in love with the young wife and reforms in consequence.

The sequences where he obtrudes himself on the newly married couple are rich in comedy.

Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick give two sound character studies as a much married pair who live in a continual atmosphere of quarrelling.

Leigh Jason has been both polished and subtle in his direction and has avoided the conventional, although dealing with a conventional subject.

The characters are well drawn and the humour derived from everyday occurrences rather than from any forcing of a situation.

The extravagance of the wife, the inevitable arrival of the broker’s men, the efforts of the girl to keep her husband in ignorance that she has obtained a job, which leads eventually to their separation, are all depicted with understanding humour, while the dialogue throughout is bright and snappy.

HIS LORDSHIP

George Arliss is better served than he has been for some time in this comedy of murder against a dual role and is quite bright in plot. He holds the centre of the stage most of the time, a feat which is rendered easier by the fact that he is playing two roles.

Adapted from a play, The Nelson Touch, the story deals with the ne’er-do-well twin brother of a pompous Foreign Secretary, who, by kidnapping his double, is enabled to carry out a delectable affair dealing with the murder of an Eastern potentate which threatened to develop into a frontier war.

Arliss is at his best as the whim-
sical adventurer who had lived long in the East and had a profound contempt for his brother’s powers of diplomacy.

As the Foreign Secretary, he is apt to be too artificial for conviction. This is perhaps due to his efforts to make some very definite differentiation between the two Arlisses.

A good performance comes from Romilly Lunge as an Englishman who is suspected of murdering an Eastern prince, which leads to international complications, while Rene Ray supplies a slight element of romance as the Foreign Secre-
try’s niece.

Jesse Winter is good, too, as the minister’s wife, while Allen Jeayes and Reginald Tate, as two sheiks who are guilty of the murder and come to England to try to blackmail them, are both effective.

Herbert Mason’s direction is competent and gains by being unpretentious.

THE WHITE ANGEL

The story of Florence Nightin-
gale’s fight against the pre-
judices of a hidebound War Office

and conservative army doctors in order that she might bring relief to the terrible wounding of the wounded in the Crimean war and institutes a new era in nursing gener-
ally, is completely free of any transparent sincerity in this picture.

Maybe the characters of those who opposed her are rather overdrawn and modernized with too much “stage villainy” to be wholly convincing, but the general effort of the heroine’s work forms a strong enough central thread to hold the interest.

The disgraceful conditions of the London hospitals in the period are indicated and the appalling lack of attention of the wounded at Scutari, the hospital at Balaklava itself, are poignantly pictured.

To add a romantic touch the man who wants to marry Florence, thinking of her as coming out to the front, realising the great-
ess of her self-imposed task and eventually returning to his wounds in an advanced hospital.

Donald Woods is quite effective in this role of Hunter, the newspaper reporter for The Times whose support in that paper helps Florence to fight the bigotry and prejudices that are against her work in the field.

Nigel Bruce gives a good character study as a doctor who cannot see what Florence means in that she is the backbone of the army and general.

Domestic horror, Hunt, in charge of hospitals in the war area, acts well, but the way he frames his opposition to Florence suggests endless battle in the period ahead.

A pathetic touch is introduced by a wounded drummer boy who is a great exception to the usual type. In this role, Billy Mauch is sound, but his accent is out of keeping with the English atmosphere and he is generally very well set and fulfils the object of paying tribute to a woman who brought honour and recognition to the nursing profession. Lionel Collier.

A WOMAN REBELS

Katherine Hepburn is more happily cast here than for some time, as an ardent feminist fighting for women’s rights in the man-dominated Victorian era.

The actress ranges the span from youth to middle age as a rebel against, as an icon of, the grim standards of the day, and presents her case with vitality and conviction.

Repressed in a household that is almost the twin to the Wimpole Street home of the Barretts, she commits an indiscretion that results in an illegitimate child. However, she carves out a career for herself as a feminist leader, and after years of trials and tribulations meets her hero, Sir Robert Marshall, who throughout plays the role of Old Faithful with his custom-
ary trade-mark of courtesy.

The film has its moments of genuine emotion, but melodramatic situations, of which there are a number, denote a claim it has to sincerity. Hepburn fans, however, should have a field day.

M.D.F.
Fredric March’s Letters to a Film-struck Girl

Dear Freddie,

Thanks for the lovely roses. And the things you said.

Intimate correspondence—shouldn’t be revealed. BUT, as a thrilling surprise...as a special privilege you can now read some fascinating correspondence between Fredric March and a film-struck girl in the dashing “Picturegoer Xmas Annual,” now on sale. That’s only one of the best of exciting contents of this wonder Annual—one hundred sparkling photogravure pages packed with all the marvels of filmland—such “scoops” as you’ve never seen before. Myrna Loy tells you the TRUTH about her own romance. If you’ve never realized the heavy price stars pay for fame—then don’t miss the wonderful article in this fine Annual. What is Merle Oberon really like?—let Norma Shearer tell you. Let Anna Sten help you to make your dreams come true. The revelations of Robert Taylor’s real lover and the TWENTY-FOUR full page Art Portrait plates are but a glimpse of the glorious feast that awaits you for only SIXPENCE.

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Your envelope should be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp.
The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**SEVEN SINNERS**
G.F.D. British, (J. E. Collier comedy). Runs 85 minutes.

**DANCING PIRATE**

**SWORN ENEMY**

**THE SINGING KID**
Paramount, (J. E. Collier comedy). Runs 85 minutes.

**WHITE FANG**
Fox, American, "U" certificate. Dog melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

**A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN**

**FAME**

**REVENGE RIDER**

**THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE**

**FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS**

**HOUSE BROKEN**

What the art critics mean:

- **Great.**
- **Good.**
- **Average.**
- **Suitable for children.**

**SEVEN SINNERS**

**DANCING PIRATE**

**SWORN ENEMY**

**THE SINGING KID**

**WHITE FANG**

**A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN**

**FAME**

**REVENGE RIDER**

**THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE**

**FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS**

**HOUSE BROKEN**

While it does not follow the original script of The Wrecker very closely, there is real snap and polish in this gangster comedy and Albert de Courville is to be congratulated on giving us such breezy entertainment.

It tells the story of an American detective and a girl from the Pearl Avenue world who are ordered to try and trace some jewels lost by a lady of title in England, but who get involved in a series of track-wrecks and murders totally unconcerned with their case.

I do not intend to go into the plot in any detail, because it relies upon its surprise twists and ingenious development to hold your attention, and to give them away would be partially to spoil your entertainment of an exceedingly good British picture.

Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings form a team which closely approximates to that of Powell and Loy. They give excellent characterisations and while holding the stage most of the time do not overshadow the picture.

Indeed, one of its chief virtues is its nice balance and well-developed continuity.

Thomy Bourdette is excellently cast as the French booze-drinker who is engaged in investigating a train smash on the Riviera which is followed by two men in England, while a gun-running gang who pose as pacificists are portrayed convincingly by Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer and John Lodwell.

O. B. Clarence gives a delightful little character study as a registrar.

Scenic qualities are well varied and the train wrecks realistically staged without being over-prolonged or pretentious.

**DANCING PIRATE**


First-rate musical entertainment. You are not asked to be convinced by the story which is basically farcical, but you are asked to be amused by the cleverness of presentation and the characterisations and you will be hard to please if you are not.

The production is in Technicolour and while there are cruditities of colour at times, the general effect is very pleasing, the dances with their blendings of blues, yellows and reds being particularly noteworthy.

Jean Muir is faced with a difficult star in Charles Collins, a New York stage artiste, who scores as a dancing master who is mistaken for a pirate by the good people of a South Californian port.

His personality is effervescent and his dance routines are extremely good.

As the heroine, the daughter of the Alcada, Steffi Dana is excellent; the colour shows off her exotic beauty truly.

But the main interest of the entire proceedings is Frank Morgan as the independent, good-natured Alcada. His performance is full of natural humour.

As a renegade governor, Don H. Doughty, Victor Varconi is well in character and Luis Alberni is amusing as a man who befriends the unfortunate dancing master when he is about to be hanged as a pirate.

The Californian settings are most picturesque and both song and dance numbers are put over with technical perfection.

**SWORN ENEMY**


Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

Familiar story of revenge which gets its material because of the clever direction and well-drawn characterisations.

It is chiefly notable for the brilliant acting of Joseph Calleia as an evilly cunning racketseer, who numbers among the victims of his villainy, Hank Sherry, a Chicago youth, Dr. Simon Gattie, his daughter Margaret, and Steamer Krupp, a boxer.

These people combine to wipe out the racketseer. To fulfil their mission they enlist temporarily as "G," and are under orders from the district attorney to keep an eye on which upon the police can convict.

When they stage Emerald's apprehension, Margaret's life is endangered, but Krupp's brave proves more than a match for Emerald's evil cunning, and in the spectacular scenes which follow the heroine walks straight into the eager hands of the authorities. Rough stuff then takes place and the formation of a permanent partnership between Hank and Margaret.

Robert Young is beautifully engaging as the bank and restaurant man, and Krupp's success is effective as Margaret.

Nat Pendleton's "scores" a personal triumph as the dumb boy.

Well-drawn character studies are given by Lewis Stone, Leslie Fenton, Harvey Stephens and Samuel S. Hinds.

Comedy relief is hardly subtle, but the rough stuff is put over with plenty of good nature.

**WHITE FANG**


Directed by Arthur Miller from the story by Jack London.

This sequel to The Call of the Wild has been quite well written, but like its predecessor it does not adhere very closely to its original. It is a red-blooded, two-fisted affair with a girl, a man, and a dog triumphant over nature in the raw.

Michael Whalen gives a suitably virile performance as a man who is pursued by Sylvia Hurgess to guide her brother Har into the Yukon to take over a mine which he has just been offered. On condition Sylvia does not accompany him, saying the Yukon is no place for women.

On the journey Hurgess loses her nerve and shoots himself, and Scott almost succumbs. But he sees a large white wolf wending over him. The wolf does not touch him, but runs away when Scott is rescued by Indians.

Scott's Burgess papers on him, so at the trading-post he is mistaken for Burgess, and he keeps up the ruse in order to take over Sylvia's mine from "Beauty" Smith, a saloon-keeper who has stolen it.

In the spring Sylvia arrives, and Scott's identity is discovered, but she keeps him on as mine-manager. Scott and Sylvia are about to be married when Scott is arrested for the murder of Burgess; just in time, however, the dead man's diary comes to light, proving he intended suicide, and Scott and Sylvia are married.

Jean Muir has unsophisticated charm, but is rather stilted as Sylvia. Slim Summerville is somewhat starved of material as Scott's partner, the weight of the comedy relief falling on the shoulders of Charles Winninger as a drunken doctor.

But the best performance comes from John Carradine as Smith. He is admirably menacing without becoming theatrical.

Lighting is extremely well trained and is put through his paces very effectively.

**THE SINGING KID**

First-rate, American, "U" certificate, Romatic comedly with music. Runs 85 minutes.

**AL JOSLIN**

Al Joslin, Sybil Haines, Allen Jenkins, Joe Eley, Robert Carter, Frank Mitchell, Dope, Will Davis, Betty Haines, Beery Haines, Edward Keane, Potter, Tom Manville, Doone, Wini Shaw, Singer, Edward Everett Horton, David Rives, Henry Darrow, Beverley Roberts, Ruth Haines, Jack Dunace, Dale, Joseph King, Dr. Mary, Miss Clarence, Called, Donna Lawrence, 4 Dave, Kay Hughes, Mary, John Hale, Hugh, Gervais. 4 Four Yacht Club Boys. 4 Calloway and his Band.


Al Joslin who sang the tinkletoe success holds the centre of the stage most of the time in this medley of music, comedy and romance.

He sings several numbers in his own particular style effectively and is helped by the technical excellence of the production and the glittering ensembles.

The show, however, is thin, and in spite of quick action it has several dull interludes.

The star plays the role of Al Jackson, a Broadway star who is so shaken up when his accountant runs off with his girl, leaving him with $2500 and no one to be found that he loses his voice, and is com-

(Continued on page 30)
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Priscilla Lane  
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REMEMBER — Postcard clubs are strictly for members and non-members alike.
There is little in the basic plot of this farce, which shows how a simple Yorkshire shopwalker dreams of becoming a movie actor, wins a screen contest, gets to Elstree and is there jockeyed by the studio people not realising that he is a failure.

There is a touch of pathos in his return to Yorkshire, where a civic dignitary welcomes him. His embarrassment is so great that he makes for home while his mother explains the situation.

However, there is plenty of artless fooling of the type that Sydney Hawkins and Judith Furse do as Cromwell is very amusing. The supporting cast do what they can with indifferent material, but it is a one-man picture, and the star has had to try and make a good many bricks without much straw.

*FRENDOME RIDER*

Columbia. Western drama. Runt 65 minutes.

The cast.-Tim O'Neil, Robert Allen, Chad Harmon, Billee Simpson, Myra Harmon, Edward Earle, Phoebe Reardon, Frank Sheridan, Jed Harmon, Jack Clifford, Jack Hower, Vance Pearl, Allan Sears, Eric Lanchester.

Directed by [illegible] from a story by [illegible].

SOUND, quick action Western with Tim McCoy putting in a convincing man-portrayal. Things are a little talkative to start with, but when the plot settles down into its stride there is plenty of action and the necessary punch.

Incidental humour and the romantic element are well introduced and the production generally good.

The plot shows how, Tim O'Neil on returning to his home town after a horse-trading trip, learns that his horse has been killed by rustlers, and that suspicion is directed towards Jed Harmon, father of Myra, the girl he loves. He refuses to believe in Jed's guilt, but, nevertheless, determines to apprehend the real criminal, and when he does the culpit turns out to be Kramer, leading member of the town's phoney cattie men's association. Romance, of course, crowns his good work.

*FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS*


Directed by [illegible].

*HISTORICAL*
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That evening I did Ted credit
Actually, my hands looked as if I never did a stroke of work! It was Mrs. James next door, who told me about Glymiel Jelly. I used it every time my hands went in water and put a little on at night. It worked miracles. Get Glymiel Jelly yourselves, girls.

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**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**GIVE US COMMON SENSE HEROINES!**

Mary Lawson is the Right Kind

I was glad to see by L. W. F. Pearce’s letter in a recent issue that somebody beside myself has noticed Mary Lawson. Directors and executives seem to have overlooked her.

I have been given the opportunity to see her only once, in Sandy Powell’s Can You Hear Me, Mother? But that once was enough for me, or anybody else, to realise the actress’s worth.

No glamour is there, just the common-sense British girl. And that’s the kind for every time.

To see a film means a fourteen mile jaunt for me and under such circumstances, it pays me to know what I want to see.

What about another picture for Miss Lawson?—Leslie C. Garner, Househall Farm, Cutler’s Green, Thaxted, Essex.

**Giving Both Sides**

"Keep Babies Out," "Let Babies In";
These two letters in the October 31 issue, give two completely opposite views, yet both are sound, reasoned letters, each making their point. These letters prove how very difficult it must be for cinema managements to please everybody; how needful it is to hear both sides of every argument.

I have always been dead against children in arms being admitted to any place of amusement. Since reading the respectable plea of Mrs. Keen, "Let Babies In," I am inclined to agree that to suggest keeping them out is "cruelly, unhappily selfish."

Keep giving us both sides, Mr. Thinker, it makes us think.—H. Berne, c/o Heath, "Draper," St. Mary’s, Bedford.

**How to Behave**

What about an etiquette film?
A film that explains all the puzzling do’s and don’ts of proper modern behaviour.

It could be made interesting.
Boy meeting girl and the correct behaviour for both. Then courtship introducing details of restaurant, theatre, travelling and writing. Meeting their respective families. What and how to do and wear. The engagement and then marriage with all its inevitable formalities.

It could even end with a christening party.

I am sure lots of young people would welcome this.—(Miss) Hilda Wilkinson, 61 Exmouth Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

**Over-Familiarity**

In reading week after week the correspondence which appears in our Picturegoer re American versus British films, I have often wondered if it is not a case of familiarity breeding—criticism.

Why would I, for instance, sooner see an American production than an English one? Because it relieves me of all responsibility. I can sit back and think what I like of it. If it is nonsense, who cares? If the jokes outrage my sense of decency, well, what after all did I expect—from America?

But if an English film is rotten, I go hot and cold all over and think of our Empire; and if an English comedian does not rise to the occasion, I am disgusted—he ought to know better!

Again, with American features, for all I know things in America may really happen like that. Where trains make bells and guards are known as "conductors," how am I to know what is crazy and what is not?

But with English plots, I do demand something like probability, for I can and do see mistakes in American backgrounds.—(Miss) A. H. Whilan, "Dunbardy," Gateside Road, Barrhead, Renfrew, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

**A Legitimate Grievance**

I am a regular patron of our local cinema, a good house where they put on good shows with commendable regularity.

But—and herein lies the snare—they occasionally put on an extra good show. Now, I am to be found there almost every Saturday evening throughout the year—except on those Saturdays when the extra good films are showing.

On those occasions the spurious cinema-goers flock there in hundreds, and unless I am prepared to stand in a queue for hours on end (which I cannot do), I have to return home, feeling, naturally, a bit bitter.

This happened again last week, and I was unable to see Mr. Deed’s and Louis Pasteur—a show I had looked forward to all the week.

My own remedy is that I should be allowed to pay down a year’s (52 weeks) admission money, and that certain seats should be set apart until a special going to the picture, after which time they would be filled.—A. C. Roberts, 133 Clive Road, West Dulwich, S.E.21, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Faux Pas**

Although George Arliss was the dominating character in East Meets West, the part of an Egyptian potentate being first offered him least of all, any. I still felt he was George Arliss, supremely English.

His habit of clutching invisible ipales was not characteristic of one who, according to the story, had presumably worn Eastern raiment from childhood and, in spite of the fact that a great point was made of those of the Mohammedan faith eschewing alcoholic liquor, smoking, which is another forbidden vice of the "faithful" was indulged in by this supposedly strict Muslim in two scenes.

Also it should have been quite easy for the producers to teach the actors the correct pronunciation of Sultan, which is "Sooltaan." Men of our country who occupy the position of Sir Henry Mallory the British Governor, would not have pronounced it as though he was ordering a commodity for the Xmas pudding from the local grocer.

To one who lives in the East these points and others, quite apart from the unconvincing plot, simply made the film into a decorative and rather diverting charade.—(Mrs.) M. O. Long, 6 Temple Fortune Court, N.W.11.

**"Long Live Pictures!"**

My husband and I are just an ordinary everyday couple—man-in-the-street-style—both desired if it was necessary"daily bread."
Not much romance in that, you may say! No! But then, we go to the "Pictures."

There we get Romance with a capital "R."
We see beautiful women and handsome men. We see love scenes which make us think that after all there’s not much difference between 1936.
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YOUR XMAS "PERM"

Have you made an appointment yet with your hairdresser for your Christmas "perm"? Don't forget, there will be an awful rush, so you'd better fix up early if you want to avoid disappointment.

And, incidentally, talking of disappointment reminds me—is your hair prepared for taking a really beautiful wave? So many girls find that their "perms" do not quite come up to expectations and they are inclined to blame the poor hairdresser. The real trouble is usually unhealthy hair. To give the hairdresser a fair chance with your hair, you must see that it is healthy, dressable, and free from dandruff.

My own special hair beauty secret is to brush regularly into the hair a little Lavona Hair Tonic. Lavona restores its natural vigour and beauty, and at the same time cleanses the scalp of dandruff.

If you want your Christmas "perm" to be really lovely and lasting, treat yourself to a 2½ bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic right away. I know you'll be delighted with the results.—"Yvonne."
**Who's Who**

Robert Donat

Manchester's gift to the movies was born on March 18, 1905, and made his first stage bow in Shakespeare when he was 15. After some years' invaluable experience with the Sir Frank Benson company and the Liverpool Repertory Theatre he made his London stage debut in *Children of Darkness*.

London was unmoved but he persisted and enjoyed considerable success in *Precious Bane* and *St. Joan*. The actor similarly proved a slow starter when he entered films in 1932. *Men of To-morrow, That Night in London* and *Cousin Jack* failed to ring any bells for Donat. Then came *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and international recognition for his work as Culpeper.

Take, first American picture, *The Monte Cristo*, put him up among the Gables, but so far he has turned his back on the Hollywood brand of fame, though *The Ghost Goes West* has consolidated his position as one of the most sought-after leading men of the day.


donat is a man whose health has been threatening for some time to interfere with his career, but he is now, happily, fit and at work as Marlene Dietrich's co-star in *Kino* and *Choc Armour*.

Donat is 6 feet tall and weighs 12 stone. He is married to a former actress, Helen Voysey, and has two children.

**Brian Donlevy**

The popular new screen "menace" really is Irish; he was born in Portadown, Co. Armagh, though he went to the States in his boyhood. At 14 he ran away from school to go to the war and found fame with the famous Lafayette Escadrille. Subsequently, Louis

*What Do You Think? Cont.*

people in love. We forget—as we should—that they are only acting a part and we secretly vow to model ourselves on these film stars.

No matter how many film actors and actresses are in real life does not concern us; only in their different portrayals are we interested, and when these roles take us out of our everyday existence and monotony and mould us into beings who create happiness for each other—then "Long Live Pictures."—*Mrs.* M. E. Hills, 4 Branly Hill, Croydon.

**Money's Worth**

I wonder in what order other readers read *PICTUREGOER*? My copy arrives Thursday morning, then I peruse it at lunchtime, I begin my perusal in the train home.

I admire first the front cover, then the centre spread. Reading starts with "All the Gossip," then "British Studios" and "Hollywood Newsreel." Next the Readers' Letters, taking in the interesting Who's Who?

I look at the review pages, then "Let George Do It." This usually finishes my journey—how short it seems on Thursday! After tea come the special articles, followed by the week's film story.

Being a mate, I omit "Leave It To Anne." I look through again to see if I've missed anything, this time noticing the photographs which sprinkle the pages. Lastly, before putting away my copy, I peruse the advertisements. I think I get my money's worth?—J. Moore, 20 Clifton Street, Lutkyam, Lanes.

**The Thrilled Nineties**

It is possible for modern film critics or modern film audiences to make reasonable comparisons between the appeal of the book and the appeal of the film when a story with a "Victorian" setting is presented to the public.

Taking *Two Flags* as an example. Mr. Lionel Collier, whose comments are always interesting and understandable, declares that Ronald Colman in this picture "brings conviction to a somewhat artificial character."

Wolhelm started him on an acting career by getting him into the cast of *What Price Glory?* Donlevy made his talkie debut as the sinister "Knuckles" in *Barbery Coast* and scored an immediate hit.

Since then he has been seen in *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, *Strike Me Pink*, *13 Hours By Air*, *Hollywood Angel*.

He is 6 feet tall and has the broadest shoulders in Hollywood.

Ruth Donnelly

Believe it or not, used to be a chorus girl.

That was back in 1913 when she was 17. Subsequently she played comedy leads on Broadway for years. Ruth scored her first screen hit in *Blissed Even* and she has been one of Hollywood's busiest comedienne ever since.

She was born in Trenton, N.J., and was trained for the stage from childhood. Recent pictures include: *13 Hours By Air, Fatal Lady, Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, and her latest, *Cain and Mabel*.

Melvyn Douglas

Was born in Macon, Georgia, April 5, 1901, the son of Edouard Hesselberg, the famous pianist and composer. He made his stage debut in 1919 and scored his first Broadway success in *A Free Soul* (*He had the role that Gable played in the film.*)

Douglas' first film was *To-Night Or Never*, and his biggest successes since then have been:

*As You Desire Me, Mary Burns, Fugitive, She Married Her Boss, The Lone Wolf Returns* and *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

The actor is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall and weighs 13 stone. He is married to Helen Galagah.

But those of us who read Ouida's great novel in the "eighties" or "nineties" of the past century, when people had time to read, and.getBounds() minds were not distracted by the other interests, feel that the film rather than the book portrays the "somewhat artificial character."

Certainly the casual, free-and-easy assumption of the role of Sergeant Victor by Ronald Colman does not give film patrons the "thrilling intensity" described in the novel—the dashing hero of the Legion who was as real to late Victorian damsel as King Solomon in all his glory, the Sir Galahad in all his kettlings—

*(Mrs.)* Gertrude A. Rogers, 35 Villiers Road, Southall, Middlesex.

**Some Collector!**

My total number of Shirley Temple photographs is 1,003 and only 27 are newspaper cuttings. I have collected these in 3 months; perhaps many can beat my record with other stars—perhaps this one. If so, have they only been collecting for 3 months?

The amazing fact is, that I do not like Shirley Temple. I am a 14-year-old schoolgirl and my other collections are: Freddie Bartholomew 325, Merle Oberon, 193, Robert Taylor 95. I've only been collecting Robert Taylor for a week. I would like to know of other people's collections, please.—*(Miss)* J. M. Parnell, 63 Courtland Avenue, Canada, Coventry.

**YOUR VIEWS WANTED**

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. 10d. 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 "The Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
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November 28, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Let GEORGE DO IT!

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

PHIL REGAN Fan (Leicester).—(1) Phil Regan's name appeared in the cast list circulated by the film company for Stars Over Broadway but, as this film was very much cut before showing over here, he did not appear in the version shown in this country. (2) James Melton is described as a 'lyric tenor.'

A. K. L.—(1) Yes, the film adaptation of Medway on the Runaway differs slightly from the book. (2) In the film, Roger Byam was given a free pardon by the King and re-called to service in the Navy. (3) Yes, the island referred to in the book is the same as Tahiti. (4) Piccarr Island was uninhabited when Christian related it. The language now spoken on this island is a mixture of Tahitian and English.

STAR Gazer.—Fred Stone is appearing in Mother Carey's Chickens with Ginger Rogers. The film is directed by Dorothy Arzner.

MILDRED (Edgware).—Carlotta King took the part of Margot in The Desert Song.

COLLINS Proprietor (Southend).—Paul Robeson, b. Princetown, New York, April 10, 1898. His father was a Williamian and his wife Louise (Foulds); ed. Rutgers University, (B.A.) and Columbia Uniy. (LL.B.). Hear, Belgrade, Serbia.

His latest film, King Solomon's Mines.

SINGING NEWS.—James Stow, b. May 20, 1920, Indiana, Pa. Light brown hair and grey-green eyes. 6 ft. 2 in., hobbies—tennis and collecting stamps. (2) Names other than Speed include: Murder Man, Rose Marie, Wife versus Secretary; Next Time We Live, Small Town Girl, The Gorgeous Hussy.

M. P. WITSON.—Yes, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are engaged to be married. The wedding is fixed for some time in June, 1937.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES READER.—The music of the Derwent as follows: 'White Angel,' 'Dream,' and 'Roofs of Paris,' published by Chappell.

J. A. F. (Winchester).—James Stewart making The Foundry for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Jack is now working for United Artists.

D. D. (Southampton).—I am sorry but we did not publish centre spreads of The Vagabond King and Sally.

EDDY AND MACDONALD FAN.—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald were married on March 3. They now have their own names for screen purposes and are at present under contract to Mayfair for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.


CLIVE'S ADJURER (Forest Hill).—Clive Brook's latest release, The Lonely Road, for Associated Talking Pictures.

CRACKMAN.—Jean WOODbury took the part of Dorothy in the film East of Boud.

V. S. (Leicester).—I am sorry but we have not published an art plate of Arthur Tracy in this magazine and unfortunately the Postcard Salon do not stock one of this actor.


If any reader has a copy of the issue of this magazine, Sept. 14, 1935, containing a supplement of 'Derek's Corner,' which they do not require, F. Perry, Homelodge, Cedar Road, Harrow, Middlesex, would be glad to have same and defray any expenses incurred.

PICTUREGOER Fan (Johannesburg).—(1) Asterskin as follows: 'Exclusive Story, The Music Goes On,' it is to be shown in Hollywood, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Unregarded Hour and Captain Blood;—three; Strike Me Pink, My Song For You, Miesz Wiesz O Boze, Birds Club—two; High Pressure, Happy Ever After, Broadway Singer, Colleen,—one; C. Chief players, Music Goes On, Headlines and Robbery, —one; Million Dollar Vision, Wiesz Wiesz O Boze—two; Too Much Harmony—Judith Allen; My Song For You—Allen, —one; Joins as follows: —two; (2) The films include: Tudor Rose, The Beloved Waggon and Hidden Power (formerly Suburban); The Hague, The Hague, —two. (3) The films include: Borneo Scandal, Hip Hop Hoop and Gift of Gab.

M. C. (Boston, S. Africa).—(1) Les Allen starred in Heat Wave. (2) A Shirley Temple photograph appearing in the centre spread of Girls with Janet Gaynor, James Dunn, Charles Farrell and Ginger Rogers, but we did not give the Shirley Temple of Poor Little Rich Girl, Dimples, etc.

LIVERVOW Fan.—Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis appeared together in I Loved a Gamble.

S. L. (Durham).—Winfred Shaw, b. Feb. 26, 1910; dark brown hair and eyes, 5 ft. 4 in. In 1929 he was fifteen and has three children. Real name: Theodor Abraham. Includes English Hawaiian birth. Films include: Gold Diggers of 1933, Caliente, Poor Page Women, The Case of the Curious Bride, Broadway Historian, The Sky of the Veneri Clan and Servant of Guns. Write to her c/o Warner Bros, asking for a photograph and enclosing an International Money Order for 1s., the usual charge for an autographed photograph, with your request. (2) We have not published an art plate of Miss Shaw. Centre spread of Gold Diggers of 1933—April 20, 1935. (3) Photographs of Henry Fonda and John Loder obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2d. a dozen.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A Birmingham branch of THE INTERNATIONAL FIlM CLub has now been formed, and for the convenience of its members the Cinema will be open on Wednesday, December 16. Fully licensed, it will provide amenities such as refreshments, spot prizes and running buffet. Tickets 2s. each, can be obtained from J. Plammet, 1326 Warwick Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

RICHARD TAUBER - DIANA NAPIER FAN CLUB welcomes new members. The Club will offer its members the personal interest of its President, and a magazine is published quarterly. Those interested are invited to write to the Secretary, S. Goldberg, 14 Grafton Place, Eaton Square, London, N.W.1.

We have no information regarding 'Rambles,' for Sept.—Oct., 1936, which issue is dedicated to the memory of the late Irving Thalberg. This little publication is the official organ of the Norma Shaw Club, and is sent to all members. Write to Hana Fassbalm, 1947 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., for full particulars.

Will all those recipients interested please note that Miss Freda Wakeling, British Representative of the Cinema Club has changed her address to 123 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7, where all enquiries should be addressed.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope in writing to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.


Edit. Officers: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.


Telegram: Pictuergoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.
WHEN A GOOD GIRL GIVES HER MIND TO IT!

After your boy has seen you home—
are you left sometimes wondering why
he seems different, hesitating to say he
loves you—comparing him, perhaps,
with the ardent romantic heroes of the
screen? Make him a screen fayer by
night by using the stars' secret of irresist-
tible allure—their own lipstick, the
famous KISSPROOF, indelible lipstick,
placed by the experts in every Hollywood
dressing-room. Get it in the fascinating new
KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at £1, the
smallest beauty aid obtainable. At all
chemists, hairdressers and department stores.
See also the exotic new bacon at 6d.

KISSPROOF
NEW AUTOMATIC
Indelible Lipstick

Painfully Thin and Pale

MOTHER'S ANXIETY FOR ANEMIC DAUGHTER.

"I really thought I was going to lose her," states Mrs. Buckle, of 16, Hipkins Street, Bloom-
field, Tipton, Staffs., speaking of her young
daughter. "She seemed to lose all her strength
and began to have fainting fits. She could not
eat and became painfully thin and pale. She
was highly nervous and could not sleep all night.
The doctor said she was anemia, but despite
every care she made no progress.

"Then I heard about Dr. Williams pink pills
and decided to give him a trial. My daughter
soon began to eat better and had more energy.
The colour returned to her cheeks and she
was able to sleep. The fainting fits ceased
and she started to put on weight. Now she is a bonny
girl, and everyone remarks on the change in her."
The reason for the remarkable success of Dr.
Williams brand pink pills in the treatment of
anemia is quite simple. It is this: these pills
create new, rich blood in abundance, and new
blood is the only thing that can possibly banish
anemia. Try these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box
(triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

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

FOG
gets into your
throat. Put your
voice right with
VICK'S
VICK'S
VICK'S
LOZENGES

TASTE GOOD—DO GOOD

GREY STREAKS

that prematurely age you can be safely restored to their
natural colour with EVAN WILLIAMS TUNISIAN
HENNA
Send us a fair-cutting from the greyest part of your
hair and we will treat this with the correct shade of
Tunisian Henna to produce the actual effect.
No charge or obligation.

FREE TEST
To THE EVAN WILLIAMS CO. LTD.
Dept. P.W., PERIVALE, Greenford, Middx.
Enclose a cutting of my grey hair for you
to advise me which shade of henna to use.

State shade required

if other preparations have been used, giving full details.

ENCHANTING EYE
BEAUTY CAN BE
YOURS—SO EASILY—
SO QUICKLY

Lashstone is the most sensational
beauty news for years. This
marvellous eyelash tonic gives
every girl naturally lovely eye-
lashes—long and lustrous, dark
and curling—which enable her
to grow them in a few weeks
—to keep them permanently.
When using Lashstone, the scientific eyelash
tonic, has brought new beauty to tens of
thousands of women all over the world. No
eyelash preparation ever pro-
duced, has such an amazing
record of delighted users. Start
using Lashstone today. In a few
weeks you will be amazed at the
transformation. Friends will
remark—your eyes will improve
—that you are more attractive
than ever before.

Lashstone
THE SCIENTIFIC
LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy White, Taylors, Middlesex, Chemists, and
all right-class Chemists, stores, etc. P.P. 3s. 6d. per tin.
In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to Lashstone, Dept. 1, R. GERBER.
P.L.E.R., W.1, and a note will be sent you post free.

‘I LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE
ALMOST AS MUCH AS
‘Palm Toffee, Mummy’

WAITE

TalC

2 Toffee

The Best that mummy can buy!

INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A Remedy which Swiftly Ends Attacks

This famous old remedy has brought real comfort and
freedom from attacks of sufferers, who
are now able to enjoy life thoroughly. The number of letters
which we receive testifies to the fact that Potter's frequently
succeeds when everything else has failed. Easy to use—
you simply inhale the vapours. Entirely free from opium,
Pottor's give immediate relief and instantly make breathing
regular and easy. Sleepless nights become a thing of the
past, your daily duties become easier and more pleasant.
Never be without a stock of Potter's Asthma Cure. Use it
directly you feel an attack coming on.

Obtainable at Chemists, Healthfords, and Stores. Price Is.
6d., or direct from the makers Is. 6d. post free.
We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" post free.

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 52 ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.I.

PITCUREGOER Weekly

How Nona
found
Love

DEPARTMENTS

PAT'S SECRET

...and heard
I say my
hands were
rough?

Testimonials

Darling, why don't
you use VASELINE
jelly? Smooth
little on at night
AND YOUR HANDS
’LL BE SOFT AND
LOVELY.

A FEW DAYS LATER

Nona, darling your hands
are lovely and soft!

Marriage need not always mean
‘HOUSEWORK HANDS’

Are your hands as attractive as they were in
your courting days? They can be—despite house-
work. Just a little "Vaseline" jelly smoothed on
at night will get rid of all that red roughness—but
prevent "Housework Hands." Your hands will
be as white and smooth as any girl's. Try
"Vaseline" jelly tonight. Chesham Mfg. Co., Ltd.,
Greenford Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
Petroleum Jelly

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Send for free copy of booklet
"Lose Less Linen"—
containing full range of
styles and colours in which your name can be woven,
by posting the coupon below.

To J. & J. CASH Ltd. (Dept. N.K.9), Coventry.
Please send me Free Copy of your booklet,
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CASH'S
NAMES

You can have a beautiful
compliment if you use "Powdergirl"
the hydraulic powder puff...

A puff you can wash nightly. Distributed
powder evenly and perfectly. Clean the face with
one side of the puff and powder with the other.
"Powdergirl" is sold in attractive powder
sacks and with future boxes, among them the
Chic, including BAKST, Hairdressers and
Chemists. Ask to take THIS LITTLE PUFF.

37
"I KNOW it doesn't seem quite the thing—getting excited about face creams when you're out to get big game. But you see we had gone hundreds of miles off into Kenya for elephant hunting. We lived in the open huts which the natives keep for their guests and all day we were out-of-doors. In my one small mirror I saw my face getting drier and rougher every day. Then I found—packed away in the luggage—several big jars of Pond's Creams.

"And how my skin changed when I started using them!" exclaims Lady Moon. "I came back with a much nicer complexion than I'd had at the start. I was 18 then, and I've used Pond's Creams ever since."

See how lovely your skin can be. Pond's Creams cost so little and are very easy to use. Read how they work to make your skin beautiful:

Beneath the skin you see is your under-skin, containing blood vessels, muscles, and nerves. Even in your 'teens your under-skin begins to get lazy. Muscles and glands relax. Circulation slows down. Then your troubles start.

But when you use Pond's Cold Cream, its fine oils cleanse the pores completely. Blackheads soon wipe away. Also, as you put it in, it stimulates your under-skin. Your colour becomes fresh and clear. Lines and even wrinkles vanish as your under-skin is nourished by the renewed circulation. Your complexion looks lovely and fresh.

Every night cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream as well as in the morning and before you make up. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will hold your powder on for hours. It protects all day against winds and heat. Also it feeds your skin with two substances: one softens rough, dry skin at once, the other nourishes, making skin firm and guarding against lines.

Start with Pond's Creams today and see your skin turn lovelier. These face creams are inexpensive—At chemists everywhere. POND'S

WHATEVER your beauty problem, why not pass it to me? I am here to help you. Address your letter to ANNE, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Leave IT to ANNE

I HE other day on: of my correspondents raised a point which I think may have puzzled many others. "I am just out of the schoolgirl stage," she writes, "and beginning to take an interest in beauty problems. But I am absolutely bewildered by the array of different creams and lotions. What are they all for and which should I use?"

Supposing we take her query as a point for this article, for the best beauty products ever made are not much use if you do not know how and when to use them.

Shall we consider cleansing creams first. Cleansing creams, which are used in addition to soap and water for cleansing the skin are of two types: liquefying cream and the "Cold cream." A liquefying cream is somewhat translucent in appearance and is applied directly on the skin by the warmth of the skin to which it is applied. It spreads easily without rubbing and floats out the accumulated grime in the pores. There is no nourishment in such a cream. It will leave a smooth place of a feeding cream. It will leave a dry skin just as dry as before.

Its greatest value is for women who are no longer young. It permits the cleansing to take place without any stretching of the skin.

Cold cream, the second type, floats out the dirt, too, but in addition, it contains valuable oils that feed the skin and soften a complexion that is dry and wrinkled. To use this make two applications. The first should be wiped off with a paper tissue immediately the dirt is brought out of the pores. Then the second should be given, massaged in and allowed to remain for ten minutes. Then wipe it off with a paper tissue. This is the best method for using liquefying cream. Spread a very thin cotton wool out of cold water. Sprinkle well with skin tonic, dip it in the cleansing cream, and wipe it lightly over the skin. Remove with a paper tissue. With this combination you can leave the skin soft and tone at the same time, and leave the skin feeling refreshed as well as clean.

The second on our list is skin food or feeding cream. This is a rich and altogether heavier kind of cream, intended to do just what it name implies. It should be applied before going to bed. It should be used regularly, work it into face and neck with firm upward strokes and pats.

If you have a greasy skin, the cream should be removed immediately the massage is completed, and the face wiped over with a skin tonic. If your skin is dry, leave the cream on for ten minutes—while you have bath, for instance, and then remove the surplus with a paper tissue. This will leave the tiniest film of cream on the skin to soften it overnight.

Dry, or greasy, never leave a heavy application on the skin while you sleep. It tends to line the skin. But, used in the manner I have indicated, you will soon realise that it has the power of keeping the skin soft and youthful in appearance.

Never use a greasy feeding cream as a foundation. It is too heavy and after a time the powder simply clogs the pores.

Foundation creams and powder bases are used for the sole purpose of preparing the skin for the application of powder, and giving a smooth matt finish to the skin. There are several types of foundation and your choice depends entirely on the type of skin you possess. Vanishing creams are quite greaseless. Probably this type of foundation is best for the normal skin. It smooths the skin, leaving it quite level for the powder. It gives protection and adds a certain "bloom" to the skin that is very flattering.

A very dry skin needs a different foundation. The sensitive skin foundations are generally distinguished by being called "balm" or "moose of cream." A skin that suffers from cold winds or dust is best suited with a "weather" or a "mooring" cream. These are of a thicker type and are sometimes called "protective" creams. Protective creams are also used to lighten up muddy complexion and sallow skins.

What of the really oily skin? In such cases a liquid foundation is undoubtedly best. The lotion is dabbed on the skin, allows partly to dry and then the powder is applied. This gives the much desired matt surface.

A skin that is only slightly greasy, can do with a foundation cream that is just slightly astringent in effect. A complexion that is too oily, or is suffering from broken veins, probably looks best with a liquid foundation in peach tint, with powder to match. This has the effect of toning down the redness and aiding the veins.

At night time the same kind of skin responds very well to a pale lettuce green protective cream and a green powder. But, I despair of someone for day time.

Never apply your foundation too heavily, whichever type you use. Otherwise after a while it will appear through the powder and produce a patchy effect.

The skin is ready for powder when it is smooth and in a slightly moist condition. I think that however good your complexion may be, it needs regular attention in the matter of cleansing and feeding.

If you are young, cold winds, dry air, and sometimes poor circulation are degrading your skin of the natural oil that keep it soft and pliable.

If you are no longer young, then Nature is gradually diminishing that supply of oil, and it is up to you to take the supply good.

T. N. (Wembly)—Radium Leather Dye is not suitable for skin that will need a new life to the oldest skins. Price 6d. Radial is simple to apply and permanent in effect.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mr. M. M. Norton, 106, Wandsworth Road, Clapham, S.W.4, for—

The Wedding Night

The Gay Bride

The Bride Walks Out

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Mr. Claude Flower, 140, Wandsworth Crescent, Luton, Beds., for—

The Patrician Forest

The Man Who Could Work Miracles As You Like It

Evergreen

Miss A. Harrison, 21, Rondemore Avenue, Coshihna, Kilkenny, I., for—

Doctor's Orders

Absolute Quiet

Oh, No, Doctor

Almost the Waltz

Miss M. Cawte (aged 130), 322, Shipbourne Road, Tunbridge Wells, for—

When Knights Were Bold

Yasmin

This Day and Age

False Face

G. Birney, 2, Caledon Street, Donsbawn, Glasgow, W.3, for—

The Past and Present

If You Could Only Cook

—And Suddenly Death

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

Address your entries to me on a postcard to PICTUROGEO, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

GUY BEACON.
He's a "home bird" now!

John, do be home early to-night. I'll try, dear, I may have to stay behind a bit, though.

John's neglecting me terribly—He's never home before eight...

Perhaps you're neglecting yourself, dear...

You mean my complexion? But what can I do, working in the house all day?

Why not try Knight's Castile? Molly was telling me how good it is for "tired skin."

You are home early!

You don't think I'm going to stick around at the office when I've got you to come home to do you?

Life indoors is bad for the skin—there's no doubt about that. And cooking and washing in stuffy atmospheres may easily give you "Tired Skin" unless you guard your complexion with Knight's Castile. The pure oils used in Knight's Castile are specially selected to keep the complexion clear and youthful. Ask your chemist for a tablet—it costs only fourpence.

Knights's Castile
Specially Made For The Face

WITH the first two issues "Mother" has established its position throughout the land as the premier home journal for women. NOW comes No. 3 of "Mother"—a wonderful CHISTMAS NUMBER—on sale Tuesday, December 1. Women everywhere will be eager to secure this magnificent issue. Think of it! 120 rich photogravure pages, packed with authoritative and helpful articles—you'll be so keen to read them all you won't know which to start reading first!—glamorous with fiction, profusely illustrated with wonderful pictures—and the price? Only SIXPENCE!

Each dazzling page has its surprises . . . . its thrill . . . . Health and Beauty secrets—fashions—home and cookery hints—advice on child welfare—and THREE grand complete stories . . . . these are but a few of the delights in store. LOOK at the list on the left.

AND HERE'S A WONDERFUL SURPRISE

This great Christmas Number holds a thrilling secret ... an exciting Yuletide Surprise for the children . . . something with a mysterious section under seal . . . . a GIFT for the children you MUST NOT MISS.

There's certain to be an enormous demand for this fine issue. Go to your newsagent as soon as you can and ask him to reserve you a copy—be quick, otherwise you may find every copy SOLD OUT.

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Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!
Elasto will Lighten Your Step!

Post Your Coupon For Free Sample

"Oh! My Poor Legs"
"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and..."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal. Rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What other users of ELASTO say:
"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Elasto has cured me pounds."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures Depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"I can now Walk for Miles"
"...after using your remedy. I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."

To all Readers of "Picturegoer"
FREE
A generous Sample of this new Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the great New Blood Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO
(Department 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Issued by THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food
ELASTO is something new to curative science. It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad legs, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weaknesses—no name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the various membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

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Elasto also cures piles, prolapus, varicose, hardened arteries (arterio-sclerosis), arthritis, scleritis, lumbago, and all other ailments, no matter where they occur.

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Please send me Free Sample and Sample Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood

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When the festive season is with us, these colourful Christmas packings fit perfectly into the scheme of things, and whether for gifts or parties "Player's always Please." With the lucky one's name and address added, these special cartons are ready to post.

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PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY
CUT TOBACCO 4oz TIN 4½

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES and TOBACCO
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BREAD FOR ENERGY

LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM
golden hair, blue eyes. She says: "The first time I tried Pond's Powder I knew I'd use it always. The Peach shade is exactly right."

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
brown hair, brown eyes. She says: "Why didn't anyone make a powder like Pond's before? I'm thrilled with the Peach shade."

Blonde — Brunette —
...yet they use the same powder shade!

Many a girl with dark hair is using a brunette's shade which actually makes her skin look old and dull. And many a girl with fair hair is using a blonde's shade which gives her a haggard, tired look.

Does your skin often look faded, oldish? Your powder shade can make you look like that! And the right shade will do the opposite — will clear and brighten muddy skin, give sparkle to a pale complexion.

No matter how carefully you have chosen the shade you are now using, still it may be wrong. For, until recently, face powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones.

Now, in developing their five shades, Pond's have made a special study of women's complexion. The skin of over 200 girls was analysed under a colourscope to discover what tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone.

New shades transform you.

And now these tints are blended invisibly in Pond's Powder. No wonder they give you a glamorous loveliness! There is one way to know what shade gives you greatest beauty — try all five. Do this at your nearest chemist's. Or send in the coupon.

Natural gives transparency. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to fair skin. Rachel 2 adds a creamy tone. Peach warms dull skin. Dark Brunette brightens a dark skin.

AMAZING FACTS
about lovely skin were revealed when 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of blue, that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend five new powder shades to give you the exact tints of lovely skin.

FREE — Pond's Powder: Write your name and address below, put a 1d stamp on this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept 379-Pond's Powder, Petrie's, Greenford, Middlesex. We will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder — Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Suntan, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

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PICTUREGOER Weekly
MINUTES TO WAIT - so

Mines a Minor!

In taste, quality, and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

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WONDER if Anna Neagle's plan to play Neil Gayne on the New York stage will be a first step toward Hollywood.

Anna, one of the few stars with genuine made-in-Britain credentials, has so far been content to be queen of her own back yard, but I hear it whispered that the Californian studios have been calling more insistently lately.

I have never had the simple faith possessed by some in the infallibility of the Hollywood star-factory methods, but a spell of Hollywood experience and grooming would do Anna no harm.

Star Shortage

Hollywood's bid for Miss Neagle, coupled with other recent manifestations from the movie city, is significant.

The all-star film is increasingly becoming a fashion. *Libelled Lady*, featuring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Spencer Tracy, incidentally, broke all first-week records at the London Empire for the last three years, with the exception of *The Painted Veil* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, both of which had the advantage of playing Christmas week.

The wiseacres are already saying that the single star system is doomed. The truth is that Hollywood is suffering from an acute shortage of stars who can carry pictures on their own shoulders.

Signs of Wear

Shirley Temple can still bring out the "House Full" signs without assistance whenever she comes to town, but the Child Wonder is one of the last of an almost extinct species.

Even the appeal of that other rugged individualist Mae West has lost some of its irresistibility, and Mr. George Arliss's famous one-armed band, playing bravely on, can no longer be guaranteed to crowd the cinemas of the world.

Most of the other big box-office names of the movies have been before the public for five years or more and are showing signs of wear.

Battle for Talent

One result is the biggest battle for years between the movie kings for what talent is available.

Studios have become quite militant in protecting their properties. The loss of Gary Cooper by Paramount months before his contract had expired has taught them all to be cautious.

Since Spencer Tracy won public attention through *San Francisco* and *Libelled Lady*, Metro has been conscious of the covetous glances of other lots.

This week, six months in advance of the termination of the agreement, a new one was negotiated which shut out all other bidders and assured control of the player.

Taylor's Million-dollar Contract

The same studio was taking no chances either with Robert Taylor, now probably M.G.M.'s best meal ticket.

Taylor has just been securely tied up to the home lot with a new million-dollar contract. Under it he starts at £400, eventually rising to £1,000 a week.

Metro has, of course, reserved the right to drop their option if they want to.

Jack Gilbert's optionless contract still causes painful memories at Culver City. The studio has also signed James Stewart and Nelson Eddy on the dotted line.

Garbo Goes Gay

Has Greta Garbo at last dropped her mystery act? Her unprecedented conduct on the *Camille* set has startled the natives. They put it down to the star's present good health.

There is an astonished note in all the bulletins from the studios.

In appearance, we learn, she is slightly slimmer, "but gracefully and athletically slender. Her complexion, without make-up, is the glow of health, intensified by a golden body that she has acquired in the California sunshine since her recent return from Sweden. Her walk is more brisk, and during rehearsals

and in actual scenes for *Camille*, she has actually outrun Taylor across flower-studded fields."

For other scenes of Parisian gaiety, she has rehearsed tiring dances with Val Raset all day long. Yet at the end of the strenuous hours it was the dance director and not Garbo who was fatigued.

Mirth and Music

Throughout the production, Greta has laughed more heartily than ever before, "another proof of excellent health."

She has thrilled to the swing of lively rumbas, played by an orchestra on the stages in her presence for the first time.

She has frequently requested Rex Evans, a member of the cast, and Baron Georg von Richwally, technical adviser, to play merry melodies for her on the piano.

Frequently, she has hopped aboard the camera perambulator to ride around the stage. Instead of hastily retiring to her screened dressing-room after each scene, she now remains on the stage to chat and laugh with members of the cast and company.

Only recently Garbo for a solid hour recited...
her humorous experiences in Europe and New York with newspapermen and trailing crowds, and her audience was Director Cukor, the assistant director, "prop" men and electricians.

Between-scenes Dances

Garbo has danced with Taylor between scenes, accompanied by "hot swing music" on the gramophone. She has participated in jokes played upon this and that member of the Camille company. Unafraid and oblivious to the stares aimed at her, she walks daily around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

"The point the statement concludes, "rests the proof that Garbo is happier and in better health than she has been for years, for such things have never happened since Greta Louise Gustafson first stepped through the studio gates."

Filming the Quins

Director Norman Taurog has found that filming the Dionne Quintuplets is not without its difficulties.

His unit was at work in the nursery playground at Callander, Ontario, shooting scenes for Hearts in Reunion (that's the title now) the second Twentieth-Century-Fox picture starring the famous babies.

Taurog wanted a shot of Cecil turning her head to listen to a band. With a clodent "Here she is," Jean Hersholt escorted one of the infants within range of the cameramen.

"Let's get this right now," Taurog said, nerves already a little frayed, "or she might wander away."

The signal came from the cameraman; Taurog began to wave his arms, making odd sounds to attract the baby's attention. She remained utterly indifferent.

"Celic! Celic! Regardes! Lookit!"

Taurog was becoming frantic—the baby remained unperturbed.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe watched the proceedings and, when Taurog's breaking point seemed imminent, he interrupted quietly: "If you call her "Yvonne, I think she'll turn round. Mr. Taurog."

Just another case of mistaken identity.

Storm Over Statuettes

Storm clouds are already gathering over the next Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards.

There has been criticism of "politics" and log-rolling of late and last year's selections did little to enhance the academy's already somewhat frayed prestige.

There was a strong suspicion that Bette Davis's statuette for Dangerous was something in the nature of a consolation prize following Warner's spirited protest about the actress's performance in Of Human Bondage being neglected the previous year. Then trying to please everybody resulted in too many odd awards, which lessened interest.

When just before the voting about was her voice. It was her voice you heard when you saw Jean Harlow "singing" in Reckless. Virginia has been enjoying similar service for Barbara Stanwyck in Ten Cents a Dance. But Virginia could not get producers interested in her face.

In disgust, she went to New York eighteen months ago and became the singing star in one of Broadway's smartest night clubs. Last week she was seen there by one of Goldwyn's talent scouts and given a film test. Now she is to feature in The Goldwyn Follies.

Bashful Bing

Only one woman has kissed Bing Crosby. That is, in a picture.

Bing, who is now at work on Watkitii Wedding, as a matter of fact, dislikes love scenes in films, whether he is playing in them or not. He thinks they're obvious, self-conscious and all sorts of things. So he plays his love scenes in a way which has even the directors and Paramount studio executives guessing.

They ran Rhumkin on the Range over and over in a projection room before they decided that he never really kissed Frances Farmer. The long answer is that Crosby, the great coon, is bashful. In We're Not Dressing, Bing really kissed Carole Lombard and the story goes that he blushes whenever he remembers this scene.

Mulhall Gets a Break

Old-timers will be pleased to hear that Jack Mulhall gets a good break in Beloved Enemy, the new Merle Oberon picture.

Little more than eight years ago Mulhall was right on top of the world. Earning £600 a week as one of the most popular stars on the screen, he could boast of investments worth £200,000. But the 1929 "crash" stripped him of nearly everything. Contract troubles followed and two short years later he found himself penniless and jobless. For two or three years Mulhall disappeared from the screen, but lately he has been trying hard to come back in small parts that sometimes were little more than walk-on "bits."

You may have noticed him as the stage-door Johnnie in Strike Me Pink, as the skating-rink manager in One Rainy Afternoon, or as the airport clerk in Thirteen Hours by Air.

Now he tells me he has quite a good role in the new picture. I hope it hasn't been left on the cutting room floor.

Tragedy Recalled

The tragic story of another former star was recalled during production of Beloved Enemy. The star is Eve Southern, who, a decade ago, was at the height of her fame. She is particularly remembered for her portrayal of the "Madonna" in Douglas Fairbanks's The Gaucho. For several years she was at the top. Then she was involved in a road smash. Her back was broken, and she was forced to retire.

For Beloved Enemy, Sam Goldwyn had collected a fine assortment of ancient cars. But he was unable to find the right model Rolls Royce he needed to convert into an armoured car. He finally appealed to the authorities for a list of persons owning that particular type of car.

There was just one—Miss Southern. This was the car in which she crashed. But the former actress immediately offered to lend it to Goldwyn for the scenes he required. The Rolls was completely converted, with armoured plates and turret-tops, and when returned to

Many happy returns to Walt Disney, who celebrates his thirty-fifth birthday to-day.
PIXILATED SISTERS AGAIN
Margaret Seldon and Margaret McWade, who made their reputation in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, are being given a "build up" by Paramount. They are to be given special billing in *Let's Make a Million* as "The Pixilated Sisters." They are also cast as sisters in *One Man's Bonus*, with Edward Everett Horton.

Gene Writes a Song
Fred Astaire isn't the only film star who writes his own music. In his current picture *Smartest Girl in Town*, Gene Raymond sings a tune that he wrote himself. Its title is "Will You?" Must be the effect of being engaged to Jeannette MacDonald.

Although the film is not a musical, Raymond in his role of a millionaire playboy, sings the number to Ann Sothern with urchin accompaniment in one of the beach sequences.

*Smartest Girl in Town* is the third picture in which Raymond and Ann Sothern have been teamed recently.

Best Dressed Star—Official
Kay Francis has scored a shattering victory in the perennial and bitter battle for the honour of being Hollywood's best-dressed woman. Kay is the first film star to win the coveted

Gold Medal of the U.S. Fashion Academy, which carries with it a world title.

Screen Fame Rejected
One of Hollywood's busiest "stand-ins" is Isabelle Sheridan, a cousin of Mary Pickford. Beautiful and talented, Miss Sheridan started working in the studios when Miss Pickford was at the height of her fame, but she is not interested in a screen career. She has literary ambitions, and her first novel is being published in the New Year.

Miss Sheridan has turned down many offers of speaking parts, because as a "stand-in" she can devote more time to her writing. Among the stars she has "stood-in" for are Merle Oberon, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell, Ida Lupino, Karen Morley, Virginia Bruce and Constance Cummings.

She is now substituting for Jean Dixon in Walter Wanger's *You Only Live Once*, in which Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda are co-starred.

Colossorific!
The insidious force of the language of the movies, with its "colossal," "stupendous" and "terrific," has wormed its way into the dialogue of the Twentieth Century-Fox musical, *Under Your Spell*.

There is a scene in the picture in which Gregory Ratoff and Lawrence Tibbett are having a conversation about dinner.

Ratoff is supposed to say: "Let's go to a place where we can get a nice, substantial meal."

But every time the scene is shot, Ratoff blows up in his lines and says: "Let's go to a place and get a nice, sensational meal."

After three takes had gone this way, Director Preminger said to the comedian, "Ratoff, my friend, you should be a press agent."

Copyright Sets Now
The first attempt to copyright sets created for a motion picture will be made by Hobe Erwin, a well-known New York decorator, who is in Hollywood designing backgrounds for *Radio's Quality Street*, in which Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone are co-starred.

Erwin has applied to Washington for copyrights on his sets, so they cannot be copied in other films or used for private homes.

He contends that interior decorators often "pirate" designs used in pictures and repeat them in their private work. He hopes to establish a precedent that will eliminate this in the future.

Sir Cedric's Tribute
"Like many an actor, I am a man of moods," says Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the famous stage and screen star, "but there is something in 'Christmas Pie' to match them all."

This is Sir Cedric's sincere tribute to the great 112-page magazine which is bringing unrivalled entertainment into hundreds of thousands of homes.

It has fiction by the most popular of living authors, and humour by artists who have made all Britain laugh.

The contributors include Sir Philip Gibbs, Warwick Deeping, Dorothy Sayers, Gilbert Frankau, Lord Dunsany, A. P. Herbert, H. M. Bateman, Heath Robinson, Lawson Wood and Bruce Bairnsfather.

Every copy of "Christmas Pie" sold helps the King George's Jubilee Trust. Get your copy to-day—sixpence everywhere.

Not so Ginger Rogers
There seems to be an epidemic of hair-changing among the feminine stars.

Last week I told you how Joan Crawford had decided to go blonde. Now comes the announcement that Ginger Rogers, whose red-gold tresses are advertised in her name and have become identified as a definite part of her personality, is to go brunette.

It appears that Ginger thinks the change will help in her transition from musical comedy to dramatic actress in *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

Short Shots
Marlene Dietrich has been buying Josef von Sternberg a wireless set—Ida Lupino reported to be halfway to Mexico—Mac West has a new trade mark; she has christened that famous strut the "swivel swing"—Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy are reunited in *Wanted: Juan Torres*.

—Louise Latimer claims to be the first at tress to kiss Robert Taylor: she did a test with him two years ago and it was a love scene—Hollywood is to make a film on the Canadian Stork Derby—Paul Muni has been cast as Dreyfus in *The Truth*—Lady in *March*—Claudette Colbert's next will be *I Met Him in Paris*—They are talking of remaking *The Birth of a Nation.*

MALCOLM PHILLIPS
CLAUDETTE’s new home was complete—each room a poem of beauty and comfort. For weeks in New York she had brooded over furniture until at last there was just the right piece for every space. Original paintings worth small fortunes hung upon the walls. Well loved draperies and rugs lent colour and grace. And—to cap the climax of all this charm and luxury—there was a projected rounded family and friends could loll in Hollywood splendour and watch the newest films run off.

That projection room was a symbol to Claudette—a symbol which said that after all the years of heartache and struggle she had at last arrived, become a first magnitude star.

Trembling with delight, Claudette called the handle and asked for the latest release. They were sorry, she was told, but Mr. So-and-So, a man whose salary or importance in no way compared with hers had that particular picture. She asked for another film almost as good. Oh, no, Miss So-and-So, a youngster recently put under contract was running that one in her projection room.

Claudette went down the last until at last her choice from Down East and Curly Top—both pictures months old, both pictures Claudette had seen. She chose Curly Top. The next day she decided to have it.

A few days later she tried again. It was the same story. Oh, yes, she could have her choice between Curly Top and Way Down East.

"If I have to see those pictures again," she said, "I'll laugh." They knew Claudette wouldn’t scream. So they sent her Curly Top and Way Down East.

It went on like that for weeks. At last Claudette did the handsomely splendid of her projection room with her hat on. She was going to the neighbourhood movie to see a new picture. She was the happiest anybody else but me can be, seeing pictures in their own homes," she said, too weak to be grammatical. "Well, I guess I’m just not the regal type.

And Claudette is a portrait of Claudette which gives you a complete indication of her character. When friends of mine ask me what Claudette is really like I usually say, "She’s swell," and let it go at that. It’s just too difficult to make people realise that here is a very great movie actress, who earns $30,000 a picture, who is mobbed by autograph seekers wherever she goes, who is at the glamorous heights of popularity and who just isn’t the regal type. Perhaps the only way to make you believe it, is to give you some examples, to show you what my friends have seen, to repeat what my ears have heard.

Let’s begin by going on a shopping tour with her. She walks into the fitting-room, shoves her hat on the back of her head, and, unconscious of the fluttering sales-ladies, models and designers, proceeds to give the gowns on display attention. Her frugal eye doesn’t miss a thing.

She wants to know at once, "Will this materia l be inexpensive——" and position wondering whether material is going to fade after a couple of wearings or not. But she cares.

Once I saw her try on a perfectly stunning frock which looked divine on her. But I knew as I watched her turning and twisting before the full-length mirror that she would never buy it. It was much too theatrical for Claudette Cobert, the movie star.

"It’s a lovely dress," she said at last, "but I don’t think——" That was her way, and more than a few times without people spotting it.

"What’s wrong with wearing it a few times and throwing it away?" I asked maliciously.

I saw her French soul go cold. Nothing could ever make her so brutally extravagant. She can spend thousands of dollars on a painting because it is something which will give pleasure for generations. But wearing a dress a few times and throwing it away is a gesture it would be physically impossible for her to make.

Her figure is utterly divine—the most beautifully endowed in the world, the slimmest hips, the most softly-rounded arms and, because it is so perfect, she loves to find fault with it. She will say quite earnestly to the sales-lady, "You see I have to——" and be very careful. My shoulders aren’t broad enough to wear that." Or, "That would make me look——" She will rather look lumpy. "With my figure I have to——"

And with her figure she has to be careful about nothing—except jealous women. But, actually, she doesn’t have to be careful about that. For women, realising how little she dramatises herself,knew she was, or, invariably like her. They like her because in almost all of her contacts she uses her brains instead of her wits.

Essentially Claudette is a "heady" actress and as proof let me tell you how she approached her role in Under Two Flags. The day after she got the part she buried her husband practically with the soup that night at dinner by asking quite calmly, "How does a person die when he’s shot in the stomach?"

However, Dr. Pressman assured Claudette was the most insatiable clinical curiosity and he answered, as calmly as possible, "Well, his eyes stay open. He wouldn’t be able to speak because he’d be in a coma."

"Hummm," Claudette hummmmed, "that won’t do."

She explained later. As Cigarette in Under Two Flags she had to be shot beautifully in Ronald Colman’s arms while she murmured deathless words of gallantry loud enough for the microphone to pick up.

Another actress would have been content to dine in the conventional screen way, finishing the scene with the eyes slowly closing. But Claudette’s passion for realism would no more allow her—the wife of a doctor—to pass out like that than her husband would allow his mother to buy a dress she could wear but a few times. She was worried and pre-occupied for days.

At last she announced, "I’ve got it. Oh boy, I’ve got it."

"Got what?" Dr. Pressman asked.

"The way to die."

She had to speak the lines. But she barely whispered them. She would not be allowed to die with her eyes open. So she asked Colman to cover her face with his hand and turn her face away from the camera. The compromise satisfied Claudette. It satisfied Colman, too, since it threw the scene to him.

Claudette can always find a way. In fact, I’ve never seen her in a situation from which she could extricate herself. And I’ve seen her in some pretty tough ones.

There was the time, for instance, when she and we—all up in Harlem together. In spite of the fact that the ballroom was in semi-darkness and Claudette wore the most inconspicuous of clothes and we all called her "Lily," word got round after about the first two minutes that she was there. She realised that if she autographed for one person she would have to do the same thing for hundreds and would see none of the amazing sights she had come to see.

At first she tried smiling sweetly and saying, "I’m afraid I’m not the person you think I am." But it didn’t work—it didn’t work at all and those hundreds began milling around her, closing in upon her, and at last they started to sway back and forth with that dreadful mass rhythm which might strike the tempo for any sort of violence.

I was really afraid and a couple of the men in our party started to make their way through the crowd to Claudette. But before the rescue party arrived Claudette had dispelled them herself. She had simply looked into that sea of faces and said, "Look here. Please be good sports. I’m up here to have some fun. How can I have it if I’ve got my nose in autograph books all evening? Come on, don’t pay any attention to me.

It worked like magic. The crowd dispersed and Claudette stood on a chair and watched the "Lindy" contest and had the time of her life.

You see, by not being "the regal type" she had a lot of fun she wouldn’t have had otherwise. Another time that I saw her come through a trying circumstance gallantly, was when she was still married to Norman Foster. It was New Year’s Eve and they had attended a private party at one of the smart hotels. Claudette had been chatting to someone sitting next to her when a man whom she had good cause to dislike came up to her, touched her shoulder and asked her to dance. "I’m sorry," she said, "but I promised the next dance to my husband."

The man smiled maddeningly. "I’m afraid your husband isn’t here."

"Oh, he’ll be right back," Claudette answered with an assurance she did not feel. But he did. 
In spite of her hard-won position as a ranking star, Claudette Colbert puts on airs. "I guess I'm not the regal type," she tells Katherine Albert in this revealing article dealing with her life off-stage.

When it was time to go Claudette found Norman in the public dining-room chatting with some friends, completely unaware that he had given her a moment's unhappiness. Gay, irresponsible, boyish Norman—how ill-mated a pair they were! How much better suited to each other are she and the intellectual, scientific, adult Dr. Joel Pressman.

Perhaps one of the reasons that Claudette has kept so beautifully balanced in the unbalanced society of Hollywood is that—of the town's most important stars—never thinks of herself as that. She is still a movie fan and is as excited and pleased over her contacts with the great of the film colony as if she were a little girl just arrived from Keokuk.

I remember her telling me once about a party she had been on with Marlene Dietrich and some other people. "Dietrich was amazing," Claudette said. "When we were in the night club everybody was watching her and she was living up to all her glamour. Then one of the couples suggested that we go up to their apartment and have scrambled eggs. Marlene said, "Let me cook them."

I practically fell off my chair at that. But we went to the apartment and Dietrich tucked her gorgeous evening gown up around her waist and put on a kitchen apron and made the best scrambled eggs I've ever tasted. And she loved doing it. Imagine! Imagine Marlene Dietrich in somebody's kitchen cooking eggs!"

You see? That was all as amazing to Claudette as it would be to you and me. She told it as a fan would tell it. And it never occurred to her that she is as great a star as Dietrich, that her glamour has been touted, too. Perhaps it is this very attitude—this ability to stay (spiritually) outside of Hollywood and look on—that has kept her from becoming the regal type.

A very good friend of Claudette's said to me, "I wish Claudette weren't my friend. I wish Joan Crawford were instead. Joan is such swell copy. She's always changing, always creating new stories to write about. And honestly, Claudette is just the same girl she was when I first knew her—long before she was a star."

This friend spoke the truth. She is the same girl who—so long ago—sat at the feet of the great Katherine Cornell and said, "What am I to do? My career is ruined."

Claudette had, a few months before, lost what she thought was the most important role of her career. Heartbroken, desperate, she had attended a party just to get her mind off her troubles. There she met Katherine Cornell and into those wise ears she poured her troubles.

"How old are you?" Cornell asked the girl.

Claudette told her.

"When I was your age I had just as serious a disappointment in the theatre. I was quite sure that I was through—forever. And now—"

"And now," said Claudette, with new courage in her heart, "you're the first lady of the theatre. Thank you for telling me."

That happened ten years ago. But Claudette still worries about her career; she is quite sure that she's completely through after every picture she makes. And, if you're a friend of hers, you're apt to find her almost any day sitting cross-legged on the floor of her beautiful projection room—not seeing "Curly Top" and "Way Down East"—but thoughtfully gnawing at her thumb and musing to herself, "I've done enough light comedy. They'll be sure to get tired of me in light comedy. I've got to have a good gushy melodrama for a change. I can't last much longer if I keep doing the same old part. I..."

If you break in on the girl as she mentions you'll hear a long story about her career worries. Claudette thinks they're real—just as she thinks it's real when she assures the designers that she has to be careful of her figure.

"Well, if I'm through," she'll go on carefully, "I have a trust fund which will bring me an income and we have this house and..."

"Shut up, you fool," you tell her, "Don't you know you're one of the biggest stars in Hollywood?"

She will shake her head in amazement. "It doesn't seem right somehow, does it? I'm not the type—honestly, baby, I'm not the type."

Above, Claudette Colbert as she appears in her latest success, "Under Two Flags" in which she plays the romantic role of the vivandiere. Cigarette.
Hollywood Passes a MIRACLE

ONE of the most remarkable films ever made—The Green Pastures—has now come to our screen. Here is the inner story of its production, vividly related.

by Guy BEACON

NOW and again in "show business" a miracle happens. This one began happening in 1929; a well-known, hard-boiled, wise-cracking American playwright named Marc Connolly read a novel by Roark Bradford—Of Man Adam and His Chillun—and it "got under his skin"; he couldn't get the characters out of his mind.

He became obsessed with the idea of writing a play based upon the book, which was all about Heaven and earth in the beginning, as the simple, uneducated negroes of the "deep South" conceive it to be.

He decided he must meet Roark Bradford, so he journeyed down to New Orleans to visit Bradford and his wife—both writers—and they took him to see the characters from the book, all of whom were living, toiling negroes about the town.

That clinched the matter; he returned to New York and began to work on the play, greatly helped by the title which had come to him like an inspiration—The Green Pastures, lovely in its sense of tranquility.

Rigorously refraining from the society even of his intimates, Connolly wrote and wrote, re-wrote, rejected, selected, destroyed, and started again, and finally completed his play, which was to be different from all other plays, utterly simple, absolutely true to Negro mentality, and yet conveying the Old Testament truths as faithfully as they deserved.

It was a terrific task, and even when it was completed, there were further arduous months of casting and preparation before it was ready to take the stage.

On February 26, 1930, on a night of foul weather which suggested the forty days and forty nights of rain represented in the play, The Green Pastures was launched on its epoch-marking career.

The critics were sceptical—until about five minutes after the curtain rose, then, "those who came to scoff remained to pray," and were almost unanimous in agreeing that the performance made theatrical history.

With the public also it was an instantaneous success. It ran for two years on Broadway, and five years in all, during which time it was seen by over two million people (and incidentally was awarded the coveted Pulitzer Prize).

It does not, as far as one can gather at this distance, seem to have demoralised those two million people very noticeably. All the same, its pernicious influence must have been marked, for it scared our Lord Chamberlain into banning the play in England—and this despite the fact that it has been performed throughout the British Dominions without apparently destroying the moral fibre of their inhabitants.

No wonder the English stage is in a parlous way when we are so cossetted and coddled and protected from anything which may tend to make us think!

There is a rule hanging above the Lord Chamberlain's bed which says, "No representation of the Deity shall appear on the stage."

In The Green Pastures "De Lawd" appears as a benevolent old gentleman in a frock coat, who "passes a miracle" when he wishes to create anything or anyone.

One of the miracles passed has been the breaking down in America of a similar rule with regard to the screen as we have here concerning screen and stage.

The Hays Office has shown a very marked disapproval of films in which any member of the Holy Family was represented, but the American nation has expressed in no uncertain terms its approval of the play, and Carr Will Hays wisely bowed to public opinion and agreed to Messrs. Warner Bros. translating it to the screen.

Jack Warner said he would do this if he could obtain the fullest co-operation of Mr. Connolly. Marc Connolly promptly replied that that would be the only condition on which he would part with the screen rights. So everyone was satisfied.

All the same, it must have been something of a shock to Jack Warner when he realised what Connolly meant by the term "fullest co-operation."

Connolly insisted on what Mr. Warner has described as a "one-way contract—Connolly's way." In addition to very favourable financial terms for the author, it provided that he should write the screen adaptation, select the players, and direct the entire production.

And considering that Marc Connolly, though certainly he had produced stage plays, had never directed a film in his life, that seemed a pretty big risk to take.

But Hollywood again "passed a miracle," and the screen-play has emerged as a greater thing than the stage-play, because freed of its three-walled limitation.

Connolly had to fight, at first. For instance, there were those in the studio who plumped for...
a Heaven of golden gates, shining towers, and glassy floors.
But such a concept belongs to the New Testament, and Connelly was dealing with an earlier, more primitive mental condition—that of the simple Negro who can imagine nothing more enjoyable than the greatest enjoyment he has experienced.

So the Heaven of the film is one of lush meadows and rippling streams and balmy breezes andgood, thick, comfortable white clouds (made of crepe hair) upon which the angels can sit and catch fish for that greatest of all heavenly delights, the celestial "fish-fry," in which "De Lawd" graciously participates.

And the Heavenly Gates are of oak and singularly like those of your own front garden.
Contrary to popular belief, there is not a single white person in Heaven; but there are hundreds of Negroes, one hundred and eleven of whom have lines to speak—for which thousands of candidates were tested.

They are led by a well-known negro stage actor, Rex Ingram, as "De Lawd," which role he took on for the screen because the man who had played it for five years on the stage, Richard Berry Harrison, had died.

The production of the film was not unattended by difficulties; for instance, Negroes are usually intensely superstitious, and Oscar Polk, the 6 ft. 5 in. character actor who plays the part of "the Angel Gabriel," is no exception.

He would not undertake the role unless and until Warner Bros. had insured his life (in favour of his mother) for a large sum, because during the five years in which the play was running, two "Angel Gabriels" had died, each immediately after "tooting" the horn—and these, apart from Harrison's death, were the only two casualties in the company. The horn is not blown in the film.

"I ain't takin' no chances," said Mr. Polk.

Again, the simplicity of the crowd-players was an occasional drawback as well as an advantage; for example, one night an ebony extra named Amos stayed concealed in the studio for a feast of cornbread and catfish, and was found in the morning asleep a few inches from a fire which he had kindled at the base of a moss-covered tree to keep himself warm. His costume, the tree, and the floor were all beginning to burn.

Among the animals for "Noah's Ark," too, there was trouble. Snooky, the female chimpanzee, had never before met a male of her own kind, and she fell violently in love, clinging to her mate and refusing to be parted even when the script demanded.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty encountered has been the task of persuading the British Board of Film Censors to pass the film for ordinary exhibition.

However, after five months' struggle the Board has relented, and the film is now having a run at the New Gallery, London.

And that is, perhaps, the greatest miracle that Hollywood has "passed"!
ANDREA LEEDS

MISS LEEDS comes to town as Samuel Goldwyn's latest screen discovery. That great star-picker found her in a college amateur dramatic society production. Andrea supports Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea in "Come and Get It" and will be seen next with Miriam Hopkins in "The Woman's Touch."
ONE of the most brilliant of our younger stage actresses is also beginning to make a name for herself in films; how Diana Churchill recovered after a bad start is here graphically described.

by Max Breen

T'S fun to be in at the birth of a film star—and to know about it.

In some cases you don't know, and you're mad afterwards that you missed your chance of watching the first fluttering struggles of the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis.

I've been lucky; I've watched a number of players in their early days, and have often been able to predict the course of the play as it lay about him or her, which suggested that I should be reading his or her name in neon lights before many moons had waxed and waned.

Sometimes I've been wrong (even Homer is said to have nodded, and I'm no Homer!) but when I've felt most convinced about it, I've usually been right.

I'm more than usually convinced about Diana Churchill, whose screen career started under the most inauspicious circumstances, but will—unless I'm more than ordinarily mistaken—soon "trail clouds of glory."

When Diana left school, only seven years ago, she—very properly—wanted to go on the stage. So, being already an actress in embryo, she put on exactly the right expression and said: "Oh, Daddy, may I try it?"—very appealingly, with a suggestion in the background of heartbreak if he refused her this One Great Wish of Her Life. Well, to a Churchill was a Wembley doctor, and you know what Wembley doctors are. Their pretty 18-year-old daughters simply wind them round their little fingers.

So Diana went to Kate Rorke's dramatic school, and learned a great deal; and then came a time when she thought it would be a good idea to try what kind of an actress she was.

It happened that Corinne Griffith, the famous star of silent days, was about to play in her first talkie—a British-made version of the Michael Arlen novel "Lily Christie."

Well, her accent wasn't . . . quite. . . Anyway she went to Kate Rorke for lessons and Miss Rorke, realising that Connie's husband, Walter Morosco, was head of Paramount-British, pulled a string or two and obtained a tiny "bit" for Diana in that company's Service for Ladies. That, you see, is how things are done.

That film made history as Alexander Korda's first British-produced sound film. The little story failed to posterity as the first film that made Diana Churchill sick.

She had her eyes fixed on the Stage, and she was sick at finding herself mixed up with films—not that she had anything against films, but it wasn't what she wanted.

However, she knew how difficult it was to get work; and she knew she must be thankful for breaking into any branch of show-business. But it was not a happy time for her. She was scarcely visible in the completed film; and as for making an impression in the studio, a friend afterwards told her that Korda, seeing, with him, a moment films were not her métier; and she was very much relieved when she should be called out of her shoes studios from her heels—and there's a whal e of a lot of dust in a studio—and actually obtained work in a real play on a real film but for real money.

She had now reached the ripe age of eighteen, and she made her first professional appearance as "Nancy Forster" in Champion North, at the Vaudeville Theatre. The next one for Korda, an enormous success, and she was grateful for the attention. She was happy to see herself in the film; and attractive very favourable attention.

About this time there was just bobbing up into the sun a brassy young actor who was making the critics sit up and take notice.

Diana played opposite him at the Duchess Theatre in Flight. He appeared at the last moment; but the Bow String wasn't pulled tight enough, and the arrow fell short. The young man was Henry Wilcoxen, known to his friend, this Diana was sent to interview Priestley for a role in Dangerous Corner in the West End. (Diana has some very faithful friends who are, as she says, "Shoved her round," among them being Helena Pickard, who is Lady Hardwicke; but that is by the way.)

Anyway, she didn't get the part in Dangerous Corner; but she met a fellow who subsequently filled the role with great success on tour, could not understand why she was turned down—until months afterwards, when she met Priestley, and he told her.

"It was because," the playwright said frankly, "you looked so damn dreary!"

Well, maybe she felt a bit dreary; youth is impatient, and success seemed an awful long time coming.

However, Sidney Carroll put her into Streets of London, which ran for five months and largely restored her faith in the way the Universe was being run; and that she went to Oxford in repertory, and had a high old time—"the time of my life," as she expressed it to me.

She liked repertory, being madly enthusiastic, a hard worker, adaptable, versatile, and quick to learn; and she like Oxford, being a good mixer. And Oxford certainly liked her.

By the way, during the immediate pre-Oxford period she had another cut at the movies.

This time she was in Sally Bishop, which should have been a good part; but it was a great deal in its favour—Temple Thurston as author, John Drinkwater to adapt it, Hayes Hunter to direct it, Joan Barry, Kay Hammond, Isabel Jeans, Beata Hume, Anthony Bushell, and Emlyn Williams in the cast.

Diana with Sambo, mascot of the "Sensation" unit—but Diana is likely to bring the film more luck!

By this time, of course, Diana had got herself well and truly into the front rank of young stage actresses by her brilliant performance in The Dominant Sex, which began at the Embassy Theatre in January, 1935 and lasted for eighteen months, stopping over at the Shaftesbury and the Alhambra in its triumphant career.

Diana Churchill had definitely arrived, and it was bound to be only a question of time before the film world would overlook the fact that she is not the easiest person in the world to photograph ("Well, I ask you!") says Diana. Look at my nose!", and offset against that the fact that she is an amazingly skillful young actress who has accomplished more in three years than most actresses do in ten—and withal the possessor of a highly attractive personality and considerable personal charm.

B.I.P. got her down to Elstree to play in Sensation; and before that was over there was a vacancy on the next sound-stage.

Gertrude Michael, on her way from Hollywood to play the lead in the screen version of The Dominant Sex, was taken ill in New York. The production couldn't wait; and what more natural than to invite Diana Churchill in from next door to play the part she knew backwards?

Diana has a great deal of the quality of Margaret Sullivan, but is softer and kinder. I'm looking to her to make the Very Bright Lights one of these days. Look out for Diana! She's on her way.
How to be a Dancer
by ELEANOR POWELL

The world's greatest woman tap dancer tells you (in an interview) about a fascinating career.

EARNING to tap dance cost me £5, a few tears and a lot of hard work.
I didn't mind the hard work so much, but the £5 I paid for the course was a considerable sum to us in those days (I was living with my mother) and I'm afraid our menu suffered in the process of raising it.

To make matters worse, every time I tried to do a tap my feet thought they belonged to Charlie Chaplin. After three lessons I was in despair. I went home that night and wept out on my mother's shoulder my determination to give up dancing as a career.

She pulled me together and I tried again. Then "it" came suddenly at the sixth lesson—"I had at last got the rudimentary movement of the elusive art of tap dancing, which is the expression of rhythm by the feet. I completed my ten lessons—all I ever had in my life and set out at home to perfect what I had learned. I have been working to perfect it ever since.

I had come to New York as an acrobatic and ballet dancer and acrobatic and ballet dancers just weren't in demand. Months of cooling my heels in producers' offices and living on one meal a day had convinced me that I must learn the modern tap or go back home and admit failure.

I have tried, and I hope I have succeeded at the outset of this article on dancing as a career, in making it clear that there is no easy road to success. Yet I can think of no better career for any girl who is really fond of dancing, not merely dazzled by the glamour of the stage.

Top: The star in a striking scene from "Born to Dance." Right James Stewart is the author's new leading man.

Once a girl has learned to dance well she has an asset, which if it does not take her to the larger heights of fame and fortune will at least provide her with a profitable profession; and even if stage, night club or film success eludes her altogether there is always teaching.

Taking for granted an inherent love of dancing, the main qualifications are a sense of rhythm (and eighty per cent, of girls have a sense of rhythm), ambition and the sort of perseverance that will carry you through the months and years of training and practice necessary before competency is reached and which never really end for a dancer. I still practice four hours a day even when I am working.

Neither great beauty of face nor outstanding loveliness of form are necessary. Make-up and lighting can work wonders provided the features are reasonably regular and dancing itself and its attendant exercises will bring grace to the reasonably passable figure.

Personality, too, can to a large extent be cultivated through the medium of the art. Jack Donahue taught me that years ago and it was.
one of the most valuable pieces of advice I have ever heard.

"Don't dance with a 'dead pau,'" he told me.

"Change your expressions and you will find that audiences will be more interested in your face as your feet. They will think of you as a personality as well as a dancer."

The aspiring stage artiste has the choice of five kinds of dancing: ballet, musical comedy, ballroom, character and tap.

Personally, I think that ground work in ballet is essential, but I am not prejudiced about the subject. I am a ballet dancer at heart. I had five years' training in ballet and I am convinced that it is the foundation of all good dancing. It imparts a poise and grace that nothing else can.

Therefore I recommend a course in ballet first, even if it is a comparatively short one.

Before you attempt even the simplest routine on the dance floor, however, there must be a period of physical training, limbering and stretching exercises which prepare the body for a dancing career and make the muscles strong and supple.

I cannot stress the importance of this preparation too much. I have seen the ambitions of too many promising artists wrecked through muscle troubles caused by neglect of this preliminary "build-up."

A full month is usually necessary, and because it is so important it is advisable to seek the advice and direction of an expert.

There are, however, a few simple exercises which can safely be practised at home.

One of them is the ordinary "splits," which most of us essayed in childhood, and it is a very useful one as it stretches the thighs and stretches the muscles.

I started young, of course (I made my stage bow as a specialty dancer earning a whole seven dollars when I was thirteen), and I was fortunate in finding a really good teacher, Ralph MacKerran, in my home town, Springfield.

He gave me a thorough grounding in everything a dancer should have—kicking exercises, acrobatic work and then ballet.

The first year I had one lesson a week. It lasted for two hours. The second year I had two lessons a week and the third and fourth years I had five lessons a week.

In the fifth year I spent most of my time at the studio, taking instructions and acting as an assistant teacher.

All that time and for years afterwards, when I was earning a precarious living on the stage, I spent hours a day practising at home.

The real struggle, of course, begins at the end of this period of training. The more brilliant and lucky ones may find engagements right away as solo dancers in theatres and night clubs.

There is nothing to be ashamed of, however, earning while you learn by going into a chorus.

There are three chorus girls in Born to Dance who, I believe, will go far. They are Midge Dare, Wilma Holly and Vivian Faulkner. All these girls had the sound training I have indicated.

And all of them have original ideas for creating routines. This is an essential qualification of success in what is a very competitive profession. I originate all the steps I do.

Here, finally, are a few tips for the aspirant to terpsichorean fame:

When you dance make believe that something very heavy is on your hips—holding your feet on the floor. Don't bounce. Glide!

Don't try too many difficult steps. Don't do anything that will look like an effort to the audience. To-day I do only about nine steps that are difficult. One is the tap-on-turn, which is a feat. Another is the tap I do with my feet hardly moving. It took three years to perfect.

Practise and then practise some more...

What advice I have been able to give here has been addressed, of course, to those who are thinking of taking up dancing as a career.

Dancing for pleasure is a different matter. It is possible to learn one or two simple tap routines very easily.

I have known of some cases where pupils have picked them up in a few weeks.

W. C. Field's latest, The Sentimental Agent, now on the boards at the Criterion, is a hit, even with the fashionable audiences. It is a very funny play. It should be a success.

It is a play for all ages and all tastes. It is a play for everybody.
A study in expressions. Edwin H. Willis, art director, George Cukor, Margaret Booth, cutter on all Garbo’s films, a studio hairdresser and Greer Leaver, Robert Taylor.
Leslie Banks was very rushed when I interviewed him between rehearsals. He is one of the most amazingly active people, with a quick restlessness about him that is counteracted by his quiet voice.

Of his activities in The Three Masins he spoke with a reminiscent smile. He doesn't smile often, but when he does it lights up his face in a most friendly way.

"I had to learn trapeze work for that; we all three did, and Anna Neagle got really good at it. But for myself—well, I hadn't done any since I left school. It was terrible!"

"I felt the most awful contempt for my miserable body; it wouldn't do a thing I wanted it to when I first started."

"I just hooked on to the trapeze with my hands and hung in the air—couldn't move up or down, and then suffered tortures in my arms afterwards!"

"The thing that frightened me most was learning to hang upside down,"—his smile broadened—"but when I got used to the idea it was all right, and I didn't mind a bit."

"Finally, I was able to do various turns with ease, but at first it was perfectly awful!"

From laughing at his own sufferings he became serious and told me about his parts and what he really wishes to do in films.

In The Three Masins I played the part of a great big rough fellow with a Scotch accent—you know the type—and it was such a change because always before I've had to take rather 'noble' parts.

"Now, I'm taking any part that comes along; that is to say, any character part, because I want to build up my character-acting in films."

"People say you can't be versatile on the screen, but I think you can. And I want to prove it. I believe in versatility. I think it's good for an actor."

In Fire Over England, he continued, "I have a totally different role, that of Lord Leicester. Actually, it wasn't in the book, but it is so difficult to make a picture of Elizabeth without either Leicester or Essex with her, that something had to be done about it."

"He then went on to say how one short line nearly drove them all mad—including Elizabeth, during the making of the film."

"I had a certain line to say—'Not in danger'—just that, nothing more, and I had to rehearse it from various angles."

We could not get this wretched line from the right position. Finally, I was saying it from every possible and impossible angle until Flora Robson, Vivien Leigh and Olivier, not to mention myself, were getting quite hysterical over it.

"Four o'clock in the morning found all of us in different parts of the studio muttering: 'Not in danger!' 'Not in danger!' 'Not in danger!'"

Speaking of this type of picture, he said that he thought other people made better films of English history than we did ourselves.

Fire Over England was delightfully international, for we had Erich Pommer producing, the director was an American—William K. Howard—and the camera-man was Chinese—Jimmie Wong Howe.

I think we're apt to overlook some incidents because the average Englishman hates blowing his own trumpet, whereas a foreigner isn't afraid of overdong things.

"Don't you think so?" he asked. And there you have another very nice trait in Leslie Banks' character. Very definite of opinion himself, he is always ready to hear views other than his own, and he always comes to his own work he is exceedingly modest.

"And now about films becoming more international; what is your opinion?" I asked.

His reply came at once and without hesitation.

"I think it's a very good thing. Quite a lot of people are against this 'internationalisation' of films, but I'm not. It happens to be a thing I'm rather keen on; I think it's a splendid idea."

"Take Annabella, for instance; look at the public internationalisation has been able to give her that she could never have had otherwise. And it gives the English-speaking public a chance to see stars that they otherwise might not see."

"There you have it! Good for the star—good for the public! Yes, I certainly think it's a thing we should encourage, because I feel sure in the end it will be good for the industry."

In mentioning Annabella, he was speaking of her appearance in Britain's first colour film, Wings of the Morning, in which he plays the Earl of Clontarf. I inquired what his views were on colour, knowing that he had trained as an artist before he became an actor.

"I think it's going to be a great success when they can forget that they are using it. Perhaps when they use more of the blues and greys and less of the reds and yellows, it will be very much better. At present there's too much consciousness of it as the medium, too much inclination to use colour, if you see what I mean?"

"La Cucaracha was marvellous because there they had one of the finest artists to supervise the colour schemes and design, a job which, I think, is as important as the camera-man's in a colour film."

"The English countryside is wonderful in colour! The soft hues come out so beautifully."

He spoke with a very real enthusiasm.

"And I hear our climatic conditions are very favourable to taking in colour," he added. "The atmosphere is right, no harsh lights."

His main hobby is interior decoration and he has also a weakness for caricatures.

His favourite period is the Georgian—his favourite stage part "Clive" in Clive of India, and on the films he thoroughly enjoyed playing "Sanders" in Sanders of the River.

Mentioning that film, he said of Paul Robeson, "He's a grand person to act with—he really is—most unselfish. I liked that film; I felt it had a purpose—but then most of Korda's films have, don't you think?"

I asked him if he had seen himself in The Three Masins.

No, and I don't think I shall go to see it; I know it sounds dreadful, but I hate seeing myself on the screen!"

He stubbed his cigarette out thoughtfully. "I think most of us do, as a matter of fact. My fur rises the moment I see myself in a picture! But I like going to films—of other people!"

He added.

Of his own screen successes he spoke not at all; but they number among them some very fine performances, perhaps one of his most outstanding being in the Hounds of Zaroff, a temperamental part admirably suited to his versatility. Two films which won for him great praise were The Man Who Knew Too Much and Sanders of the River.

He told me that he had designed some of the scenery for Till The Cows Come Home, the play in which he is now appearing in the West End. When I left, it was with the impression that Leslie Banks is an artist of the front rank by virtue of his own character and understanding. He does not want to be "typed" because change, to him, is essential. Perhaps that is the very characteristic which, allied to his talent, makes him one of our most versatile actors.
Season's Greetings to a pretty face

Beauty to the beautiful! What could be more appropriate. Or more flattering when that beauty comes in exquisite bottles and jars bearing the world-famous mark of Yardley. And why not give yourself a new face for Christmas? Any of the lovely things below or a treatment or course of treatments in our skilful Bond Street Salon are as pleasant to get as to give. This is the season, you know, when weather and a busy life combine to ravage the complexion. And our "season's greetings" to pretty faces are being eagerly sought out in every corner of the globe. Our experts will gladly advise you what preparations to select for others. And, if you are a woman, gladly advise you without obligation also upon your own skin problems. Find them in fine stores, coiffeurs and chemists, and the Bond Street Salon — today.

THE BEAUTY BOX, with a complete treatment for any skin type, is one of the loveliest of gifts, at 16. -. And even more flattering for gadabouts is the TRAVELLING CASE, in lovely grey simulated ostrich leather with 3 creams, 2 lotions, a tissue packet and our lovely powder, 27.6. De Luxe Case, 7 gns. Boxes made up from your own selections also. For confirmed Yardley addicts we suggest the decorative, triple-quantity jars (Complexion Cream, 7.6, above) and bottles of Yardley beauty preparations.
NOWAYS, when there is a tendency to cast for leading parts in some of our pictures Hollywood ladies who, however charming they may be, show tendencies of slipping off the crest of their wave of popularity and into the trough of make-shift engagements, whenever one does hear of a British heroine getting a chance in a film made by an American in England it seems like a very welcome sign of the passing of our doldrums.

Take a deep breath and start again.

Valerie Hobson is to play opposite Doug. Fairbanks, jun. in Forever and Ever at Worton Hall.

This is a sign of all sorts of things. First, that Doug., jun. has the sense to snap up a girl who may at any moment make stardom; second, that it’s necessary for a girl to go to Hollywood to get a decent chance.

Now it’s no use you bawling “Matthews” and “Neagle” at me; they’re exceptions, and exceptions prove the rule.

Third, the supply of American importations must be running short. Could even Doug., jun. (who certainly has the courage of his convictions) have resisted the temptation to exploit a ready-made reputation—even if a little moth-eaten—rather than build up a new one?

Perhaps he could. Doug., jun. is certainly a force to be reckoned with in British films.

Anyway, Valerie’s reputation as a clever young actress certainly does not have to be built up right from the ground; she already has attracted the attention of the critics and the public as first rate star material only waiting to be developed.

She is an Irish lass, born at Larne, and described as “the ideal type of screen star”: five feet six in her silk socks, light brown hair (but don’t call her a “brownette,” please), and with the kind of grey eyes that one associates with the word “colleen”, and the kind of waist that a hero’s arm just fits round.

Inconvenience

Also she is a gay, friendly, high-spirited kind of person, with a face far more capable of expressing swift change of mood than your proud, haughty English beauty seems to be. (Oh, those proud, haughty English beauties, and the inconvenience they cause in film studios!)

This is not supposed to be a monograph on Valerie, so I’ll just remark that she made her professional debut at Drury Lane in Bull at the Savoy, went to Hollywood, played in The Werewolf of London, China Town Squad, Bride of Frankenstein, and a few other lurid screen-dramas, and came home last summer to play in one or two British films. If this new film (which is to be directed by Raoul Walsh) is as good as I think it will be, Valerie Hobson will have an opportunity such as she has never had before to come right into the front rank of British screen heroines.

By the way, in changing the excellent title Jump for Glory (can you think of a more apt or imaginative one for a cat-burglar story?) to the stodgy and commonplace label Forever and Ever, Messrs. Criterion Film Productions, Ltd., should at least pay us the compliment of remembering that in the English language there is no such word as “forever”. We spell it in two words.

Why give an American title to an officially British film? Think it over, Doug!

Boh! Merger!

At Shepherd’s Bush, things have slowed down as a good deal; and, speaking of deals, some of the Shepherd’s Bush stuff by no means regard the recent deal in film shares as a good deal, for it has resulted in a drastic revision of staff, and quite a number of people who have been at (Continued on page 21)
Is this YOUR Type?

To know her type, to study its demands, to make every accessory of her toilet express and accentuate her personality is the secret of a woman's attraction. And how true this is of her complexion.

Her make-up must blend exactly with her natural colouring, emphasising it a little, perhaps, but always in tone.

Send coupon with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to Dept. P.B, DIXOR Ltd., St. Leonard's Works, Mortlake, S.W.I4, for three trial tubes of Velouty.

FREE SAMPLES

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T H I S L I T T L E B O T T L E is a leader...

The familiar KRASKA Nail Polish still leads in the fashion field because it will not chip, crack, peel, or fade. Post the Coupon below and ensure the smartness of your naps for Christmas.

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• 1/6 Bottle for 1/2

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There's a rush on our Christmas Gift Boxes, but you'll be glad to know that you can now buy them in any good Store or Chemist — specially wrapped in gold foil paper for Christmas—containing 12 Marina Bath Cubes in 6 delightful perfumes—violet, jasmine, pine, eau de cologne, rose and lavender. They cost only 2/- per box.

A CLEAN STOMACH NEVER CAUSES PAIN

You can always tell when your hands or face want washing—by looking. But how can you tell when your stomach has become unclean by undigested food setting up nauseous gas or wind? Only by Nature's wireless—pain.

A clean stomach never causes pain. So heed Nature's warning that your stomach needs the soothing, cleansing, healing influence of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to rid it of impurities. If you leave them unchecked they will create acid to eat into your stomach lining, and the result may be agonising gastric or duodenal ulcers, requiring the costly and painful application of the surgeon's knife.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder keeps the stomach sweet and healthy because it is compounded to a formula that has been recognised for years as the most efficacious stomach treatment ever prescribed. Prevention is better than cure. Keep your stomach clean with MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You can always tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose.
THE BRITISH STUDIOS — Continued from page 19

“the Bush” for years are out, with a prospect of other changes to come.

That prospect has become a spectre, stalking the Gaumont-British corridors, for few people are quite sure what is going to happen, and many who have considered themselves to be nicely dug in for life are shivering in their shoes, and starting violently whenever the word “merger” is mentioned.

I hope the expected reorganisation will take place as soon as possible; no one can do his best work in an atmosphere of uncertainty and dread.

Meanwhile, any production occupying the floors is *King Solomon’s Mines*, and that is such an extensive production that, besides sprawdling over the entire No. 1 Denham ‘Bush’, it also has poked into Africa, whither Geoffrey Barkas has gone with a camera-crew and skeleton unit to film exteriors.

Recently in its notes the homage name of Barkas was mispelt; this, I protest, was due to a printer’s error in reading my writing.

It would be unfair to lay the blame on his name wrong, for this pioneer of British films is my second cousin, and we used to spend our summer holidays together in North Wales when we were boys.

And we made our plans in those days for journeying to the farthest corners of the earth; which, I may say, he has done.

Incidentally, Geoffrey was directing films at Elstree when there was only one small studio there—the old Alliance Studio—and he is now regarded as the most successful location-organiser in British films.

**A Hay Diet**

In sharp contrast to the adventure film at A Shepherd’s Bush, in which Roland Young, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee and John Loder are being directed by Robert Stevenson, is *Good-morning, Boys*, pursuing its hilarious way at Islington under the genial headmanship of Director Marcel Varnel.

A brace of Will Hays, senior and junior, are the high spots of this production, in which Martita Hunt, Graham Moffat, Peter Gawthorne and Fewliss Lewellyn all figure prominently.

I predict that Hay fans will have no reason to complain of the Hay diet served out to them in this; it seems to be exploiting all the well-known Will Hay recipes for laughter and exploring a few new ones.

And, talking about laughter, I have a feeling that a comedy is now in preparation at Denham which will ring all the bells and win all the coconuts.

It’s Victor Saville’s screen version of James Bridie’s stage version of Bruno Frank’s play, which we know as *Storm In A Teacup*. The English stage version was delightful, and I am inclined to think that the film edition will be no less so—especially as Sara Allgood, the famous Irish character actress, is to play the same part as she played on the stage—that of “Hororia Hegarty”, the woman whose mongrel dog causes such a commotion in a Scottish town.

**Taxing His Generosity**

The way in which this play originally came to be written is interesting.

Bruno Frank wrote it a few years ago as a protest against the dog tax in Germany, so he was then very high.

It was an enormous success in Europe, and as a result the author was overwhelmed with applications from people who were too poor to pay their dog taxes, begging him to use his influence to get the tax reduced.

Poor people with their dogs used to queue up outside his home in Germany; and Bruno Frank, convinced that he owed the success of the play to the people, went away practically all the royalties he had received from it, to help despairing dog-owners to save their pets from destruction.

Later he met James Bridie, the Scottish playwright, and arranged with him to adapt it for the English stage.

Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Ursula Jeans, Cecil Parker and “Scruffy” (playing the part of the mongrel hound, for which Nature has perfectly fitted him) complete the cast so far . . . though another hundred and fifty dogs of all sizes, shapes and breeds are now being “cast” for a canine crowd scene.

A unit has been working on location in Scotland, and interiors are now being done in the Denham studios.

**Getting in a Wax**

In a number of years’ association with British films I’ve known a large number of films dealing with waxworks to be produced, but none of them seems to have been sensationaly successful.

Hollywood has better luck. *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* was one of the most successful horror pictures to haunt a shuddering world, and there was the famous *Waxworks*, of Paul Leni, which was a landmark in production; but Madame Tussaud does not seem to have been quite so kind.

Perhaps Premier Sound Film Productions (this week’s new company, ladies and gentlemen) may break the spell. They are producing (chiefly in the Highbury studios) a thriller entitled *Midnight at Madame Tussaud’s*, which sounds like a very good advertisement for the famous waxworks.

May not Premier Sound have not taken me into their confidence as to whether this will exploit the celebrated offer of five pounds to anyone who would spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors, but the final scenes of the story take place there, and the unit had a taste of the eerie atmosphere of the grim chamber the other night, while filming certain scenes there after the premises were closed to the public.

**Nightmare**

I didn’t venture in, myself. My last incursion into that abode of horror and crime and cruelty was some years ago, when the Jack Hubert-Cicely Courtneidge picture, *Jack’s the Boy*, was being filmed there.

While the unit was upstairs making the more hilarious sequences, I ventured down the stone stairs and wandered alone round the vaults among murderers and grisly relics and tableaux, all lit by about two green lights.

I spent about half-an-hour down there—and it gave me nightmares for a fortnight!

**Rod and Vima**

And now, to change the subject rather drastically, here comes Rod la Rocque.

One of the minor mysteries of the film world, to me, is the protracted absence of Rod from the screen; in his day he always seemed to me to be one of the most attractive young leading men in Hollywood.

Now, hardly looking a day older than when he reached the height of his career in silent films, he is back in the studios, and British studios at that.

Julius Hagen, who knows a good deal about casting, has engaged him to play in the romantic comedy *She Knew What She Wanted*, which he is producing at the J. H. Studios at Elstree.

“Fairest of them all.” The flowers on the left is Kathleen Kelly as she appears in "The Domi- nant Sex."
The end of a long engagement: Ann Sothern and actor-bandleader Roger Pryor lined up at the altar in Hollywood recently.

CLARK GABLE has joined issue with realism on the screen and refuses to wear a bushy, black beard when he plays the role of Ireland's hero, Charles Stewart Parnell, although it is well-known that Parnell had a beard.

John M. Stahl, who is producing Parnell, is adamant on the question of whiskers, and demands that the star at least take a trial with a beard.

All Gable will say is: "No beard!"

His Home Town

Robert Taylor comes from Beatrice, Nebraska, but the name "Robert Taylor" does not give this townsfolk a thrill. The reason for this attitude is that Bob's real name is Arlington Brough, and this name is always shown in lights over the local theatre whenever the star's films are in town.

The star recently visited his home town, was met by a band and a parade and was feted during his brief stay. He brought his mother back to Hollywood with him.

Bing Crosby's Admirer

Bing Crosby recently received what is believed to be the longest fan letter that ever arrived in Hollywood. The letter was so long that it came as a "two-part serial" in two different envelopes.

Close to hand-written, the first letter contained 30 pages. It was continued to a 16-page conclusion. The writer is a Milwaukee girl who signs herself merely as "Clara Belle" and from whom the corresponding star has received an average of one letter a week for two years.

She never gives her address, nor does she ask for autographs.

Her Career Wins

Isabel Jewell, clever little actress, declares that she has broken her engagement to Owen Crump, young actor, because she prefers her career to romance.

According to Isabel, Owen wished her to give up the films and devote her time to their future home, to which she could not agree, hence the broken engagement.

They Weren't So Smart

It all happened during a location trip by Universal's Three Smart Girls to Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains.

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, who play the title roles, were required to navigate a small sailing boat across one of the lake's inlets. The breeze suddenly shifted, and the little vessel proceeded to turn turtle, sending the "three smart girls" into the icy lake.

Fortunately they managed to keep aloft until rescued by a motor boat.

The joke was on the director, for the girls had told him disconsolately that they knew all about sailing boats!

Anyway, they know more now.

Anna's Troubles

Anna Sten has discovered that there is more truth than poetry lurking in the legend of the mountain that came to Mahomet.

Loosened by the recent rains, her own particular mountain, situated directly above her home in a Santa Monica canyon, is shifting downward and, although barriers are being erected to prevent this, the Russian star is greatly concerned lest the entire mountain suddenly demolish her house.

However, we must give Anna credit for courage, as she has notvacated her home.

It Must Be Love

Lily Pons has a fiancé who is the envy of all her feminine friends. He is Andre Kostelanetz, a noted musical director, who is engaged with an orchestra in New York.

He flies out from New York over the week-end whenever possible, calls her on the phone every evening, and sends her a bouquet of yellow roses every day!

A Charming Eskimo

The reason Irene Dunne has delayed her return to Hollywood from New York is because, so far, the snowfall in the East has been slight.

The star, an ardent devotee of winter sports, is waiting in a camp in the Adirondack mountains for the first seasonal blizzard before she returns to work in the California studios.

They Didn't Want Much

Departing from the studio after a wardrobe fitting, Joan Bennett was mildly surprised the other day to see four sweet-faced old ladies lined up determinately on the sidewalk by her car.

It transpired that they were visiting from Buffalo, and had a three-fold purpose in their visit to Hollywood--she was afternoon tea with Miss Bennett, one a chat with Lionel Barrymore and one a autograph of Clark Gable.

Touched by their ambitions, Joan provided them with the tea and, when last seen they were observed moving off in the general direction of another street to polish off the matter of Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Gable!

Frightened Lady

The fact that many of the movie people who live near Toluca Lake are confirmed practical jokers is no secret, but Mary Brian felt a "new high" had been reached when she discovered two baby alligators sunning themselves on a Toluca lily pad.

Mary made the startling discovery whilst bringing a boat in for the winter. The alarm was immediately raised about the neighbourhood but, although search was instigated, no more alligators were forthcoming.

So is the incident connected that the "gators" were planted. They were hastily shipped off to a pet-shop.

An Odd Bequest

George Raft is the owner of a small shoe-repair shop in Brooklyn, New York, and he is wondering what to do with it.

It is a bequest from an old Italian friend, whom he had known since childhood, and who died recently.

The star was very fond of the elderly shoemaker, and hardly feels like disposing of it. He may end by hiring someone to conduct the business.

A Gate-Crasher

A certain mysterious girl has driven the studio policemen frantic. These stern guardians of the gates pride themselves on their ability to bar unauthorized persons from the lots, but this young lady has them all baffled.

Clad in a trim riding outfit, she entered the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, unannounced, and had a pleasant chat with Bill Powell. Later she strolled into Paramount, Universal and other studios with equal success.

She is very frank in saying that her success lies in walking rapidly past the gatenmen, who then believe that she has a right to be on the lot.

Ingratitude

The dangers of befriending "hitch-hikers" is well known in the States, but Leo Carillo took a chance, and now is sorry he did it.

A 17-year-old boy applied at the actor's Santa Monica Beach home, seeking aid. Carillo supplied him with food and lodging, whereupon the boy showed his appreciation by changing the locks on the doors of the house, cutting the screens and taking possession of a gun, blankets and a small sum of money. He was arrested and will probably be sent to a reformatory until he is 21 years old.

Odd Footage

Harry Carey, although a western star, graduated from York University Law School.

Anne Shirley earned her first dollar at 14 months posing for a commercial artist.

Simone Simon brought 30 trunks of clothes from Paris.
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S latest production, set in the lumberlands of Wisconsin, gives Edward Arnold a strong character part as an elderly, self-made man who falls in love with a young girl with whom his son is also infatuated. Left: Edward Arnold with Andrea Leeds; and, above, Frances Farmer. Edward Arnold and Edwin Merrick.

Supported by Frances Farmer—and a bottle—Edward Arnold indulges in some vigorous "rough-housing."

Left: Frank Shields as Tony Schuyler and Andrea Leeds provide the youthful romance incidental to the picture.

Right: Edward Arnold is assaulted by his son, Richard Glasgow, a role played by Joel McCrea.
STOCKHOLM, happy hunting ground in the war years for spies of all nations, forms the setting for this counter-espionage drama. Conrad Veidt, as a German Secret Service chief, falls in love with Vivien Leigh, beautiful French spy, and their work brings them into dramatic conflict.

Joan Gardner has the second feminine lead in the film, which was produced by Victor Saville.
Through information supplied by Baron Marwitz, German troops are able to mine a French position.

Journey

Marwitz cultivates the friendship of Lapita (Joan Gardiner) in order to get to know her friend, Madeleine Godard (Vivien Leigh), a French Secret Service agent working against him.
The Princess of Lucco disagrees with her ministers. George Hayes, Esme Percy, Diana Napier and John Hepworth in Capitol's new musical production about a kingdom from which music is abolished because the populace is too musical to work.

Would you have known Richard Tauber behind that moustache on the right? However, it does not detract from his wonderful singing.

Right are the banned singer and the princess who banned him—Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier. Unaware of her identity, the singer invites his sovereign to the concert.

Bright comedy is provided by Schnozzle Durante and June Clyde, as an American journalist and his daughter who come post-haste (by donkey cart) to "cover" events in Lucco for their paper. That's June on the left.
It's the New Idea: it is logical; and its sound commonsense is drawing excited crowds to the Beauty Counters everywhere. Few women have ever known how to choose their correct Makeup: never before has there been any Key to matching and relating the shades in Cosmetics which are correct together.

Hudnut Scientists set out to find a reliable clue... and they came upon the astounding fact that Nature has given to every woman a Personality colour: a colour definitely related to Hair and Skin Pigmentation... the colour of her Eyes.

This Personality Colour is the Key to your Type... your Eyes are proved to be a sure Guide to the Makeup you should use. You have always instinctively dressed to your Eyes... worn Blue to emphasise Blue Eyes...

worn Orange to deepen the beauty of Brown Eyes. As with clothes so with Makeup. Richard Hudnut have created Eye-Matched Makeup, a series of matching Cosmetics. Each item is related in shades that blend correctly together: keyed in turn to Blue, Brown, Hazel and Grey Eyes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY BOX
Ask your Chemist, Hairdresser or Perfumer, for the generous Trial Box containing the complete series keyed to your Type: Price 3/6. Choose yours from the colour list alongside.

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**SEND THIS COUPON TO**

Richard Hudnut Ltd., Dept. P.W.4,
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Please send me, free, Richard Hudnut Eye-Matched Makeup booklet on the Art of Makeup, with large trial sachet of Face Powder.

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(Initials or Miss)

**ADDRESS**
“Beauty is the hitch-hiker of motion pictures—but personality is the force that drives them,” adds the famous director in an interview with Wilson D'arne.

Selznick International. He was in the midst of casting for the Technicolor picture, which happens to be a story of Hollywood from the inside.

We steered him back to the subject at hand, loth to believe that the Dietrichs, Gaynors and Bennetts were not beautiful.

An illusion seemed to be in the process of being shattered. We demanded an explanation.

“Beautiful? Sure they are. But that isn’t the thing that counts. I’ve seen stand-ins more beautiful than some of our ranking stars, and there you have the answer.”

“Let’s get back to your original answer, Mr. Wellman.”

It came out in a cloud of pipe-smoke, vehemently blown.

“Next time you stand in a crowd, you will notice one or two men or women who draw your attention almost irresistibly. You don’t know what it is or why. There’s just something about them that sets them apart.

“That’s a brief explanation of screen personality. The only difference is this: It must be the kind the camera can pick up. Some of our stars—I’ll mention no names—have very little personality in real life, but there’s something extra there which only the camera can show.

“Can you always recognize this when you see it?”

Wellman was sitting in his office at

BEAUTY doesn’t mean so much as a snap of the fingers in Hollywood, and if motion pictures had to depend upon beauty alone, studios would go bankrupt within six months.

“So why not stop all this horn-tooting about beauty, and concentrate more on the things that count?” asks Director William A. Wellman, who is now making A Star is Born, co-starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in Technicolor for David O. Selznick.

“What then, makes a star, Mr. Wellman?”

“Only two things. First and foremost, screen personality. Secondly, talent.”

“And where does beauty enter the picture?”

“It’s just something that comes along for the ride. It happens to be the hitch-hiker of motion pictures, not the force behind them.”

Wellman was sitting in his office at

PICTUREGOER Weekly

December 5, 1936

Director William WELLMAN

“No, indeed. You yourself have heard stories of stars who were shunted about from studio to studio in their early careers, without getting a break. The public judges and records instant response. If it’s there, a star is born overnight. If not, no long process will ever make a star, beauty or no.”

He recounted a list of beauties launched with much beating of tom-toms and trumpetting of fanfares who failed to get across.

If you want to know which stars have the greatest quantity of that peculiar type of charm, Wellman advises watching the airports and railway stations.

“You’ll read about this or that one getting mobbed. Clothes will be ripped by souvenir hunters. Those kind have the most of it.

“Others will draw crowds, yes, but not cause the demonstrations.

“The one without any at all, doomed to slip back into oblivion, will be greeted by a lonely press agent, who probably wishes he was at the nearest bar.”

That made us breathe easier for Dietrich, Harlow, Gaynor and other beauties. Our illusion remained intact.

It also made us think of the names, Freddie March, Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and several other much-mobbed gentlemen.

Wellman agreed with us they had lots of crowd-rousing charm.

“It can’t be confined to a particular type, either. There are horse-opera he-men more virile looking than Gable, but they don’t get mobbed. More than brawny muscles and bulging chest is needed.”

Wellman’s point seems perfectly clear, from both feminine and masculine angles.

You don’t have to be a ravishing beauty or a dashing Romeo to be a star, but you must have that mysterious “X,” the unknown yet tangible quantity.

“Hollywood producers,” said Wellman “have thrown millions away on beauty, without return. Along comes a sweet but not particularly beautiful girl. She plays in a bit. The fan mail bursts the letter-box. Presto! The public has judged. A star is born.”

About this thing called talent, Wellman had little to say.

“That’s something almost anyone can recognise. It can be developed provided the spark is there. We have no trouble finding it or building it.

“The combination of ‘that something’ and talent, however, is what makes the search for new stars so difficult.

“More often than not, as I say, they are not found. They just happen along.”

We’d like to see Wellman display the machinations of his theory in a motion picture. In fact, we dare him to.

If we forget beauty, we asked him, what will the publicity men do?

“That’s their worry. I’ve got a picture to think about.”
The "Evening in Paris" Christmas Coffrets are lovelier than ever! Whether you pay 2/- or 35/- (there are many prices in between) your gift will carry distinction, elegance and that subtly implied compliment to her charm which no woman can resist.

The Pearl of Perfumes

Quite the latest novelty is this bottle of "Evening in Paris" Perfume enclosed in a neat oyster shell case. It costs only 1/9.

(Prices for U.K. only.)
I'll take five hundred more chips, please. I'll have to owe it you for a few moments.

"Sorry, lady; no credit here."

"Meaning you can't even advance me a few hundred on those??"

"This ain't no pawnshop, lady. Well, maybe I could take them along to the boss—Johnny Lams."

"Please do. Ask him to decide."

Oh, this night club, this effort to settle father's debts by hoping for luck with the roulette wheel, was hateful—hateful! Lucille Sutton shrank within herself as the man with the eyeshade, who acted as croupier, disappeared with the jewels into a back room. Why had she chosen this means of attempting to save her father's good name? The glaring light, the cheap furniture, the rattle of dice; above all, the people sickened her—now that her purse was empty.

With an effort to pull herself together, not sure whether she could face the proprietor of such a place, Lucille followed the croupier, who beckoned from the door of the backroom. She received a shock. The young man, sitting at a table, though not of the class to which Lucille was accustomed, was attractive and well-groomed. More, his face, expressive of surprise on seeing her, gave the impression of a man who was both reliable and kind.

"These your father's? Does he 'know' how?" he inquired rapidly, summing up the points of Lucille's diamond bracelet and hunter watch.

"My father died some months ago."

"I'm sorry. Have a chair. You look tired."

"Thanks," he was an attentive listener while she told him of the sale of the New York home and of her being stranded in Miami with less than a thousand dollars.

"I'm money to anyone brought up like you," Johnny said. "But I'm not offering you anything on these. Don't forget, lady, that for every man who breaks the bank once in a while, the bank breaks ten thousand. What's wrong, Saratoga?"

In re-possession of watch and bracelet, Lucille instinctively turned against being left alone while Johnny, leaving the office, dealt summarily with certain clients who had been complaining that the house dice were crooked. Afraid, that, in course of sacking an offender a man twice his size, Johnny would qualify for manslaughter, Lucille rapped him over the head with her purse. The opponent sagged, but when carried out was evidently still alive.

"I forgot you were here. I kinda got carried away," Johnny apologised.

"On the contrary, you were marvellous, though I agree there was too much of it."

"How about my taking you home?"

"My taxi-man's still outside. I guess he won't leave till I pay him the seventeen fifty I owe him."

"I'll take care of it. Saratoga—my hat."

She was aware, as it was given, of black looks from Saratoga and the two assistants, who appeared to rejoice in the names of Honeysuckle and Bicarbonate respectively. But at the moment she was more concerned as to what Johnny's attitude would be when arriving at her doorstep.

"You live alone here?" he asked.

"Yes. Good night!"

"Don't shut me out. I'm a gambler, not a gorilla. Quite a place you have here," he added as, without quite knowing why, she took him into the spacious living-room. "High class."

Amused at having made an impression, she moved back a painted panel of futurist design revealing the well-stocked bar.

"Let me tempt you with some of father's Benedictine," she offered.

"It's much too good for the Sheriff and his crowd. The mortgage on this house terminates to-morrow; hence they move in."

"Hm-mmm! I've an idea. We could turn this into a swell casino. Everything a rich class. If you'd be my partner, we would bring these dirty folk in."

"Turn this into a gambling house!"

What a fool she had been to consort with the owner of a cheap dive. Yet there was a sincerity about Johnny wanting in many of Lucille's erstwhile acquaintances.

"You could clear this place in a year, he urged. "Moreover, don't worry about the cash basis. This is a fifty-fifty partnership." Without offence, his dark eyes travelled appreciatively from her fair hair, simply waved and, with his dark cape, to the white gown with fur-edged cape, set off by a figure that could truthfully be described as willowy. "As I said before, you've got class."

During the sunny Californian spring, Lucille set about the delicate task of running a gambling establishment that, as Johnny would have it, was on the "up and up." She was quite aware that there would be difficulties in the way, and rightly suspected Johnny's three benchmen who, after acrimonious discussion, had decided to throw in their lot with him, as instigators of trouble.

Although, in the old days, Lucille would have merely labelled Messrs. Saratoga, Bicarbonate, and Honey-suckle as three uneducated tough guys, she now realised it worth while to study their characteristics. Saratoga, with his anti-society ideas and qualities of leadership, was the most to be feared, for Honeysuckle, so called because he could climb balconies more quietly than a vine, was happy so long as he was fed. More temperament, Bicarbonate, having an inferior digestion and a violent objection to the use of words more than one syllable, was capable at any time and place of starting a brawl.

"What is it, Saratoga?" Lucille inquired one evening as she saw him approach, frowning, from the croupier's table.

"Nothing. I just closed down on roulette. Chap of the name of Crenshaw's won more than we can afford to lose."

"Don't worry. I'll deal with it," Johnny said aside. "Crenshaw can go on playing if it breaks the bank!" Saratoga turned away disgruntled, only to pick upon a young woman with a blue-blooded air who was (Continued on page 32)
Yes—Santa Claus is on the telephone—

his number is "4711"!

Let each gift you give be something more than 'just another Christmas present.' Let it be the gift of all gifts—something by "4711." There is a wide and lovely choice... "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne—to express the thought that 'only the best is good enough for you.' Or give the exciting new "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes. They're ravishing perfumes and Eau de Cologne in one—a divine discovery! Then there are delightful gift coffrets containing "4711" Beauty Aids—and also coffrets holding men's toilet necessities. Give "4711" and you can't be wrong—that's Santa Claus' advice!

(RIGHT) In a special Gift Box, this bottle of "Tosca" Eau de Cologne costs 6s. Other bottles from 3s. to 20s. Bottles of "Rhinegold" Eau de Cologne, many in special Christmas Coffrets, cost from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 5d.

(BELOW) This neat Coffret, containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, and "4711" Cream Toilet Soap, costs 5/-.

Other bottles from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 5d.

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Shirley Temple in her most winsome moods

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Choose other cards from list given here—the latest—or include in your order the names of any well-known stars. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.
Talking to her escort about cashing a cheque.

"Have you established credit here?" Saratoga demanded with a rough familiarity that made Lucille freeze, especially when the escort countered: "Say, do you know who this is? Miss Gloria van Rensleeve." Very funny—hah, hah, hah, Saratoga sneered. When later he advised a client in Lucille's hearing to "go outside if you want to shoot your face off," she decided in favour of the request: "Saratoga, will you meet me in the garden when you're free?"

On her way to the rendezvous she saw Miss van Rensleeve talking earnestly to Johnny, who appeared to be listening with interest. The discovery made Lucille's subsequent question almost wasteful. "Saratoga, why do you dislike me so? I don't want you to take it wrongly when I suggest that you should be more diplomatic with the patrons. I know you had to be stern with the people you used to deal with, but now it's different."

"I don't see why. We were doing very well before you came along and went to Johnny's head. Now everything has to be high class—ever these uniforms. Making us look like a lot of piccol players. But you ain't foolin' me. You can drag Johnny down to your Park Avenue level if you want to, but I'm not having a hand in it."

"And that goes for us, too," Lucille warned that Honeyseal's six foot tall, and Bicarbonate, with plenty to put behind a straight left, made a daring announcement. "Listen, boys, before we go any further. Let me tell you that I am just as much interested in Johnny's welfare as you. You see, I love him."

If Lucille had half hoped that the sudden sentiment would touch the trio's better nature, disappointment was in store. Certainly Saratoga adopted a more reserved manner with the patrons, but Johnny's three henchmen, Lucille was convinced, hated her as much as ever. Within a week her white poohle, Tarzan, a survival of the old life, disappeared. A subsequent advertisement in the paper announced that a white poohle had been found by the owners of 77 Palm Drive, taken up by Johnny, who went to collect. He came back with the poohle and full of suppressed excitement about a young woman—a new love.

"Her uncle, the Colonel Evelyn Carstairs, is the boss there, and no mistake," he explained to Lucille. "He's real class, haughty, but not when you know him. As for the girl, she's swell. She came along here the other night, and the Saratoga ticked off for wanting to cash a cheque." "Oh! I thought she was a Miss van Rensleeve."

"No. The name's Carstairs, sure enough. Nancy Carstairs. Say, I'm going right now to get her a little present for finding Tarzan." He came back in half an hour with a silver saraeet that would have graced an alderman's table. Wisely, Lucille made no comment other than to say she was sure Johnny's friends would be pleased, but he was too quick for her.

"You want this, ain't right, is it? Too—too much stuff in it," he suggested. "It is a little ornate."

"Yeah. I figured, if I sent it, she'd have to write to me."

"You'd like to see her again?"

THE STORY of the

This time Johnny was not so good at thought reading.

"Sure; but I realise I've a lot to learn. I—I wonder. Would you help me—to get the social angle, I mean—when I invite her out." So Lucille took Johnny to the Santa Monica Club and reminded him to light her cigarette, and not to whistle, snap his fingers, or shout "Hey, waiter!" when calling for the bell. "Captain, I'm coming in here Thursday night with a young lady, and I want plenty of service," Johnny announced confidently at the door. "See that you have three waiters standing near my table looking at me every second."

The following night she restrained him from sending as many as three dozen orchids for Miss Carstairs to wear at dinner. He took her advice weekly and she couldn't resist putting a red carnation in his lapel.

"That's your diploma," she said smiling. "Good-bye and good luck!"

She ached for this heroic feat by appearing in her living-room in her prettiest negligé with (rare woman's glory) her fair hair over her shoulders at the time when Johnny might be expected home. His dark eyes were keenly alive as he took off his muffler.

"What an evening! Her uncle went for that book of poems we sent instead of the sauceboat in a big way. And the one orchid! Was Nancy nuts about that? She's even prettier than I thought. You ought to see her."

"I'd like to. What about Saturday week? I'm having a few people in."

"Fine. I'll ask her. I'm going to see her for the next three nights. Say, Lucille, you look done in. I forgot it was so late. You—you look kinds different."

"How, Johnny?"

"Nothing much; just different. Nevertheless, that look of Johnny's enabled Lucille to take more interest in putting on the black taffetas, simple yet dashing in her complexion and style, for Saturday week's party."

The moment Miss Carstairs entered the room, Lucille remembered her—petite with an attractively insolent white face and red mouth. Whatever her name was, she certainly had been Miss van Rensleeve on the occasion of her last visit to London, didn't you?"

"Yes; as long as the old boy, her uncle, can keep it up; which, between you and me, he's doubtful of doing. It's tough when people like that have a bad break."

Lucille said nothing, reserving speech for a friend she thought leaving. "Mary," she inquired aside, "didn't you rent 77, Palm Drive last year?"

"Yes; it's a charming place. I did so want it this way, but someone else took it."

Determined to have a talk with Miss Nancy, Lucille deliberately buttonholed the girl as she was on the point of going. "Sit down, Miss Carstairs. I haven't seen anything of you."

"So say—sorry to say g—g bye."

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PICTUREGOER Weekly December 5, 1936
Lovely party. Really must be going." The lovely society lady took three steps, tottered, and fell. "Oh, Johnny, my heart!" she breathed as he hurried to bend over her.

"Take her to my room," Lucille ordered, "and send for the doctor." "No, don't send for him. Fetch my Uncle Evelyn, Johnny, please." Nancy begged, coming to as she was lifted on to the bed. In Johnny's absence, Lucille, having found a box of breath tablets in Nancy's clenched hand, administered a cold shower which elicited screams and pleas for mercy. "I did have a heart attack," Nancy contended, emerging from the bathroom. "You're in love with Johnny, aren't you? That's why you hate me. Well, you've had things all your life. I haven't. Uncle Evelyn inherited a little money, we tried to behave as if we were decent people. Miss Sutton, do give me a chance. Don't tell Johnny that I lied about my blood. There, he comes."

She relaxed once more on the pillows while Uncle Evelyn indulged and not bad looking, but with what Lucille privately considered a put up manner—condoned with the invalid.

Johnny's concern was, she felt, the only genuine exhibition of feeling in the room. It dawned on Lucille during the ensuing days, every free moment of which was spent by Johnny at the Carstairs', that there was only one course open. "Johnny," she said, arriving in his office as he put down the telephone, having apparently just communicated about boat tickets for Europe. "Something I must tell you. I've decided to leave here—altogether, I mean."

"Lucille! Why?... Oh, I get you. This isn't your racket. You only got it because you had nothing else.

"It's not really yours, either, Johnny. I want you to know, all the same, that, though I have to go, I've never been happier than I have here."

"And I've never had a better break than working with you. It'll seem strange without you. Well. I've been buying lots of art you like lately. No sauceboats. This is by an old master; if you'll take it for a keepsake."

She saw in a minute that the miniature in Johnny's hand was a cheap fake and had a shred suspicion as to its original owner. Bicarbonate, coming in with two hundred dollars in cash, which he laid on the table, appeared to have suspicions, too. He stared so hard at Lucille that she decided not to comment on the gift, and her thanks accordingly were somewhat hesitant and vague. Outside the office she almost ran down Bi-carbonate, Saratoga and Honey-suckle, who demanded to have a word with her.

"It's none of our business," Saratoga began, "but we're Johnny's pals, and we're wise to the cash present you took off him just now."

"Then you're wrong. I'm sick and tired of your rudeness—she flared. "If you're such friends of Johnny's, why don't you do some real work? Find out who the Carstairs people are, and find out who sold him this and a dozen more very likely priceless old masters."

She left, hoping they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves and telling herself she was glad to shake the casino dust off her feet. They were more deeply implanted than she imagined, however, for the next day saw her mounting the steps to find the trio looking like whipped dogs.

"We've been thrown out," Saratoga confessed in answer to her. "Good evening." "It's a long story, and it wouldn't do any good to tell it, except to Johnny, and he won't listen."

"Perhaps I could persuade him to listen. Suppose you meet me in his office in five minutes."

On fire with curiosity, Lucille thankfully found Johnny at his desk. "I'm glad you came," he said and dashed Lucille's hopes. "Nancy by a wholly sincere smile with: "I've been getting out figures and I can give you a cheque for your share in this place."

"Meaning you're quitting this racket? Oh, Johnny, why?"

"Isn't good enough, I want a business I can run in the day time... something I can advertise and be proud of. It's thanks to you I feel that way, Lucille."

Thrilled as she had never been, Lucille forced herself to be loyal and keep her head. "The boys are outside," she said. "Come in all of you. They want to say something to me, if you don't mind," she added.

"Sure: it's nothing we can't say to Johnny. After all, he knows three-quarters, and he might as well hear the rest," Saratoga admitted. "Well, you see, Miss Sutton, was jealous of Johnny taking up with you, a society dame, so we hired Gert Malloy—that's Nancy's younger— to vamp Johnny and put him off your track. We hired 77 Palm Drive and we took on a pal, Dictionary McKinny, who sells dime miniatures and can talk like a swell. He played Uncle Evelyn. Yeah, but we didn't figure he'd touch Johnny for cash on the family heirlooms and two hundred dollars for quitting the country, cos of poor Nancy's health and the mortgage on the family property falling in."

"Well, it wasn't thanks to you that I kept Johnny from it, 'seeing that I got wise to the miniature at an art dealers and hacing to McKinny go. Good and plenty, before any cash was paid on boat tickets. Gee, I don't know what's bad enough for you boys, trying to make a mug out of your best friend! But I can tell you this: Where we're going there'll be no door, no bar, and no gambling table. I'm going up, and if you care to come with me—"

"You mean it, Johnny? What about Miss Sutton?" Saratoga asked. Lucille held her breath.

"Miss Sutton says she must leave," Johnny said gravely.

"But, look. We said we only thought she was no good. Maybe, if we apologised..." Saratoga began magnanimously.

Lucille did not stay to hear more. She started to run, not caring where or how, seeing that she could hear Johnny's flying feet in hot pursuit. If she had seen the trio on the steps, exchanging bets as to whether Johnny would catch up with her, when Carstairs came in, how she would have laughed!
December 5, 1936

PICTUREGOER, Weekly

PREVIEWS

CRITICISMS

OF THE

LATEST FILMS

WIVES NEVER KNOW

Wives never know

The familiar comedy team consisting of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland provide most of the fun by their clever characterisations in this high-spirited farce, which is apt to wear a little thin in humour at times, but nevertheless provides quite good entertainment.

The "villain" of the piece, who throws a monkey wrench into the smooth running machinery of the Ruggles and Boland married life, is played by Adolphe Menjou. He is exceedingly good, a well-known actress who does not believe in marriage and urges Ruggles to do something desperate so that his wife may have the unique pleasure of being able to forgive him.

He also persuades Mary Boland that her married life is a humdrum affair, and the result of his interference is that Ruggles goes out on the loose and gets entangled with a French actress.

Mary Boland tries to put the "forbearance act" on, but it does not quite pan out in that way. Matters are further complicated by the fact that Ruggles has gone out to be an old flame of Mesouj, who has been trying to make him marry her for years.

The situations are broadly farcical and, although at times over-prolonged, well turned, and there is a peculiar charm about it all at the expense of the modern philosophy.

Charlie Ruggles draws an exceedingly good character of the guileless husband who is led to believe it will please his wife if he kicks over the traces. His obvious embarrassment is most amusing.

Mary Boland, too, is a recognisable type, despite the necessary comedy concessions.

As the temperamental French actress, Vivienne Osborne is very good indeed.

ALL IN

Broad comedy, which develops into slapstick on a highly popular order, is the basis of the new Ralph Lynn vehicle, and generally it provides good entertainment, in spite of its lack of subtlety.

Ralph Lynn is well served with material as the milksop nephew of a touchy but wealthy, sporting uncle who leaves him his racing stable in his will.

Up till the time of the legacy, Archie Skott had been brought up by his aunt Genesta, and his main interest was in a horse for working girls into which it is proposed to turn the stables.

However, a visit to them changes Archie's outlook, for he finds Kay, the attractive daughter of the trainer, who persuades him to keep the going stable and to watch the horse his uncle had entered for the Derby.

Ralph Lynn demonstrates in this scene from "All In" that the life of a comedian has its ups and downs!

However, things were not as easy as that, and when the race Archie finds himself the possessor of an all-in-wrestling stadium and well up against Aunt Genesta, who entrails the clergy to bring her erring nephew to the "straight and narrow."

The action is kept going by Marcel Vernel at commendable speed and the scenes of all-in wrestling provide it with a good example of slapstick fooling. Ralph Lynn gets mixed up in these, and demonstrates that the life of a comedian certainly has its ups and downs.

He puts up a good performance in his own particular vein as Archie, and is ably supported by Sydney Fairbrother as Genesta.

Claude Dampier is sound as the trainer and his daughter is most attractively played by Gina Malo.

Gibb McLaughlin turns in a sound performance as a clergyman and Jack Barty is amusing as an all-in wrestler, who starts a fight directly he hears a bell ringing, to a tune that proves to be very embarrassing for Archie.

Several well-known all-in wrestlers are included in the cast, and they certainly put in all the vigour one could want into their roles.

BULLETS OR BALLOTS

A return to conventional gangster melodrama, which is lacking somewhat in the punch that characterised many of its predecessors, mainly perhaps because it has more concerned with dramatics.

Edward G. Robinson is on the side of law and order for a change, and gives a characteristically resourceful study as a detective who is ready to sacrifice everything for the cause of justice.

As Johnnie Blake, he lets himself be dismissed from the police force in order to gain the confidence of Al Kruger, a gangster whose organisation are a menace to the city.

He succeeds in this, and when Kruger is "bumped off" by a rival, Bugs Fenner, he is able to take his place and rule the gang.

Having achieved his object, he is enabled to tell the police who are the brains behind the racket. This leads to a wholesale arrest, in which Blake and Fenner meet and shoot each other.

Johnny, her slight love interest introduced by Joan Blondell, but the interest mainly concentrates on the rough stuff.

Joan Blondell, however, introduces the necessary touch of romance cleverly and attractively.

Horton MacLean provides a convincing type of gangster as Kruger and Humphrey Bogart is highlyeffective as Fenner.

The development is logical enough, and there are twists which lead to the unexpected happening in a manner which keeps your interest quite well.

There is also a sound atmosphere which adds realism to the proceedings.

—Lionel Collier.

LADIES IN LOVE

Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Simone Simon in one picture. Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to Janet Gaynor—For the rest, the story of Ladies in Love, slightly reminiscent of That Darn Cat, is inclined to be confusing at first and improbable at the finish, and the picture is left to rely on its stellar appeal and its incident individual appeal.

Janet, Constance and Loretta, out for adventure, take an expen- dent journey to Budapest. Each has a different ambition. Janet is the motherly sort who wants love with a husband and children attached. Constance, sophisticated, wants a rich husband with or without love attached. Loretta, innocence personified, wants a hot shop with no love at all attached.

All eventually achieve their desires after Janet has nearly lost her Don Ameche, Loretta has had her heart broken in a romance with an aristocratic playboy and Connie has lost the multimillionaire she really loved (Paul Lukas) to a prosperous schoolgirl (Simone Simon who has had nothing more than a hit). The middle-aged Luka's nose-dive for a child apparently almost young enough to be his grand-daughter is neither plausible nor pleasant.

Of the series of boy friends who flirt in and out as sounding boards for the girls' emotions Ameche and Alan Mowbray, magnificent as a tempestuous illusionist, are the morally agestering and the fact that nearly all their scenes are with Janet, coupled with a sympathetic role and a performance for study, give her the decision—M. D. P.

REVIEWS

*YOURS FOR THE ASKING*


Directed by Alexander Hall, from a story by John T. O'Brien and William H. Wright.

Breezy comedy dealing with a gambler's social climbing. It has fireworks that laugh and is particularly snappy in dialogue.

George Kauf plots plenty of human feeling and no little punch into his intervets of which Lucille Sutten, a winner of a salon, who refusing to lend Lucille Sutton, an attractive society girl, money which she would lose at his tables, but so impressed him with her palatial home that he persuades her to become his partner in the promotion of a "smart" casino.

Johnny's three pals, Safecoin, Bicarbonate, and Honeysuckle, however, object to his going high-hat, mistrusting Lucile, who secretly plots with Gert Malloy and Dictionary McKinney, two confidence tricksters, to cure him of his social aspirations. A little fire is sparked, but when Gert and Dictionary try to double-cross them and Johnny at the same time ship off with through the scheme and gives such a devastating exhibition of fistcuffs and verbal fireworks that they laugh and is too willing to welcome Lucille as his permanent partner.

The humour is of the broad variety and is exaggerated by exaggerating easily recognisable types.

Dolores Costello Barrymore displays the same charm which Lucille, while Ida Lupino is well cast as the provostive Gert.

Directed by Frank Reicher to Reginald Owen, James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne O'Veen for their comic characterisations.

"LITTLE MISS NOBODY"


Directed by John Blinson. Screen play by Lou Breslow, Paul Torner and Edward Elcik.

Jane Withers carries the weight of the picture on her young shoulders and forms the main entertainment angle in a production which has nothing particularly pleasing juvenile studies, suddenly develops into crime melodrama completely.

It seems a pity that such inconveniences should be allowed to mar the work of a little star who is definitely clever.
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**REVIEW BY LIONEL COLLIER**

The PICTUROGER'S quick reference index to films just released

**YOURS FOR THE ASKING**

**LITTLE MISS NOBODY**

**MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE**

**LET'S SING AGAIN**

**MIDNIGHT PHANTOM**

**FORGOTTEN WOMEN**

**ANNE LAURIE**

**THE DEVIL DOLL**

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**EVERYBODY DANCE THOROUGHLY**

What the critics mean:

***An outstanding feature.***

***Very good.***

***Good.***

***Average entertainment.***

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**MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE**


Joe King puts up a very good performance as Mike Eagan, an ex-convict, running straight, who is menaced by Ed Sladeyn, a gunning for the same double. Mike hits a policeman, hoping to be sent to jail for thirty days—the judge gives him twenty-three instead. A gun is left with Sladeyn, and an ex-convict tells Sladeyn to go after Mike. Mike, his partner, is arrested and sent to jail. On the eve of his departure he is found murdered. The plot then resolves itself into an effort to prove Sladeyn the murderer, and it is solved by Ken.

Craig Reynolds presents a cheerfully self-possessed character as Ken, and June Travis makes an intelligent and attractive Jane. But in Sladeyn's prison ward Joseph Crenca is convincing and Richard Purcell makes Sladeyn a really tough gunman. The ingenuity of the plots is dramatic and unexpected.

**LET'S SING AGAIN**


Bobby Breen. Billy Gordon.

Luecys Littlefield. Perkins.


Directed by Kurt Neumann, from a story by Dan Jarett.

Slight story with elements of mystery, comedy and convention humour used to exploit the possibilities of a juvenile star who is appealing in voice and personality. Bobby Breen is cast as Billy Gordon, an inmate of an orphanage who runs away and finds work in a theatre. His voice attracts the notice of Joe Pasquale, who, in his day, was a noted tenor. He trains Billy, and the boy becomes so proficient that Diabolo, a trapeze performer, designs to sign him up and take him away for a show of his own. To avoid this Joe and Billy leave the theatre and tramp to New York.

In New York they find in Leon Albe, a celebrated baritone who is singing at a party. For an encore he sings a liux which he had composed for his own little daughter long since missing. Billy hears this, and, when Albe has finished, gives his own rendering, which his mother, now dead, had taught him in infancy. Albe is struck by the voice, and a few days later returns to reveal to Billy that Billy is no other than his own long-lost offspring.

Of the remainder of the cast, Gene Lockhart is in most memorable role; he has a pleasing baritone voice.

Henry Armetta supplies his usual high spirit and makes two big-hearted comic songs and Vivienne Osborne is sound as a famous opera singer.

The whole affair is quite well mounted and set.

**MIDNIGHT PHANTOM**


Directed by Nick Grinde.

Slight novel spot-the-murderer plot with the action taking place inside a prison. Characterisation is sound and deduction logical with a less noticeable supply of "red herring" trails than usual.

**FORGOTTEN WOMEN**


Written by Elizabeth Keating. Directed by Dan Jarett.

There are no men in this picture, dealing with a group of cantankerous women at the Front during the war, although their voices are heard in the canteen, in the road and over the phone.

The whole affair is atmospheric is realistic but the love reactions of some of the characters and their behaviour is highly melodramatic and the paths over-crossed.

The best way to get an idea of the material is to read a brief synopsis of the story.

It deals mainly with the reactions to each other—and of three of them to their suitors—of eight girls on a maintenance unit behind the Front. The drama that emerges has to do with a case of "love-larceny," Monica DAVIDSON, is in love with Bob RIVERS, but another girl's sweetheart, and her escapade is likely to result in her being left out of Army's "Scouty" GRAHAM, who hates Monica, threatens to tell the captain in charge of the canteen, and in her rage Monica hursts a girl to the point of death. She is charged at "Scouty," killing her on the spot.

Her rival, Janice Lee, sees what happens, but her competitor is later killed by a bullet in her tongue. She is shot instead of carrying a message to the artillery through no fault of her own. But "Scouty" is heroic, too, and bravely substitutes herself for the job. She meets her death on this mission, thus atomising the-ineliminable influence of another woman.

**ANNE LAURIE**


Directed by Walter Tennyson.

I WILL FYFFE is given plenty of opportunities to exploit his own name, and also to sing two or three songs in his characteristic manner.

For the mainstay of a production which is light-hearted but has plenty of popular sentiment and homely humour.

Will Fyffe shows how John Anderson, who, driven into a marriage of convenience by his dominiering ex-wife, Marcelline Day, is left a widower with a baby girl. He goes to the war and is killed, leaving the baby in the care of his brother, Alex, in the show business, arrives from America and persuades them to send him to a British Naval Hospital. Fyffe shows the show such talent that, when the old folk are turned out of their barge by Robert Anderson, she helps them to organise a travelling theatre, which makes their fortune.

Meanwhile, Jamie Turner, a wandering singer, arrives in town with Annie, withdraws his finance from Robert Anderson for turning the old couple out of their barge, and goes in search of them. When he finds them he agrees to help old Anderson for his grand-daughter's sake, and the trouble on the monocholia and impending maternity.

The comical is cast as the barge's chosen boy, and his mother of all men killed in the war. His wife is well presented by Vivienne Chatterton, while Polly Ward is sound as the barge's chum, and Marcelline Day sings and dances vivaciously.

Romilly Lang makes the most of his part as John Anderson, the baby's father.

The production qualities are adequate, but the playing is not of the most attractive location shots. The Scottish atmosphere generally is well maintained.

**THE DEVIL DOLL**

M-G-M. "U" certificate. Fantastic revenge melodrama. Runs 76 minutes.


Except for some clever trick camera work there is very little in the way of production film except for the very credulous.

It's the story of a mad Doctor Moreau, who has invented a process by which human beings can be reduced to foot-high automatons which are controlled entirely by will-power. Unluckily, his experiments have been held up owing to the fact that he is a prisoner on Devil's Island, and Marek, whose wife was being carried on experiments caused

(Continued on page 38)
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Be the centre of attraction?
Good health was, is, and always will be the star attraction. So do not neglect yours. An irregular system is the cause of fat-forming, skin blemishing, mind-dulling poisons. To banish ill-health keep your system regular — regular as the clock.

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BEECHAMS PILLS
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THE SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL WITH THE MOISTURE PROOF BACKING

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Beginning to be a Woman is a booklet especially written for girls entering their teens. Write for a free copy to Miss Mary Holley, Medical Service Dept., G. I. Messrs. Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

December 5, 1936

PICTUREGOER Weekly
REVIEWS - Contd.

during the involuntary absence of her husband. The inventor and his wife have retired to Paris where the former seeks to revenge himself on the directors of the bank which has ruined the latter in unjust imprisonment.

Being sought by the police, Lavond disguises himself as an old woman and opens a toy shop where some of the wares are living animals which have been reduced to Lilliputian dimensions. Having tricked one of his former partners into visiting the shop, he turns him into one of these tiny human beings and a wave of terror is let loose on Paris.

Having effected his revenge and seen his daughter—whom he does not know—safely married in Laves, he retires into well-earned seclusion.

Lionel Barrymore in his female disguise, like a pretentious dame and the rest of the cast is unable to cope with the serial-like fantasy of their material.

"LOVE IN EXILE"

Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Emily Arndt, Harry Carleton, Marcus Reynolds, Emily Stuart, Paul Robson, Roger Ramage, Will Fyffe, Tanya Morison, Tonio Bal, jews, Dorothy Arzner, disaster, Anna Q. Nilsson.

Directed by Alfred L. Werker, from Gene Mackay's novel "His Majesty's Pyjamas."

A romantic comedy which hysteres rather disastrously between seriousness andComic relief and somewhat stilted in dialogue and direction.

Its main assets are the performances given by Helen Vinson, Will Fyffe and Cecil Ramage. Clive Brook is too unbending in the role of a Viscount, and any of the luridness or gaiety to the role of the King.

He is cast as Regis VI, a susceptible monarch, who has his amorous interest in the Countess Xandra magnified to damaging proportions by Weston and Doc Tate, two unscrupulous gentlemen out to secure the country's oil concessions. Left with no alternative than to abdicate, Regis hops off to Monte Carlo, and Xandra to Holland. Later the dictator installed by Weston and Doc gets away, and to shake him up Weston threatens to replace Regis on his throne.

Xandra, thinking that Weston really intends to restore Regis, inveigles him on to Weston's yacht, bound presumably for the old country. However, when Weston's scheme to exploit Regis for his own selfish ends becomes apparent, Doc Tate goes back to Monte Carlo to get Regis and Xandra to outlaw the crook. After a tussle Regis is restored with Xandra as his consort, while Weston gets his marching orders.

"EVERYBODY DANCE"

Cecil Courtordering, Jack Payne, Charles Hore, Lennox, John Laurie, Bill Spurgeon, Patricia Morison, Phyllis de la Vega, Shirley Spurgeon, Emily Arndt, Charles Keighley, Tommy Dawson, Tanya Morison, Sidney Brent, Nancy Wrangell, Sue Boulton, Emily Stuart, Paul Robson.

Directed by Charles Reicher, based on a story by Leslie Arliss and Stafford Dickens. Words and music by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel.

Extremely slight story indifferently presented which relies entirely for its entertainment on the gaiety of its scenery and costumes. It is so poorly served with material that it becomes rather a tax on one's loyalty.

It is set as Lady Kate, a night-club singer with a flashy rep, who assumes the responsibility of looking after her two children, Tommy and Shirley, when they leave America following her mother's death rather than let them be victims of the night club proprietor and their grandfather's wife. She is determined to keep her vocation a secret and instals the children in a country house, where they are later joined by their Uncle Wilbur, sent by grandfather to bring them back.

All goes well at first. Lady Kate succeeds in hoodwinking Wilbur, but later she has a row with the night club proprietor and walks out. In order to get her back he informs her local J.P. of her identity, and such is her reputation that she is instructed to send the children back to their grandfather. Rather than reveal her secret she agrees, but a lucky home-twist supplies the happy ending.

Ernest Truex is fairly amusing as Wilbur, but neither Charles Reiner as Tommy nor Billie de la Volet as Shirley appear to great advantage.

Some songs number are fair and quite well put over, but construction is so weak that neither characterisation nor plot make much appeal to the spectator.

"THOROUGHBRED"


"STORMALONG"

Directed by Ken G. Hall.

Crude and commonplace horse-racing story which is lacking in efficient treatment and presentation. The acting is generally weak and the continuity haphazard.

Ernest Truex and Tommy Dawson, a trainer, who has a huge conceit of himself, but justifies it when he wins the Melbourne Cup. This turns out to be a "wonder" horse, and becomes such a sure thing that it is backed down to even money.

This attracts the attention of Mike Genna, head of a gang of international crooks, who devise ingenious plans to "stop" this hot favourite before giving it an easy day against the double odds. Attempts to dope the horse and to destroy it by setting its stable on fire are frustrated. The final big idea of one of the crooks is to try and reach the winning post. This he does, but the horse staggers on to win the race, and to leave the filmmakers triumphant in the usual way.

For rich SOUPS

Always use one or two Oxo Cubes. Oxo provides the meat-basis of soups in the handiest and most economical form—saves time and trouble.

Oxo soups assure the enjoyment of the meal, aid digestion and promote nutrition from other dishes.

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Red, rough hands banished overnight

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST-TIME!

Buy a tube of GLYROSRA Jelly and before retiring to-night rub a small quantity into one hand. See how beautifully soft, white and silky that hand is in the morning compared with the other. GLYROSRA Jelly contains a marvellous, secret ingredient—Salvamine—which gets right down below the pores, feeding the tissues and toning them up. Women everywhere describe GLYROSRA as WONDERFUL.

THE FILM STAR WAY

Film Stars use GLYROSRA Jelly. Every night before retiring they gently massage their hands, wrists and arms with the sweetly-perfumed, non-sticky Jelly. You can have glamorous hands, too, no matter how much washing-up, housework or office work you may do. Get a tube to-day and see the difference one application makes overnight.

GLYROSRA JELLY

In 6d. and 1/- Tubes, from all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

WARNING: Glycosra jelly is definitely NON-STICKY. Women who have tried it always refuse substitutes.

Heavy face powders, which only give a 'mattish' finish, are completely out of date. Among smart women in Paris today, 'air-floating' powder is all the rage. A powder so fine—spreads so smoothly—that it covers the skin with an invisible film of beauty.

The 'air-floating' process is the amazing new way in which Poudre Tokalon is made. Whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed! The powder is ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible. Gives a most fascinating gritless complexion which is perfectly natural looking. And because it is 'air-floated,' Poudre Tokalon cannot contain gritty particles to clog the pores. Clings tighter—longer—than any powder before known.

All day long in wind and rain; during a long evening's dancing in the hottest room; it keeps your complexion fresh, lovely and free from shine. Poudre Tokalon—the 'air-floating' powder—is something new and entirely different. See for yourself the lovely 'matte finish' complexion it can give you. If you are not delighted with results, money refunded.

By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a der luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 3296), Chase Road, London, S.W.10.

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LOSES HUSBAND
WHEN FAIR BLOND
HAIR TURNS BROWN

Near Tragedy—Ends Happily

THE following letter was recently received by the manufacturers of Stablon Shampoo—"Dear Sir, I am writing to tell you how much happiness I have obtained through Stablon Shampoo. Six months ago my husband and I parted and he was seen about with a beautiful blonde. After seeing your advertisement I decided to try Stablon. After using it twice I saw my husband and he took me to a theatre. A month later, after using it twice more, I saw him again and I am very happy to say that we made it up. All the thanks are due to Stablon, the best shampoo in the world. I remain, Yours truly, 'B.'"

This woman knew why her husband left her, but how few women know that when their sweethearts or husbands tire of them it is because, in his eyes, they are losing their looks. When a man marries a blonde, it is because he likes blond types, but when her hair is brown or mousy she loses that blond glamour and ceases to be his type; invariably he will be attracted by another blonde.

If you are a natural fair blonde you can always stay blond—alarming—if you use STA-BLOND, that wonderful shampoo—one combination. It has the same lightning effect as the sun but without streaking. If you have already turned into a brown or mousy blond you can get back the beautiful golden tresses of your girlishhood by using this wonderful shampoo. Sta-blond, the Blonde's own shampoo, makes your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter without bleaching. It makes 'perma' last longer and gives hair a golden beauty that no other shampoo can possibly give.

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2-4 SHADES LIGHTER WITH
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Do you know the girl whose frocks always look fresh—who is surrounded by admirers at the dance? She is probably the girl who knows that ODO-RO-NO prevents underarm unpleasantness, and saves frocks from becoming ruined by perspiration.

INSTANT for clear ODO-RO-NO prevents for 2 or 3 days.
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Spunge applicator attached to the stopper.

Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no,
Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no (with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also). Use coupon:

Send for Trial Size Now

Odo-ro-no

From the Countess of Carlisle:

This Tyrolean jumper is ravishing. I adore your peasant embroidery and jolly striped neck—and the whole thing fits like a glove. How smart it's going to look, too, with new Austrian box jackets and high quilled hats! Colours? Natural for choice with lots of vivid shades for the design.

The Countess of Carlisle
(Copley's Fashion Adviser)

Ask for Leaflet 636, 2d at your woolshop, 3d. posted by the makers. If any difficulty write to L. Copey Smith & Sons Ltd., 47, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester 2 and 132-133, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.
**How to give your hair that deep Bronze finish**

Ask for a 6d packet of AMAMI Special HENNA and Shampoo

![Image]

AMAMI Special HENNA

Application

Every Brunette can have the dancing brilliance of Bronze hair tones. The Application, in the AMAMI Special Henna and Shampoo, is the beauty secret of countless deeply-burnished Auburn heads. Sure, safe, giving definite results from the very first—there’s no Application like AMAMI Special Henna, so satisfactory or so good for hair and scalp. (The packet also contains an AMAMI Shampoo for brunettes. Truly super hair beauty treatment, and only 6d.)

Full instructions contained in the Packet show how simple it is to use the Henna Application.

Result 

Warm Soft Hair... glowing with health

![Image]

AMAMI No. 1 gives deeper brown shades. 4d.
AMAMI No. 2 is especially for Blondes. 3d. and 6d.
AMAMI Special Henna intensifies “In-between.” 6d.

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Friday Night is AMAMI Night

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**What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers**

**WHIMSICAL FRED ASTAIRE**

**Where He Scores Over Crooners**

Fred Astaire has no singing voice—it would scarcely be fair if he had, considering how much talent is in his toes than most people have in their heads—but many crooners would do well to take a lesson from him.

Through the whimsical, half-humorous manner in which he puts over his sentimental songs is the only way to treat such stuff and is a delightful substitute for the call-eyed gaze and general air of male-der-mer that afflicts the average crooner.

—M. REYNOLDS

Seaton, 21 Windsor Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

That Story Shortage

The fact that eminent film producers are constantly complaining of the scarcity of good stories leads one to consider the cause of this shortage.

Twenty years ago, when films were in their infancy, a simple plot sufficed to make an engaging film because everyday life was a comparatively simple matter at that time.

The competitive story of modern life has engendered in us a blend of philosophy and cynicism, thus making the scenario writer’s task one of continually increasing difficulty.

Each fresh theme, moreover, evolves such a flood of films of the same type that we soon become blasé and indifferent to their appeal.

The number of films produced each year is so large that the supply of good stories is soon exhausted and, as our code of ethics is constantly changing, many themes lose their appeal before they can be utilised as popular film material.—B. C. Davies, Rose Cottage, Barnaline, Neyland, Pemb's., who was awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

**Sez Mrs. Cooper**

There’s some sort goes nuts on Chevalier And then as are for Errol Flynn;
I ain’t even able to fall for Clark Gable

And look at the fans ‘e can win.
I’ve never been crazy on Colman.

Bob Montgomery’s ‘e’s not so bad:
But I don’t give a hool for crooning Dick Powell.

Tho’ William’s a bit of a lad.

Fred. March ‘as made lots of ‘eart flutters.

Wot ‘omeage to Laughton they yields!

Nah, bless me, Dick, I spend me last tinder On bloomin’ old W. C. Fields.

For ‘umoar I like Gordon Harker,

Clausel Hulbert and Dampier, too,

While frozen-faced Sparks an’ the Mad Brothers Marx—

Laugh? Coo! I’m tellin’ you! There’s plenty I ain’t even mentioned, But me, as ‘dried up, it’s a fact.

Still, ‘andsome or ‘omely, it ain’t features only Just give me a bloke as can ACT.—(Mrs.) E. J. Coop, “Dunbar,” Cromwell Road, Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

**Four Black Marks**

I submit the following as being necessary for the benefit of the cinema public:

1. The complete abolition of the garish colours thrown on to the screen at the commencement of any film. This weird light is quite irrelevant and inappropriate, and is not even redeemed by good taste.

2. The paramilitary flushers up and down the gangways during the showing of a film, crying their wares of chocolate, cigarettes, and icees.

3. The constant marshalling of those unfortunate standing in the gangways by the attendants, who urge them to move in some other direction, indicated either by word of mouth or by the violent brandishing of a flashlight.

4. The questionable practice of marshalling all out of one or two exits at the end of any performance. The attendants stand unobtrusively but nevertheless immoderately in front of any exit they do not wish to open, with the result that the often huge stream of people is forced to move awkwardly and slowly to one or two exits alone.—L. J. Lowen, 5 Kendrey Gardens, Twickenham.

She Wants Plots—

Why do the Hollywood producers make such a hue and cry for new faces and new talent? They do not need new players, they need new stories. Consider the stars who have suffered from poor stories—Marlene Dietrich is the best example. In her first American picture The Blue Angel, she leapt to popularity, but this film was one of a number of films with weak plots and she was fast losing her place in the film world. Now, at last, she has a good story in Desire and has regained her old popularity.

Such sensational stars as Robert Donat and Errol Flynn owe their success largely to the good pictures they had in their first starring pictures.

Therefore, I say the film industry does not need new faces, but new stories.—(Miss) M. Whitlam, 18 Priesthorpe Road, Bingley, Yorks.

—He Doesn’t

Why all this talk about plots?

For many years we have endured blather about the number of films and the need for “greater and better” screen stories. We have been told that the film can never attain greatness as an art until its plots are great.

Now, obviously, this is nonsense. The great films of to-day and yesterday have not been blessed with very good plots. The Birth of a Nation means nothing on paper. The Private Life of Henry VIII is merely a string of nuptials as a scene. Queen Christina is a re-hash of Hollywood’s plot No. 1A. As for The Thin Man, I have not been able to understand its story to this day.

The truth is that film plots don’t matter. The factors which make a great film are 99 per cent. great direction and 1 per cent. good acting, dialogue, etc. Great directors have made cinematic milestones out of poor plots. Great plots might be millstones round their necks.—Douglas G. Maitland, 28a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne B.

For Chatterers Only

A ll talking,” in a picture sense, Means from the screen, not audience. So all those things you would confide, Please leave until the quiet time. —(Mrs.) R. Cruse, The Elms, Wadhborough, Worcester.

As We Were

In the days of the silent film, our village boasted the usual kinema. A small hall, with sizeable screen, level boarded floor, wooden (Continued on page 42)
POUDRE MATTEVER

can give it to you

GOOD LOOKS and confidence—poise and happiness, these are the signs of that MATTEVER FEELING. How enviable to know of a face powder which can assure it—Mattever is doing it, it tones the skin, gives a fresh feeling, stays on the skin for hours and stays matt and cool. One always looks one's very best—that is the secret of MATTEVER FEELING.

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TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Glorious, triumphant red—brighter, yet more tender than seen in any lipstick before! That's the new TATTOO shade—HAWAIIAN!

Young, vivid, inviting...coloured with romance...you simply put it on...let it set...wipe it off...only the colour stays! Exotic, transparent colour instead of greasy coating...even, smooth, no dryness or puckering. Four other marvellous shades too! All by tattoo! Indelible—truly and really indelible—as only tattoo is!

"HAWAIIAN" is the reddest red yet. Brilliant, im-possibly daring, this new shade has been dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. Positively will not turn purplish.

"CORAL," an exciting orangish pink, Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and Titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

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Waxes for you

VOSEMAR

No matter how straight your hair is now, vosemal's a hair specialist's wonderful discovery, will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling iron or heat to ruin the hair! Guaranteed pure and harmless. 6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (Por Baly's hair waves. Top is equally effective at 3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from...

THE VOSEMAR CO. (Dept. T)
11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs.
Frances Drake
WAS born in America and "discovered" for the screen in England. Under her real name, Frances Dean, she appeared in Meet My Sister and The Jewel before being snapped up by Hollywood. Previously Frances had had some success as a dancer on the stage and in cabaret.
Among her American pictures are Bolero, The Trumpet Blows, Forsaking All Others, Les Miserables, The Invisible Ray, Florida Special and Sudden Death.
Miss Drake is 5 ft. 2½ in. tall and weighs 7 stone 12 pounds. She has brown hair and grey eyes.

Steffi Duna
BORN in Budapest, Steffi Duna began her training for the ballet in early childhood, and at eleven made her dance debut at the Budapest Opera. She later toured Europe, dancing as "Steffi the Wonder Child."
Noel Coward's Words and Music introduced her to London theatregoers and film parts in The Indiscretions of Eve and The Iron Stair followed. Hollywood then claimed her, her first American film being Man of Two Worlds. As the star of the immensely successful La Cucaracha which started the Technicolor boom, and Dancing

What Do You Think?—Cont.
forms, and piano played by the local genius (no music required).
The patrons would commence community whistling and stamping their feet if a lively ragtime air was rendered, whilst the manager kept shouting "Silence, please," till the tune ceased.
During the evening programmes frequent breakdowns would occur, then darkness, whistle-calls, and pandemonium reigned.
If the breakdown was prolonged, invariably someone in the audience would oblige with a "close-up." Between the showing of the "big" picture and the serial, "lights up" and a ten-minutes' interval. The time was employed in newspaper reading and a general orgy of pea-nut cracking, orange eating, and candy chewing.
Going to the cinema was an event in those days. — [Miss M. Robertson-McIndish.]

For Your Party
Here is the report of the last one I voted in, and the make-up may be of interest to other readers:—


Other headings could, perhaps, be added, and the result is always different, but it has proved very popular. — [Miss A. H. Whittam.]

Bad Films
Three plays taken off because audiences did not want them. What a pity films that didn't suit were left to go the dismal rounds! In this city I have patronised kinemas where films have been booted almost continuously from the opening scene to the final close-up.
Yet the exhibitor has continued to show them the rest of the week. Films should be booked with this proviso: if an audience did not like them, and showed they didn't, different films would be exchanged for them.
Under the present system a stage audience has a privilege we would give much to have. —[E. Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Helping the Kiddies
I was interested in your reader saying she sent her old copies of PICTUOREGOER to a hospital. I have several friends who collect pictures of their favourite stars and, as they are trying to get as many as possible, duplicates are welcome. I cut out all pictures of their favourites from Picturegoer and sell them for a small sum. The ten or twelve shillings I make this way yearly goes to a children's hospital in which I am interested. — [Miss Joyce I. Corbett, "Bon-shaw," Siborne Drive, Isle of Man.

His Modest Wants
I suppose every kinema fan, at some time or another, has passed in review a number of things I should like to see on the films. Here are a few of my anticipations and desires:
1. A really worthy picture of the Spanish Armada sweeping up the English Channel.
2. A "close-up" of Elizabeth, the virgin queen.
3. A "photographic gem" of the ruined city of Pompeii in the moonlight.
4. The encounter between Normans and Saxons at the Battle of Hastings.
5. A "close-up" of Edyth of the Swan-neck, the lady who was to have Harold's wife.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED
What do you think about the stars and films? If you 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 5 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.
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**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.

**Anders** (Derby)—Margaret Churchill played with Paul Kelly in Speed Derby. Barbara Waring played with John Garrick in His Majesty & Co.


J. M. (Harrington)—Tom Min, Claudia Dell, Earle Fine and Stanley Fields took the chief roles in Destiny Rides Again.


P. C. (Reading)—Joan Marsh took the part of Vivian in Champagne For Breakfast.

**Beverley of Plumstead**—(4) Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929, Cape Town, South Africa, daughter of Mary and Jack Jason; when she was two years old, she inherited her family by her talent at dancing; Miss Frances Day prevailed upon her uncle, Harry Jacobson, pianist with the Savoy Hotel band in London, to bring the child to London. She came when she was three years old and made her first professional appearance at a charity concert at the Palace Theatre. A prominent British film producer was present and arranged for her with Artie Fit in Barnacle. Other films: Jams Band, Little Big Shot, The Singing Kid, Way for a Pigeon, The Great O'Malley.


O. J. (Briston)—(4) George Brent to make Safari in Paradise with Jean Arthur. Pedro de Alba playing History Is Made at Night.


**John Howard’s Admire N. L. (Kent)**—(1) John Howard, b. Nov. 5, 1903, Millians in the Air, are South the Rich, Thirteen Hours by Air and Border Frontier. (2) Fred Macmurray, b. Aug. 30, 1909, Kansas, U.S.A.; 6 ft. 3 in., brown hair and eyes inherited Lilian Lamont, and is to make London, Nov. and Night with Carole Lombard. (3) Brian Donlevy, b. Feb. 9, Fort Worth, Texas, light brown hair and grey-green eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., 190 lb., unmarried. (4) Fred Macmurray, b. Aug. 30, 1909, Kansas, U.S.A.; 6 ft. 1 in., 178 lb., brown hair and brown eyes. (5) Alan Ladd, b. Aug. 24, 1913, Ohio, 25 years ago; 5 ft. 11 in., light brown hair and brown eyes; married Barbara Williams, April 26, this year. (6) Leila Hyams sang, ‘I’ll Just For To-day’ and ‘I’m In Love With the Golden West’ in Yellow Dust.

**Nottingham Reader. **Music: Live For You; I Love For Love; Silver Wings; Wine Alone. All published by Shubert, & Co., Ltd., 256 Oxford St., W.1.

**Boles Fan** (Wiltz)—John Boles is under contract to Universal, but is not making a film at the moment. British International Pictures have submitted three stories to Mr. Boles. They have agreed to come to England to star in one of them.


**Tone**—Gabe Fan (Barry)—Contemporary Magazine, 205 Broadway, New York; published Nov. 30, 1935, and the story Jan. 4, 1936, and Jan. 11, 1936; Supplement—Sept. 19, 1936. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 8 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

**Fan Club Notices**

Admirers of Mabel O'Hern should join her Fan Club. Each member receives a bi-monthly club news, membership list and autographed photograph of Mabel O’Hern. For full particulars write to Sydney Briggs, 33 Belgrave Road, Blackpool.

The John Boles Musical Dramatic Club is desirous to enrol new members. They have a large studio in Ladbroke Square and hold weekly meetings. For full particulars write to Mrs. W. Dales, 58 Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Another very enjoyable dance was held by the Film Society of British Film Club, on Friday, Nov. 6th, at The New Burlington Hotel. Guests were invited when many famous stars and celebrities were present. They included Henry Edwards, Gibb Melachlan, Jane Carr, Lord Cottenham, Lance Fairless, Harry Welchman, John Kyle, Frederick Franklin, Peggy Simpson, H. B. Warner, Marjorie Thever, Santa Cassini, R. W. Disneys Secretory of The Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, and Miss Styles, Sidney Hall, Ben Ford, Louis Walsh, etc., and Harry Blake and his Band provided the delightful programme of music. Many lovely prizes were won by the novices in the model competitions and spot dances.

Kind messages to the Club were received from Alexander Kendal, Herbert Wilcox, Basil Dean, David Ostert, Godfrey Tearle, Anna Nogla, Herbert Marshall, and many others. Santos Canati judged the Waltz Competition, and himself very kindly awarded an extra prize. Thanks are due also to the managements of the Strand and Charing Cross Theatres and Factory, and licenci, for lovely prizes presented to the winners, and they all enjoyed the delightful time provided.

The Club’s next dance will take place at the end of January, and a Grand Fancy Dress Carnival Ball has been arranged for Coronation Friday, May 14th next.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your letters to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

**No. 280 (New Series) Vol. 6** December 5, 1936.


**Advt. Offices**: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.

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**Telegrams**: Picturegoer, Southern—wood, Rand, London.

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For the Modern Girl

A mid-day glass of milk is something Jean Harlow never overlooks. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cameraman caught this informal picture between scenes at the studio.

AST week we talked of all kinds of creams, and from that same readers have raised a quite natural query—So much influence has feeding cream on superficial hair. Does it make it worse?

There are many women who are absolutely convinced that the use of cream encourages the growth of hair. There is not one shred of evidence to support this theory.

Let us be frank about it. Generally speaking the majority of sufferers from this distressingblemish are women over 35 years of age. As one approaches the age of 40, certain glandular changes begin to take place, and as a result of these changes, there is a tendency for superfluous hair to appear. Now, these same women, if they are wise, are paying extra attention to their skin in the matter of creams, for the purpose of keeping it soft and smooth. They are using face cream regularly, the hair has appeared, and therefore they argue, it must be due to the cream. Which argument is a fallacy. If a woman has a tendency to this trouble the hair will appear whether she used cream or not.

The truth is that superfluous hair has nothing whatever to do with external conditions. The connection is with certain internal glands. When medical science knows more about this relationship, doubtless the cure will be in treating those conditions. But that is a speculation of the future.

Last week we considered all the beauty aids that come in bottles. Now a word about those in bottles. The astrignents, the complexion milks, and the tonics about which so much has been written. What place do they have in the beauty sphere?

One observation applies to nearly all of them. They are generally stimulating, tonic and bracing in their action. A tonic by itself is not really a good cleanser. For that reason it is better used in conjunction with a cleansing cream as I suggested last week.

Both tonics and astrignents should be used on pads of cotton wool that have previously been squeezed out of cold water.

When using the tonic, pat the skin upwards and outwards. With the astrignent, begin patting under the chin and move along the jawbone to the ear, first one side and then the other.

Toning lotions are always to be recommended as a supplementary treatment after a cleansing or cold cream treatment. It helps to ensure that no excess cream is left on the skin.

They also help to stimulate the flow of blood to the skin, and this is all to the good, for modern life has a way of making this circulation sluggish. After you have patted and slacked your skin with toning lotion you will notice the effect in the slight tingeing sensation which it produces.

Strong astrignents are used for really obstinate cases of open pores and excess greasiness. They are useful also for extremely bony muscles. They are used somewhat drying in effect, so all but the very greedy skinned may find it necessary to use a little cream afterwards to prevent scaliness.

Complexion milk is another excellent toilet aid. It is a cleansing treatment in itself when the skin is blemished more from wind and sun. It is excellent for those who suffer from flushy faces. And it may be used for removing cream from the face when the skin is a delicate and sensitive one.

After the complexion milk has been used, the face should be rinsed with cold or tepid water.

 Yet another bottled beauty aid is liquid powder. Liquid powder needs to be applied skillfully. Most women make the mistake of applying too heavily, with the result that they appear over-dressed or patchy. The best way to apply a liquid powder is with cotton wool squared out of cold water. This spreads a smooth impervious layer of powder over the skin. It is very useful when you want to conceal slight pimplles and other minor blemishes.

Shake the bottle well so that the powder is evenly distributed in the liquid base before you apply it. Nowadays liquid powders and liquid foundations are prepared in a range of shades to suit all skins. Besides hiding blemishes, the liquid powder also provides a good soft foundation on which other powder will cling. See that the powder is of exactly the same shade as the liquid powder.

U. E. (Youval)—Bath satin is obtainable in three sizes—12s., 6d., 5s. & 5s. A trial box of three small bottles in assorted perfumes is also available at 6s. 6d. a box. Messrs. Firbank and Mason, Ltd., of Piccadilly, W.I., are the distributors for London.

Talkie Title Tales
This week’s price of half a guinea is awarded to Mr. B. Bowrey, 217 Kingsbridge Drive, Bankhead, Rutherglen, Glasgow, for:
— Only Yesterday—Platinum Blonde—Before Morning—Eveready
Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:
J. Weston, 87 Livan St., Cardiff, for:
—The Clock Strikes Eight—The Curtain Rises—Gold of Wood—Mourning in the Stalls
Gerald Beard, Park Rd., Greenwich, Montgomeryshire, for:
—Two Lane Docks—Pursued—Dinner at Eight—Duck Soup
K. Stevenson, 33 Pageeton Rd., Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:
—Quiet House—The Cry in the Night—Mammy—Mr. Cobden Takes a Walk
Stanley Shaw (aged 14), 1 Great Central Parade, Ickenham, Middlesex, for:
—Song of the Vale—Three Cheers for Love—Hips, Hips, Hurray
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 Percivalos, Martin House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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

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**VACUMATIC—the Finest Gift!**

A BIG battle is coming between the stars and the movie kings over the already bitter issue of film contracts and salaries.

Although Bette Davis has gone back to California from the British courts with her banners trailing in the dust and James Cagney, threatened with Hollywood's dreaded blacklist, has departed for the wilderness talking of retirement, the real fight is only just beginning.

The failure of Miss Davis's London legal skirmish, particularly, is having its repercussions in the studios. It has awakened the players to a realisation of the invidious position in which most of them stand under the existing contract system and they are now mobilising their forces to bring about a change.

The trouble is that for some years those long-term contracts that look so dazzling when referred to in newspaper print by sentimental press agents have been heavily weighted in favour of the studios.

They are nearly all one-way contracts. That is to say, they contain option clauses which can only be exercised by the producer.

No Freedom

The artist can hold the studio to the agreement for the first three, six or, in some rare cases, twelve months, but after that he has no freedom of choice.

A seven-year contract that binds one party and not the other, it is pointed out, is not based on equity at all.

The star's only remedy lies in what readjustment he can get from walking out, suing or any of the other forms of "direct action" which have filled the Hollywood air with the sounds of martial conflict lately.

Then the studios usually have the last word.

Unbeatable Boycott

Nobody yet has been able successfully to beat the Hollywood boycott which Cagney now finds himself up against.

Howard Hughes, the independent producer and a multi-millionaire, once tried. He was threatened with the industry's black list when he announced his intention a few years ago to make a film of "Queer People," a biting satire on Hollywood and all its works. He replied by saying that he would build his own theatres in which to show the picture.

Nothing, however, ever came of it.

Why Stars Strike

The exchanges are accompanied by high-sounding battle cries of "Artistic Liberty," but the salary question is really the main point at stake in the present hostilities.

The movie-making talent is almost as much a commercial commodity as celluloid stock. The producers naturally buy their stellar merchandise in the cheapest market. Their motto is catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tie 'em up for so long that when you've finished with 'em they won't be any good to anyone else.

It is easy to be cynical about "slavery at hundreds of pounds a week," but a star is entitled to a reasonable share of what his name draws into the box-office.

What happens is that an actor like Robert Taylor, who has just signed a new contract at £400 a week rising to £1,000 a week in some years' time, wakes up one morning and finds that there are several other leading men on the studio pay-roll who, though they do not mean half so much at the cinema ticket windows, are drawing three times the salary because they were able to negotiate their contracts as established stars at other studios. Other players, secured by contract at, say, £100 a week, are lent out to rival studios at £1,000.

That is the real reason behind most of the recent revolts in Hollywood.

The Producers' Side

There is, of course, another side to the argument. The producer who has exercised some astuteness and spent a small fortune on discovering and developing a star is entitled to protection against having his "find" pirated by another studio as soon as his pictures begin to earn real money.

Making a star is an expensive business. Darryl Zanuck, who should know, puts the cost at £200,000, taking into account the fact that only one out of fifty candidates succeeds.

So we have a deadlock. The lawyers will have to work it out; there will be no peace in picture-land until they do.

Shearer to Retire—Temporarily

Norma Shearer, as I predicted here recently, will leave the screen for at least a year.

The actress has moved from her beach home at Santa Monica to a desert resort, the address of which is being kept a secret, even from her studio. With her are the two Thalberg children, a nurse and a secretary.

Norma, who has been more seriously ill than is generally known, says that her first concern now is the rearing of her two youngsters. Her

(Continued on page 6)
Will the Fur Fly?

The film world is sitting back watching for the fur to fly at Twentieth-Century-Fox. It has long been rumoured that after Bright Eyes, which Jane Withers nearly succeeded in stealing from Shirley Temple, there have been some signs of ill feeling between the camps of the company's two infant prodigies. Jane and Shirley have never appeared together in a picture since and have never even worked on the same lot, the former's films having been made away from the main studio.

Now the branch at Western Avenue has been closed down and Jane is back on the big lot. Hollywood is eagerly waiting the meeting between Mrs. Gertrude Temple and Mrs. Ruth E. Withers.

Frances Joins Young Turks

Frances Farmer is the latest recruit to the ranks of Talkield's Young Turks, that bright, brave little band of rebels which is headed by the capricious Katharine Hepburn and the so-modern Margaret Sullivan. Frances, whose name is by no means a household word yet, has, among other things, put her foot down about "leg art" publicity. Leg Art publicity, in case you don't know, consists of those decorative "stills" in bathing costume, lingerie or sports "shorts," which, because of some reason or other, they are in demand by editors, are used by press agents to get their unknown protégés on the front pages. Most of the big feminine stars have at one time or another had literally to "show a leg" in order to put their names and features before the public. Even Greta Garbo had to pose in a track suit and with the studio lions.

A Well-known Act

There may be two opinions about the dignity of leg art. What is causing the smiles in film circles is the explanation of her attitude offered by this newcomer who arrived in the studios less than a year ago as the winner of a stunt Seattle newspaper competition to find "the most marriageable girl in the state."

"Why should I pose for leg pictures?" she solemnly demanded. "Ann Harding doesn't."

Asked how she liked working away from her home studios for Come and Get It!, she announced that she preferred it because she didn't have to say "good morning" to people and could therefore keep in the mood of her characterisation. Frances, in fact, seems to be running through the entire routine of the well-known Bright Young screen's most popular art. Everything is, tersely, terribly sincere about her art. She says what she thinks and she doesn't care what anyone thinks about her. In any case, she coyly confides, she believes that she is destined to be one of the greatest stage actresses of all time, and the screen is just a stepping stone to higher things.

Snap Out of It!

Had Miss Farmer been in films longer she would have known that we have heard it all before. Someone should introduce her to Jean Muir, the last screen discovery who was too terrifyingly, terribly sincere about her art to be bothered about the people who pay to see it. Miss Muir, one of the great White Hopes of recent years, revelled in the reputation of being the actress who defied Hollywood and said what she pleased. She told directors how to direct, commiserated with Kay Francis for stealing her picture, criticized the stars, told Reinhardt how to produce Shakespeare, and established herself as a severe pain in the neck of the Warner publicity department.

In the end she nearly talked herself out of talkies. When last I heard of her she had just completed a part that was little more than a bit in White Fang and was contritely confessing to the producers of her past ways. I hope Frances will grow out of it because she is the most promising newcomer I have seen on the screen for a long time (she scores again in Come and Get It, incidentally) and the screen needs promising newcomers.

The only star so far who has been able to get away with the studio Young Turk number is its originator, but Katharine Hepburn stepped into the queen of the Royalty almost with her first picture.

Katie Criticised

Even so film circles are wondering how long it will last. We have become used to the actresses' boorishness to the humble minions of the Press, but Katie has brought a lot of criticism from fellow artists down on her head over an incident on the Quality Street set the other day.

A reporter went to the studio by appointment to interview Franchot Tone, leading man in the picture.

"Who is that woman?" demanded Miss Hepburn of the assistant director when she noticed the writer on the sound stage. "She's a newspaper woman here to see Mr. Tone," the Great One was told.

"Don't you know, I allow no newspaper people on my set?" the star replied angrily. "Get her off!"

Franchot and the reporter meekly left the stage and did the interview in a dressing-room, but it would not be surprising if there is a strained atmosphere about the love scenes in Quality Street when it eventually reaches the screen.

Ribbing Ray

Talking of leg art, Ray Milland, the handsome young Englishman who is rapidly becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men, is seeking vengeance on The Big Broadcast company.

When he finished working with them he went straight into Queen of Jungle, for his part in which he had to wear those khaki shorts that are the fashion in the tropics.

When next he walked into the studio restaurant he was exposing his stalwart nether limbs in the new costume. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and Martha Raye immediately sent a waitress over with a note asking for an autograph. It was addressed to "Marlene Milland."

The Forgotten Man

The recent rise of Ray Milland is one of the romances of talkies. A year or so ago he dropped out of sight altogether for no apparent reason at all.

He had been doing well in featured roles, his name was well known to thousands of filmgoers and to every producer in Hollywood, but he just could not get any work.

Finally he was reduced to taking a job at £3 a week at a petrol station. Then one day a call came from the Paramount casting department asking him if he were free for a good role in Bolero. They didn't even know that he hadn't been in a studio for a year. The salary was £120 a week!

Since the Bolero role Milland has never looked back. To-day he is headed for major stardom.

Helen Doesn't Like Our Taxes

British pictures will have to get along without Helen Vinson, the film actress wife of tennis champion Fred Perry, in future. After making three movies here Helen has gone back to Hollywood with a grievance.

"I'll stay in America after this," she says. "The experience abroad is worth it—so far as experience goes, but I found the English income tax was much greater than ours."

"I was signed for four weeks on my last picture there, for example. Production difficulties arose and I was kept working for twelve weeks. By this time, however, my salary had gone..."
The present plan is to co-star them in *Idiot’s Delight*, the talkie version of the Broadway stage success. Translating the play, which is no children’s hour piece, into screen terms is, incidentally, causing some headaches in the script department at Culver City. They are talking of re-writing it altogether and giving it a Great War setting. It won’t be the first time that has happened to a stage hit.

A Talkie Test for You

Can you say “Fifty-fifty Mississippi” without any difficulty? Fred Astaire didn’t talkie surprise a twenty-two weeks’ time. The old crooner, who has a career of leaping on and directors. Many times she has been told “you ought to be in pictures.”

Recently the casting director of the Selznick International studio persuaded her to take the day off and play a small part in David O. Selznick’s Technicolour production *A Star is Born* starring Fredric March and Janet Gaynor. Darlene did well. The studio suggested a contract. The young lady was flattered, but she said “no” all the same.

To-day Darlene is back on her old job, the object of wonder and awe among the screen favourites whose clothes she minds.

Full-length Disney

George Kamen, the artist’s European representative, who got back from a Hollywood trip the other day, promises me that Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Walt Disney’s first full-length film, will definitely be completed by September or October, 1937.

The picture, which will run for 25 to 90 minutes, was originally scheduled to cost £30,000, but it is now considered impossible to finish it under £200,000.

By the time the last drawing is done the cartoon will have been in hand for over two years.

Louise Dresser Returns

Louise Dresser has returned to the studio looking up to take her career again after spending the happiest two years of her life learning to be a housewife. She appears with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in *Maid of Salem*. Perhaps you had wondered what had happened to her.

Miss Dresser has been married for 28 years, and to the same man—Jack Gardner. For 20 of those years they lived the life of the theatre and the screen, working at their careers from morning until night and dining out. At the end of 26 years, the usually placid Miss Dresser called a halt. She finished *The County Chairman* with the late Will Rogers and announced she was going to finish.

Two years, apparently, were enough to give free rein to her life-long desire to cook dinner and keep the garden free of pests. Like horses, like cows, are given to champing at the bit. Thus she was overjoyed when Frank Lloyd summoned her from retirement to play a leading role in his first Paramount production.

Short Shots

William Wyler, the director, was unable to get into the trade show of *Come and Get It*: the doormen didn’t know him—Sam Goldwyn considered nearly 600 suggestions submitted by studio employees before deciding on *Beloved Enemy* as the title of the new Merle Oberon film; star winner was Ann Harding who was awarded £20. —William Powell is a surprise addition to the cast of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* in the role of Charles the Butler—Joan Crawford has fewer costume changes in *Love on the Run* than in any picture for years—Dick Powell has presented Joan Blondell with the biggest car of Hollywood—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers given monthly award of Screen Actors’ Guild for their performances in *Swing Time*—From *MGM*—Ray Milland and Irene Dunne are asking for £30,000 a picture—Germany has banned *Romance and Juliet*—Teggy Wool, the musical comedy actress, has been signed for a role in *A Star is Born.*

Malcolm Phillips.
YOUTH is not a matter of years—but of charm and enthusiasm. Anyone can acquire and retain those two priceless qualities—this inspiring story by Mark Dowling tells you how.

A

S calmly as if she were not making revolutionary statements about one of the world's most fascinating topics, Jeanette MacDonald told me that almost every woman who seeks to remain young goes about it in the wrong way.

She spoke with the authority of an intimate knowledge of Hollywood, where many glamorous stars have grown-up sons and daughters, and where Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Billie Burke—to name just three—appear so young that their years before the public are almost incredible!

"Rest," she said, amazingly, "has little to do with it. Massage, special exercises, special diets and trick ways of caring for one's skin can hardly help at all."

She admitted that she herself, looking a good deal younger than the twenty-odd upon her birth certificate, suffers from insomnia and sometimes can only sleep an hour or two even after a twelve-hours' spell of work at the studios!

And she gave me a prescription for youth and charm which any woman may follow, whether movie star, secretary or housewife.

She said first, practically, "Let's take a look at the women we both know who are staying young—despite their years. You think of everyone you know, and I'll do the same. I'll bet our lists have one thing in common. Every young-looking woman has something to do—a business, career or profession!"

Amazingly enough, it's true.

Definitely old-fashioned is the idea that only women of leisure and fortune, who can pamper themselves and spend time and money on massage, special diets, and beauty aids, know the secret of lasting youth. Check off the successful young women of your own acquaintance, and you'll discover the same startling fact.

Said Jeanette triumphantly: "This gives us the first rule for youth: BE ACTIVE! Whatever you do, whether it's singing for the screen, writing, managing a home or keeping books in an office, work at it—hard.

"There's another pointer we can learn from these women," she added. "Not only do they work, but they also work at something they enjoy. It's absolutely fatal to youth to make niggling jobs you hate. I can remember playing parts I loathed. I'd wake up in the morning hating the mere idea of starting out, losing my enthusiasm, letting hatred sap my energy. I felt old as Time—and probably looked it.

"I'll grant," she said soberly, "there are times when you must go through with a distasteful job. I've known that, naturally. But all the time I was planning and scheming and working..."
went to the studio for some portraits and stayed there until time to drive home to meet you. Soon I'll have my French lesson. Usually my piano lesson follows that, but to-day it couldn't be arranged. So I'll take the dogs for a walk before dinner.

"After dinner there's a picture I must see—about an hour's drive from here. When I get home I'll study for a little before going to bed—the script of the scene of Maytime I'm to do at the studio to-morrow. Then I'll try to sleep, or will at least relax—even if sleep refuses to come. I have an early call to-morrow and must be up by six-thirty!"

"And this was a day off for Jeanette—a "vacation" from her regular job of acting in pictures!"

She added calmly: "It's not, you see, a terribly crammed sort of day. I've allowed time for meeting friends—at lunch—and for a nap, if I choose, just before dinner. The reason it's not crammed is because I have a definite schedule, a certain set time for doing certain set things.

"Which, incidentally, is another important rule for youth. MAP OUT YOUR DAYS! Don't waste time over bridge tables—unless that is the form of relaxation your nature craves. Don't dawdle over unimportant things, ruining your day. Above all, don't fail to allow definite times for relaxation—I don't mean rest—but just doing something different.

"People wonder, sometimes, why I bother to take so many lessons when I might get by on the things I know now. Without admitting that I would get by, I tell them that I enjoy learning new things. Sometimes the daily French lesson itself is tedious—but I'm amply repaid when I visit France and can do things and appreciate things that would be impossible if I didn't speak French.

"In this way you can AVOID BOREDOM—which is certainly another highly important rule for youth. For a bored woman cannot possibly be a young woman, no matter how young she is in years.

And the glamorous stars of Hollywood prove Jeanette's words by constantly seeking new fields of endeavour in addition to their own highly demanding profession.

Carole Lombard is at this moment supervising the decoration of her new home, studying colour-schemes and materials and measurements and prices. Joan Crawford is working with her own

Gloria Swanson appears more beautiful to-day than ever.

Jeanette MacDonald doesn't give her birth date, but admits that she looks younger than she is—and tells you why.

"Little theatre," planning to embark upon a stage career eventually.

Mary Pickford's radio broadcasts are highly successful.

Others—Norma Shearer is a perfect example—made a "secondary" career of managing their homes and raising their children.

Jeanette told me: "I have used my own daily régime of living to illustrate what I mean, but the same ideas could be applied by any woman, whatever her occupation. The managing of a home can be a profession in itself. Housewives needn't feel that this scheme for youth is harder for them. In a way it's easier.

"I know girls back East who are married and still keeping young—in spite of the demands of their homes, their growing children and husbands. I don't mean women who hire servants. These girls do their own work, and still find time for their club and social activities.

"And they're staying young because they're clever—smart enough to schedule their lives, do the things they enjoy, and keep on being the girls their husbands fell in love with.

"That's why I say that clever women don't grow old—not in this modern world. Clever women are happy, busy women. And you don't grow old if you're working!"
Mary Whither in "Christmas Shopping with the Stars"

The stars as you can see by the pictures here have been buying their Christmas presents early and our special correspondent, who has accompanied several of them on their shopping expeditions, tells you what they are purchasing this year.

AARDLY a woman to-day but is interested in make-up, so I am making no apology for mentioning the beauty gifts first. If you know what kind of powder, cream or lipstick she uses, the choice is easy. If you don't—here are some suggestions which are absolutely safe.

One of the most charming presents for a woman which I have seen is the new Yardley travelling case, a dressing case in grey leather and fitted with lock and key which will take you away comfortably for a week-end. There is a large mirror on the inside of the lid, and fitted compactly into the case a complete beauty outfit of Yardley foundation cream, skin food, English complexion cream, powder, and a pochette covered to match the case to hold your cleansing times, and a curvy hole for manicure oddments and cotton wool. A delightful gift for 27s. 6d.

Most people know and love the fragrance of Yardley lavender, and while I was looking at the travel cases, I made a special note of a new giant gift bottle, as modern and streamlined as one could wish, with a gift stopper and packed in an exciting gift box. At 21s. I thought it a lovely gift suggestion, even for the girl who does not usually care for scent.

New and exciting Yardley vanity cases, too, among which I made a special note of the Orchis, a square case in a matt silver finish with a black, green or blue raised rim and a coral clip, as modern and slick as the Orchis powder it holds. There is a captive lipstick in this case which saves a deal of fumbling in one's handbag in the dark. Complete in a more envelope, and with a presentation box, this vanity case is 10s. 6d.

Talking of handbags, a miniature beauty case to hold all one's make-up gadgets is one of the newest and most practical presents for the business girl who is out all day, and you will find it useful for evening wear, too. The slim enamelled Cosmetist is actually no bigger than a cigarette case. In it there is Fifth Avenue cleansing cream, foundation cream, rouge, powder, lipstick, and a comb, and mirror and puff. The pots are all non-spill, and have snap lids, so you can be completely easy in your mind about spills and leakages. The case costs 10s. 6d. and the refill set is 2s. 9d.

Make-up, by the way, should not be the chancey thing it sometimes is. If you are choosing a gift for a young girl who is just beginning to use a lipstick and finding out the best one for her type and colouring, send her a matched make-up outfit.

Choosing the right one is a very simple matter with the Richard Hudnut eye-matched sets, for powder, lipstick, rouge, eye shadow and mascara are keyed to the colour of the eyes. So you have only to mention whether your friend's eyes are blue or grey, brown or hazel, to be sure of getting the exact match for her colouring. The special introductory box makes a nice "envelope" present, and it only costs 3s. 6d. The black cases have a smart scarlet line, and I am sure you will like them as much as I did.

Then Max Factor, the famous Hollywood make-up expert, is waiting to give you a personal make-up analysis, just as he does for the Hollywood stars. You send a description of yourself, all the details being set out for you on a form, with 6d. in stamps, and back comes your own make-up colour harmony chart, with samples of the correct powder, rouge and lipstick. The knowledge that your make-up is absolutely right for your type is one of the best Christmas presents you could possibly give yourself, so this is a purely selfish suggestion!

The name of Coty conjures up a vision of delightful powders, creams, lotions to match the Coty perfumes, but here's something which you may not know: I put one of their new gift cases down against the name of a man friend. It contains shaving lotion, shaving cream, soap and hair set, all with the fresh tangy feel about them that men usually like.

Coming back to the purely feminine, Tangee rouge and lipstick are an excellent gift suggestion, for they magically change colour so that they blend with our own natural complexion. Tangee face powder also contains the colour principle; it produces a soft underglow and prevents that "face dipped in the flour bag" look. If you are thinking of giving a make-up set for the evening, there is the new deeper shade of Tangee called Theatrical, a more vivid tone which is particularly suitable for artificial light.

Ava has got some most attractive presentation caskets ready for Christmas. There are shaving outfits for men, and I specially liked the lady's gift case containing two cushion tablets of Ava lavender soap, with compact perfume and bath cube to match. This is 2s., and there is another outfit at 3s. 6d., which holds everything necessary for real hair beauty; soapless shampoo, setting lotion, brilliantising and a complete perfume.

A name which has long been famous in the theatre is Leichner, and their rouge, powder and lipstick give the effect of the soft, natural colour glowing through a fine-textured skin, which is as much as anyone could want, isn't it? The powder is made in a choice of shades, and if you are sending it as a gift you won't be very far from you choice apricot-peach, a flattering shade which suits either blonde or brunette.

Something by the way that has recently invented a facial pack for the elimination of blackheads, a useful beauty tip to keep to yourself.

Whatever else she may do without, a woman would feel lost without the powder bowl on her dressing table and the flappable in her handbag, but that doesn't mean that she has to be powdering all day! Piver have invented a powder called Mattever, which actually tones the skin, gives you a fresh and exhilarating feeling, and it stays matt and cool for hours. It is a great boon if you happen to be one of the people who simply can't keep powder on for five minutes together. It is made in nine different shades, and there are day and night cream, talcum, and lotions to match.

"Everything to match" is specially important if you use perfume, so make a note that you can get powder, cream, talcum and bath crystals to match. Phil-Nat, which was brought out by the famous Indian flowers was the inspiration of this fascinating, elusive scent, which I like specially for evening wear.

The West has its own glamour too, and the gayest of cities inspired Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" perfume, lovely, lingering fragrance. I fell first for the midnight blue and silver bottle, and I was delighted to find that you can get it in a gift case with a box of the matching powder—a gift suggestion for the girl who goes out a good deal.

From aunts downwards, I don't know anyone who wouldn't say "No" to eau-de-Cologne, but did you know that you can now get the famous "4711" combined with Tosca or Rheingold perfume? Use it as you would the ordinary eau-de-Cologne, in your bath or to soften the water in the hand-basin. When the eau-de-Cologne has done its refreshing work, the fragrance of the perfume lingers behind.

A gift box of Rheingold costs 5s. 3d., wicker
manicuring in bed! In addition to the liquid nail polish (you can choose this in any colour) and the polish remover there is a bottle of cuticle remover with a neat gadget fixed into the bakelite top which applies the remover and shapes the cuticles at the same time.

Cuticle cream, nail white pencil, nail file, emery boards, rubber hoof orange stick and a good supply of cotton wool complete this most comprehensive outfit. Standard size bottles of Vareen are used for refills. The whole outfit is 7s. 6d.

Cutex have a manicure set for every purse and for most types of women, too. The little Compact set is only 2s. 6d., and the Five-Minute set at 5s. 6d. as a gift for the girl who has not much time to spend on her hands but likes a regular manicure. Everything for a quick manicure is here. The travelling set, a compact outfit to slip into your suitcase, is 8s. 6d. Cutex, by the way, have just perfected a new liquid polish which stays liquid and flowing as long as there is a drop left in the bottle. It will never become thick or gummy.

A new colour called "Coronation," a deep clearest scarlet, is now available in the Kraska range of liquid and cream polishes, and this is a really up-to-the-minute gift. There are altogether no fewer than 42 colours available in Kraska, and my idea for an original gift is to send one of the big bottles (2s. 6d.) in Coronation or one of the pretty rose or coral shades together with a bottle of one of the pearl effects. These are lovely for evening wear.

We all know Amami shampooos, but their manicure sets were new to me. They start off at as little as 6d., but I personally fell for the 5s. pack in a cream or green leatherette case which contains everything you want for a complete manicure, including the file, emery boards and orange stick. The Is. 6d. pack is thoroughly comprehensive, too, containing full-size bottles of liquid polish, the oil remover which is so much better for the nails than the old harsh type, and cuticle remover.

Above all, don't forget that the effect of a manicure can be ruined if your hands themselves are not as soft and white as they might be. White hands are not one of Nature's gifts; you can cultivate them if you make it a rule to put in a little cream after washing and before you go out to protect the skin from the roughness and exposure which follows on exposure. Dubarry's Crème Shalimar is made specially for the hands, and is put up in tubes which I find most convenient for either handbag or dressing table. The larger decorative jars are a splendid idea for a Christmas gift.

"Something to wear" is a good gift slogan, and undergarments are one of the safe choices, because your own good taste in these is almost certain to please whoever receives them. Fine materials trimmed with good lace or embroidery appeal to everybody.

The embroidery was what first attracted me to Conlowe undies, which, although they are made to wear, are a marvel of delicacy. They wash well, too, which is a point worth thinking about when choosing a gift, and prices are very moderate.

Celanese rayon is a household word nowadays, and I was amazed at the range of lovely fabrics which are made of it. If you are choosing undies, have a look at the Celanese Locknit de luxe, crêpe de Chine and crepe satin, all three beautiful materials which will wear and wear.

Lingerie ribbons are one of the smaller items which can be far more expensive, but if you already know your mother-in-law's or sister's preferences, you will like their ribbons. They actually often last longer than the garment itself, which is the point. A good idea is to put them for shoulder straps, and I was delighted to find that they are being put up in a selection of colours and patterns in gift boxes for Christmas. Prices are from 1s. 6d. to 6s., and a special greeting card is enclosed with the ribbons.

On my very special gift list, for Nan or any woman who likes putting down a good foundation and foundation, first, and this year I have found one which will appeal to people who like everything about them the modern way. This is the new Parker Vacumatic pen, and Bunnie Hale has one amongst her gifts pictured overleaf. The barrel is made of laminated pearl and jet, and when you hold it to the light you

(Continued on page 12)
burning for hours without attention and with no risk of smoke or smell. What about one of these for that spare room which you are almost certain to be using over the holidays? Prices are from 14s., and I can specially recommend the family size at 22s. This will warm quite a large room.

Cigarettes are one of the things which are certain to please nearly everybody. They are real presents for the lazy minded, for this year nearly all of them are thoughtfully sold in festive packings ready for the post. Make a note of them for the people you have forgotten until very nearly the eleventh hour!

Player's packings are gay and colourful, and when you have written the name and address in the space provided you simply put them in the nearest pillar box. There are some postal cartons containing five packets of 20 for those who prefer the smaller packings. Prices are not increased : they range from 2s. 6d. for a Christmas packing of 50 up to 7s. 3d. for the 150 tin, and the five packets of 20 cost 4s. 9d.

Plain or cork tipped—some people prefer the tipped cigarette, and it is good to know that you can get Will's Gold Flake in both varieties. The flat fifties and hundreds are available packed in Christmas greeting cartons without any extra charge.

The after-dinner hour is the time for crackers, pulling and jokes. So, you younger generation have a look at Ellisdon's list in good time. It includes all kinds of amusing ideas, such as the dinner which goes under the table, makes one's plate revolve and rock in an alarming way! There are complete theatrical make-up outfits, too, which you will want for charades and amateur theatricals.

We all know the old story about diaries, New Year resolutions, and all that, but this year I have found a diary which you will still want to keep after Christmas is forgotten. It is a special diary for Film Fans; it is slim enough to go in your handbag and it only costs 2s. 6d. in leather cloth or 3s. in soft leather. Jessie Matthews has written the foreword, and inside there are over sixty portraits and biographies of the stars. It is one of the most attractive little books I have come across for a long time.

Film stars are the theme of Jigstar, a new jigsaw puzzle card game which I found most absorbing. The favourite movie stars appear in it. It costs 1s. 6d. a pack, and is a great idea for the Christmas party.

Last, but by no means least, here is an unusual idea for a Christmas gift which may not have occurred to you. What about giving a "perm"? The Superma machineless system won the world championship, first prize and three gold medals at Olympia Hair and Beauty Fair, so you may know that it is safe and good, and I have found that the waves and curls stay well groomed whatever the weather. There is an interesting little booklet which tells you all about the system, and if you are looking about for a Christmas gift to yourself, book your appointment in good time before the holidays.

Bonnie Hale, another early shopper, shows "Picturegoer" a few of her purchases.
HAZEL, MY DEAR,

When I saw that photograph of you side by side with an old drawing of myself by the Duchess of Rutland, I was amazed at the resemblance; so much so, my dear, that I now feel towards you a more proprietary interest than a mere great-auntship (is there such a word?) possibly allows. It is as if I were allowed to see myself at your age from the perspective of my experience over many years, and the present-day actress does not pray for this privilege? If youth but knew—they say—and if old age but dared! Hence this letter; bear with me, Hazel, while you read it.

I know so well how impatient you young things are when we old people sit down to give you advice; had I not to put up with all that sort of thing myself? Indeed one of my earliest recollections is my mortification at being publicly reprimanded at a rehearsal by Mr. Charles Kean. I was eight years old then, rehearsing the part of Fairy Dragonetta, and quite inaudible. (Do the dear dramatic critics still say that inaudibility is the curse of the present-day theatre? Bless them! They always did.) My line, if I remember rightly, was:

"But on this pulsing brat reveng'd I'll be."

"BUT" said Mr. Kean ... "BUT I must plaster that 'but' on the white wall at the back of the gallery!"

I was so annoyed then; but oh! how often have I longed in a theatre to ask actresses and actors to do a bit of plastering on that same wall, and to make themselves heard.

Your responsibility, my child, is greater than mine ever was in this respect, for I dare say our English language has become even more slipshod in general use in your time than ever it was in mine.

Indeed, it has always seemed to me that to become an actress is like entering into a second childhood, for not only does one have to learn to speak all over again, but the apparently easy accomplishment of walking also has to be learnt.

Above all—and this may sound strange—an actress has to learn to submerge her own personality. "How so?" you may protest. "Are not the greatest actresses those who have imposed their personalities on the world?" Alas! when one is both a woman and an actress it is so easy to be accused of spitefulness, and I only dare to whisper therefore that just possibly those are the cases where the personality submerges the artist and is used as a cloak to hide the defects.

But oh! the difficulties! You are, of course, already aware, Hazel, of these difficulties; I have often wondered if the audiences are, too. It must all be so much more trying to the front. Have you noticed, as I have often, how surprised the average member of the public is when he is admitted for the first time dans les coulisses?

What a sorry disillusionment it must be—all that confusion, bustle, gesticulation and apparent disorder behind, while before the assembled flats Romeo protests his love for Juliet!

Even so, the footlights dazzle the eyes, and the audience in front and the confusion behind can be forgotten; in the profession you have now chosen even greater difficulties than these confront you. I, my dear, was a veteran already when I appeared for the first time, nervous as a debutante at her court presentation, before a film camera. Gracious, what an ordeal! You poor things! Don’t think that I am criticising films; I made two of them, and I believe that the cinema is a theatrical art with beautiful possibilities, many of which are already realised and many of which are yet to be discovered; and who would be a film actress?

From now on your life ceases to be your own and becomes your public’s. That always sounds a hard punishment for success, doesn’t it, yet I think it’s a just one in its way. After all, your success is created by the public, so let them have their pound of flesh, I say—meaning, of course, their newspaper column of gossip. Nothing infuriates me more than the artist who is contemptuous of his public or hers. Oh! the impertinence of it. How dare they! The whole point of acting is that you are being watched while doing it, else why do it? And so the audience is as important to the actress as the stage she acts on; is as much of an adjunct to her art as the footlights or the make-up or the scenery. So never, never, never, frown on the public, Hazel, or hesitate to do it service. For sheer brutality and theearing of the soul you must go a long way to beat film acting technique. The public knows little or nothing of it, and perhaps it is as well. Of all the mechanised processes!

First of all those nerve-wracking endless waits while things are fiddled with. (They always seem to be endlessly fiddling with wires and things in a film studio.) Then you stand there while they take the distance between the tip of your nose and the lens of the camera. Then more fiddling and then, by Heaven! you have to stand there and act, just like that. Of course all this is familiar to you, but don’t you still wonder at it all? And wonder, too, how people can act in those circumstances? Yet they do—and bow well! This, after having every other gesture cut in its prime so that the exquisite camera can be moved off again to another place.

Heaven knows, mine is not a revengeful nature, but what I should like to have done to that camera!

And, finally there is this question of marriage. Should an actress marry? And if yes, then whom? Now that’s a silly question, I always think. May as well say: Should an actress fall in love? A nice cup of tea if she doesn’t I say.

But it is wrong, oh! so wrong to suppose an actress cannot add the role of a wife and mother to her repertoire. Goodness me, I wasn’t off the stage very much, yet I reared a family, and I flatter myself—not so badly. Remember, it is the people who preach most against marriage who are themselves the best arguments for it. Witness my friend Mr. Bernard Shaw as the great example of this. He used to warn me against it!

There now, as soon as I take up pen it seems to flow on and on and nothing will stem the flood unless I take myself in hand about it. I really meant only to make this a short note, congratulating you on your successful debut, and to wish you all the luck and happiness in the world both in the work you have undertaken and outside it.

Bless you Hazel, and bless you again for keeping up the family tradition. Oh yes! I’m quite a snob about that!

With love—a lot of it—from your great-aunt

ELLEN.
MERLE OBERON and BRIAN AHERNE

Make an interesting new talkie team in "Beloved Enemy," a story of the Irish "troubles." Merle is back in England to play opposite Charles Laughton in "I Claudius."
No business ever got into the doldrums so easily as the British Film Industry, which fairly leaps into them at the slightest provocation.

Quite frequently I meet my fellow-subscribers in the jungle that is Wardour Street, as well as in the studios, and just because there is a slackening of production at Shepherd's Bush, owing to the uncertainty created by the Merger, they pull a face as long as a sea-boot and say: "Things pretty quiet, aren't they? I never knew such a dull time in the studios!

Well, it's fatally easy to get into the way of agreeing; but if we cast a quick glance round the studios, and especially the more outlying ones, I think we're apt to find quite a considerable puff of life still left in the old near-corpses.

Ready? Let's go!

In Disgrace

At Elstree, two important films are still on the floor, The Dominant Sex, with Diana Churchill and Phillips Holmes, and Aren't Men Beasts, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, June Clyde, and Billy Milton.

By the way, I'm in sackcloth and ashes again over the former; British International Pictures' Director of Productions, Walter Mycroft, protests against my reference in a recent issue to his firm's Someone at the Door, because, having criticised that picture adversely, I then said that Herbert Brenon, who directed it, was also making The Dominant Sex, and Mr. Mycroft took this to be a criticism of the latter picture, in advance.

Need I assure you that nothing was farther from my thoughts? And does the fact that I didn't think much of one picture necessarily mean that I condemn unseen all that director's subsequent pictures? In fact, I don't quite know what I'm doing in this sackcloth at all.

Herbert Brenon directed the immensely successful Living Dangerously. Enough said.

In Father's Footsteps

Then at Ealing Green, A.T.P. are busy feathering their nest with Feather Your Nest, in which William Beaudine is directing George Formby—one of the very few comedians' sons who have ever followed successfully in their fathers' footsteps.

Ee, haas, I remember George in t'ould days! Real daft, 'e were, but chaffroom comic. He'd have been glad to know that his son was going to be so popular on the screen.

Under the same spreading roof-tree we have Lionel Atwill and Lucie Mannheim in The General Goes Too Far, frankly a melodrama, and I'm glad of it. I think we stand in need of a few strong dramas on our screens—and there's nothing more effective than a good strong "meller" provided the cast knows its job.

This cast does; when you realise that among the "support" there are such names as James Mason, Leslie Perrins, Wally Patch, Henry Hewitt, Aubrey Pollock, and Drusilla Wills, you know that every character will be given its full value.

Rib-Tickers

At Shepherd's Bush, as you know, things are quiet; but King Solomon's Mines, with Roland Young, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, and John Loder in the cast, is an important production for its personnel alone.

And down in Islington, two rib-tickers are in course of production; one, Good-morning Boys, has Marcel Varnel directing it and Will Hay playing the lead; and the other, Okay for Sound, has Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold.

At Sound City, Shepperton, a big circus picture has taken the floor, or ring; this is Make Up, in which Nils Asther is the clown and June Clyde the charming young girl on the flying trapeze.

And there, also, Auld Lang Syne is being produced by James Fitzpatrick Pictures, Ltd., for distribution by Fox.

And I almost forgot to mention Dr. Zander, which Quality Films, Ltd., are producing. This is their second production, their first being the Thanes Steamer melodrama Royal Eagle, which they made "on spec." and which gathered in a great many shekels for them.

I tell you, there's money in "meller." The cast of Dr. Zander is a notable one, Basil Sydney, John Garrick, Percy Marmont, John Gielgud, Dorothy Boyd, James Carew, and Fred Groves. Nothing wrong with that.

Arnold Ridley, the author of the phenomenally successful plays The Ghost Train and The Wrecks, who wrote and directed Royal Eagle, is doing the same double office for this one. We need enterprising young Englishmen like Mr. Ridley, and I hope Dr. Zander will present him with another fortune.

He spent his last one in presenting plays.

Down at Teddington, Ralph Ince is directing Side Street Angel for Warner Bros.-First National. This is the one in which Lesley Brook (nee Learoyd) is receiving her baptism of celluloid, and she has two first-rate actors to play opposite—Hugh Williams and Henry Kendall.

Twickenham, spread out from Hammersmith to Elstree, is full of activity.

At St. Margarets, their original and spiritual home, they are just putting the finishing touches to the Sherlock Holmes picture Silver Blaze, in which Arthur Wontner, our most illustrious Sherlock Holmes, is being just that, aided and abetted by Ian Fleming, Lyn Harding, Judy Gunn, Minnie Rayner, John Turnbull, and Eve Grey.

"Sam, Sam!"

At Hammersmith Henry Edwards is directing Stanley Holloway in The Vicar of Bray, and if you saw Stan as Father O'Flynn in The Lily of Killarney you'll want to see him as a jolly parson again.

And at the J. H. Studios at Elstree, which is the third of the Twickenham strongholds, Albert (Continued on page 17)
A Gift SHE HERSELF WOULD CHOOSE

SMART women the world over long have favoured Cutex for its quality and style. Give a Cutex Set this year. Join the select company of those who choose their gift as she would choose it — something she will keep and use and cherish for months to come. See them at the stores and chemists. A wide selection of styles priced from 2/6 to 17/6. Made in Great Britain. 
de Courville is directing Americans Rod La Roque, Tucker McGuire, George E. Stone, and Dorothy Dare, and Britshers Constance Collier, Alfalfa Sim and Renee Gadd, in She Got What She Wanted, a story of private life in a public school.

A girls' public school.


Also British National are doing a film in which Arthur Tracy plays the lead, and which Reginald Arkell has written, but for which they have not yet hit upon a title; Arthur Riscoe and Margaret Lockwood are both in this.

Then the other Pinewood production is Cross My Heart, for Paramount-British, in which Kathleen Gibson (who played opposite Jack Buchanan in the stage production Mr. Whittington) and Ken Duncan are playing the leads, supported by Audrey FitzGerald and Tully Comber.

Bernard Mainwaring is directing this for Paramount-British.

New Companies

At Worton Hall, Doug. Fairbanks jun. and Valerie Hobson are playing in Criterion's For Ever and Ever, all about a cat-burglar; and also Fortune Films (this week's new company, ladies and gentlemen) are making Big Fella, which sounds a highly appropriate name for Paul Robeson, one of the biggest fellows in our studios, and a grand actor.

Once more Elizabeth Welch is playing his wife, and Roy Emerson, Tonie Edgar Bruce, and Dino Galvani head a strong supporting cast; and J. Elder Wills is directing it.

Did I say "this week's new company"? It should have been "one of this week's new companies."

Here are the other two; Rowland Productions are operating in the Rock Studios at Elstree, making Star Dust, with Lape Velez, Helen Lyon, Wallace Ford, Jean Colin, and Francis Lister (a strong combination, I'll say); and the Crusade Film Co. are making Landside at Wembley, with Dinah Sheridan playing opposite young Jimmy Hanley.

Donovan l'edelty is directing this one for Paramount-British.

Majors

Last, and I think we may say most important, at Denham we have four major productions in progress.

Knight Without Armour, starring Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat under the direction of Jacques Feyder, has also Austin Trevor, Basil Gill, Lawrence Hanray, and Peter Evan-Thomas.

Victor Saville Productions are making Storm In a Teacup, with Vivien Leigh, Cecil Parker, Sara Allgood, Ursula Jeans, Quinton McPherson, Robert Hall, Elliot Makeham, Edgar Bruce (who was very good in the stage version), and Scruffy, the dog of remarkably mixed ancestry whom all the fuss is about.

Trafalgar Films are completing Love from a Stranger, the Ann Harding-Basil Rathbone picture with Binnie Hale, Jean Cadell and Colin Keith-Johnston.

And Erich Pommern has gone into action with his second production, Troopship, in which he again has Flora Robson, star of his first British production, Fire Over England.

In fact, the only studio in which no film is being made at the moment of writing is Cricklewood, and I understand they are preparing one there.

Things to Come

And when you take into consideration all the important things at present being lined up in the other studios, I think you'll agree that the doldrums are still quite a long way off.

For instance, here is what B.I.P. have to say about the immediate future.

They are just about to start down at Elstree with a screen version of the Bobby Hoves Hippodrome success Please, Teacher—of course with Bobby in the lead.

I'm glad to hear of his return to the screen after all this time, because I feel he's a comedian that we can ill afford to spare from our studios. With him will be Wylie Watson, Vera Pearce, and Bertha Belmore.

Almost simultaneously, John Lodge will start being Bulldog Drummond in Bulldog Drummond at Bay.

Dorothy Mackiill was over here on one of her periodic visits, and just as she was buzzing off again, Walter Mycroft grabbed her to play opposite Lodge.

Glamour

This is the second B.I.P. film for which Gertrude Michael was announced, the first being The Dominant Sex; she was taken ill in New York, you remember, and has now returned to Hollywood to fulfil her next engagement there. But I understand she is still on contract to B.I.P., and will be coming over to play in a film at Elstree early next year.

Then, quite shortly, B.I.P. will put into production the Drury Lane success Glamorous Night, but I am afraid Renee Novello will not play her original role. However, Mary Ellis will be in hers.

Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed the highly successful B.I.P. film Ourselves Alone, will tackle his first musical picture in this one; he has just finished Sensation, in which John Lodge plays a crime reporter.

When is an amateur not an amateur? That question, so often asked in lawn tennis circles, will come to the surface again when B.I.P. produce their film based of the B.C. "amateur hour," directed by Carol Levis, who organised that hour, and featuring the pick of the amateurs he found.

Repairing Omissions

I've been puzzled for a long time by the omission of all companies, British and Hollywood alike, to make a talking version of Willie Collins' famous story The Woman in White, of which a silent film was made some years ago.

Now B.I.P. are going to do it; and they're also set to repair another omission, with a talkie version of Arnold Bennett's novel of the Five Towns, The Card, which offers a grand part for a character actor.

That's about all at B.I.P. for the moment, and plenty too.

Paramount-British are to make a film of Anthony Gibbs' novel The Elder Brother, which will be directed by George King at Sound City, with John Stuart in the lead.

You remember I told you that British Lion and Joe Rock were both producing films with the title Calling All Stars? Well, the parties concerned have now had a Round Table Conference.

What the film world would do without its Round Table Conferences I have no idea; at this one they have solemnly decided that British Lion should use the title Calling All Stars. However, no title was chosen for the Joe Rock production; presumably that will require another conference.

Clerical

If you had happened to stray on to the set of The Scarab Murder Case, this week at Pinewood, you would have heard someone bawling "Hi, Best!"

That's the summons for the new second assistant director; but it would also have brought running the Reverend C. B. Digby-Best, who has recently deserted the pulpit for the megaphone, having decided that he had no vocation for the ministry.

They say it's an elocutionary treat to hear him intoning "Quiet, P.L.EASE!"

The Victor Saville production, Storm In a Teacup, is one I am looking forward to. If it's anything like as good in its sphere as the stage-play from which it derives, it will be a wow.

Arduous Part

It's the story of an unholy rumpus in the little west-coast Scottish town of Balzie. The storm-centre is "Latsy," a dog of cloudy parentage but engaging manners; but the main thing rests on the fact that William Gow, the Provost, who has visions of becoming Dictator of Scotland, has no son or heir.

Cecil Parker is playing this arduous and unsympathetic part, and Vivien Leigh plays the Provost's daughter, Victoria. Here is a slight divergence from the original, in which Victoria was the Provost's wife, but on the screen we are not allowed to see a married woman falling for another man—which Victoria does.

I am not always wholeheartedly in favour of filming stage-plays, but this is a case in which I think the practice will be fully justified.
HE Royal Canadian Mounted Police have nothing on Elaine Barrie, who, after many setbacks, is now the wife of John Barrymore. Hollywood was scarcely surprised when it heard the news. Jack and Elaine "eloped" to Yuma, Arizona, accompanied by the young lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, of New York.

Undoubtedly the bride will seek to win fame in the movies by using the name Elaine Barrymore. She makes no secret of her histrionic ambitions.

In Retirement
Romeo and Juliet may be Norma Shearer's last picture for an indefinite period. The shock of her husband's death, coupled with a recent attack of bronchial pneumonia, makes it impossible for the star to consider future productions.

Norma has no financial worries, for the estate left her and her two children by Thalberg is estimated at between $1,600,000 and $2,000,000.

Lucky Orphans
The famous Cradle in Evanston, near Chicago, is likely to be empty if the movie stars continue their raids.

Irene Dunne plans to adopt a child from this orphanage. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, have acquired a son, whilst another boy has joined Pat O'Brien's family.

Other children have been taken from the place by Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and Constance Bennett.

Feathering His Nest
Since it was announced that many Hollywoodites are planning to make trips to New York, the players have been deluged with strange offers from their fans.

To Eleanor Powell, who is going to New York to bring her grandparents to Hollywood, one fan wrote saying she and his family of four have a second-hand auto trailer. He added that he would be willing to take Miss Powell to New York with them, if she would pay for the gas and food en route!

Needless to say, Eleanor did not accept the offer.

Too Much Admiration
Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck sigh for privacy which is rarely theirs, for the fans mob them wherever they go, demanding autographs. Whether they are at the beach, a polo game, or a premiere, the fans hem them in.

Taylor's popularity is increasing every day, and he now ranks as one of the greatest drawing cards in Hollywood.

When he made his first trip to New York several months ago he was stampeded and in

the mêlée lost a handkerchief his mother had made for him. A letter came to Taylor the other day with the missing handkerchief enclosed. The writer, a girl, admitted she had stolen it from his pocket, but had been troubled by a guilty conscience. All she asked was Taylor's forgiveness.

Bob autographed the handkerchief and sent it back to her.

Love Again!
Isabel Jewell recently announced that her romance with Owen Crump was off because her career came first.

However, the little lady has exercised a woman's privilege and changed her mind, so the engagement is on again!

An Old Friend
Abdullah Abbas, Victor McLaglen's trainer, has been in the employ of the actor for twenty-one years, dating from the time when they met in Mesopotamia during the World War, McLaglen being a Provost Marshal in the British army. Abdullah, an Arab, was then only 11 years old.

Prosperous Jackie
Jackie Coogan is no longer very active in the movies, where he once was a famous boy star, but he is amply blessed with the world's goods.

Even the cameraman refuses to let him alone—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck find that their popularity with the fans allows them no privacy.

An indication of his prosperity is evidenced by the fact that he recently paid $20,000 for an estate in the San Fernando Valley.

Jackie, his mother and brother Robert will occupy the new home.

His Winning Way
It pays to be yourself in Hollywood. Raoul Walsh, 12-year-old budding film star, receives $80 a week because he is said to be the most natural child actor Producer Samuel Goldwyn has ever seen.

Whether the boy was tested for an important role in Goldwyn's Beloved Enemy he was completely himself before the camera, and his winsome, unaffected manner charmed the producer into selecting him over a dozen boys tested for the role.

Fans in Ambush
The stars are still bothered by camera fanatics who hide behind hedges and attempt to catch the players in unconventional poses. Celebrities enjoying sunbaths are fair game, as Garbo found to her cost.

A star falling on a tennis court, missing a swing on a golf course, or tumbling from a polo pony is often "snapped" by the camera addicts, who occasionally sell the prints at a handsome profit.

Clever Star
One of the busiest places in Hollywood is the tiny portable structure which Joan Bennett uses for her dressing room during the filming of a picture.

The actress is doing her own interior decorating for a new home being built in Holmby Hills, and the dressing bungalow is a whirlwind of charts, sketches, fabric samples, water colours, minor architects, fussed hairdressers, and seething assistant directors!

Roughing It
With one table to eat off, one davenport to sit on, and just enough beds to sleep in, the Bartholomew family moved to their new home in Westwood Hills.

That is all the furniture the Bartholomews own at the moment and, due to Freddie's constant work in the films, Aunt Millie, who is required to accompany him to the set, has had no chance to go out and buy any. So, until Freddie's present picture is completed, the family will get along with a minimum of chairs, bureaus and lamps.

Odd Footage
Oliveia de Haviland was born in Tokyo, Japan.

Gertrude Michael gave piano recitals at the age of 12.

George Brent is considering a trip to the Himalayas for unusual photographic material.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL
SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN
December 12, 1936
It's not all work in the studios. Melvyn Douglas, Irene Dunne and her maid, Anita Sachs, sit on the sidelines enjoying the comic antics of co-workers between scenes on the "Theodora Goes Wild" set.

Above: The Candid cameraman visits Tom Walls at his Ewell and Chertsey estates and obtained some unconventional shots of the star of "Dishonour Bright."

Inset: The comedian off for his morning ride. He never misses it whether he is filming or not.

Fashion's popular broad shoulder line is obtained in Ginger Rogers' silver cloth ensemble by using silver cording to make modified epaulets on her brief jacket. The outfit was designed by Bernard Newman, Radio stylist, for the star to wear in "Swing Time."

Left, Walls presents Mathab (April the Fifth-Atlas) on his Chertsey stud farm. Here is Tom's ride for the Derby, 1935.
Countess Alexandra (Marlene Dietrich) and Ainsley Fothergill (Robert Donat) try to escape from the revolutionaries, disguised as Red soldiers.

The Countess, widowed early in the War, sadly watches more soldiers marching off—to be killed.

Alexandra fits on her wedding dress for her marriage to Colonel Adravix (Austin Trevor), who is killed in the War shortly afterwards.
Marlene Dietrich makes her British film debut as an aristocrat who is caught in the Red Revolution in Russia and escapes after many adventures with the help of Robert Donat, an Englishman posing as a Bolshevik Commissar.

It is claimed, a part quite different from anything the glamour queen has attempted before. The picture is directed by Jacques Feyder and produced by Alexander Korda.

(Above) That ought to make Cecil B. de Mille jealous. Marlene in one of the lighter moments of the film.

The Countess and her father, General Vladimir (Herbert Lomas) visit the Russian Embassy in London.

Ascot Gold Cup Day, 1913—the last day in England before Alexandra returns to Russia, war and revolution.

Arriving at her St. Petersburg villa, Countess Alexandra is warmly welcomed by her staff and the village.
A new team of screen lovers appears in Lady From Nowhere in the persons of Mary Astor and Charles Quigley, who are starred in this story dealing with gangsters and kidnapping. The picture was directed by Gordon Wiles, and the cast includes Thurston Hall, Victor Kilian, Spencer Charters and Norman Willis.
MM... just as I thought. Your wife’s brother was deaf you said. Your child’s hearing is one of hereditary deafness.”

Christopher Freyman, widowed sexton of the Protestant church in Zanebruck on the Austro-Italian border, in the year 1900, stared helplessly at his thirteen-months-old son lying on the hospital examination table. He had never foreseen this tragedy. “You mean my son is deaf, doctor. He won’t be able to hear.”

“My afraid not; nor since the power of learning by sounds is absent, will he be able to speak. I’m very sorry, Freyman, very sorry.”

Tenderly carrying the deaf-mute child in its shawl, Chris came back to the wooden cottage by the church with its belfry open to the village square and assuming spire rising against the background of the snow-clad Alps. More than anything he had craved for this second son, built all hope upon him seeing that he had cost his mother’s life.

Beyond home and children Chris worshipped music—music as interpreted by the church bells he rang with such ardour and precision every Sunday. At the age of ten, Karl, the elder boy was not shaping as his father would have liked. One with the village boys who sang in the choir, Karl was frequently inattentive and generally out of tune. He was more interested in model making, the value of which trait, Chris could not acknowledge so paramount as his interest in harmony.

But Gabriel was to have had his father’s ear and compose the masterpieces he had been unable through lack of education, to accomplish. No wonder Chris carried a heavy burden to the well-worn armchair.

Ten years passed and Gabriel remained deaf-mute, a silent member of the household whose affection for Karl and his father, was none the less patent. Chris’s attitude towards his elder son had not altered.

“What are you reading?” he asked sharply as Anna removed the soup plates after the first course of the mid-day meal.

“Elementary Principles of Aeronautics, that’s all, father.”

“So, and if it isn’t aeronautics one day, it’s chemistry another. The Bible is out of fashion, I suppose.”

“Not altogether but times change father. In your day they had a horse and buggy. Now we have cars and aeroplanes.”

“Tch. Well, a buggy’s good enough for me. I suppose next you’ll tell me they’re going to invent a machine for ringing church bells.”

“A very simple matter, father, if it were important enough in every-day life.”

“Important! Enough of your crazy nonsense. It’s... it’s unholy.”

“The boy didn’t mean any harm,” Chris’s brother Anton put in, but the lad had left the table and the father was left to grumble that his dinner had been spoilt. Worse occurred the following evening when Karl broke into the living-room with the two-days-old newspaper.

“Look father. It’s happened just as I said it would. American aviator wins ten thousand dollar prize.”

“Glen Curtis flies from Albany to New York. Isn’t it thrilling? Just think, a hundred and forty-two miles in less than three hours.”

Even Karl’s enthusiasm wilted before his father’s look.

“I suppose every village has its crazy man,” Chris said bitterly. You with your models of flying machines sending them off into your neighbour’s gardens, ruining their vegetables. The tragedy is that you’re my son.”

I’m sorry if that’s what the narrow-minded folk in this village think of me. Father we’ve had many quarrels before about my work. Ever since I was small you’ve interfered because I didn’t want to be a bell-ringer. Now I don’t want to hurt you, but I believe in aviation and its great future and what’s more I want to follow it.”

Something in his son’s face, in the words spoken quietly without temper, caused Chris to lose his. “I’ve had enough of your tomfoolery,” he countered. “I’ve given up every hope that you’d follow me in my work, but whatever you choose to do, while you’re under my roof, you must behave like my son.”

Chris was quite unprepared for the shock next morning of finding Karl gone. A note left behind told that he had sailed for New York.

Sunk in his own bitter disappointment, Chris was quite unprepared for the shock next morning of finding Karl gone. A note left on the pillow of the made-up bed, read that he had sailed for America. Furious, Chris continued reading—“Do not be angry with me dear father. One day, I’ll make you proud of me. Say good-bye for me to Anna, uncle Anton and little Gabriel. Love to you all, Karl.”

Stirred to the depths as he had never been, Chris called heaven to witness that he had not been a religious man he would have called upon God to curse the journey of a son. “From now on Karl is dead,” he pronounced. “Anna... Anton, you hear me, Karl is dead. I never want to hear his name again.”

For nearly four years he stood by the determination, refusing to see the tears in Anna’s eyes when letters from America were consigned unread to the spirit. It was natural that he should turn to Gabriel for comfort finding an increased affection in the child who undoubtedly missed his brother. It had struck Chris more than once that Gabriel was acquiring a slightly more alert look. One evening, nursing the boy on his knee, Chris accidentally touched a glass of mulled beer beside him with a spoon. Gabriel raised himself. Chris repeated the sound effect. No doubt that Gabriel reacted. He seized the spoon, knocking the glass again and again, listening with the light of joy growing in his eyes.

Chris’s happiness took on a religious fervour. “God has answered our prayers,” he said to Anna. “Gabriel has begun to hear.”

The doctor’s report bore testimony to the gradualness of the changes of nature. “There is no doubt your son can hear high-pitched sound vibrations, but he can hear nothing else,” he said after thorough examination.

“Can something be done about it doctor?”

“Several things: experimental to (continued on page 24)
Miss Dorothy Dickson

Miss Dorothy Dickson has a wealth of worldly wisdom and the trusty sympathy for all human problems. Her answer to this problem may solve your difficulties.

_How to make friendship ripen into love is a problem many girls face. Now here is my advice to you and all women who want to win and hold love—_make yourself more vitally attractive._ How? Well, imagine your face with the soft rosy blush of youth on your cheeks—_natural, vibrant colour—_wouldn't it make a difference? Khasana Blush Cream is a soft, fragrant cream which brings a delicate, rosy _natural_ blush to your cheeks the moment you apply it—_natural, vibrant colour that spells youthful attractiveness. No matter what your type of colouring is, dark or fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is your colouring—_your natural skin tone._ So easy to apply, it is waterproof and kiss proof—one application lasts all day. Dare to be your loveliest self—that vital you! It is _natural colour that brings you this beauty._"

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**Khasana BLUSH CREAM**

Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes; Blush Dark for Brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

*Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours*

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**THE STORY of the**

by the scanty accommodation for the pilot of the 'plane in which Karl was to take off.

"Contact." The word spoken by Karl was echoed by the mechanics as the propeller in the rear started to revolve. To the shouts of the crowd, the bird-like creature moved forward and gradually lifted above the top-tops. For a long time Chris stared fascinated into the sky, then went home not to eat or sleep, but to spend his time waiting... waiting for Karl's safe return. Karl's eager face framed by the leather helmet, the fragility of the strange new machine, haunted him. By six o'clock he had been up from his chair a dozen times to find other people going past corridor and stairs. At half-past came a knock. Two elderly men entered—graved and restrained.

"Please take a chair Mr. Freyman," one said. "Your son has had an accident. His plane crashed."

"My son... Karl. Is he dead?"

Such was the overwhelming truth. When Chris had recovered a little from the shock, he tried to be grateful to Karl's employers for offering to defray a passage home. He booked one for the 3rd, 1914, quite unaware in his sorrow that the imminence of a world war was about to affect him personally.

Jayne, the _Evening Post_ of Austria's declaration of war drove him however to the Austro-Hungarian Consulate. He was to sail for my home in the Tyrol last week, but my papers were taken from me and my passage cancelled," he said, as he came from Zanebruck, on the border.

"Zanebruck, Nadelberg, Wessenland all border villages were destroyed in the first bombardment and are no longer in existence," the clerk told him.

"As regards the inhabitants we are sorry reports are so little available, but when our armies a casualty last will be posted."

When down the list of dead and missing, Chris, among an anxious group of conscripts, found the name of Greyman, he thought to have drained the last drop of the cup of sorrow. The thought of realising himself a stranger, home-less, penniless in a great city had still to be tasted. Chris recalled to principles of life he had learned and taught left the building determined to find work. He found it as a cleaner in the music shop of a Mr. Twitchelcoso. The job, depressing in the last degree to a man who had been honoured in his own village, added to the shock of a double sorrow, aged Chris sadly. The figure bending over the parcel that morning as Mr. Twitchelcoso put on a gramophone record and started the needle, was that of an old and destitute man. Suddenly he left his pail and moved up to the counter, shaken to the depths of his being by the sounds which filled the shop.

"Did you hear those bells?" he demanded of his employer. "They sound like the ones I used to ring in Zanebruck years ago. Please Mr. Twitchelcoso give me the record."

His hands shook as he stared at the disc. "The Bells Symphony... Mario Singarellich..."

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"Of course, you fool. Everyone's..."
heard of Singarelli, the great Italian composer and Maestro."

"Mr. Twitchelesco, I'll never ask a favour again but I must have that record."

His employer drove a hard bargain—three days work for nothing—but Chris left for his common lodging-house on the Bowery with the precious disc under his arm. Life in that miserable apolgy for home would have been unbearable had it not been for Crusty, tough down-and-out who had taken a fancy to Chris whom he good-naturedly called Pop.

The day following proved that he had taken the old man's troubles to heart.

"Hey, give me that piece o' hoarding Pop. You ain't strong enough to keep moving," Crusty ordered, meeting Chris on the pavement while his job at the music store was temporarily in abeyance. Chris allowed the transfer of the sandwich board he had been carrying, to Crusty's shoulders. For the first time the notice displayed caught Chris's eye.

"He's coming," he gasped. "Singarelli's coming; playing at the Carnegie Hall to-night in a symphony concert. Crusty, the man pays top tickets for the performance or fifty cents for carrying these boards. If I have the tickets will you take me to hear the Maestro?"

"But Pop, the cash would sleep you for two nights."

"I don't care, Pop. I want to see the Maestro. Maybe he can tell me something about Zanebruck."

But having arrived in a gallery seat and seen the fair haired conductor with his baton open the concert, while the first few bars of the melody filled the four corners of the hall, things became too much for Chris. He started up, staggered, mumbled excited words. Finally Crusty was obliged to take him outside.

"You don't understand. You must see the Maestro. He must be one of my choir boys," he urged.

"All right. All right Pop. We'll see what we can do. Get a hold of yourself," Crusty soothed. He was even better than his word for an attempt to get past the stage doorman proved hopeless.

"Try the Maestro's suite at Savoy Towers hotel," was all the functionary would concede and Crusty, after expressing a wish that all the doorman's children might follow their father's calling took Pop thither. An impressive secretary opening the door, having several times stated that the Maestro was out, at last consented to deliver a message. Worn out with excitement and delay, Chris would have been thankful of rest, but remembered he was due that evening to wash-up dishes at Mr. Twitchelesco's on the occasion of his daughter's wedding. He was at the sink when his employer tapped his shoulder.

"Hey Chris. Someone to see you. Hurry." He had almost forgotten between weariness and anxiety about breaking things, that he had given the Maestro's secretary Mr. Twitchelesco's address as better-sounding than that of a common lodging house. Wiping his hands on his apron, he followed the bride's father to the living room where the guests were grouped in attitudes of manifest respect about a fair young man occupying a chair.

"I understand you have lived in Zanebruck and wish to see me," the young man observed kindly. "You know my real name is not Singarelli. It belongs to an Italian couple who brought me up. I never knew my real name. I was deaf until the terrific bombardment in the war restored my hearing."

Chris had fallen on his knees. In the maelstrom of emotion prides, joys, revels, grudges, and a knowledge of facts justified, one idea emerged triumphant. "It was the bells, the bells that brought me to you, Gabriel, my son," he murmured. Moreover it was the bells that Chris played at Singarelli's next concert, no church bells indeed, but a modern musician's bells, such as Karl would have loved to see and handle, bells such as Crusty, resplendent in a box with cigar, was satisfied to hear, bells that rang in a new era for one who had not been allowed to suffer for ever for the "Sins of Man."

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THE GREEN PASTURES

Uch an exposition of the child mind, as exemplified by negroes in their conception of religion, has never been expressed in a composite manner with such simplicity nor with such innate beauty and inner spirituality as in this artistically perfect adaptation of Marc Connelly's stage play, which has been running successfully for five years in America.

I do not intend to enter here into the controversies that have raged round its presentation in this country, where it is banned from the stage but allowed on the screen.

It is sufficient to say that the idea and its execution is, to me, as reverent as it could well be and its childlike fantasy has a grandeur which many a church could do without and emulate.

The picture is based on the idea that a negro preacher is holding a Sunday school meeting and tells the story of the Old Testament in a manner which will bring it vividly before their eyes—that is, in everyday language—describing the setting with which they are familiar and inventing the Biblical characters with personalities approximating to people they know.

The artistry of the conception of "de Lawd" is composed of nearly all the good qualities in the hearers' neighbors, and He resembles the man for whom each individual member of the class has the most respect.

He puts the Hebrew under Pharaoh's whip as a cure and then visits Moses, a man suggested to him as a leader by Abraham in a dream in Heaven, and shows him the "tricks" he is to use to make Pharaoh "let the children go." 

Thus we are dealing with Moses are some of the most moving in the picture. As an old man worn with travelling and sorrows, Moses steps on the scene carrying a staff and the burden of the world on his shoulder, the weight of his years, of his experience, of his experiences, of his people.

Then "de Lawd" comes and leads him away to a land that is "far better than that of Canaan."

Once more the world lapses into sinfulness, and in Babylon the prophet of "de Lawd" is slain, and "in His wrath" He speaks to the assassins and says that he will no longer seek to help mankind.

But "de Lawd" is still concerned although He receives deputations of His angels and dismisses their pleas for a further intervention in world affairs.

Then one day He hears a voice praying to Him, the voice of one, Hezred, who is engaged in battling for the sake of "de Lawd."

A child, though he listens, but gradually He decides to investigate more closely and goes to converse with this man, and asks to whom he prays.

And He learns that Hezred has a conception of a God of Mercy, not of wrath, that "de Lawd" has in fact changed in character and that through suffering man will merit mercy.

"De Lawd" goes back to His Heaven and the idea fruits utterly to end in a vision of a Man carrying a heavy Cross up a hill to stoic for the sins of mankind.

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personification of man pleading with "de Lawd" to show mercy after He had been so consistently resisted, and of Adam.

One Folk is indubitably effective as the Archangel Gabriel. His solicitude for "de Lawd," and his childlike manner, which even at will stiffens into a commanding personality, must be seen to be understood.

The Moses of George Reed is another outstanding piece of acting, and one who almost makes even the play of Noah by Frank Wilson

I have not space to deal individually with the long list of artists who appear, but I do not think you will find a flaw anywhere. 

Visually and in dramatic value alone, this picture is outstanding in the history of the cinema.

As for the settings they are well characterised by a naturalism that suggests that the negroes themselves have chosen them.

Pharaoh's palace for example, looks like a side-show at a fair and its retinue are attired in costumes which represent various modern walks of life.

I cannot leave this production without referring to the children who appear in the Sunday school: I have never seen more likeable and natural little artistes on the screen.

Between them, Marc Connelly and William Keighley have made a picture which remains a landmark in screen history.

COME AND GET IT

Frances Farmer looks to me like a walking riot out of this picture into stardom. She is, I think, one of the most complete personalities we have seen since Dietrich and Hepburn attracted our attention and applauded them.

She is cast as a dance hall girl in Iron Ridge, in the Wisconsin lumberlands of 1900, who fascinates a lumberjack and soon discovers that he is from her environment only to be deserted by him when his ambitions cause him to become a partner of a mill-owner and thus gain a partnership in the business.

On the occasion she fascinated me quite as much as she did the lumberjack, and her rendering of a song in a rich contralto was irresistibly attractive.

However, having married the lumberjack, the dance hall girl bears a daughter to him and dies.

Frances Farmer next comes on the scene as this daughter, and the way she contrasts the gay unsophistication of the latter with the world that she comes from is as wonderful as the part, and she appeared in a trifling too damp, temporarily for comfort.

The preacher then proceeds to picture the New (Old) Testament in the same matter of fact manner which yet expresses a spiritual sincerity which is at
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The PICTURERO’S quick reference index to films just released

**THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL**

**SNOWED UNDER**

**THE LAST OUTLOW**

**SINS OF MAN**

—and Sudden

**DEATH**

**PRISON SHADOWS**

**THE WESTERNER**

**GIPSY MELODY**

**BORN TO GAMBLE**

What the asterisks mean—

•• An outstanding feature.

••• An excellent feature.

•••• A perfect feature.

••••• Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

LIONEL

COLLIER

The actor Edward Arnold, it might have been rather nauseating, but William Wyler’s treatment is subtle and Edward Arnold is remarkably skillful.

The opening sequences are full of action and show in magnificent picturesque manner the work of the lumberjacks, and they exhaust one of the best “free-for-all” fights I have seen.

The protagonist of the new prosperous millowner for a young girl enough to be his daughter, who falls in love with his son and finally opens the elder man’s eyes to his folly.

He had lived in a dream world with a re-created sweetheart whom he had passed over in favour of power and riches.

A native American makes an entirely favourable impression in this picture, Andrea Leeds, as the lumberjack’s daughter, whom he is certainly worth watching.

Joel McCrea is very well cast as the son who rebels against his father’s wishes, and Walter Brennan gives a strong characterisation of a simple Swede, the millowner’s greatest friend.

Mady Christians contributes a stirring performance as the Swede’s niece.

DREAMS COME TRUE

Some time ago I reviewed an Austrian picture called Liesbe
delmei which starred Martha Eggerth and was based on Franz Lehár’s operaetta Cléo-Cléo. Dreams Come True is a carbon copy of that film and while it does not contain quite the delicacy of touch or the consummate charm of its original it does provide a melodramatic entertain
tment and Reginald Denham is to be congratulated on his treatment of the subject.

It deals with a certain Hungarian landowner Adalbert von Wadenua who goes to the Agricultural Show in the hopes of finding a good wife for his son Peter, and his faithful retainer, Anton.

On arrival at the hotel both father and son are accosted by the poster of an Hungarian actress, Iona Ratkay, and each, unknown to the other, books seats for the night’s performance.

Anton proves to be the lucky one and persuades Iona to have supper with him but by a mis-directed message Adalbert arrives at the restaurant as well.

However, he is soon in his cups and joins a riotous party while Peter starts winning hearts of the lady. He invites her down to his father’s country house and she, having learned that her young man has published a false story about her being the daughter of a notorious dandy, Gaby Aranay and a country gentleman, decides to accept his invitaiton in order to teach him a lesson.

Meanwhile, Anton is feversly seeking his master and when he does find him, joins the hectic party and becomes deplorably drunk.

The opening scene is a fitting introduction to the story of his birth and she understands why Peter had suddenly become cold to her.

While Peter had also heard the news and motorizing to town succeeds in bringing his romance to a successful conclusion.

Frances Day plays the role of Iona Ratkay with a gay abandon which justice to Lehár’s tuneful music.

As Adalbert, Hugh Wakefield hardly suggests an Hungarian nobleman. In fact, he gives the character full amusement value while Nelson Keys is very good as Anton, the heart-breaker.

Frederick Bradshaw, although inclined to overwork his smile, is nevertheless, a personable and intel
telligent juvenile lead.

Marie Lohr graces the small role of Adalbert’s wife.

Settings are very picturesque and the camera work is excellently handled.

On the Screens Now

**THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL**

General F.D. ice (Continued)

1936. Remarquhou romantique drama. Run 89 minutes.

Nils Asther is “The Marriage of Corbal.”

As a revolutionary deputy who goes to round up the Marquis of Corbal, and while doing so becomes fascinated by a little aristocrat, he finds, to his surprise, that he has fallen in love with a boy, Nils Asther is too melodramatically sinister. He forces his acting to the point of artificiality.

Hazel Terry is unable to cope with the difficult role of Cleone which necessitates her disguising herself as a boy; a disguise which would not have deceived the simplest mind. Hoot Gibson, with a lot of acting makes the young actress of his limited experience to undertake.

Noah Beery is very theatrical as a sergeant, but Ernest Deutsch gives a dignified and highly imperious little study of an aristocrat who is given to throwing tantrums.

This scene in which the villagers refuse to come and see the execution is the most dramatic in the produc
tion.

O’to Kanturek’s exquisite camera work is the main reason I have for awarding this somewhat dis
appointing picture two stars. Presenting a cross section of the French Revolution as it affected the people of a small outlying town, it has a full quota of historical sentiment but its presentation fails to realise its possibilities.

Otto Kanturek, the director, has achieved scenic excellence, but he has not made his characters convincing, and he is not helped in this by the poverty of the dialogue and the diversity of the accents of the players concerned.

Bright dialogue, quick action, good characterisations all go to make this an entertaining and amusing farce, with rather more than the usual quota of laughs.

Cleonie, when it is distinctly happy in the comedy role of a young dramatist who goes to a lonely farmhouse to finish a play, and is followed thereto by Alice, his first wife, whom his backers have sent, believing she can supply the neces
sary facilities.

She is, in turn, followed by his ex-wife number two, Daisy, who arrives by Hoot Gibson and who demands the payment of alimony. And then the fun is on.

Geneviève Tobin and Glenda Farrell play up to each other excell
tently as Alice and Daisy respectively, and both Mr. Tobin and Mr. Farrell deliver their wisecracks and withering sarcasms with full regard to their point.

Frank McHugh is on top of his form as a deputy sheriff, and, indeed, the whole cast deserves praise for its excellent support.

Slapstick, too, plays an important role in the development of the farce, and it is put over with boisterous spirit.

**THE LAST OUTLOW**

Radio, American. “U” certificate. Western melodrama. Run 70 minutes.


Good example of the modern Western, with the old ingredients served up with rather more polish and better story values than many of its earlier prototypes.

The picture shows, too, what a really good actor Harry Carey is. He is a regular Western star, who is just as capable of a convincing characterisation as he is of the most pretentious equestrian skill and elegance.

He is cast here as Dean Payton, who, after serving twenty-five years in gaol for a hold-up, returns to his old haunts and finds a prosperous city.

He becomes friends with his old enemy, the sheriff, now assistant to a young man, and with Doc Mason, a man who had brought up his little daughter.

Al Gos, a bandit, makes a bank raid and windows are largely owing to Dean that they are eventually captured.

A romantic element is introduced between Al Gos and a young woman, played by Hoot Gibson, and another “old timer,” Tom Tyler, is cast as Gos.

In the latter role, Henry B. Walthall played Yates with full sympathy and feeling, and makes us conscious of the loss the screen has sustained in his departure.

Margaret Callahan is very good indeed as Sally. The picture includes a lot of thrills, including street scenes, wild rides, a motor car chase, and the raid on the bandit’s hide-out in a mountain shanty.

**SINS OF MAN**

Fox, American. "U" certificate. Human biographical drama. Run 70 minutes.

James Cagney Chromack Friedman Don Ameche. Karl Freudman Mario Singhelli

Allen Jenkins Eyre

E. Howard Browning Alastair

Arnold Manley Angela

De Witt Jennings Witcheldeburn

Ferry Deane, Price, Town Laker

Francis Ford Town Drunk (Continued on page 30)
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19/10/36

C. Conventional Western with the usual gun play, fights, and horsemanship, put over with a punch, and likely read to be very acceptable to juveniles.

The action is fast and the direction slick, with Tim McCoy putting up a good performance as the dashing hero.

The plot shows how Tim, a cowboy on the Junta Barnes ranch, returning home after an injury while riding a wild horse, Midnight, is accused of murder. Tim is arrested, and it is figured out that his employer's cattle are being stolen and that his father has been killed by Midnight, which he had purchased for his son. Tim buys a ranch situated between Junta's range and Senator Luckhart's territory. The son, Bob, is jealous of Tim, and seeks Junta for himself.

There is a murder on Tim's property on the first day of his tenure. By a series of investigations and thrilling escapades, how

ever, Tim proves the innocence of Bob, who was at first believed to be guilty of the crime, and, at the same time, rounds up the rustlers and wins the hand of Junata.

Marion Shilling is sound as Junata, and Joseph Sayers scores as Bob. A worthwhile performance is given by Eddie Cobb as Tim's right-hand-man.

GIPSY MELODY

There is plenty of action in this story, which includes in its scope, boxing, chases, romance, and a dog interest.

It is conventional enough in design, but has angles of popular appeal which make it fair entertainment.

Eddie Nugent is quite good as Gene, a professional boxer who, after serving a long term of imprisonment for manslaughter, is released and re-establishes himself. He unfortunately again kills a man in a championship bout.

Suspecting foul play he proceeds to investigate, and is aided in his inquiries by the fact that his dog dies after smelling a towel that had been used by one of his opponent's seconds.

Eddie Nugent puts plenty of vim into his fights.

As a woman for whom he falls, and who is mixed up with crooks, Lucille Lund is sound, while Joan Barney provides a fitting contrast as the heroine.

Monte Blue, Forrest Taylor, Sid Saylor and John Elliott make the supporting characters interesting enough.

Lack of a correlated story appears to be the main defect of this musical, which has some good music, amusing gags, and well-handled individual situations.

The plot deals with Eric Danilo, Captain of the Guard of the Grand Duchy of Seeburg, who is imprisoned for wounding the umpire during a duel in the fog. He escapes, and blunders into a gypsy encampment, where he wins the heart of Mila, a dancer. Danilo and Mila join a biergang orchestra, and the whole company is engaged by an American impresario to go to London, where they have a successful season.

They then set off by aeroplane to visit all the capitals of Europe, when the plane crashes in Seeburg. Danilo is arrested, but is subsequently rehabilitated and made Lord Chancellor, and is married to Mila by gypsy rites.

Alfred Rode conducts his orchestra admirably, but is not very convincing as Danilo, while Lupe Velez has little material at her command as Mila, although she makes the very most of the chances she has to sing and dance.

I have a great deal for the comedy possibilities, both of Jerry Verno, but he is rarely given a chance to exercise them, and he certainly is not here.

Fred Duprez also works hard to make bricks without straw as the impresario.

Supporting roles generally, however, are not all adequately filled.

BORN TO GAMBLE


Osloon Stevens, Fred "Art" Cartwright, Henry Mathews, Maxine Doyle, Carol Strickland, Earl Williams, Lois Wilson, Paula Williams, Ben Alexander.

The taint of hereditary gambling is the basis of this regeneration story, which makes the point of returning to the old ways and involving the future generations in the father's gambling business.

To revenge his brother, the fourth becomes an assassin of the gangster who killed the former, and is finally accused of the bad man's murder, only to be found not guilty, whereupon he returns to his gambling ways and retrieves the fortunes of his father's bankrupt business.

Lloyd's wife, Lois Wilson is adequate. The best acting comes from Osloon Stevens, who does the roles of the mother and Mila, the daughter of the gambling-obsessed grandfather.

The parts of the other sons are competently filled by Eric Linden, William Janney, and Ben Alexander.

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1,600 CHILDREN CAN'T BE WRONG!

The schoolboys and schoolgirls of to-day do take a highly intelligent interest in films. This week "The Thinker" has made a selection from their letters.

A READER said that the children of to-day are not so enthusiastic about the film-stars as they were in his days. But this not true. I am eleven and attend a big school of 400 girls — almost every girl collects a special film star. The seniors collect Robert Taylor, Gable, Robert Donat, Fred and Ginger, Garbo, Shirley, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and they laugh at us "juniors" for collecting Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Zasu Pitts, and Eddie Cantor. We are not allowed to go to the pictures at school, but we make up for it in the holidays! Nor are we allowed to have film magazines, but we always manage to have our copy of PICTUREGOER, because our parents keep them for us while we are at school, and when we come home in the holidays we read all about our favourites and cut out pictures of them which we stick into our scrap books. My favourite is Eddie Cantor. — Renee Smith, Porteau, Marianglas, Anglesey, N. Wales.

400 Boys

Having read several readers' letters on schoolgirls' tastes in films I should like to give in contrast the ideas of schoolboys and as I go to a school of over 400 boys I think I can do it. So let me start by giving a few of the most popular stars. Most boys like Merle Oberon, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers while Jessie Matthews is a general favourite, but although they like some of the same stars their taste in films is really very different from that of the girls. They like plenty of action, spectacle and sentiment and enjoy spotting the murderer in a mystery thriller. They have no preference for English or American films, and as for their tastes in male stars they like he-men, and anyone that isn't really tough is immediately labelled a "Cissy boy," but with boys as well the PICTUREGOER is the favourite magazine. — A. R. Rose, Beroni, Stuart Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

800 More Girls

As a member of the younger generation who patronise the pictures frequently, may I, through the courtesy of the PICTUREGOER columns, offer suggestions to the film producers which I think would increase the receipts. It is estimated that one-third of the patrons of cinemases are children. If this is correct should not their opinion be taken into account? May I suggest that films suitable should be made. Suggesting on behalf of a majority of our school of 800 children, we would like more Mickey Mouse, Shirley Temple, Our Gang and films of animal actors like the late Rin Tin Tin; cowboy films, railway films and modern industry films are popular features too.

History films in period costumes — of these we read enough at school. Croomers — we hear enough of these on the radio. May I beg of producers to cater for us? Do not make 9 out of 10 "A" films. We are cinema patrons for a long time to come. — Margaret Mitchell (age 14), 27 Tavistock Drive, Mapperly, Sherwood, Nottingham.

Cowboys for Schoolboys

A reader recently declared that the only kind of film that children enjoy comes in the "cowboy or detective line." Being a schoolboy myself I feel called upon to contradict this rather wide statement. It is only infants that really enjoy this type of film, for the same kind of situations are served out time and time again. Owing to the advance in education, children are growing far more sensible and can appreciate a good film better than some adults.

To my knowledge schoolchildren, at any rate, prefer films such as China Seas, Front Page Woman, or any films in which Gracey Fields, Jessie Matthews or Will Hay appears, to these stupid westerns.

In the last western I saw, the heroine murred the same sentimentally to the smug hero seven times consecutively. I counted it each time for want of something better to do, deeply wondering what idiot directed the film.

I won't mention his name for I am sure he would wish to remain anonymous. If parents like their children to see this type of film, then they must be weak types of parents. — T. Yandell, c/o Mrs. E. Maycock, Banbury Lane, Bisfield, Rugby.

Banishing Monotony

I have just received my copy of PICTUREGOER and am very interested in a schoolgirl's letter. She asked for other girls' opinions so I will give her a few. Although only 14, I work in a warehouse packing flour and sugar which is dreadfully monotonous. There are four of us in our room and we are all keen film fans. We talk about films and stars while we are working, which helps wonderfully in driving the monotony away. On the walls are portraits, all out of our favourite film paper — PICTUREGOER. Our favourites are rather different from the school except that we, too, like Donat very much. They are Bob Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, John Loder and Gable. My own particular favourite is Bob, he is such a charming, irresistible scamp. The two most popular films are It Happened One Night and Hide Out. — Marjorie Johnson, 63 Station Road, Hepthorne Lane, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Madge Begs to Differ

Lately a letter was published on the Thinker's page entitled "Films for Kids." This condemned the rising generation for being unenthusiastic about the usual love affair type of film.

I, however, have a different opinion regarding this. Whether you would term me a "kid" at fourteen. I don't know, but I do know that I enjoy films with romance or pathos in them.

The educational value in films of daily life, etc., is, I agree, very high, often a benefit to the average child but looking differently at the subject, I think that the former type of film gives the child more insight into the trials of life often inducing him to find a way out of the difficulty.

(Continued on page 34)
A Jealous Wife's Confession

I KNEW my husband’s affection was cooling off. At 20 I had a pretty face and fresh clear skin. But housework and bringing up two children soon brought lines and wrinkles. At 30 I could easily have been taken for 40. Then I read about the amazing discovery of Biocel by some great doctor in Vienna, which enables women to get back their youthful looks. I got a jar of Biocel Skinfood at once, and used it that night. The very next morning my skin seemed to be fresher and clearer. In a week my husband said: ‘Why, Emily, you actually look younger.’ In a month all my friends were commenting on the change in my appearance.”

Biocel is a vital cell food obtained from carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It is contained exclusively in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. This nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Removes lines and wrinkles. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes the dark, rough skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

LIPSTICK wasn’t made like this for nothing!

What girl hasn’t thought at times: “If only my face would say the kind of things to me those gay, reckless screen-lovers say. If only I knew I was really thrilled and carried away by being with me!” So he tells if you make him feel the allure of the glamorous film-stars in you—and you can do this by using their lipstick, the famous indelible KISSPROOF! Hollywood experts put it in the stars’ dressing-room in preference to all expensive preparations. Sure and try the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1½ it’s the smartest, most attractive lipstick you’ve ever seen! At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the new exotic balm at 6d.

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without Galome—and you’ll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

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November 12, 1936
Irene Dunne

ONE of the first ladies of the screen, Irene Dunne was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on December 21, 1904. She was educated at the Louisville Loretta Academy there, and later at St. Louis Convent and the Chicago College of Music, from which she graduated in 1926.

Her success in musical comedy on the stage was almost immediate, and it was as a musical comedy star that she went to Hollywood in 1931, and amazed the rustics by winning the principal role of "Sabra Cravat" in Cimarron from under the noses of the better-known home talent. Ever since then, Miss Dunne has held her own both as a dramatic and singing artist. Among her notable success are: 

-WHO'S WHO

He made his screen debut in Roadhouse Nights in 1929 and the Durante proboscis and his "ha-tcha-tcha" catch line almost instantly became world famous.

Jimmy Durante

TWENTY years ago two men worked for a few dollars a week in a Coney Island café—a pianist and a singing waiter. The waiter was Eddie Cantor and the pianist Jimmy Durante. The Great Schonze is the son of a New York barber and, like most successful comedians, he rubbed against the rough edges of life before he made his name on Broadway.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

set before him, different to that on the screen.

If they make you believe, the boy who writes on "films for kids" will understand and perhaps agree with the opinion of a "kid."—(Miss) Madge Shorter, 76 Dane Road, Linds., Eds.

Give Them Horror

I'm just about fed up with reading letters from adults stating they know what kind of pictures children like.

How do kids to know what pictures children like? "Give them cowboys," they say. "Give them cowboys!" But NO! Children are sick of cowboys; now I am going to tell you why they do like.

The children of to-day would far rather see a real good Horace-Karloff horror film or gangster and G-Men films; what's more they would rather see the films that are shown to adults at evening performances than any of their children's special matinees.

True, the children of years ago liked cowboys, but not the modern child.—F. Dallan (aged 15), 17 Regina Road, Aintree, Liverpool 9.

"A" and "U"

I have spoken to many people on the subject and they all agree with me when they view a film. "A" film is being shown, why, to be an "adult," must one be over sixteen, but, in a "U" film, one has to be under twelve to go in for half?

I myself am fourteen and, therefore, placed in an awkward position. I am clasped as a child in a "U" film, and as an "adult" in a "U" film, because I am not looking happy and delighted, saying that it was a jolly good picture.

Also, it means that children cannot go in without their parents, and when their parents declare that they have "no time," it is very hard on the children.—Schoolgirl.

Is Pat Mad?

I am a schoolgirl of fifteen years. My relations seem to think I am mad because (a) when I come home from school, I look forward to seeing at least one of the Saturday films or the films for children and (b) because I spend money on film papers (which said relations also read) and (c) because I am especially enthusiastic about certain actors and actresses.

They say:—

"Films! That's all you can think of! What good will all these kin-visits do you?"

I could not live happily without films. They provide scope for the imagination. To girls and boys who have never had the chance to see life, the films are a substitute good enough.

Such pictures as Tudor Rose are educative. Films like Dungal Lancer encourage patriotism in young minds.

The Thirty-nine Steps appealed to the adventurous.

The Unguarded Hour gave me a chance of concentrating and using my brain.

Can't the older generation realise that films take the place of the theatre which it revelled in? I see there are many more young people who will agree with me, and, I hope, if this letter is published, it will give those who disapprove of films a chance to think over their objections—Pat Hood, 10 Armiton Road, East Molesey, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

"Futile and Fantastic"

I wonder if film producers realise that about one third of the hogsmeers are children between the ages of five and fifteen years.

I am an indifferent actor and judging by the opinions of myself and my friends, some older and some younger than myself, I am sure that none of the children's first films of the adventures of school children of their own age, more than some of the futile and fantastic love films that are shown on the screen.

At nearly all cinemas there is a children's matinee on Saturday mornings, and there is always a full house.

Why should we juvenile filmgoers always have to put up with detective or love films on Saturday afternoons?

If you do not think it worth the money to make films specially for children, why couldn't we have more films of educational value, which might interest adults as much as 'The Three Shepherds, 234 Coventry Road, Shieldon, Ipswich.'

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is awarded for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 15 words.

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every day, and here’s the latest way another page is being
tumed in the life of many a "lovely." Colour Wave Set—
“Aura” Colour Wave Set. That’s the secret. No matter
if you have raven tresses, like Kay Francis, or hair of the
rich auburn of Ginger Rogers, or the gleaming smoothness
of Carole Lombard’s, there’s an “Aura” Colour Wave Set
to match it. Not a dye—leave no deposit—15 Colour Wave
Sets for 11—but read all about it in the Aura Booklet
which will be sent you free if you write (mentioning
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Husky Throats
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TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

December 12, 1936    PICTUKEGROER Weekly
**Why the library girl is always "booked"**

**I HEAR THAT NEW GIRL IN THE LIBRARY IS A PEACH.**

**GOOD—I'M ON MY WAY TO CHANGE A BOOK NOW.**

**I THOUGHT I HAD A SOFT SKIN.**

—WHISPERS

**DO YOU WANT A FAREWELL TO ARMS?**

—THURSDAY

**A MONTH LATER WHEN YOUR AFTERNOON OFF?**

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**Let George Do It!**

**OWING TO LIMITED SPACE AND THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF LETTERS RECEIVED FROM READERS EACH WEEK, THE ONLY QUESTIONS ANSWERED ON THIS PAGE WILL BE THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO ALL FORUM READERS. Please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlet Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.**

**Eddie Fan.**—Eddie Fan, b. Mar. 3, 1893, San Jose, California, married (a) Library Tech., (b) Rita Kaufmann. Latest film Seven Sinners. We have not been able to obtain studio details.

**Dorothy Lamour.**—Dorothy Lamour, b. May 7, 1910, 5 ft. 2 in., 157 lb., light brown hair, married Sandy Shaw. Latest film—The General Died at Dawn. (b) Photographed for The Adventures of Marco Polo, Soleis at Sea and The Red Roses.

**Crazy.**—Gary Cooper, b. Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, 5 ft. 11 in., 175 lb., light brown hair and eyes, married Elita Voysey, and has two children, John and Joanna. Latest film, Knight Without Armour, and scheduled for Clemantine for Radio in America.

**Doughnut Lover.**—Robert Donat, b. Mar. 18, 1907, Wlshington, Manchester, 5 ft. 6 in., 154 lb., brown hair and eyes, married Elita Voysey, and has two children, John and Joanna. Latest film, Knight Without Armour, and scheduled for Clemantine for Radio in America.

**Regina.**—Daphne van Doorn, b. Dordrecht, Holland, May 10, 1910, 5 ft. 3 in., 100 lb., brown complexion and wavy brown hair, married (b) to Paramount Studios, according to an international money order for 1s. 6d., will you have an autographed photograph.

**Admirer.**—Latest films for Fred MacMurray: Champagne Waltz, Morning, Noon and Night, and scheduled for To Have and To Hold with Gladys Swarthout for Paramount.


**Inquisitive (N.J.).**—The Gorgeous Hussy, released Feb. 5, 1937, and His Brother's Wife, Jan. 18, 1937. You must write to the film company, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, asking them why their kinema these films are likely to be shown in your district.

**C. H. (Coventry).**—You are entitled to photograph of Bing Crosby from the Postcard Salon, address above, for 3d. each.

**New Readers (Edinburgh).**—(a) Robert Taylor is playing opposite Greta Garbo in Camille. (b) Philip D. Smith, last film, Guilty Melody. (3) Peter Lorre, b. 1906, Hungary, about 31 years ago, is making Crack Up for Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

**J. M. (Bradford).**—Bradford. Donavon, b. Feb. 9, Portadown, Ireland; light brown hair and green eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., 140 lb.; not married; real name Brian Waldo

Dooney. Films include: Barbary Coast, Mary Burns, Fugitive, Strike Me Pink, It Happened One Night, A Night at the Opera, Air, Ovaltine, Hollywood, High Tension, Donavan's Brain, and Crack Up. Across the Aisle.

A. D. (Walthamstow). You must write to Gaumont British about the possible restoration of your nearest cinema.


**T. M. (B抬头).**—"Live, Love and Laugh" was sung in the film Congress Dances.

**Admirer (Devon).**—Yes, Lionel and John Barrymore are brothers. (b) Marlene Dietrich married Rudolf Sieber. June Knight married Paul Ames (mar. din.).

**M. P. (Salford).**—(1) Warner Oland, b. 1889, Unna, Sweden, 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes, hobbies—golf and tennis, latest film—Charlie Chan at the Opera. (2) Ralph Bellamy, to Columbia, 6 ft. 1 in., 12 ft. 10 lb., brown hair and blue eyes, married Catharine Wobber, latest film was from the Shoulder, The Man Who Lived Twice. (3) Bock Jumon, 3 Dec., 1907, Kings ton, Indiana, 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and grey eyes, married (b) a daughter Maxine. Latest film—The Phantom Riders, released Feb. 20, 1937, New York, 5 ft. 10 lb., olive complexion, black hair, brown eyes, married Grace Mutoosey, (b) latest film—Yours for the Asking.

**Doris (London).**—Under Two Flags was produced in Sept., 1902, at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, and in July, 1907, at the Strand Royal Theatre, but, so far as we know, it was made at the Lyceum Theatre. (2) Full score of Southern Maid published by Ascherger, Hopwood and crew, additional music written specially for the film, "My Southern Maid," published by Keith Prowse, and "Miss What's Her Name," published by Campbell & Connolly, and by Francis Dean and Hunter.

**Regular Reader (Switzerland).**—(1) James Cagney, Jean Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell, took chief roles in Footlight Parade. (b) Miss O'Hurley in Forty-Second Street as follows:—40, Forty-Second Street, 1933, and Young and Healthy. You're getting married with me," said to be married by R. Feldman & Co. (3) Release dates—Forty-Second Street, June 20, 1933, and Footlight Parade, April 16, 1933. Charles Laughton, from acting among the is of irish nationality: Maureen O'Sullivan, Ettiene, and Brian Donovan, Dudley Digges, Paul Kelly, Una O'Connor, and Paty Kelly.

**Angela (Mon.).**—James Stewart, b. May 20, Indiana, Pa.; 150 lb., light brown hair, green eyes, 6 ft. 6 in.; latest films Born to Dance with Eleanor Powell, The Founder, and Present Lake, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow.

**Knights' Castle**

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Odo-ro-no—thanking heavens

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Guards freshness—saves clothes
Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a good dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to stop his hands perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved safe, she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both checks perspiration and prevents it smelling.

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Guards freshness—saves clothes
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The January Number of "WOMAN'S FAIR," the thrilling New-Style Journal of Beauty, is out, Friday, December 18... more lavishly produced than ever... more exciting... fascinating... daring. EIGHTY big, sparkling pages—scores of superb illustrations—enthralling ideas as new as 1937 itself—secrets about yourself that will amaze you—up-to-the-minute advice about your health, your charm, your clothes, that you will get in no other magazine.

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Here's a glimpse of some of the things in "WOMAN'S FAIR"

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Twist a moonbeam round your hair! "Woman's Fair" shows you how to make glittering cellophane headbands, belts, flowers, hat and neck ornaments.

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WILL HAY’S diplomatically steered clear of the subject of “cleavage” during his recent visit, but it is disturbing to note that now that Hollywood has put its house in order all the signs of a sex revival are coming from the British studios. “But, surely they don’t allow such nudity in English pictures,” a well-known French musical comedy actress said to me on a film set the other day as she stared in obvious amazement at the vast expanse of female form divine on view in the ranks of the chorus.

Clara Bow once appeared on the screen in “the altogether,” and there was a time not so long ago when Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald always had to have at least one good snappy scene in their step-ins in all their pictures. Miss MacDonald’s underwear became so famous that on one occasion when she offered to sing at a charity bazaar the organisers asked her instead for a pair of her panties for exhibition.

When Mae Wrote a Poem

Mae West, the High Priestess of sex herself, was seen in pyjamas in Night After Night, but in all her own starring pictures since the West chassis has, through either natural coyness or necessity, been concealed and draped with loving care.

Mae, in fact, has so far appeared in only one lingerie incident.

When she served that ten-day sentence at Welfare Island over her stage play Sex her greatest hardship was having to give up her own expensive silks and satins and don the coarse, uncomfortable and old-fashioned underwear provided by the prison for its guests.

She wrote the Warden a poem about it.

Now the Nudies

Ever since the last Purity Push the Hays office has frowned on screen stripping. There is much more undressing in English films these days than in those from Hollywood.

Now they are even making “shorts” of some of the notoriously nude non-stop girl shows of the West End.

I heard of one film submitted to the censor the other day with a scene depicting an almost completely naked woman. Lord Tyrrell, it is understood, took one horrified look at it and reached for the scissors.

New Lingerie Queen

Then a new British Lingerie Queen has arisen in the unlikely person of Elsie Randolph. Elsie has some scenes in This’ll Make You Whistle that nearly justify the claim of the new Jack Buchanan talkie’s title.

In comparison, the earlier Jean Harlow was overdressed.

Jack, you may remember, had a little trouble with the censorial authorities in America over Brewster’s Millions—it was that bit where he played the hind legs of a horse.

I imagine that art would suffer no great loss if Miss Randolph were always to appear fully dressed in future, but a little undressing will not do much harm provided producers do not try to sell pictures on nudity as Hollywood once did.

And doubtless Frances Day is more sinned against than sinning in being billed during the London run as “lovelier and naughtier” than ever in Dreams Come True.

Something, however, ought to be done about cleaning up the English screen comedies. An appalling amount of raw material has been put over lately in most of the films devoted to the exploitation of our funny men.

A Different Colbert

Frank Lloyd, the famous Glasgow-born director, has made a new Claudette Colbert in Maid of Salem.

Minus the customary bangles and short curly chestnut brown locks, she appears as a Puritan maiden—sweet and demure in an ankle-length blue dress with high white collar.

Her hair is long and almost blonde, but the same attractive Colbert voice and the large sparkling eyes are still there to attract Fred MacMurray.

Jessie Comes Back

It is good to hear that Jessie Matthews is quite well again after her long illness and back at work on the interrupted Head Over Heels. Jessie, who has been convalescing in Cornwall (Continued on page 6)
and gives the Duchy a boost by putting her recovery down to the famous local cream.

For the first time for years, she says, she's been able to have as much cream as she's wanted. The trouble was not weight, but a troublesome appendix, now happily removed.

They Don't Diet

Jessie is one of those fortunate stars who do not have to worry about diet. Believe it or not, there are a number of talkie top-liners who, so far from having to worry about excessive avoirdupois, are actually compelled to undergo a process of "fattening up" before being allowed to begin a picture.

Among these curiosities are Loretta Young, Ida Lupino, Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, Brian Aherne, Miriam Hopkins and Madeleine Carroll. For weeks before being scheduled to start work they supplement their usual diet with liberal quantities of milk, potatoes, rice puddings and other fattening dishes, and they stop gorging only when the end of the picture is well in sight. These folk are the envy of those of their colleagues who are obliged to live on an austere diet of celery and fruit juice, constant "slimmers" like Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern, Paul Lukas, Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sidney, Ruth Chatterton, Charles Boyer and Tilly Loux.

Cinderellas of the Screen

The talent shortage has brought the Cinderella days back to the studios. Once again an unknown girl can step into a studio and win fame overnight. Not only are the unknowns getting the breaks, but actresses who have been playing bits are suddenly finding themselves in the big money.

Frances Farmer, now hailed as a star and the find of the year after her fourth picture, was a cinema usherette not so long ago. She had never acted in her life before victory in a newspaper contest led to her getting a film test.

Spotted in Cafe

Then there is the case of the Danish girl from Minnesota, Gale Sondergaard. She had never seen the inside of a motion-picture studio when she went to Hollywood a few months ago. She had had some experience on the legitimate stage. Warner Brothers decided to trust her with the role of "Faith" in Anthony Adverse. She was such a hit that Paramount grabbed her for a long-term contract and cast her in a role second only to that of Claudette Colbert in Maid of Salem.

June Gets a Lead

Helen Burgess' solo experience consisted of a play in a Hollywood Little Theatre. A talent scout signed her. Cecil B. DeMille was searching for someone to play the role of Buffalo Bill's wife in The Plainsman, the second feminine lead to Jean Arthur. He saw Miss Burgess in the studio cafe. She got the role.

June Marcel, a red-head, had had a little experience on the stage. She made a screen-test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adolph Zukor, chairman of the board at Paramount, saw the test and ordered her signed.

IMPORTANT

In view of the Christmas Holiday, next week's issue of the "Picturegoer" will be on sale WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

Make certain of your copy by ordering a new subscription to-day.

She walked into the studio to sign the contract, was spotted by Director James Hogan, and a very dazed young lady found herself cast in the leading role of a Joe Cook comedy, Arizona Mahoney, before the ink was dry on her contract.

Scramble for New Names

Dorothy Lamour's sum total of experience was singing on the radio. A studio executive saw her photograph in a radio magazine, arranged a screen test, and she was immediately handed the leading role of The Jungle Princess.

Shirley Ross had played a number of bits at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but was finally released from her contract. About that time Mitchell Leisen needed a girl to play the leading feminine romantic role in The Big Broadcast of 1937. Someone thought of Miss Ross, who is a former radio singer. She got the role and came through in such fashion that she also got a long-term contract.

There have been several others. The reason is Hollywood's present scramble for new box-office names.

Vilma Banky To-day

Vilma Banky, one of the few stars who have relinquished film fame gracefully and with a fortune, appeared as gloriously beautiful as ever when I met her at a cocktail party the other evening.

She has no regrets about her retirement and very little intention of returning to the screen. "Perhaps," she says, "if a marvellous part comes along, but marvellous parts never do come along . . ."

She still has that Hungarian accent, by the way, though her English vocabulary is extensive.

Vilma's main interests at the moment are Hubby Rod La Rocque and golf. She plays a really good game of golf and has a mantelpiece full of trophies she has won in America recently.

Meet Michael

Another interesting visitor from Hollywood is Michael Bartlett, here to make The Lilac Domino. Bartlett is the operatic tenor who played opposite Grace Moore in On Wings of Song. As an opera artiste he takes his music seriously, but he enjoyed singing "The Old Grey Mare Ain't What She Used to Be" with Claudette Colbert in She Married Her Boss.

Michael (his real name he confesses, is Edwin Alonso Bartlett, but he acquired the nickname "Mike" at school) is not married. He travelled to England with his mother, who has long since forgiven him for defying parental authority by taking up a musical career instead of going into the family textile business in Massachusetts.

The Most Beautiful Stars

Marion Davies and Andrea Leeds are the "most spiritually beautiful blonde and brunette," respectively, of all Hollywood's actresses according to AlbertCols, portrait miniaturist to the Belgian Royal Family, who is visiting the film capital.

Kay Wins a Vote

Other outstanding beautiful women are Kay Francis, who gets the artist's vote for Determination; Norma Shearer for Sincerity; Gloria Swanson for Americanism; Louise Rainer for Simplicity, Jean Harlow for Radiance; Merle Oberon for Vivacity; and Frances Farmer for Controlled Ambition.

Cols places Marion Davies at the top because he "finds in her blonde loveliness the epitome of generosity and joy of living," and Andrea Leeds, who only recently made her screen debut in...
Come and Get It! gets top marks because "her dark beauty signifies the very epitome of grace."

Their Favourite Tunes

Most of the stars have their favourite dance and other music and here are some of the tunes they request the orchestra to play at least once during the evening when they step out to the night spots.

"I Surrender, Dear," is and always will be Bing Crosby's most-beloved song. It was the final straw that broke down Dixie Lee's resistance to his first proposals. After the first time she sang it over the air he called Dixie, for the ump-tum-tum time, and she gave in.

He Hates "Love in Bloom"

Fred MacMurray likes "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie!" Bob Burns' idea of something to listen to is any modern choral group of mixed voices singing Stephen Foster melodies, particularly "Gentle Annie."

LOVES OF ROBERT TAYLOR—

Do you wonder what kind of girls the "great loves" of the screen "fall for"? Robert Taylor has had his tender moments, and reveals his intimate views on this subject. "I must have been about six when I became conscious of Marilyn in the next seat to me," he said laughingly, when Sonia Lee interviewed him. "If I must remember the loves of my life, we must definitely begin with Marilyn."

"When I was a kid I could run like a deer, but there was a stolid chunky little gal who could leave me blocks behind in any race. And my admiration went out to her. Marilyn is now very properly married to the leading butcher of the town, but I don't think that her claim on his heart began in foot races!" Bob discusses his loves of more mature years in just the same frank way in "Picturegoer Xmas Annual" which contains 100 pages of excellent reading for filmgoers.

For instance, it tells you how Merle Oberon first met Norma Shearer. It happened that the (then) lonely Merle was at a Hollywood ball, and choosing a between-dance full to make her exit (there was a certain lack of friendliness on the part of the "natives"), her heel caught in the hem of her frock, and "down came baby, cradle and all." The result? Titters, amused glances, except from one woman whose heart warmed towards the lonely exile. That woman was Norma Shearer. Merle has never forgotten that kindly gesture of sympathy. To-day Norma has no more fervent admirer than the lovely Merle.

Another big feature that will appeal to Picturegoer readers is the true story of Myrna Loy's marriage. Nobody knew of her romance for two years. Seems impossible, doesn't it? Yet Myrna and Arthur Hornblow kept their devotion hidden and secure for that long time. Characteristically, Hornblow's first remark to his future wife was not "Darling, I love you" but "You're not the type for the exotic roles you are at present playing!" As you know, Myrna took this sound advice and became one of the most charming girls on the screen.

There's also an intimate article about another happy filmdom couple—Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff. Karloff may be a monster on the movies, but he's just a darling to his wife. He is really just a gentle friendly ex-public school fellow. With him make-up is an absorbing interest, and you will be fascinated by the secrets which the article in the Annual reveals.

The original story on which was based "My Godmother"—one of the hits of 1937—is also in the "Picturegoer Xmas Annual." It would be impossible here to tell you of a quarter of what this splendid 100-page publication contains—articles on series, the stars of the top films, fashion, and the rest. The price of the Annual is sixpence. It's in big demand, so—get a copy at once.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Else Randolph is elected the screen's latest lingerie queen. She wears this cam-can costume in "This'll Make You Whistle" and has some of the most spectacular underwear scenes since Jean Harlow became a dramatic actress.

Claudette Colbert loves to hear Stokowski and his Philadelphia orchestra play Richard Strauss, Bach's Fugue in G Minor—the so-called "Little Giant."

Jack Benny really hates "Love in Bloom," the tune he has ruined on his fiddle so many hundreds of times. He likes to hear any hot band swinging itself apart on "The St. Louis Blues" or "The Flame Street Blues."

Frank Forest goes for opera and ranks the tenor and baritone duet from Forza la Destino top among things of its sort. Carole Lombard thinks that Arensky's Waltz for Two Pianos cannot be surpassed, particularly the recording made by Baur and Gabrilowitch.

Hollywood's Saddest Story

A tall, middle-aged extra shuffled through a scene with 150 other crowd players in Walter Wanger's You Only Live Once at the United Artists' studios the other day. He was working in a studio that brought back memories.

Not so many years ago he was playing featured roles at this same studio, and twenty and more years ago he was leading man for Mary Pickford, now one of the owners of United Artists, and other stars of the silent picture era.

His name is Alau Sears, a screen idol in his day. He played leads with the old Biograph company and was prominent in Hollywood when D. W. Griffith was the outstanding producer-director.

Laurel Tries an Experiment

Stan Laurel in Way Out West is trying the experiment of cutting his dialogue to a minimum and reverting to pantomime.

"It is not a question that I won't talk"—rather that we want to try out how the theatre-going public will take to our picture with less talk and more action," Stan says.

"Of course, we will have dialogue, songs and a musical score in Way Out West;"); he adds. "We are simply curtailing wherever we can. I am not an advocate of silent pictures and have a full appreciation of the advancement made in film entertainment with the recording of sound."

Short Shots

Now it is James Stewart and Simone Simon who are scheduled for the Farrell-Gaynor roles in the re-make of Seventh Heaven—Warners are taking a step away from Robert Burks' camera and Norma Shearer is studying French—the new Lily Pons picture is now called That Girl From Paris.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.
FOUR and a half years ago—just a year after Picturegoer had become a weekly—I went down to the Wembley studios to interview John Loder.

He was playing in Korda’s first independent production after leaving Paramount—Wedding Rehearsal, the first picture to bear the now famous trade-mark (I almost wrote “hall-mark!”) of London Films.

Having polished off my interview—I’d known John for some time, and it didn’t take long—I proceeded to have a social afternoon.

There were dozens of beautiful girls down there in the wedding scenes; and of these, four were particularly interesting, because they had all just been signed up on long contract by Alexander Korda.

They were Joan Gardner (now Alex’s sister-in-law, having married Zoltan Korda last summer), Diana Napier (now Mrs. Richard Tauber), Wendy Barrie (recently reported engaged to a Woolworth millionaire), and a quiet, reserved little person called all sorts of things.

When I had first met her at Elstree, she was Merle O’Brien; here at Wembley, just before lunch, her name was Stella Merle; soon after lunch it had changed to Merle Auberon—another garbled version of her real name, which is Estelle Merle O’Brien Thompson; and by the time I reluctantly took my leave it had become Merle Oberon.

The reason for this frenzied groping for the best available name was that Ann Todd had been in a motor accident, and injured her face.

And Ann Todd had been all set to play the lead in Wedding Rehearsal.

The quiet, reserved little person (who probably seemed like that because the other three were considerably more flamboyant) had been picked by Alex Korda to do a “bit” in Service for Ladies; and on the strength of that, dead against the advice of the know-alls, he decided to risk putting her in the Ann Todd part.

“You ought to meet this Thompson girl,” said the publicity man (this was in the morning, when her name was still in the lap of the gods); “of these four girls Mr. Korda has put on contract, she’s the one who will go farthest.”

So far, he’s dead right.

“Theres simply nothing to tell you,” she protested—obviously overwhelmed by her big chance.

“All right,” I said, always the little gentleman, “I won’t worry you now. But when you’re a star, I’ll come and interview you.”

“Done!” she smiled gratefully; and at that smile I had to agree with the publicity man.

“I’ve seen Merle a good many times since then, but I never interviewed her officially until now. I burst in on her in her Park Lane hotel and found her curled up in a corner of a sofa by her sitting-room fire—and for about the first time since I’ve known her, she didn’t seem to be doing anything.

“Busy, Merle?” I asked.

“Come in!” she smiled. “I’m taking stock.”

“You’re what?” I said, occupying the other end of the sofa, from which I could command a perfect view of the famous features with their touch of Oriental mystery which disappears like a summer mist when her very cheerful smile breaks through.

“When I come to London,” she explained,

Above, a charming portrait of the British star; on the right you see her as her friends know her.
I'm usually off my feet for a week or two—
I have been up to now, as a matter of fact—and
then at last I get a chance to sit down for a few
minutes' annual stock-taking.

"That is to say, I try to decide how far I've
gone in the last year, what I've gained, what
I've lost. It's a rather healthy exercise, I
find."

"You've certainly gained a great deal of
something since I saw you last," I remarked.

"What is it?"

"I think it's just that I'm beginning to get a
glimmer of the best way to exploit my own
personality," she replied.

"By being yourself," I suggested.

"Yes. You know, it's very interesting; I've
noticed with quite a number of players that they
begin by 'putting on an act'—appearing for
professional purposes to be quite different from
their real selves.

"They develop it, and shape it, and modify
it, and gradually slough it off, and presently
you find they've made a full circle and returned
to their original personality... only with
that personality increased and emphasised."

"That's beginning to happen to me—and it's
rather pleasant. It's... finding oneself."

"And what else have you gained?" I pursued.

"Well... I think I take direction better:
I hope so, anyway. And off the set, I've got
a great deal more confidence, more poise, I
suppose. And I'm beginning to form my own
opinions—about books, and music, and so on—
and discovering why they're my opinions.

"Besides, I've had a chance—a marvellous
chance—to mix with the people who know;
and I'm beginning to develop a faculty for
sensing which are the people who know,
and following their advice."

"You certainly have made strides in your
work," I put in. "That goes down on the credit
side of the ledger. And you're world-famous—"

I broke off as she sat up suddenly.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked.

"Anything?" I said devoutly. (Well, so
would you have.)

"The last time I was here, I heard that people
were saying, rather indignantly, 'What has this
girl done to deserve all the publicity she's had?'

"Well, I wish I could have talked to them, and
said: 'But I know I haven't done anything! I
know I'm about the most fortunate person in
the world in the way of publicity! I know that
I just happened to get in with the right people,
at the right time, in the right way.

"I know that a great deal of my publicity is based
on what Sam Goldwyn and Alexander
Korda believe I will do, rather than on what I've
already done. But what can I do about it?
except to try to live up to my publicity. Anyway,
will you say in your interview that I realise it as fully as anyone?'"

"I will," I promised rather breathlessly,
scribing away for dear life in an effort to keep
up with her, and cursing for the thousandth
time the fact that I've never learnt shorthand.

"But all the same, I hope you're not going to
worry too much about what's said about you."

Margot was born in Tasmania, where her father
mother were visiting when she was six; her father
died a few weeks before she was born.

At the age of seven she was taken to India,
and stayed there until about five years ago, when her
uncle brought her on a holiday trip to England.

However, Merle had tasted the delights of
"show business" with the famous "Cats"—
the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—and
when she found herself right in the place where
stage and screen reputations are made over-
night, she decided that London was the place
for her, and stayed; and Uncle returned to India,
leaving little Estelle in the Big Smoke with £20
and her return ticket—assuming, reasonably but
rashly, that as soon as £20 was earned she would
come toddling back home to India.

(Reasonably, because that's how a sensible
girl would behave; rashly, because it's a well-
known fact that girls don't behave sensibly.)

Instead, she plugged doggedly away at trying
to get on to the screen until at last she did get—
well, no, not quite on to the screen, because she
didn't appear in the finished film, which was
"Alf's Button"—but at any rate into the studio.

This spurred her to fresh efforts, and in
"Ebb Tide" she actually had a little part; it was a
poor picture, but it descended to go down to
posterity as the film that launched Merle Oberon
on her screen career.

Then came Korda, and a small part in "Service
for Ladies," as a result of which he signed her up
on a long contract; and that brings us back to
where we started, at Wembley.

"Now to the future?" I asked her.

"Well, there's this Charles Laughton picture
on which I'm starting at Denham in a few days—
"I, Claudius. My part in that, Claudius's wife,
Messalina, is a marvellous one—it has plenty
everything. Most people think of Messalina as
a rather poisonous person—they forget she began
as a Vestal Virgin.

"Then after that I have two more lined up—a
comedy called "The Divorce of Lady X" and
a lovely story about young Anne Stately.

"You're over for some time, then?"

"Ten months. And when I go back to
Hollywood, I'm to play opposite Gary Cooper in
"Angels Making Music."

That should mark another very definite
milestone in Merle's career—and when you
consider that until "These Three" she was regarded
more as a beautiful girl, eminently photogenic,
than as a serious actress, her recent progress
really has been phenomenal.

I have William Wyler's authority for that;
his directed her in "These Three," and he told me
the other day that he was amazed at her acting
ability.

What she thinks of him as a director is every-
body's business; in fact, they're a fully con-
stituted Mutual Admirers' Society of two.

Talking of admiration, by the way, I asked her
if she were going to marry David Niven, with
whom she has just been playing in her latest
Sam Goldwyn picture, "Beloved Enemy," and she
laughed at me.

"I'm not going to marry anyone until I'm
simply head-over-heels in love," she declared.

Well, someone's going to be lucky, some time; for
Merle Oberon is one of the sweetest and most
gracious people I know.

And I know!
T'LL give you a pretty fair indication of Rod La Rocque's personality when I tell you that I hadn't been more than two minutes in his company before he began to interview me.

One thing that may be said about Rod's personality is that there's a great deal of it; coming into a crowded studio restaurant you don't have to ask half a dozen people, "Excuse me, are you Mr. Rod La Rocque?"

You see him.

For one thing, he's extremely large; he stands 6 ft. 3 in. in his socks, though he doesn't seem quite so tall, because he has a pair of shoulders that ever took up extra footage of celluloid.

As a matter of fact, those shoulders had been causing a spot of bother that morning; three different London firms had been approached to supply him with a bath-robe for use in a certain scene, and one robe after another had split in the shoulders with a heart-rending krrrrck!

I believe finally they had to call in a clothing contractor.

But for all his size, Rod weighs only 13 stone, being a very fit man; and he wears his hair cropped fairly short, and a small hair-line moustache.

And as an interviewer he's terrific.

"You're Mr. Beacon; how are you? Glad to know you. Meet Jack, meet Tom, sit down, have some lunch, the tomato soup's quite good. Some tomato soup for Mr. Beacon, please. Say, can you tell me ... ?"

And the interview starts. Just like that. Exactly the kind of interviewer I've always wanted to be. Hold your man down with one hand and pound answers and the living daylight out of him with the other. Fine!

I may as well tell you right at the start that I'm not going to quote Rod La Rocque verbatim. No, sir.

His vocabulary is high, wide, and handsome, rather like a Brock's Benefit at the late Crystal Palace; and when he suffers (as he frequently does), being temperamentally incapable of suffering fools gladly) from a fit of temporary indignation, it fairly sizzles.

And yet, curiously enough, when he touches on an subject about which he really cares, his conversation is as mild as milk.

Curious cove.

"Say, can you tell me how Englishmen have such a good time in films? I've discussed the subject with dozens, and they're all prepared to admit that "Henry Eight" (most Americans call it that) and "Ghosts Goes West" and maybe "Thirty-Nine Steps" and "Love Again" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Bloom Time" are all right, but they won't admit that any other British film is good. Yet they're going big in our country. Why is that?"

"It's because," I said slowly and clearly, as I always like to start to speak while they're being interviewed, and looking sideways to see whether he had his notebook out, "we have an inferiority complex about our films—for two excellent reasons. You see, that the direction, photography, setting, casting, acting, music, recording, and cutting—thanks largely to foreign influence—'s all pretty good, but we also realise that in the writing department, and particularly in dialogue, we're hams.

"Also that we're woefully lacking in that common sense which will reckon on a £40,000 picture and spend just £40,000 on it. In other words, we, a nation of organisers, just can't seem to organise our film production so that we get twelve pence value for every shilling spent.'"

He considered this seriously for a moment before launching his next attack. Why were British studios so scattered? Why was there so little apparent co-operation between companies? Why this? Why that?—not criticising, but with the eager thirst for information of

THE famous star of silent days turns the tables on the interviewer, in this intimate article by Guy Beacon

man who knows movie-making inside-out.

At this point I felt it would be more seemly if I were to start interviewing him, so I did, and here is a portrait—not a close-up, for you'd have to stand too far back to see him all at once, but a mid-shot—of Rod La Rocque.

When you consider that he played opposite Mae Murray in Jazzmania seventeen years ago, he really is a remarkably young-looking man.

But he started in show-business considerably before that—to wit, at the age of seven, when the young French-English Chicagoan played in Salome Jane in Duluth, followed by other child parts.

At the age of nine he decided his education wasn't quite complete, so he went back to school, and didn't take to vaudeville until he was about eleven and grown up.

After another year he returned to school, but even then he didn't quite show-business, for with three young stage acquaintances he organised "The Newboys' Quartet," singing at six every evening in the hotel lobbies. Rod's voice was falsey, and he could "yodel" good.

Kids have been slain for less, but Rod was tough.

Well, and then, maybe on account of the yodelling, the La Rocques moved to Omaha, Nebraska, and Rod went to school there, but only for a year.

They couldn't keep a good man down, and he bounced right up on to the musical-comedy stage in The Blue Girl.

Before long he was playing in pictures for Essanay (do you remember Essanay?) and early established his versatility by alternating juvenile leads with a long series of "heavies" in films made by Bryant Washburn.

And then Essanay neatly folded flat, and Rod tried the New York stage; and as pictures were then being made in New York, he combined stage and screen work in a highly profitable manner—until he wisely decided it was a physical impossibility, and concentrated on one thing alone.

Then Hollywood claimed him, and for some years till the coming of talkies he was one of the hardest working leading men.

He made some successful talkie appearances, too—notably in Let Us Be Gay, with Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler.

But meanwhile something had happened Rod had married one of the most beautiful women in Filmland, the Hungarian Vilma Banxky, and English-speaking talkies didn't suit her so well.

So they did a very unusual thing. At the height of their popularity, they retired.

They could very well afford to, having "husbanded their resources," and become comparatively wealthy people; and whereas a great many stars lost huge fortunes in the Wall-street crash, Rod rode the market safely and actually made money instead of losing it.

So he and his wife make telescopes for fun and study the sky for instruction and to preserve their sense of proportion.

But the acting-bug is ensconced under the La Rocque pelt, and he does a good deal of stage work the and Vilma recently played together in one show for forty weeks—non-stop. He also breaks out on to the screen every so often, always with a polished performance.

S.O.S. Iceberg, Till We Meet Again, and Hi, Gaucho are some of his interim outbursts; and now he has been grabbed by that highly intelligent showman, Julius Hagen, and starred at Elstree in his first British picture, a comedy in a girls' boarding-school, entitled She Got What She Wanted.

I'm afraid Vilma Banky is more definitely retired; she reappeared, radiant and youthful, in The Rebel a few years ago, but now seems determined to concentrate on being Mrs. Rod La Rocque.

A great many girls would agree with Vilma that that's a pretty pretty job—and certainly Vilma makes a swell job of it!
Look pleasant, please... Harry Jans, the Radio player, chooses Barbara Pepper as the lovely subject for an informal photograph on the lot. Barbara recently completed a role in "Night Waitress."

Bathing beauties are back, and Eric Blore welcomes the revival. The girls, Blore and the strange effects in natty gent's bathing attire are in aid of "The Smartest Girl in Town."

Contrast in costume—a typical scene in the studio lunchroom. Florence Lake is dressed up for her role in "Quality Street," and Lee Tracy is in tails for scenes in "Criminal Lawyer."

Left: Marlene Dietrich signs the visitors' book at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, which she went over the other day.
We all know whom we should like to invite to our Christmas party — some group of people who would represent the very best of good company.

As a filmgoer, you would like to invite every star in Hollywood and Elstree — to have a party such as even Hollywood itself has never seen. That goes for me, too, but I should be satisfied, nevertheless, with a small percentage of the talkie "Who's Who."

I have been to a few star gatherings — especially since I moved to Elstree — and have met some memorably interesting guests, but I have yet to throw my ideal Yuletide party, and I should like to tell you just which stars I should invite, and why.

The first person to whom I should send an invitation is Aubrey Smith. One morning, some weeks ago, Basil Rathbone and I sat talking about Aubrey for a solid half-hour, before breakfast, too!

Through Basil, I got to know Aubrey even better. "Aubrey would have been a Knight of the Round Table," said Basil. "His youthful energy and physique, despite his 73 years, are amazing. He is the best loved man in Hollywood, in American as well as British circles."

I should have Aubrey, not merely because of his immense popularity, but because he represents that type necessary for the Christmas party, a man just as popular with the six-year-olds as the sixty-year-olds — a man in the winter of his life with the spring in his heart; a man, in fact, who personifies Santa Claus.

I should next invite Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier. Richard Tauber would sing for us, and, to me, his voice is unsurpassed.

But Diana would be just as important to my party as Richard. Diana said to me, when we were talking about parties, that her ideal party is one where there are plenty of children, and
Christmas Party

by
Herbert HARRIS

Would you invite to your party, if you could have the pick of Filmland? Would your list tally with the one given below, or have your favourites been left out in the cold?

And mention of children reminds me that I must on no account forget to invite Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew. I would have them just for the pleasure of watching them kiss under the mistletoe!

I would sit them together at the table, and would try to have Aubrey Smith and May Robson on each side of them, so that the very spirit of Christmas—the getting together of the old and the young—would be literally created and form an inspiration that we should all feel.

I would arrange for a ghost story to be told in the old Yuletide manner, with only the flickering of the log fire to light the room. And Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff would be among my guests to render this service.

I have not met Karloff, but I did meet Lugosi one day in Elstree. There is a little hypnotic flash in his eye and a certain sombreness in his voice, and I know that Lugosi, at least, could spin a ghost yarn with the right degree of horror even without any make-up to aid him.

And now I intend to do a dangerous thing. I am going to pick my "Party girls"—that is, the girls I consider to be the best fun at a social gathering like this—girls I would put before turkey and Christmas pudding!

They are (wait for it!) Leila Hyams, Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Jessie Matthews, Dorothy Lee, Claire Dodd, Judy Kelly, Jean Parker.

Well, there's the list and I wouldn't offer any serious opposition if someone suggested Postman's Knock or insisted on the observance of the fine old mistletoe custom.

Gracie Fields would have an invitation, not just because she could sing to us and make the rafters ring with those amazing top notes of hers, but because Gracie is a superbly human person, full of fun, a good "mixer" in any company, not the least bit "swollen-headed."

In fact, she might easily be the life of the party. or—If I asked Jack Buchanan—part of the life of the party.

Yes, I think I should have to have Jack. It's almost inevitable. Do you remember the film "Limelight", the bit when they were throwing a big party in honour of Anna Neagle's rise from the chorus?

Remember how the party seemed to be lifted to the skies when breezy Jack Buchanan popped in for a quick drink? Jack's like that, the same off the screen as on, a gift from Heaven when it comes to parties.

I should ask Bob Montgomery for a similar reason. Bob looks as though he fits naturally into parties. He has a fund of wit and wisdom and after all the practice he has had on the screen, he shakes as pretty a cocktail as anyone in films.

Rene Clair would also be on my guest list. This director has a flair for fantasy. He likes—in fact, he lives for—all those fantastic things that make the spirit of Christmas what it is. He makes unbelievable things seem credible. He has something of the Dickens touch.

If possible, I would get Charles Laughton to attend my party in his costume of Henry VIII. I would sit him at the head of the table, and ask him to throw poultry-bones over his shoulder just as he did in his portrayal of the Merry Monarch. If this didn't lend colour to my Christmas dinner table, what would?

Perhaps on second thoughts, I would ask Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew to come in costume, too. Shirley would wear the delightful period "party" dress she wore in "The Littlest Rebel", and Freddie the costume he wore in "Little Lord Fauntleroy". What a pretty picture they would make!

And for the grand finale to my party I would have the whole cast of "David Copperfield" turn up in their Dickensian costumes. Charles Dickens, the man who helped to "make" Christmas, would live again through his characters at my party. What an idea! And what a Christmas party!

"I would put Claire Dodd before turkey, and plum pudding!" Would you?
The men in Mae's life: Warren William, her press agent; Randolph Scott, a poor but honest inventor, and Lyle Talbot, a politician. It is part of her publicity man's job to try to control her love affairs.

MAE WEST this time—and wisely, according to many critics—uses a popular stage play, Personal Appearance, as her starring vehicle. As a film star on a personal appearance tour she wears modern costumes, but the wisecracks come over with the same devastating force, the male members of the cast still fall as heavily and the star has coined the words "swivel-swing" in honour of her famous strut's contribution to the picture.
AGREAT
ACTRESS
COMES TO TOWN

ZASU Pitts has given London a grand impersonation of Zasu Pitts, but there is something more to the story of the famous comedienne than those fluttering hands and plaintive “Oh my,” working overtime (yes, she does it off the screen, too) in the bewildering of her first trip abroad, captured the hearts of London’s newspapermen as few of the glamour queens have done.

She had a better press than any American star for years. Even Kay Francis, who came on the same boat with a new official medal proclaiming her the best-dressed woman in the world in her luggage and a rumoured new marriage in the offing, was far from once among the “also arrived’s” in the dailies.

Zasu Pitts’ impersonation of Zasu Pitts was immense. She even got flustered over her luggage and lost her handbag three times in fifteen minutes.

“Oh my, o’oh de-e-ear,” she sighed, “I didn’t expect there’d be so many people here who know my face.”

In columns of print next day London was told that hers was one film personality who was exactly the same off the screen as on it.

The famous hands flapped all over the front pages and the “Oh my, o’oh de-e-ears” flowed across the headlines in cascades of printer’s ink, but after it all I wonder if we have really and so easily fathomed the secret of the off-screen Zasu Pitts.

In the flesh she is extraordinarily like the famous screen character. The fluttering hands (very beautiful hands when you see them at close range), the big, sorrowful eyes and the melancholy voice are all there.

Yet when she smiles a miracle is performed. Her whole personality is transformed and one wonders why one has never noticed her tremen
dous charm before, and even if Von Stroheim wasn’t really right when he described her, amid the laughter of the populace, as one of the most lovely women in Hollywood.

She is rarely permitted to smile in films. It’s a pity.

Zasu has a shy and quite obviously genuine homesickness that is immensely appealing.

And she is human enough to be bewildered in a new land and just a little homesick for Holly
dood. She has never been out of the States previously—“never further than Coney Island,” she puts it herself.

“Don’t talk to me about Christmas or I’ll break down completely,” she warned me. “I have two children, you know, and we’ve never been parted at Christmas before.”

An exclusive picture of Zasu Pitts with Claude Dampier, with whom she is to co-star in “Wanted.”

One is her own daughter Ann. She tries to discourage her friends from calling her Zasu Junior. The star, by the way, pronounces the name Zay-Zoo, and is particular about that capital S.

The other is the son of the late Barbara La Marr. When that ill-fated actress was finally laid to rest, it was the actor, Paul Bern, her fortune pilfered by her so-called friends and her unprovided-for baby threatened with an orphanage, Zasu stepped in and adopted the boy. She didn’t tell me all that, of course.

It is a matter of history, but she did reveal that the youngster has inherited her mother’s looks.

Both children are now fourteen.

Zasu, in a confused and troubled situation, has acted firmly and decisively in the matter of Barbara’s baby. For all the futile flirtations, she is actually one of the few actresses in pictures who know what they want, go after it and get it.

Since the days when Chaplin signed her at 10 a week and failed to use her in a picture she has, she says, never tied herself up with a film contract. But in the last ten years she has probably had more work than any other actress in films and has earned more money than many of the top-flight stars.

She recalled how Mary Pickford gave her her first break in pictures in The Little Princess way back in 1917. “It was only a bit,” she explains, “but I owe a tremendous lot to Mary.” It was the World’s Sweetheart who first saw that the comedienne had dramatic possibilities.

Before that she had done extra work, mostly in the comedy studios. Mack Sennett nodded for once and missed a “discovery.”

“I asked him for a job. He looked me over carefully. ‘Not a chance in the world,’ he said.”

Then, when she was almost down to her last dollar, Universal, which subsequently paid her thousands, gave her a part in a comedy. “Somebody at the studio,” she remembers, “thought I was funny. Then one day they told me that someone in the New York office didn’t think I was funny, so I had to leave.”

She even tried to get a chorus job on the stage.

Zasu, incidentally, does not subscribe to the ambition fashionable among film stars just now to win success in the theatre. “I should be terrified,” she confesses.

An added note of wistfulness creeps into that plaintive voice, though, when she talks of the days when she used to play dramatic roles.

“Y e s,” she said with an assumed flippancy that did not completely succeed in mask
ing the extra melancholy in those large, expressive eyes, “they used to have me dying in childbirth once a week and even playing cripple girls with drunken fathers.

“You know, I still want to make people cry as well as laugh sometimes. And,” she adds, hands fluttering wildly in modest embarrassment at making such a claim,” I think I could do it if I were given a chance.”

That is the real tragedy of Zasu Pitts. A great dramatic actress, she is doomed to comedy on the screen. She does not know if she will ever be able to essay an emotional role again.

The story of her last attempt, in All Quiet on the Western Front is, I think, fairly well known.

She was cast in the role of the mother and gave a tender and beautiful performance that might, had luck been with her, have established her as one of the important serious actresses of talkies.

Immediately she appeared on the screen at the preview, however, the audience, anticipating a comedy scene, litted expectantly. A tremendous sum of money was tied up in the film. Universal could not afford to take a risk. The picture was sent back for re-takes with Beryl Mercer, a reliable actress, but no genius, in the part.

Now Zasu flutters those long, artistic fingers in a gesture which one takes to be philosophic and goes on making comedies—and money.

But I wonder if Zasu Pitts, as well as Art, sometimes weeps because Zasu Pitts has always to be funny...
LAST week, if you remember, we made a dutiful, pedestrian, comprehensive tour of all the studios to see what was going on. But that kind of a diet would pall on us connoisseurs.

It's like corn-beef and carrots; this week let us devote ourselves to the pickles and chutney,fitting lightly from table to table and sampling whatever takes our fancy.

Tell me, you fans, has Buster Keaton ever been known to laugh heartily?

Bah! Call yourself a fan? He certainly has.

Only once, it's true. He laughed immoderately at the antics of a Hungarian comedian.

That same comedian, some years earlier, had performed the somewhat easier feat of making the late Emperor Franz Josef laugh.

In Hungary it is the custom for a village to present visiting royalty or nobility with a pair of geese. The comedian when a child was selected to make such a presentation to his emperor, but when he was in the act of doing it, one goose laid an egg.

Unembarrassed, the child remarked: "Your Majesty, this is only one of my tricks."

Colour News

That comedian has now come to England to act in the Capitol-Grafton production, Lilac Domino, his name is Szoke Szakall, which in itself is a bit of a joke.

Call that a jaw-breaker? I call it a Szoke in the jaw.

Speaking of Capitol, another Capitol associate company, Capitol-Trafalgar, has just come to a momentous decision.

When the company made Pagliacci, about a third of it was made in the new British Chemicolour process, which has not yet been seen by the public or even the press.

Now, after a special viewing of the film, it has been decided to keep all the colour sequences in the finished film—a pretty important decision, for it is no fun risking an expensive film like Pagliacci just for an experiment in colour.

The experiment, of course, will be tried on the critics, and the trade, and afterwards the public; and I hope it will be entirely successful, for Kari Grune and Otto Kanturek are two of the three inventors, and I like them both.

Besides, as most of you know, I am a colour fan.

Little Audrey and I

While I think of it, my best thanks to the reader who sent me the following "little Audrey" story this week.

Little Audrey was reading the PICTUEROGER.

"Mumie," she said, "isn't E. G. Cousins a fat man?"

"Don't be silly," said her mother; "you don't know."

And little Audrey laughed and she laughed, because she knew he covered the British studios.

And now here's a story of a slightly different tempo, not to say calibre; and it's about Bruce Seton.

Bruce is a hefty and good-looking man who (a) hopes not to be a baronet, because that would entail the death of his elder brother, (b) hopes to become a film star, and (c) has sworn a mighty oath to restore the fallen fortunes of his family.

As a matter of fact, the family fortunes were lost a good long time ago; in the 1745 rebellion, when the Setons backed the wrong horse—to wit, Bonny Prince Charlie—and lost pretty nearly everything they had, except the kilts they stood up in.

Starting Right

"Okay," remarked Bruce (or more probably "A' right"), "I'll get it all back."

So, having heard that film stars got paid most handsomely, he decided to be one. Accordingly he chuckkled up a promising career in the Army (he had held a commission in the Black Watch for three years) and, having taken lessons in singing and acting, squeezed himself into the chorus of the London Hippodrome (in Wild Violets) at £4 a week.

But you can't make a permanent Wild Violet of a man whose ancestor was first Chancellor of Scotland three hundred years ago. He was spotted and given an important part in the revue Stop Press, and then played in the film Blue Smoke opposite Tamara Densi, whom he wooed and won off-screen as well as on.

And now he has played the role of Ann Harding's fiancé in Love from a Stranger, which may be the beginning of the affluence he is after—especially if, as he hopes, it leads to a Hollywood contract.

Recruiting

Did I say recently that Splinters in the Air would be less of a recruiting film than O.H.M.S. and The Navy Eternal? I take it all back. This Sydney Howard comedy has turned the Pinewood studios into a recruiting booth.

Three young extras, dressed in R.A.F. uniform and looking after the three aeroplanes that have been ornamenting the set, felt the urge to go and do the same thing in real life.

So they've all applied for commissions as flying officers in the R.A.F.

Heavens, if the recruiting has started already, what will happen when the film is released?

The Army, Navy, and Air Force are certainly very much in the limelight these days; is this accidental, or has it any significance?

Certainly the Services have never been so
ready to co-operate with the movie-makers in ensuring authenticity; and producers are taking full advantage of this.

Some weeks it’s difficult to find a studio in which some sort of Service uniform is not being worn.

**Gore Lumme!**

Speaking of *The Navy Eternal*, two old enemies are reunited in that.

Noah Beery is playing the president of a Southern republic, and Richard Cromwell is a British naval lieutenant who is on his side in a revolution, so they can be decently civil to each other for a change.

The last twice they’ve met, there has been gore, and according to First Film, where Beery appears as a baby-faced Richard Barthelemess (famous) and got it—and found himself being most fearfully beaten-up by Noah as the victor.

And then, in *The Blood Ship*, young Cromwell had to be knocked all round the deck by Noah at his most ferocious.

He is apt to eye Mr. Beery a little warily even now.

**When Charles Was King**

They have gone all Carolean at Hammersmith, where *The Vicar of Bray* is going well ahead.

Emmond Knight, one of our outstanding period actors, and Margaret Vines are playing, respectively, Dennis, an ardent Cromwellian, and Norah, the daughter of an Irish nobleman who is in the confidence of a king.

Their love affair, which began when they were teeny tiny toddlers, is nearly brought to tragedy by the arrest and sentence of Dennis by Charles II on his return from Ireland, that celebrated turncoat, the Vicar of Bray, saves the situation—and seeing that he has been played by Stanley Holloway, one can imagine that it was solved by a song.

Hugh Miller plays Charles I, and Felix Aylmer his adviser, Lord Brenton. And while there are generous views of Cromwell’s appearance by director Henry Edwards the actual and authentic cloak that Charles wore at his execution, and I hope to goodness they don’t get any grease-paint on it, but I shall be surprised if they don’t.

Holloway confided in me that when they first tried his costume on him, he looked the dead spitting image of Little Lord Fauntleroy, so they modified it to suit him a little better. I don’t think previously he’s gone any further back in history than the battle of Waterloo.

**Tracy in Reverse**

Good heavens! Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, is playing a street singer again! Woah, ‘who’d have guessed it? ’

This time he starts by being a great singer, who takes to street-singing for romance. Quite different, you see.

Arthur Riscoe plays a retired juggler, Margaret Lockwood provides the essential youth and beauty (extraordinary, how appealing that child can look!), Ellen Pollock is a temperamental star, Hugh Wakefield comes into the story somehow, though I’m quite clear, how, John Beverley plays an “important butler, and Emly Boreo is also in the cast.

The film is being called *Interval for Romance*, and I understand there will be quite a number of intervals for music. Jean de Marguenat is directing. He’s French, and the singing star American. And the producers are British National.

**Hugh Scrubs**

I was amazed, on looking in at Toddington this week, to find Hugh Williams scrubbing a floor; about the last person I should ever have expected to see doing this, but we all come to it in time.

Hugh holds the job of scrubbing in anticipation of the film *Side Street Angel*, in which he is the owner of a mansion and the employer of a comedy butler in the somewhat unexpected person of Henry Kendall.

For some reason which I found if difficult to fathom, Hugh was doing his scrubbing under his butler’s instruction; interrupted by the arrival of Merle Oberon and Charles Laughton at Lewam, where they are to play together in London Film’s *’T. Claudius’*.

**Realism**

I have the honour to report that the new Jack Hulbert-Cicely Courtneidge comedy at Shepherd’s Bush, originally titled *The Count’s Livery*, has been changed.

You may remember that I pointed out that this title was capable of misinterpretation. Gau-mont-British have decided to take my tip, and have re-named it *Take My Tip*—a clever title, as applied to a story of nobility posing as domestic servants.

A great and startling concession to realism is made in this production. Those of you who watch our kinematic progress with real solicitude will be deeply interested to hear that the barber presiding over the barber-shop in the barber-shop sequence is no fake barber or dumpy barber, but a real barber, a genuine barber.

I am also quite confidently informed that his name is George Partington, but I don’t know how much importance you will be prepared to attach to that.

To me it’s more important that Herbert Mason is directing.

**Dust Up**

Under the supervision of producer Erich Pommer there was an unholy dust-up at Denham this week, when shots were taken of a quarrel among soldiers on board the troopship in his new film, *Troopship*.

As a result of Pommer’s passion for realism, a number of black eyes and sore hearts will be nursed over Christmas; the set was littered with broken furniture, and a pugnacious time was had by all.

This film will show the repercussions on a large number of different strata of Society when a ship-load of troops who have come home on leave are ordered off on foreign service again immediately.

The Colonel and his lady are played by Leslie Banks and Flora Robson. This, my hearties, is going to be a film to see.
As the result of her coming marriage to Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford admits that Pickfair, her famous home, is to let or for sale. Buddy plans a ranch home, and Mary is very much in favour of the idea.

It was only a short time ago when Mary, as is the custom of film stars contemplating matrimony, declared that she was not engaged to young Mr. Rogers. Hollywood smiled. The film colony has been there before!

The couple say that the wedding will take place in the spring, at which time they will both be in England, so they may have a London wedding.

About the only way for Mary to occupy Pickfair with her new husband would be to change the name, which is a constant reminder of Douglas Fairbanks, sen.

A Deep Mystery

Hollywood is wondering why Charlie Chaplin refuses to say whether he has or has not been married to Paulette Goddard for more than a year. The Sphinx has nothing on the taciturn little English star. Paulette is as inscrutable as Charlie, showing that a woman can keep a secret if she so desires!

There is no doubt that records of marriages have been scanned in all cities visited by the pair during the past year or so, as a Chaplin marriage licence would be a great story for any newspaper.

But at present, everyone is guessing.

Stars in Seclusion

All of Hollywood’s most famous stars are well represented on the walls of the Ambassador Hotel’s exclusive and novel Turf and Field Club, a private cocktail lounge open only to members, which includes many film celebrities.

In this sumptuous room, which can be opened only by a member’s key, are caricatures of every celebrated film luminary, under which the stars have written a genial or humorous note to Ben Frank.

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney star in Walter Wanger’s You Only Live Once. This is the first film they have made since their return to America.

Managing director of the famous hostelry, Mae West, Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin, Anna Sten, Carole Lombard, Mary Brian, and Eddie Robinson, to mention a few, are displayed prominently.

Stars like the place, because there they secure a temporary respite from autograph hunters.

A Rumour Denied

Irene Dunne, who recently returned from a trip to New York, declares there is no basis for reports that she intends to adopt a child from the famous Cradle in Evanston, Illinois, which has given many orphans to Hollywood stars.

At the present time, Miss Dunne says she is very much occupied selecting furnishings for her new home in Holmby Hills.

Modern Trilby

Mae West has now another claim to fame. Emile Rigaudoux, noted sculptor, was asked by the actress to make a cast of her feet. He did so, and reports that she has the most perfect feet in Hollywood. They are also in proper proportion to her figure. Her feet are size 4-B.

So feminine fans, if you have a 4-B foot without blemishes, you are in Mae West’s class!

Sky Diversions

Whilst chatting with a charming little stewardess of the United Air Lines, I learned that movie stars all have their own method for whiling away time when aloft in a plane.

Robert Taylor makes photographs of the landscape below and the cloud formations; Wallace Beery reads aloud the stories; Hugh Herbert sing to himself and watches the scenery; Stuart Erwin works wire puzzles and Mary Brian catches up with her correspondence.

Mother Made Them!

A big flurry was caused in the Brown Derby when Jack Oakie’s famous mother, Mrs. Evelyn Ossfeld, arrived with several pumpkin pies which she induced the management to serve to a number of her friends equally well known in the film colony, who chanced to be present.

It was only a matter of minutes until all the delicacies had entirely disappeared, dispatched by such stalwart pie fanatics as Pat O’Brien, Lionel Stander, Victor McGlaglen, James Cagney and Fred MacMurray.

I have partaken of Mrs. Ossfeld’s pumpkin pies and know they are most satisfying.

Three Smart Girls

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Reid, playing the leading roles in Three Smart Girls for Universal, must be smart, for a professor of psychology at Whittier College says they are.

The learned man arrived at the studio accompanied by intelligence testing machines and other psychological material, and, after giving the girls the once-over, reported that they were a grade above the average for their age.

By the way, I wonder if the girls are really so smart. Readers of my page will recall that they all fell out of a sailboat whilst doing a water scene in Three Smart Girls!

Carillo’s Side-line

Leo Carillo demonstrates that all actors are not improvident, for he recently built a big apartment house in Santa Monica, and has just launched a new realty venture in Hollywood.

The new venture is to be known as “Carillo’s Corral,” and will consist of a group of unique Spanish structures in Vine Street, near Hollywood Boulevard.

These will include several novel shops and a unique outdoor kitchen in which guests can cook their own barbecue dinners or blend their own salads.

Ground has already been broken and the project will be completed during January.

Odd Footage

Robert Taylor’s fan mail averages 9,000 letters and postcards weekly.

Clark Gable is planning a trip around the world in an automobile trailer.
TRIANGLE drama approached from a novel angle in which Miriam Hopkins makes her British screen debut. Written and directed by Walter Reisch, it has a strong cast including Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw and Rex Harrison. Right, Sebastian Shaw as the character in Othello, a stage presentation of which is a highlight of the film.

Left: Ann Williams (Miriam Hopkins), secretary to a dramatic critic, is brought to task by him for having altered his critique of "Othello" and so made Edmond Davy (Sebastian Shaw) famous over-night.

Left: Barbara Haldor (Gertrude Lawrence), Davey's wife, pleads with Ann to give up her husband whom she has learnt to love.

Right: Tommy (Tommy Stapleton), a young sub-editor tells Anne that he is in love with her, but her affections are fixed on the actor, Davey.
Theodora (Irene Dunne), having written a successful novel, develops an unprofessional interest in Michael Grant (Melvyn Douglas), her illustrator.

Like "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," the picture is set partly in a New England village and is notable for its presentation of small town types.

Theodora GOES WILD

The young best-seller writer sets out to shock the inhabitants of her fictional home town.
THE versatile Irene Dunne, at home in drama as well as musicals, successfully tackles comedy here as a repressed small town spinster who writes a daring best seller and tries to live up to it. Melvyn Douglas is an excellent romantic partner for Miss Dunne and three fine character performances are contributed by those reliable veterans, Spring Byington, Margaret McWade and Elisabeth Risdon. Richard Boleslawski directed.
George O'Brien has one of his biggest roles for years as Daniel Boone, the famous American pioneer who led the colonisation of Kentucky in 1775. Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes are also in the cast.

Virginia (Heather Angel), daughter of Sir John Randolph (played by Huntley Gordon), gives Boone added incentive to ensure the success of the expedition.

Marlowe (Ralph Forbes), a lawyer and secret agent for politicians who subsequently claim Boone's new land, is accused of shirking his duty to protect the rest of the party. The colonists are continually faced by the menace of hostile Indian tribes, and renegade white men.

Boone charges Marlowe with his betrayal of the settlers. The film is based on the exploits of one of America's greatest frontier heroes, who was robbed of his rewards by political string-pulling.
Orchis... with its stirring, exciting glamour, its opulent air... invests your loveliness with an added charm, a new allure—for which music and dancing, bright lights and exotic flowers furnish a perfect setting.

45/- to 2/6

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON
Far from ideal was the licence bureau Mike had chosen; dingy and drab, presided over by a clerk kept busy tying the knot at two dollars a time.

Since I was a boy, I've dreamed of laying the world at the feet of the right girl. You are the right girl you know.'

'The Bride Walks Out-

The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

A COMMONSENSE GUIDE TO MAKEUP • •

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Eye-Matched MAKEUP
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(Strike out Colours that do not apply)

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ADDRESS
THE BRIDE WALKS OUT — Continued

Reckoning day arrived however on New Year's eve in the bluffed person of Mr. Donovan of the Acme Furnishing Company.

"Don't you think you should be in bed?" Carolyn said hopefully, mindful of her visitor's appallingly cold and the snow which had been falling since midnight.

"Thank you. I'm in perfect health. One payment only in three months. The Acme company is very disappointed in you, Mr. Martin. A-fish-oo. It just isn't cricket," Mr. Donovan countered and calling his minions proceeded to a systematic removal of the apartment furniture. Fortunately the telephone remained for Carolyn to answer when it rang. She returned the instrument to the floor and addressed Mattie whose genial presence in time of stress made up for much that was lacking in mirth.

"Mike wants us to bring his and Paul's dress clothes with a bite of something to the office. He's blowing fifty dollars on a New Year's celebration. The Martin tradition, he says."

"Rather a shock for him to find he hasn't a bed to sleep it off on, was talking, Mattie, about Carolyn's efforts to see the funny side.

"And all these months he's thought I've been getting on so nicely," she said soberly. "When he finds out the truth it'll be like a bridge he's built collapsing." She was trying to hide her own sense of collapse made more acute by the removal of the room's last two treasured possessions when a figure appeared in the open doorway, a debonair figure of a young man with a magnum in each hand.

"Champagne! Come right in," Mattie invited.

"No. Just starting early. Out with the old and in with the new," Carolyn explained. She could joke now. What followed was a joke accentuated every time Hugh, sitting on the floor beside her, tilted her head back. "Frankly, the forlorn woman removers were asked to participate in the toast. Two of them must have hauled back the piano, for the upper tape recollections of accompanying the party which included Mr. Donovan, sitting sneering at intervals, in singing "Old Virginny."

A waking to reality occurred partially in the elevator where, after Hugh had gone, Carolyn and Mattie, too overcome to make the requested journey to the office, remained until discovered by their respective and anxious husbands. In one way the delay was an advantage for Mike arguing that there was no time to waste, insisted that he and Paul should change in the elevator. Relief at not having immediately to face the music, in Carolyn was short-lived. By the time thechosen rendezvous was determined, her mood no more favoured balloons and paper streamers than that of any other woman who has invited foolishness by premature conviviality.

"Mike, do you mind if I go back to work," she said desperately at half past nine and Paul having decided to dance.

"A fine time to pull something silly between the three-room apartment and a canary."

And I thought you were a nice girl," Mike remarked acridly. The old quarrel flared anew. At twelve o'clock, Mike having forged his way to the door, Carolyn was left to bite her lips in a roomful of couples holding hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne." Joined by Mattie and Paul, she at once declared she must go home. Going up the apartment stairs she ran into Mike, dodging him persistently till his arms went round her and a pass-by was heard to be laughing and "I can't help thinking they were married."

But even in the warmth of recrimination, the emptiness of the apartment had to be faced. Already Mike was fitting his key. Desperate, Carolyn stalled. "Mike ... you're not angry with me are you?"

"Mildly in a furious kind of way."

"Kiss me."

"Mike old times kissing you in the hallway."

One more embrace while Carolyn wished there and then to have Mike again put the key. In another few seconds what he be saying? The few seconds passed. Mike after clicking on the light, I can't speak a word. Did not spoken because the room was not empty. Through the open door Carolyn could see that the rest of the apartment was also as it had been before the onslaught of Mr. Donovan.

"I'm . . . Mike, you can't go. I'm afraid, don't want you to do this for me, it's all promised to love and honour."

"Nonsense. The papers your lawyer served on me believe me of that responsibility. Let me go."

"It's a grand gesture Mike and it isn't."

"All ashore that's going ashore," shouted a steward. Mike moved towards the boat. "You've only said to go out properly and learn to cook." Carolyn entreated. Something else I'll have for that was behind the words. Indeed she had forgotten him though he stood in the hall furtively and emphatically to his chauffeur. Moreover she didn't recognise Hugh's manner, he came up to Mike and after several remarks about not liking his face, dealt an attempted knock-out. Instantly Mike broke and the two were still struggling when Paul joined the contest. The fight became general and the two ended up in flames as the ship left the dock. Someone shouted "police." By the time the uniformed representatives of the law had seen the plain-clothesman arrived at the quay-side, Paul's position justified the shouts from Martin's wife.

"Just knocked out cold that's all," pronounced an officer kneeling.

"Who started this?"

"This is a frame-up keep me here. I can explain," protested Mike.

"Certainly," Carolyn declared. "I'm his wife and he's deserting me."

"Charged with assault and abandoning his wife," the office repeated. "Take him to the patrol wagon." Seeing Mike hustled protesting into the vehicle, Carolyn tried her best powers of persuasion. "Officer we've been very naughty," she pleaded to Mr. Martin, standing by the wagon door. "We were only fooling. You see I was trying to keep my husband from getting on the boat and he . . ."

"Oh! you were trying to keep him from getting on the boat that I hy . . ."

"Get in there, get in there," ordered the plain-clothesman arriving on the scene. "Yes, I mean you, young woman. Stumbling in at the ungentle touch as the wagon started, Carolyn was too startled to realise that when Mike had been talking Mike had achieved an exit. His cheery voice addressed her from the running hoist. "He'll get you out of this cage," he promised. "I want my wife even if she is a goallord. She put her face to the grille and touched Mike's lips. Neither of them saw Hugh alone on the quay blowing her a kiss.
Racing and Wrestling! Fillies and Follies! Laughter and Lynn!

RALPH LYNN in

ALL IN

with

GINA MALO
JACK BARTY
CLAUDE DAMPIER

A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE

Directed by MARCEL VARNEL

A silly ass gets saddled with a racing stable, a wrestling stadium and romance

SHOWING EVERYWHERE DECEMBER 21ST AND ONWARD
THE TENTH MAN

BRAIN DESMOND HURST, the director who was responsible for OURSELVES ALONE, has not been so successful in dealing with this adaptation of an early Somerset Maugham play as he was with the story of the Irish "troubles." It seems to me that there are a lot of loose ends to so many scenes which do not lead anywhere in particular. Also, his tempo is far too leisurely and discursive and takes a long time getting into its stride. Actually, the "meat" of the plot is contained in the last few sequences, and even though these do provide some strong, well-handled drama, they do not counterbalance the rather impersonal sense that characterises the opening.

John Lodge certainly expresses dominant power as a ruthless business man who had even married to advance his success and gain a lord as a father-in-law.

He acts well and brings to the role a forceful personality which brings him a meed of sympathy in spite of the unsympathetic nature of the part. He is cast as George Winter who, when the picture opens, buys a gold mine solely because his business rival was in the market for it. To provide the large sum of money required for its purchase he transfers trust stock to his own account.

George Winter is M.P. for a Liverpool division and his prominence in a forthcoming election are seriously endangered by the fact that his wife, Catherine, had decided to divorce him; she had fallen in love with another man and her husband had been by flaunting his women in their home. In spite of threats by George Winter to adhere to her purpose until it is brought home to her that the scandal will affect the career of their son, he continues to love her.

Having gained his point, Winter learns that the gold mine he bought is worthless. He fights the election vigorously and wins, and in the course of it his wife learns to respect him more than she had ever done.

Then his election agent learns about the trust money and threatens him with exposure.

Rather than face prison, George Winter commits suicide—before he is told that a rich vein of ore had been discovered in the apparently worthless gold mine. While John Lodge is definitely suave and makes even his sudden change of attitude towards his wife seem plausible, Antonette Collier is not too good in the latter role.

Hers is a somewhat nebulous part and her acting stilted.

Stewart gives a good character study of Winter's famous father-in-law.

As Ford, Winter's friend and election agent, Clifford Ryan is very good indeed; he will be remembered, for his fine study of a gentleman in Grand Guignol.

An entirely superfluous subsidiary romance is introduced by Aileen Marson as Catherine's sister, and her fiancé. It is weak in conception and acting.

George Graves supplies a modicum of the action. Clifford Ryan is the only one of the committee and several minor characters are well drawn. Election scenes are very well done and strikingly realistic, which atones in some measure for the vague sense of artificiality which colours the preceding sequences.

Technical qualities are good, but one feels that in attempting to pad out the main theme, which depends solely on a character study, the director has introduced too many rather meaningless little scenes instead of concentrating on side-lights more intimately connected with the central figure.

SABOTAGE

In attempting to transform Joseph Conrad's purely psychological novel, The Secret Agent, into an action melodrama, Alfred Hitchcock has been a trifle ponderous and slow, but he has also given us a characteristic pictorial imagination to give the story a sense of polished technique and competent craftsmanship. He has also presented interesting characters and provides quite good entertainment although looked at dispassionately it is rather vague and involved in plot.

It deals with a Mr. Verloc, the local agent for a foreign agency who ostensibly runs a small cinema but who is engaged in acts of sabotage for an interested unknown party.

His first achievement in this direction is to tamper with the power station of London and throw the city into darkness.

Verloc lives over the cinema with his wife and young brother, Stevie; she had apparently married him to provide a home for the latter. At the nearby green grocer's, Ted, a detective, posing as a shop assistant is keeping his eye on Verloc as a suspect and his eye also smiles more kindly on his wife, Sylvia.

Verloc's employers, disappointed with the effect of the black-out on Londoners, commission their agent to place a bomb in Piccadilly Tube Station and blow up the Circus. Meanwhile Ted has become more suspicious but because of a growing affection for Sylvia throws up the case and tackles Verloc frankly when he discovers several suspicious characters have visited him.

Unable, because he is being watched, to place the bomb in position himself, Verloc gives it in a parcel to Stevie to be delivered at the matinée from Piccadilly. Delayed by the Lord Mayor's procession and other less important incidents Stevie is late and while travelling in a bus is blown to pieces.

Sylvia learns the news and stabs Verloc, while she is almost in unconscious stupor, with a carving knife.

Ted arrives to arrest Verloc having obtained sufficient evidence, and learning of the tragedy tries to make Sylvia run away with him.

However, fate takes a hand and the man who had made the bomb and delivered it in the bottom of a cage of canaries comes to try and regain possession of the incriminating piece of evidence.

He has been trailed and finding himself surrounded blows the place to smithereens with a bomb.

This Sylvia is left free of suspicion and Ted is enabled to do his duty and pursue his romance.

The London atmosphere is exceptionally good and the scenes in crowded streets, in the little cinema, and elsewhere are presented with a full share of realism.

The vagueness about the real relations of Verloc and his wife and the motives underlying the attempted terrorism is somehow disconcerting but it is minimised by the cleverness with which the principal characters are drawn.

The main climax in which Ted is blown to bits lost all of its effect, so far as I was concerned, by the fact that the suspense was unduly prolonged.

The various incidents which hold up the boy's progress to his destination are ingeniously pictured but they would have been more effective if they had been curtailed.

As in all Hitchcock films, the detail touches are clever, but one feels sometimes that they are introduced more for their own sake than for furthering the development of the plot.

Oscar Homolka gives Verloc a suitable air of mystery and acts extremely well but as here presented one does not learn as much as one should about the character's true psychology which is the mainspring of the entire story.

Sylvia Sidney also acts well and rises to strong dramatic heights in the scenes where she receives the news of her brother's death. Her performance when, in the cinema, she laughs half hysterically at the antics of Mickey Mouse in "Who Killed Cock Robin?"—an ominous title—is fine.

Desmond Tester is natural and unaffected as Stevie and John Loder as Ted. An unusually good study of the "professor," a seemingly kindly man who deals in deadly bombs, is given by William Dewhurst; it has just the right sinister touch.

LIONEL COLLIER.

On the Screen Now

***THE BRIDE WALKS OUT***


Am amusing and generally very human little comedy which deals with the harried married life of a young man who objects to his wife doing anything but housework, and a young woman who likes the unessentials of life, and seeing that her husband has not enough money to provide them, is ready to take a job in order to obtain them.

Barbara Stanwyck is very good as the wife though she is not called upon to exercise her histrionic ability to any very great extent, and Gene Raymond is sound as the
What is Santa Claus’ telephone number? My dear — “4711” of course!

For all the legion of sisters, aunts, nieces and feminine friends — “4711”! For brothers, uncles, nephews and others — “4711”! Gifts that ought to cost a fortune but don’t! There is the inimitable “4711” Genuine Eau de Cologne itself... a gift which carries the words “only the perfect is good enough for you!” Or something new, a real discovery — such as a bottle of the new “4711” perfumed Eau de Colognes — the world’s loveliest toilet aid combined with adorable perfumes. “4711” provides heaps of other bright ideas, too — beautiful gift coffrets containing “4711” Beauty Aids, or Men’s Toiletries. Here is Santa’s own selection!

Lord Warwick
'MY HOLLYWOOD ADVENTURE'

As every Filmgoer knows, the Earl of Warwick has broken into Hollywood and Stardom under the name of Michael Brooke.

Commencing next Sunday he will contribute to the SUNDAY GRAPHIC, exclusively, the most interesting, intimate and intriguing Film Gossip in journalism.

All Hollywood is open to him; he has a keen eye and a witty pen, and SUNDAY GRAPHIC readers will be fascinated by his weekly commentary on Hollywood as seen from within by an Englishman.
**THE PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released**

**THE BRIDELWALKS OUT**

**TONY McGUIRE TAKES HONEYMOON**

**FORGET ME NOT**

**EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN**

**HOT MONEY**

**ALL IN**

**CATCH AND SALW**

**BORDER FLIGHT**

**SHAKEDOWN**

**SKULL AND CROWN**

**SONS O' GUNS**

**CAFE MASCOT**

**BOSS RIDER OF GUN CREEK**

**TRADER HORSE**

What the asterisks mean:

- **An outstanding feature.**
- **Very good.**
- **Good.**
- **Average entertainment.**
- **Also suitable for children.**

(Continued from page 28)

husband for whom, however, one cannot raise much sympathy.

Most of that goes to Robert Young who is a sort of brother about town who falls for the young bride, obtrudes himself on her company, and is ready to marry her when she asks for his help.

This love affair has the effect of reforming the lover who hitherto had been in the habit of walking about in a partially inebriated condition.

Two sound character studies are given by Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick as a very much married older couple who live in a perpetual state of scolding.

The extravagance of the young wife, the arrival of the brother-in-law, the intervention of the wealthy young man, the girl's efforts to keep her husband in ignorance about a job of work, and the incidents which eventually lead to their separation are all excellently depicted in a human and humorous manner.

The dialogue is bright and snappy, and Leigh Jason's direction is slick and sustains the interest very well.

**THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON**


The story deals with his kindness to the extravagant and wilful children of his business rival who are left orphans on his father's death.

How he succeeds in bringing them to heel and engineers a romance between the daughter and his niece is played with a sound sense of comedy values and human characteristics.

-Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs are as the children whom the old man saves from ruin, and Norman Foster is well in character as his niece whom he also teaches a lesson.

**HOT MONEY**

murder charge and rounding up a gang of blacksmellers.

Joan Perry does well too, as the heroine who allows herself to be kidnapped, so that her brother may rescue her and earn promotion; a scheme which leads to serious consequences.

As the father, Thurston Hall shows to advantage, and Henry Mollison makes an effective villain.

The action is rapid and Regis is a well-developed thrilling climax.

**SKULL AND CROWN**


[Rin-Tin-Tin Jr.] Rin

[Regis Toomey] Bob Franklin

[Molly O'Day] Ann Norton

[Jack Barchard] Ed

[Jack Mower] Zorro

[James Murray] Matt Brent

[Lou January] Barbara Franklin

[Toomey] John Findlay

[John Elliot] John Norton

[Roger Walker] Saunders

Simple story of a Government agent who sets out to catch a notorious smuggler who has murdered his sister. For this purpose he resigns from the service and uses unorthodox methods which, with the help of his dog, enable him to bring the criminal to book.

Regis Toomey appears to advantage in this unsophisticated plot and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jnr., is put through his career exercises effectively.

*SONS TO GUNS*


[Joe E. Brown] John Emory

[Joan Blondell] Yvonne

[Regis Toomey] Bob Franklin

[Winfred Shaw] Bernice Pearce

[Joe Yule] Colton Griff

[Bob Lionel] Bob Costel

[Roger Arthur] Pietro

[C. P. Holland] Capt. Pimsenby Finkle

[Frank Mitchell] Ketter

[Brian Donlevy] Yogi

[Vic Oliver] Hobson

[Charles Winninger] Louis Berton

[David Manners] Arthur Travers

[Hans Jory] Fritz

[Regis Toomey] Carl

[Otto Kruger] German Spy

[Michael Poster] German Spy

[Directed by] Lloyd Bacon from the well-known stage play, *Make Happy* by Harry Warren and All Dubin.

*Decor* war-time farce which exploits a type of humour more likely to appeal to audiences who were not brought up on the sophisticated farces of the pre-war days.

Joe E. Brown works hard as Jim, a comedian, who refuses to enlist for active service, but joins the Army by yard sale to France, falls in love with a French marmaid, and, accidentally again, captures an enemy man by mistake.

The gags, however, are very familiar, as are the situations; however, the clowning is of a hearty, broad variety which will please the unsophisticated.

Eric Blore is good as Jim’s valet who becomes a sergeant and is torn between duty and loyalty to his master, while Joan Blondell makes an attractive heroine.

The characters have a little in common with real life, which is one reason why the farce does not hold over.

*CAGE MASCOT*


[Harry Carey] Harry Carey

[Helen Vinson] Lila Lee

[Geoffrey Clarke] Olaf Hytten

[Walter Kingsford] Arthur Townes

[Victor Maure] Henry Victor

[Hans Hagen] Henry Victor

[Directed by] Errol Cline from a story by Cecil Lewis.

While not wholly convincing, there is quite a deal of charm about this little romantic comedy. It is well directed and its technical qualities are sound.

Geraldine Fitzgerald gives a natural performance as a little Irish girl down in her luck who is befriended by two men, Jerry and Nat, also down on their luck; she has both charm and poise.

As the self-confident Jerry who finds a thousand pounds in notes and decides to use them to inspire confidence in business deals without spending them, Derrick de Marney is definitely good. Richard Norris is fair as his friend, Nat.

As a taxi driver in whose cab Jerry finds the money and who shares in the latter’s rapid rise to success, George Mozart is amusing, and Clifford Heatherley gives a sound character study of an animal with country business man with whom Jerry has dealings.

The development of the theme is amusing although it is at times a little involved, while the romance is neatly introduced.

*boss Rider of Gun Creek*


[Harry Carey] Larry Day

[Harvey Clark] Gary Elliott

[Marvin Daniels] Robert Porter

[Muriel Evans] Stark Landerson

[Tom Crawford]細er Blaine

[Joseph Swickard] IaT Turner

[Jay Philbrooks] Ed Randall

[Mary Hamilton] Ed Vail

[Aimee Etter] Doris Northrup

*Directed by Domenic Santellini.*

*TRADER HORN* (re-issue)


**Harry Carey**

[Edwina Booth] Anna Hope

[Duncan Renaldo] Nina

[Muriaqy O’Dwyer] Patricia Roc:

[Bernard McEwan] Otto pursed


I am reproducing here a criticism of the picture when it was first released.

**Truly**

Easily the most remarkable jungle picture combining adventure, animal interest, drama and romance, that has yet been put on the screen.

The story, while somewhat improbable nevertheless forms a very efficient foundation for the amazing pictures of native and animal life in Africa. It is based on an adventure of the late Aylasius Horn.

It is a great pleasure to see Harry Carey, one of the screen’s most famous old-timers, giving a brilliant performance as Horn. It is a mystery to me why he has been allowed to drift into semi-obscenity.

Among the high-spots of adventure are crocodile-invested rivers, hazardous escapes from cunning natives, the killing of a lion single-handed by a native, and a fight with a number of lions over the carcass of a great buffalo.

W. S. Van Dyke’s direction is brilliant, as would one expect from the producer of that other pictorial triumph, Shadows in the South Seas.

‘Hooray! Madame! —invitation to the pictures—from that new boy friend of George’s!’

‘Nice of you to ask me!’

‘Nice of you to let me see you alone for a change!’

*I had thought of dancing but I’ve just remembered I’ve got to get off a letter to-night, d’you mind?*

‘Thank goodness that excuse made me think——of Odo-ro-no.

I hadn’t realised, you see, how a hot cinema can make one—well, offended. I’d trusted the honest old bath to keep me fresh, but—it just doesn’t. Because perspiration goes stale and becomes unpleasant so very soon. So now I use Odo-ro-no—and keep fresh all day.’

Guards freshness saves clothes

Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to keep his hands from perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved safe, she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both checks perspiration and prevents it smelling.

**ODO-RO-NO**

PREVENTS underarm perspiration and saves dresses

1/6 Also larger and smaller sizes

2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO

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2. REGULAR (or ‘red’) Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient spoon ‘applicator.’

*Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no with a sample of Delipatory Cream Odo-ro-no also. Use coupon.*

Northern Warren Ltd. (Dept. P. 25)
315 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E. 1
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

There Seems to be Something in These

If DISCOVERED upon looking in a reference book that the meaning of the name "Robert" is "bright in fame" judging by the number of highly successful actors who bear this name, I think this definition must be the right one. There are Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Robert Montgomery, Robert Donat, Robert Armstrong, and Robert Cummings, to name a few of those who are bright and famous. Therefore, to achieve fame, the rising young actor should apparently begin by calling himself Robert.

Whilst on the subject of names and their meaning, I found that the French word "claud" means a simpleton. Three of the screen's best-known "silly asses" are Claude Dampier, Claude Hulbert, and Claude Allister, which seems a strange coincidence.—(Miss) M. Stonier, 30 Paignton Road, Liverpool, 16.

Try It Yourself!

It is not until the ordinary film fan starts amateur theatricals that he or she is able to realise the trials that beset those concerned in the making of a film. All those concerned in amateur dramatic societies and players, can appreciate the difficulty in assembling a suitably cast for a particular production. They can also appreciate to the full the patience required when learning dialogue and can sympathise with the producer of any picture. I myself can understand the common fault of over-acting. When one has a good part, one likes to make the very best of it and therefore is apt to unintentionally over-act.

When our amateur shows are compared with the polished films of to-day we are able to appreciate the genuine hard work and showmanship which puts the film industry where it is.—Harry A. T. Double, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk, who is awarded the first prize of £1.

**Audience Reaction**

There is sometimes as much entertainment in a cinema audience as there is in a cinema film! Now and then one hears things.

We in the cheapest seats had sat through The Devil is a Woman. I was revolted but resigned. Instead of listening to PICTUERGOER WEEKLY I had let my admiration for Dietrich overcome my sense.

An old man behind us was enthralled by her, but could not express himself. At last—"It was a rotten picture, but still sort of interesting!"

I once heard a boy of twelve waving to a love scene of Connie Bennett's say to a friend: "Don't you wish you were kissing her?" "No," came the stern reply, "it's purely mechanical."

Another time my dreary watching of Back Street was lightened by a little boy audibly counting the kisses!

Not all children are gangster mad. My enjoyment of one such picture was marred by a girl crying to her mother. "I don't want to see this stinkin' picture! I don't want to see this stinkin' picture!"

Best of all, an unemployed man's opinion of Funny Little Bunnies. He said quietly, "That alone was worth my fourpence."—(Mrs.) A. Morgan, 47 Cwm Celyn Road, Blaenavon, Mon., who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

A Valuable Volume

I have just read the "Picturesque's Who's Who and Encyclopedia (First Edition)" borrowed from the local library. I found it a very interesting volume and wondered if a more recent edition was published and the price of same. In reading the articles written therein—"Making a Film," by Victor Saville; "Make-up Art," by Arthur Kempey; "Property Rooms," by Rolf Beradit; "Conservation of Sounds," "Dressing the Stars," by Adrian; "Sound Effects and Hair Problems"; and finally "The Studio Accounting Department."—I began to realise how cheaply we view these costly productions.

I did not realise until I read this book what an enormous amount of money, time and care and detail is spent on making films which we are so fond of seeing and sometimes finding fault with. I was also surprised at the laws contained in the Cinematograph Act, another article in this very handy volume, which is one that all interested in cinemas, films and stars should buy or read, as it covers the whole industry from A to Z.—G. W. Ruston, 3 Hampden Street, Nottingham.

What the Deaf Want

I was interested to read in a recent PICTUERGOER WEEKLY the views of a blind man on film-going. Perhaps you would care to hear of a deaf person's experiences.

Of course, the type of films we like are totally different from those a blind man finds enjoyable. When he desires sound we desire action, and there are certain pictures which are impossible for us to enjoy. Involved plots which depend chiefly on dialogue for disentanglement are, of course, out of the question. Similarly, comedies wherein the human side of the spoken word are irritating rather than laughable, though we can enjoy some good slapstick.

Mysteries and detective films are rather difficult to follow unless there is sufficient action to render them thrilling. We prefer films with a minimum of dialogue, spectacle films, or simple, straightforward stories that do not involve strained listening.

However, thanks to your weekly previews and reviews of films, picture-going is much more enjoyable than it would otherwise be.—"One of the Deaf."

A Pick-me-up

I feel I must write and tell you about your Picturegoer Christmas Annual. It really is the best of all the film annuals this year, and has to be seen to be believed.

If any of your readers have the blues I advise them to spend some time on this wonderful "pick-me-up."—(Miss) M. Enderby, 84 Lee Hall Avenue, Norton Lees, Sheffield 8.

A Faithful Fan

A bout a couple of years ago several of us in the same form at school were very interested in the movies. Quite by accident we found ourselves taking the sides of various companies. One of the fellows was definitely a Garbo fan and he spoke for M.G.M.; another gave his

(Continued on page 34)
I'm glad I got GLYMIEL

Customers noticed my chapped hands

I was a good saleswoman — but red, rough hands were ruining my chances; at a smart hat shop like Lewis's one must look so soignée.

But now I've been made manageress!

The head sales girl told me about Glymiel. I used it that night; how soothing and comforting it was. In three days, my hands were as soft as velvet, and milky white. Now I was the smartest saleswoman — in both senses of the word.

Be sure you get Glymiel Jelly — Glymiel is made by a private process impossible to copy, and only Glymiel can soothe and smooth your hands to soft white beauty — almost overnight! Glymiel Jelly is not sticky, it is not greasy; Glymiel Jelly is delightful to use. Try a tube to-day.

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without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour.

The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/4.

She's never "Inconvenienced" now

Like nearly all modern girls she uses Modess, the towel with the moisture-proof backing. She is fastidious about her personal daintiness and freshness, she would not risk the least suspicion of carelessness — yet she never has to refuse an invitation, or cut short a long day's fun. She trusts Modess, and is gloriously comfortable and at ease the whole day through.

Besides the wonderful moisture-proof backing, Modess has many other advantages — advantages which have become necessities in the rush of modern life. They are soluble, of course — as easily disposed of as toilet paper; they are made of super-absorbent downy cellulose, absolutely the most absorbent material there is; and they are edged with softest cotton wool to prevent chafing and stop moisture from spreading to the sides. Until you have tried a Modess towel you will have no idea how comfortable you can be — you just put it on and literally forget all about it. Next time, ask for a packet of Modess. Sold at all drapers and chemists.

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*Beginning to be a Woman *is a booklet especially written for girls covering their teens. Write for a free copy to Miss Mary Hollis, Medical Service Dept., c/o Modess, Johnson & Johnson (G. B. Braham) Ltd., Sough, Bucks.
A picture of Christmas Eve

Nelson Eddy

Probably the only operatic baritone handsome enough to be a romantic film hero, Eddy was born in Providence on June 29, 1895, and first developed his voice as a boy soprano in church choirs. A job in an iron foundry was followed by ten years as a newspaperman in Philadelphia.

He took the plunge into a stage career in The Marriage Tax and soon became a star of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, making his New York début with them in Pagliacci. Further opera engagements and concert and radio work built up his fame. With his first leading role in Naughty Marietta, Nelson Eddy established himself as a screen favourite, a position he has maintained and improved on in Rose Marie. He will be seen again with Jeanette MacDonald in Maytime.

The actor is 6 ft. tall, has blond hair, blue eyes; weighs 12 st. 5 lbs.

Sally Eilers

Was discovered by Mack Sennett when she visited Carole Lombard at the studio one day, and made good immediately.

Sally had moved to Hollywood from New York on her three sixteenth birthday, when she received part of her education at the Fairfax High School there, before setting out in search of extra work in films. For a long time after her initial success, however, she was just another Hollywood ingénue. Then came Bad Girl and fame.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

support to Radio because of his liking for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

As for myself, three of my favourites were (and still are) Jean Muir, Paul Muni and James Cagney; at any rate, I found that they belonged to Warner Bros.-First National, and this became my company.

The arguments we used to have waxed furious but quite friendly, and by the time we left school our knowledge of the films and our enthusiasm for them had increased very much.

Now, after a year’s absence from school, I am still a Warner-Four National fan—and since the beginning of 1934 I have seen 101 of the 130 odd films that company has released, including such epics as I Am a Fugitive, The War Museum, G Men, A Midsummer Night’s Dream and Captain Blood.—W. Blake, 19 Hawarden Grove, Horne Hill, S.E.24.

Films and Bacon

A local cinema, a fifteen minutes scratched and well-worn publicity film is screened, advertising shops in the vicinity. This film has been shown in every performance for more than a year. Since there are three shows daily, it has passed through the projector over 1,000 times.

Those who attend this theatre regularly are sick and tired of being forced to watch the same slogans, the same catch-phrases, and the same flickering white letters that jump about the screen, before the big picture is shown.

Is it right that a man should pay £1.6d. to be told to buy his bacon from Soand-so’s stores? Surely it would be possible for the lights to be switched on during this fifteen minutes interval in order that he could read his newspaper.

I am curious to know whether this practice is carried on in other small town cinemas. N. E. Lord, “Little Beddwell,” High Street, Harlington, Middlesex.

Old Friends

Travelling around in odd corners of the country one often comes across an old friend, a forgotten film. It makes one exclaim, “Why, I saw that years ago! Sometimes it would be as well to go in and re-live that old thrill.”

I am not ashamed to say I experienced such a joy last week. An old friend, Squirrels, was billed. The cinema was little better than a cleansed cowshed, it was crowded to excess by at least 50 souls, but what hilarious joy the battered and torn old silent film of Squirrels with Betty Balfour gave them, and I am not ashamed to admit I rocked with laughter just as I did when I saw it at least ten years ago.

I greeted it as an old friend, and there are other dear old films of a past age I should like to meet again.—G. V. Pepper, 50 Elspeth Road, S.W.11.

Thrilling Moments

Strange, almost all Mr. Barrymore’s “thrilling moments” in M – M. Here are a few of mine.

Walter Brennan in Three Godfathers repeating “Gentle Jesus” before going out to die in the desert.

Victor McLaglen in What Price Glory, leaning on his rifle in bewildement over the dead body of Barry Norton, in his last film, while Elsie Fenton cries: “What price glory now?...”

Peter Lorre in M, on his knees before the Underworld.

The scene in One Way Ticket where Walter Connolly turns the guns on the convicts, although his own men are there, as prisoners.

Wagons rolling over the nameless grave of an old woman in Covered Wagon.

Antonio Moreno’s face in Mare nostrum, when he learns of his son’s death. In Richard Dix in Cimarron, standing back to the camera, with the dead negro boy in his arms.

Emily Jenkins in M – M, going to her death. But why go on? Their name is legion—!” Memory.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

WHO’S WHO

Sally was one of the first of the Hollywood stars to come to work in English talkies—she appeared in I Spy in 1933 and she recently completed Talk of the Devil at Pinewood.

The star is 28 years old, 5 ft. 3 in. tall and weighs 7 st. 12 lbs.

Florence Eldridge

Is mostly content to play her real life role of Mrs. Fredric March, but has a distinguished acting record on the stage and has contributed some fine work to the screen in such pictures as Les Miserables and Mary of Scotland, in which she played “Queen Elizabeth.” Her attitude is that “occasional not too-big part is good fun, even if I am only the star’s wife.”

Mrs. March, now 32, started in the chorus in 1918, and has established New York favourite for years.

Mary Ellis

Mary Ellis, an American, reversed tradition by being discovered for the films by Britain. She is a leading member of the Metropolitan Opera House. In 1924 she created the title role in the Broadway production of Rose Marie, which was written specially for her.

Her other films include, All the King’s Horses, Paris In Spring and Fatal Lady. The star is in her early thirties.

December 19, 1936

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly. 4 lines and 16 words will be paid for the two most interesting, and 55 for every other letter published. 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, WC.2.
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2/6—also in tubes for your handbag and trial size jar at 2d. For a free trial Beauty Outfit—trial size Four Purpose Cream, Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, write to Crystal Products Co. Ltd. (Dept. C.64), 32-36 City Road, London, E.C.1. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

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E. F. (King’s Norton).—Write to the Hairdressing Supplies Co., Ltd., and we will forward the letter on for you.

J. L. (Kent).—The issue of this paper December 10, containing the portrait of Richard Dix is obtainable from the Publishers, 11/12 Bathurst Street, London, W.1, for 3d. post free.

O. C. (Tottenham).—You can only visit a film studio by a special permit obtainable from a Studio Executive.

F. M. (Lewisham).—(1) Yes, Boris Karloff took the role of Sport Williams in the original Money with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. (2) Under Cover Man, in which George Raft appeared, was made at the end of 1932 and first shown in Feb., 1933.


Green Eyes (Devon).—(1) Gary Cooper married Sandra Shaw; Virginia Bruce mar. John Gilbert (dec.). (2) Anna Neagle is of British nationality born in 1906, 1 st. m. M. F. (Sheffield).—Ronald Colman’s latest film Last Horizon for Twentieth Century Fox studios.

F. B. (Bristol).—Latest films: Nelson Eddy, Bing Crosby, Pippin from Heaven; Robert Taylor, Caville.

Intrigued (Edinburgh).—(1) Tom Helmut is a leading role in The Other Side To Merry, that of Stephen (released Oct. 21, 1935). (2) Radio British, directed by H. Pinker, appears in Captain Courageous. (3) Write to Tom Helmut, c/o Radio British and John Stuart, c/o British International Pictures. (4) Edward Bellamy’s film, The Man Who Lived Twice (Columbia).

L. K. A. (Faversham).—(1) Fletcher Christian, Mutiny on the Bounty, lived the remainder of his life on the island, Pitcairn, where his descendants still live. Peter Hayes was not in the film of Mutiny on the Bounty; Roger Byam was a fictitious character in the film. (2) Pitcairn Island was uninhabited when Christian reached it. The language or some language there now is a mixture of Tahitian and English. (4) Prisoner, the novel, the book is the same as Tahiti. (5) Capt. Cook the book has been translated. J. M. Dent, 10 Bedford St., W.C.1. 1 s. post free.

A Derek Oldham Fan (Cheshire).—Melody of My Heart, Butler, was released Sept. 25, 1935, and Chasing Coast Roads, British Lion, Jan. 27, 36, so, as they have not reached your town yet we will write to the film companies and make enquiries as to whether or not you are likely to see these films.

B. F. (Ponichey).—Write to Ralph Bellamy, c/o Columbia.

D. H. (Bowe).—Chic Sale’s latest film Mystery for First National.

Optimist.—(1) Nova Pilbeam did not appear in The Great Defender. (2) The Tales of Hoffmann was announced as a vehicle for Nelson Eddy, but nothing definite has been settled yet. Other films scheduled for him are The Man Who Dared and Mardi Gras. (3) The Water Nymph, by Yvonne, which was made into the film, Man of the Moors, with Claude Rains and Adriana Caselotti, is still in production. Leslie Howard is at present making in America and has not decided on any future films. (3) Robert Taylor was not in the film The Million Dollar Girl. (6) Yes, John Loder sang himself in Queen of Hearts.

C. (Devon).—We did not publish a centre spread or the story of In Person to which readers at present making Mother Carey’s Chickens.

Curdles (Durham).—Patrick Waddington b. Aug. 15, 1903; 2d. Olivia Scott; school of Hots, and St. John’s College, Oxford (M. A.); hobbies, sailing, riding, and dancing. Write to him c/o British International Pictures, where he made I Give My Heart.

Curties (Film Fan (Merthyr Tydfil)).—Thomas Beck took the part of the young hero in Charlie Chan in Egypt and was in Mr. Magoo with Bette Daniels. He was b. New York City; 6 ft., 168 lb. Latest film, White Gold.

Eagar (Malvern).—(1) Hans Sonker, age 30; blue-eyed, blond, brown hair, 5 ft. 11 in. Married. Appeared in Faithful with Jean Muir for Irving-Salt.

Dainty (Durham).—Anne Shirley took the role of Anne in Anne of Green Gables.

Lesters Ltd.—John Lode’s latest film is King Solomon’s Mines, for Gaumont-British Studios.

J. M. R. (Welsh.—(1) Latest films: famous New York Radio Stars: Jack Benny, Jack Ruby, George Cooper, The Philanthromaniacs, for Paramount; Jack Buchanan, The Man of a Thousand Whistles, for British and Dominions; Ronald Colman, The Awful Truth, for United Artists; Ronald Colman, My Man Godfrey, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Randolph Scott, High, Wide, and Handsome, for Columbia; Robert Taylor, After the Thin Man, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Leslie Howard, appearing in Handle on the stage in America.

W. F. (Kent).—(1) The Devil Takes the Hindmost, with Leigh Lightfoot, is to be the new David Copperfield may be obtainable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co., Ltd., head office.

M. E. H. (Angor).—(1) No, Edna May George, the lead in Mr. and Mrs. North, is not the same person. (2) Edna May (Perkins) was born Sept. 2, 1878; married Oscar Lewisohn. She retired from the stage in 1918 and returned to a week in 1917 in her old part in The Belle of Bohemia. She has been given in the name of the Princess of Tuck in Bohemia. She was married to W. C. Brown, Boston, Mass., U.S.A, Sept. 1865; married D. W. Pratt (mar. dix); real name, Nutter. Is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and her latest film was Rome and Juliet.

Tuller (Wiltshire).—Author of Author’s latest film, Make Up for Standard International Productions. (2) Leslie Banks at present appearing. (3) The Great Came Home at St. Martin’s Theatre, London, W.1; (2) Nova Pilbeam is to make None-Stop New York. (4) Yes, Leslie Howard’s latest film is Atlas, to be in National Velvet.

Fan Club Notices

The Mobile Orson Welles Fan Club welcomes new members. All interested should write to the Secretary, 110 Rectory Road, Burnden, Lancs.

A stamped addressed envelope with your letter to fans clubs to ensure a reply.


Editor, George J. Harris, Martlet Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

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If you are a martyr to sick headaches, biliousness, liver upsets and similar disorders, here is news that will cheer you. In the majority of cases the source of the trouble is the stomach, where nauseous gases accumulate and interfere with your digestion, poisoning the whole system and making you feel no good for anything.

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THIS famous old remedy has brought real comfort and freedom from attacks to thousands of sufferers, who are now able to enjoy life thoroughly. The number of letters which we receive testifies to the fact that Potter's frequently succeeds when everything else has failed. Easy to use—no medicine is taken. Entirely free from quinine. Potter's give immediate relief and instantly makes breathing regular and easy. Sleepless nights become a thing of the past, your daily duties become easier and more pleasant. Never be without a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. Use it directly you feel an attack coming on.

Available at Chemists, Herbalists and Stores. Price 1s. 6d., or direct from the makers 1s. 9d. post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" post free.

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Film - Fans DIARY
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and other stars looking their loveliest

I t is almost impossible to conceive postcards more artistic, more lovely than those which have just arrived at the "PICTUROGER" Salon. They are entirely new—have never been shown before—and are now waiting to grace the finest collections in the land. Make your selection whilst the series is complete.

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List of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request. Ask for new list No. 67.

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Jean Arthur, Fred Astaire, Mary Astor, Freddie Bartholomew, Charles Beckford, Chas. Boyer, Helen Chandler, Keeto Chartier, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Nelson Eddy, Kay Francis, Paulette Goddard, Ann Harding, Katherine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Allan Jones, Buck Jones, Carol Lombard, Myrna Loy, Lida Lipton, Joel McCrea, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Phil Regan, Ginger Rogers, Norma Shearer, Simone Simon, Glenn Stewart, Robert Taylor, Arthur Tracy, Lupe Velez, Robert Young.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH
Ann Harding, Jeanette MacDonald, Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, Robert Taylor.

PARTNERS SEPIA AND COLOURED
Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan, Donald Woods and Elizabeth Allan.

Film—Fans Diary will love to keep!

December 19, 1936

Dear ANNE,

Please accept the title of this article as an invitation to pass on your worries to me. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your query and address your letter to Anne, "The Pictuerober," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

N ATURALLY, you wish to look your best at Christmas. There is every reason why you should. A glamorous touch carefully chosen makes up-well skilfully and be the place to make an attractive young woman.

For the benefit of young girls who are going to use make-up for the first time this Christmas, and may be for those who are not quite sure if they have the correct technique for one, take this beauty business step by step.

There are a number of simple rules. If you follow these one by one, the result must be success.

Make-up must be applied to a skin that is scrupulously clean. The normal skin is best cleansed with soap and warm water. A rubber sponge or complexion glove helps to tone up the pores. A thin coat of cream, applied with a separate brush, is quite appropriate for the cold months.

Next comes the foundation cream, a special cream if your skin is dry. On the other hand, if it is greasy, use a foundation lotion. Apply a spot or two to cheeks, chin, and nose. Rub it in with the fingers or tips, working away from the middle of the face. When this operation is complete the cream will have disappeared and the skin will be just moist and velvety.

Rouge
Use a compact rouge for normal and oily skins, and a cream rouge for dry skins. Rouge is usually added to the face just before the complexion is dabbed on with a pad of cotton wool on the same places as the cream, and worked in with the finger tips. Any that remains unsorbed is wiped off with cotton wool.

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You can obtain liberal DISCOUNTS
by joining the Club, and also receive 5/3 of Albums Free to hold 300 cards. A magnificent specimen of the binder's art, made to resemble mink-skin and lettered in gold. An Album of 12 cards in bound in Blue Rexine and holding 100 cards is also obtainable. To join, send order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2d. 6d. Discounts on all subsequent orders. Include 12 extra in your remittance, which includes postage, packing, etc., on the Free 5/- Album or 2/- extra if the Album De Luxe is required. Overseas readers should include 3/- extra, which includes postage, etc., or 3/- extra if the De Luxe Album is required. Fresh Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Send a cheque for £1.0.0. to "The Pictuerober" and address your application Dept. 21, "The Pictuerober" Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Answers to Correspondents

Hoping—See an early issue of this paper. I am developing an article to pass on your worries to me.

According to recent reports Bandy.—Your make-up should be as follows: Powder, Powder Lane; rouge, peche cendre; Lipstick, fonce.

V. Tweed (Tottenham).—A weather cream and powder have been mixed to prevent redness. Apply caoline lotions at night time.

F. W. (London).—Use a liquid powder base in peach tint. Send a stamped addressed envelope for all blackheads and pimples.

E. D. (Reading).—Why not buy your little nephews and nieces an egg coffee? I think I could readily recommend "Palm" toffee and cream. Offer them.

Nineteen.—As you are 19 with a slim, well-washed face, why shouldn't you take care of it? You should not need a make-up of any kind. You simply need to wash your face and keep your skin clean. As your face is long, you should not use too much rouge. If you are working at a desk by keeping hair flat on top and fluffing it out finely at the sides, with only half the ears exposed.

Talkie Title Tales
This week's prize of a half guinea is awarded to Gerald Beard, Park Road, Guildford, Montgomery, for: "The silent film Valet is the Word for Carrie Sitting Pursued Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss C. Kershaw, 22, Hollywood Road, Edinburgh, Scotland, for: "Personal Memoire's" Let's Talk It Over Prize of a half guinea is awarded to M. D. Blackman, 25, Hardiman Road, Drumcondra, Dublin, I.P.S., for: "The Nineteen" Prize of a half guinea is awarded to J. B. in Search of Beauty Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss Z. M. F. Freckles Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss E. A. Mourey, Lane End House, Hoyland Common, near Barnsley, for: "The Nit Wits Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss M. Mad Hatters Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss M.-A. Children? A. Hoggart, 24 Greatfield Road, Barking, Essex, for: "The or.." Holiday Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss L. Stormy Weather Prize of a half guinea is awarded to Miss J. As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" has been very successful. Mad Hatters is coming out in order to make a short story. Stormy Weather is coming out in a postcard form c/o PICTUROGER, Martlett House Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that titles that he submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card. GUY BEACON.
'GRAND GIRL!

She's sent me
De Reszkes'

Among cigarettes the world over there is no name more famous than DE RESZKE: no size more popular than MINORS: no gift more certain to please!

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED
How can you make sure of Enjoying XMAS

You can always keep fit and well and make certain of enjoying every minute of the Xmas Holidays—the dances, parties and other festivities—if you'll just remember to take your nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and slim.

Start taking Bile Beans to-night, and so make sure of being at your best for Christmas.
Binnie Barnes
10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so Mines a Minor!

In taste, quality, and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In Tins
- 30 for 1/-
- 60 for 2/-

In Boxes
- 15 for 6d
- 30 for 1/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory'-Tipped

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR—DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 for 1/-
HOLLYWOOD stars have taken a fortune out of British films during the year that is just ending. The results so far, have not been strikingly successful, though it is a pleasant seasonal thought that we have been able to provide some of our importations with a Christmas dinner they might have had to go without had they been left to rely on the current demand for their services in the Coast film capital.

Nevertheless, the English studios are rapidly acquiring a bad name among the front-rank American stars.

Stories (whether circulated through the legitimate or imagined complaints of the stars concerned or manufactured by Hollywood's own powerful propaganda machinery) of stellar troubles encountered in production here are doing a lot of harm to our newly-won film prestige.

Alleged Grievances

Among the alleged grievances of stars who have worked here recently are "sudden changes in scripts and directors, failure to start on time, inability to get the right leading men or women and other troubles that do not occur in Hollywood or are quickly overcome there."

The "temperament-trying problems" faced by Constance Bennett, Miriam Hopkins and Ann Harding are mentioned, among others, in the Hollywood trade press as examples why the enthusiasm of big American names for British film gold is cooling.

This is an issue that should be brought into the open. The actresses concerned should either publicly dissociate themselves from these stories or justify their charges.

More New Film Faces

Nineteen thirty seven, as I have indicated here, will be a year of new screen faces. Last week I told you something of Paramount's "white hopes."

Now Universal introduces its entries in the stardom stakes. Among them are Deanna Durbin, the 13-year-old Hollywood schoolgirl who was discovered by Eddie Cantor, and Doris Nolan, both of whom are already known to Picturgoer readers.

Here are some other names for those new notebooks from Santa Claus. The studio has big plans for Jack Dunn, the handsome British Olympic games skating champion, Henry Hunter, an acquisition from radio; Dave Oliver, a comedian, who was a newsreel cameraman a few months ago, and Robert Whitney, a former San Francisco steamship office clerk.

They hope to find a second Clark Gable somewhere in the batch.

Magazines to Movies

In the feminine sex appeal department, the company offers Janice Jarrett, of Texas, official sweetheart of the Texas Centennials and known as the most photographed girl in America. Janice went to Hollywood via the magazine covers.

Christmas Greetings

PICTUREGOER and its staff take pleasure in wishing readers a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

Since the studio's success with Jane Wyatt, formerly of the famous New York "400," the casting office has smiled favourably on the aspiring society girls. There are no fewer than three in the new list; Marjorie Gage, who appears, appropriately, in Top of the Town; Polly Rowles, daughter of a Pittsburgh steel king, who will be seen in Love Letters of a Star, and Lynn Gilbert, a member of Chicago's upper ten.

A Second Taylor?

Meanwhile, the most formidable candidate for the title of "second Robert Taylor" is Tyrone Power, jun.

We have seen Power, so far, in comparatively small parts in Girls' Dormitory and Ladies In Love.

He did very well, but it was against the advice of all the experts that Darryl Zanuck cast him in the male lead of Lloyds of London. After the pre-view, however, the film capital was acclaiming a "new star."

The "Hollywood Reporter" describes his performance as a triumph that will send him to the top of the tree as soon as Lloyds of London reaches the screens. "He is," it adds, "another Taylor type, but better at this stage of his development than was Taylor."

Shirley's Christmas Present

One of Shirley Temple's first Christmas presents was from a studio worker and took the form of a 9-weeks'old Pekingese puppy, which she promptly christened "Ching-Ching."

Jane Hamilton and Betty Grable take this neat way of greeting the fans. It's a pity they couldn't give us a little of that Californian sunshine as well.

After a character she plays in Steeraway, Shirley already had two dogs—a cocker spaniel named Rowdy, and Corky, a wire-haired terrier; but Ching-Ching is so tiny that he is able to be her constant companion on the set—in a basket.

The Boosting of the Breen

Has Shirley passed the peak of her popularity? Sol Lesser thinks so and is gambling a fortune on his opinion.

Lesser is embarking on a big campaign to establish Bobby Breen as the ruling infant prodigy.

The first film with the eight-year-old boy, Let's Sing Again, was unusually successful and with the second, Rainbow On the River now ready for release, elaborate plans are being made. The average sum spent on exploiting a big feature is a little more than £20,000. Over (Continued on page 4)
£50,000 has been appropriated for advertising the new film in America alone.

**Bette Returns**

*Marked Women*, a night-club-cum-gangster film, has been chosen as the first vehicle for Bette Davis on her return to the Warner fold.

It will be directed by Lloyd Bacon. In the meantime Bette is entertaining the film colony with the story of her London adventures. Bette is keeping her wardrobe while she was here, spending some hundreds of pounds, but waited in vain for the bills to arrive. Inquiries revealed that the shopkeepers knew of a film star, but thought she was Constance Bennett.

It is not quite clear who was the most annoyed, Bette or everyone knew her by now, or Connie, who got the bills.

**Historic Film**

*Queen Elizabeth*, the screen's first feature-length film, which was made in 1912, will be shown again next month as part of the Adolph Zukor jubilee celebrations. Zukor has been the head of Paramount for a quarter of a century.

*Queen Elizabeth* marked the beginning of a new era in entertainment and the end of one of the most illustrious careers in the history of the theatre.

Sarah Bernhardt was long past her best when she appeared in the picture. It was one of the most pathetic episodes in her career. Her fortune dissipated and her health and one leg gone, the poor old woman was propped up in front of the camera—to earn a little money.

The four-reel movie has, perhaps, preserved something of her art for the future. And it is fitting that the name of the great tragedienne will always be associated with the birth of the cinema as we know it to-day.

**Alison on the War Path**

The latest outburst of temperament comes from Alison Skipworth. Miss Skipworth, who has for years held the record of being the screen's most compliant actress, broke down the other day on the *Wise Hunter* set after her first look at the stand-in selected for her.

A blood-curdling scream escaped the usually composed Miss Skipworth. "I'm not that fat," she cried wildly. "I've never been that fat!"

It took the combined efforts of Director Cummins, Warner Baxter, June Lang, the stand-in and a hairdresser to placate her.

Alison won the day by weighing in forty pounds lighter.

**Stars and Civil War**

The Spanish civil war is having its minor repercussions in the film world. Madeleine Carroll is one of the stars who own property there.

Grace Moore is trying to rescue her niece, Luisa Parera, from battle-wrecked Madrid.

Grace promises to adopt the child, who is four years old, and she has sought the assistance of the U.S. government and the American Ambassador in getting the little girl out of Spain.

**Police, Anyway**

The best film test story I have heard for some time concerns radio and concerns that studio's new discovery, John Gordon.

He had to make a test for a lead in a picture with Maugham and the script called upon him to kiss the young lady.

According to the official account he kissed, blushed and exclaimed "Gee, thanks!"

**Van Dyke's Little Joke**

They are still having fun on the *After the Thin Man* set. In one scene, William Powell had to be incarcerated in prison with several young ladies.

After securely locking the party in a cell, Director Woody Van Dyke called the lunch intermission and came out of the set.

Van Dyke is full of little gags like that. Also in the film is a Broadway newcomer, Sam Levene.

After the first rehearsal the director asked Levene to show more of his profile. Levene complied and they went over it once more. Van Dyke asked for still more profile and he got it and they shot the scene.

"How was I?" asked Levene. "I don't know," replied Van Dyke, "you aren't in this scene."

**Sonja Got Her Own Back**

Hollywood seems to spend most of its spare time practical joking. When Clark Gable arrived at a radio studio the other night to play George Washington in an air version of *Valley Forge*, he found his dressing-room littered with cherry trees and miniature axes, while on the mirror was a sign proclaiming him the "Father of His Country.

It was suspected to be the work of Clark Gable. Gable returned by sending her a sixpenny pop-gun for her birthday.

Sonja Henie, the European skating star, who came in for the usual initiative, seems to have got her own back.

One day the star excitedly called the cast and director to a corner of the rink. "Look!" she cried in alarm, pointing to long, white worms in the ice. "Ice worms! They'll ruin the rink and cost the studio thousands!"

What could they do, asked the assembled scene stealing often became a gentle but unfair art.

"The scene stealer, to be accurate, is a person who dominates a scene which he is not intended to. He does it wilfully. The star may be speaking lines which are important and all attention should be directed to the star. The scene stealer will draw that attention to himself by some trick such as pulling out a handkerchief, doing pantomime or clearing his throat.

**No One Likes a “Scene Stealer”**

"Youngsters on the stage sometimes do this because they think it's smart because they want to be noticed," the actor adds. "They soon learn better. Usually an old hand at all the stage tricks will give the youth the trimming of his career."

"No one likes a real scene stealer. He not only hurts other players, but helps ruin a play, where interest is lost in the major plot, and also mistreats the audience by coaxing them off on a blind alley."

"But picture or play stealers! Ah, that's different. A picture stealer is someone who is so ideally suited to his part, is such a grand actor or has such a fine part that his role just naturally stands out. He is a credit to acting and a benefit to any picture. That's not scene stealing. I'd prefer to call such a man a scene stand-out."

**Desmond Raises His Standard**

The unique fan-mail map at the Gaumont-British studios is well known. It is a large map of the world, dotted with the coloured flags which indicate the places from which come the film fans' letters to their screen favourites.

Each star has her own particular flag. Jessie Matthews' is red, Jack Hulbert's brown, Anna Lee's admirers wave the green standard, Cicely Courtneidge's black, plate, and Constance Hale's is orange and Nova Pilbeam's colour is yellow.

Fans are now taking an interest in young 16-year-old Desmond Tester, who gave the brilliant portrayal of the youthful King Edward VI in *Tudor Rose* and who is to be seen with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka in Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*.

Many letters have been arriving at the G.B. studios for him and young Desmond was told he would have his own personal flag soon.

He returned the other day with his own design and now, poking its sinister head among the reds, yellows and greens which cover the world, is the grim black and white emblem of the skull and crossbones.

**Search for “Carmen”**

One of the most acute problems at present confronting Paramount is that of finding the ideal "Carmen," for the production on the screen of the celebrated opera of that name.

A world-wide search is now being undertaken, and William LeLaron, managing director of production, has been conferring with Frank
Lloyd, who will probably direct the film. It is possible that a young actress, not well known to picture-goers, but possessing a beautiful operatic voice, will be chosen for the principal role.

Oakie Goes Operatic

Ordinarily Lily Pons sings to others, but in one scene of her latest picture, which has now, finally we hope, been titled, "Thai Girl From Paris," the world-renowned grand opera star played the role of listener while Jack Oakie did the singing.

Oakie modestly admitted that he reaches his greatest vocal heights when singing to, or with, an opera star, because he "thrones on competition."

Songs from the Shows

One of the new H.M.V. recordings which is likely to prove most attractive to fans is DH1537, on which Jeannette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy sing "The Indian Love Call" from Rose Marie and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" from Naughty Marietta. They are both excellently rendered.

Cain and Mabel is represented by "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs," sung by Denny Dennis on BD386.

The famous opera star, Beniamino Gigli, who starred in You Are My Life, gives a brilliant rendering of the title aria on DA1537 and on the reverse a highly melodious ballad, "Night In Venice."

—And Dance Music

BD1297. The Four Stars present a somewhat dull instrumental orchestration of "One Rainy Afternoon," from the film of that same name, while on BD5138, Roy Fox gives a spirited rendering of "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs" from Cain and Mabel. Jack Hylton's contribution this month consists of two numbers from Sing Baby Sing—the theme song of "You Turned the Tables on Me." A fairly good effort on BD5127.

Hylton also presents, on C883, a party, the guests of which include Tommy Handley, Nelson Keys, Tom Webster and Jack Barty. The humour is of a rather crude order, but Jack Barty manages to score a good laugh here and there.

A real laughter tonic is provided by Leslie Henson and Fred Emnery on C888. They present the German commissionaire scene from Seeing Stars and the middle scene from Swing Along; both are excellent.

For the children, there could be nothing more fitting than "Mickey's Grand Opera" and "Orphans' Benefit," both on BD382. While "Nursery Rhymes," played by Wayne King and his Orchestra on BD5134, provide another item eminently suited to children.

A Quarter-Century

My colleague, Guy Beacon, has been reading "Twenty-five Years of Films," by G. K. Doyle, recently published by the Mitré Press at 10s. 6d.

Four of the comedians in "Top of the Town" serenade Ella Logan Left to right: Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer, Ella, Hugh Herbert and Henry Ammetta.

He says: "I find it hard to decide to which 25 years the title of this book refers, as its scope covers a period from 1885 to Things to Come—a vast reservoir.

"It is also interesting to speculate when it was written, as many recent changes appear to have entirely escaped the author's attention; for instance, he solemnly records the fact that 'Pictures' has changed to a monthly magazine called 'Picturegoer.' Quite a number of his readers could inform him that the monthly changed to a phenomenally popular weekly in 1931.

"It is obvious that Mr. Doyle's heart is in the pre-talkie period; he can apparently see little good in talking pictures, and views the whole business of film-making (with a few surprising exceptions) with cynical amusement as a butt for his somewhat mordant though frequently effective witticisms.

"As a permanent record of early attempts in film-making, however, the book has undoubted value to the historian or the antiquarian.

Start 1937 Well

Here's one New Year resolution that you shouldn't have any difficulty in keeping, if you act early, of course—and one that, unlike some New Year resolutions, will give you a great deal of pleasure. Make up your mind not to miss next week's PICTUREGOER, a magnificent double number that will ensure a Happy New Year for filmgoers by enabling them to get the best out of the film entertainment to come. The Film Guide to the programmes of 1937, compiled by PICTUREGOERS experts, will tell you the pictures to see, while on other pages producers, directors and stars let you into the secrets of their schedules and plans.

Among the many contributors are Charles Laughton, who discloses his "Five Year Plan," Errol Flynn, Richard Tauber, Michael Balcon, Julius Hagen, Jack Mulhall and Norman Walker. Perhaps you had better make another New Year's resolution. Order your copy early and make sure of getting it.

Short Shots

Broadway Melody of 1937 is due to go into production any day now with Eleanor Powell, Buddy Ebsen and Sophie Tucker in the leads. William Powell and Rosalind Russell will co-star in The Emperor's Candelsticks, adaptation of the Baroness Orczy story. Herbert Marshall and Margot Grahame had to go all the way to Hollywood to meet—on the set of Make Way For a Lady.
What is Robert Taylor like without benefit of ballyhoo? He has acquired a serenely thoughtful air, and I think I have just spent an entire day with him, informally. It was his first day away from Garbo and Camille, the only free time he's had in more than a month. He wasn't on guard for a regular interview, I'm afraid — no! If you think you have already heard the Facts about the handsome, sophisticated, young, vital, virile, colorful Taylor, you're in for a shock of genuine surprises. I went to his house for breakfast and stayed on. Bob was one big surprise after another and the joke was on me, too; I'd often talked to him at M.G.M. and thought I had him perfectly catalogued. Now I've learned something important: for the absolute low-down on your favourite movie star one must tag along on a real day, when he's far from a studio.

Bob phoned at 8 in the morning. "I'm finally a free soul. I'm going to relax to-day, but I need company. Maybe we can get in some tennis. Or I'll take you for a ride!"

Little did I realise what these offers portended. He has acquired a serenely thoughtful air, and I think I have just spent an entire day with him, informally. And as for the latter crack! It appeared he had found a telegram under his front door when he'd arrived home at 11 the night before. It advised him that he wouldn't have to work this day — the studio resorting to a wire when nobody was at home to answer the telephone. Bob had been moonlight driving down Malibu road with Barbara Stanwyck and Joe, his "man," had been celebrating his own night off by calling on his girl.

I hurried to the Taylor establishment, which is a compact, one-story bachelor cottage on a beautiful tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. There is no wall excluding it, and the porch is decked with flowering plants. Inside the rooms are all in warm brown shades and are furnished in simple but excellent taste. They aren't cluttered up and the sunlight pours in through many windows.

He came to let me in himself, in a gaily chequered lounging robe. "I wanted to sleep until noon," he confessed, "but I'm so used to waking up at 7 that I gave up the fight to go back to sleep again!"

A lot of Taylor addicts, afraid he's too grand to be true, have sighed, "I imagine he isn't half as good-looking in person" Yet he is. The cameras picture Bob exactly, although Techni-

How does to-day's movie idol spend his day off? Here's the answer.

The star in thoughtful mood — and he has far more to think with than most stars.
and never indulge." Bob goes for meat and potatoes and gravy, with ample salting. The kitchen is small and quaint. He never eats in restaurants.
Steffi Duna would make any Christmas party go with a bang. The brilliant little Hungarian dancer was the first of the "colour" stars, and she scores again in "Dancing Pirate." She will shortly be seen in colour in the British film "Pagliacci."
EVIL-DOING "off" as well as "on" the screen is the chief interest of Lionel Atwill; yet he is no criminal

declares

Max BREEN

wearing the real brute, just for the close-up, if he were unconscious.

"How unconscious?" I asked.

"Gassed," they said.

"Well, gas him, and I'll have a look at him first," I suggested.

"So they gassed him and also tied his mouth up with adhesive-tape in case he woke up too soon; and I must say he looked extremely dead." I said I'd do it; but I didn't altogether bargain on his weighing three hundredweight.

"Doing my death-agony like anything, I beat my legs; and the coils of python weighed so heavily on me that I couldn't support it and crashed down on my knees.

Fortunately the floor was thinly covered with sawdust or bark, so I didn't break any bones but I had tender knees for weeks. And the stench of that brute—ouch!

"That was one time I didn't need any criminal to tell me how to look like a murderer getting his just deserts."

As a young man, Atwill studied architecture, but he forsook skyscrapers for footlights, and had a most distinguished stage career, as a star with the famous Belasco and N.Y. Theatre Guild before coming into movies.

He made his London stage debut in 1906 (thirty years of acting! A pretty swell record) in The Walls of Jericho at the Garrick Theatre, in which he played a footman, and in 1916 he visited America as leading man with a company headed by the famous Mrs. Langtry—and stayed.

He has never been naturalised, though; an Englishman he remains and an Englishman he sounds—and, for that matter, he looks more like a prosperous English business man than anything else.

He came into films in The Silent Witness, and films have been the richer for his coming. (So, I am happy to say, has he.)

Since then he has chalked up a large number of successful appearances: Dr. X, The Secret of Madame Blanche, The Mystery of the Wax Museum (perhaps his most successful effort to date), Murders in the Zoo, Lady of the Boulevards, The Age of Innocence, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Song of Songs, The Murder Man, Captan Blood, The Devil is a Woman, and many others.

In most he has played the leading role, in others he has made a comparatively brief appearance, but always his skilful delineation of character and his arresting personality have dominated the scenes in which he appeared.

To return to the subject of crime, I said, "do you suppose there are any criminals which have not been portrayed on the screen?"

"No—I think probably not—except of course the more sadistic or the sex-crimes, of which of course the Censor—very rightly—won't allow," A man of great intelligence, acting skill, and driving-force, this Lionel Atwill. I hope, now we've got him here, we'll keep him.

He crept into England unheared; and since he arrived, three prominent directors have said to me: "If I'd known he was coming, I'd have tried to get him for my new picture."

That's what the Men Who Know think of Lionel Atwill.
BESIDES French history, mathematics and the sciences, every girl should be forced to take a course in the Art and Science of Men!

It should start in school and carry right on through college, and there should be periodic exams and practical problems and surveys—just as there is in geology, biology and physiology—and no girl should be allowed to take her first toddling step into the meat, cruel business world without a diploma.

"You see, it's a man-made world and still a man-run world in spite of all reports to the contrary. Get along with men and you'll get along with the world. Don't—and the world can and will get along without you!"

Mae West stopped her slow pacing up and down the white and gold boudoir. "Of course, I'm not setting myself up to be any Beatrice Fairfax. She smiled slyly. "I couldn't if I wanted to.

"Still I do feel entitled to at least one small-sized soap box, because, like all actresses, I've had to make a study of men. And my grandmother's Book of Etiquette didn't help me much either.

"Of all the silly bunk! 'Never speak to strangers... be modest and shy at all times... always let the man take the initiative... keep your conversation impersonal, and—just in case—you hat pin handy.' Doesn't that hand you a laugh?

"And that wasn't the half of it. There were whole chapters on when to put on your white kid gloves and when to take them off, when to lower your lashes and when to curl them up—and so on and on through the whole dull book.

"As if that sort of stuff told us anything about men—how to make the shy ones not so shy, how to put the bold ones in their place, and very important, how to handle the boys who imbibe too much. And does it tell us anything about making proper headway with strangers?

"Yesterday's girls were told never to speak to them at all. Yet in this day and age, if you waited for your friends to introduce you to attractive men, you'd seldom meet one, especially if you're a girl who left home and fireside to be on your own in the big city. So the new rule is 'Don't give strangers the eye, unless they eye you first.'

"Pick-ups are still looked upon with a raised eyebrow, as they've always been, but picking someone up along the street, or in a store is not what I'm talking about.

"Suppose there's a man working in a far part of your office you sort of have a yen for, but it seems that you don't have any mutual friend to do the honouring.

"You see him every day in the elevator and as he seems to know you're around, I always say, give him a friendly 'Hello' instead of an aloof stare and, who knows what that hello might lead to? Who knows?

"Or suppose you're waiting in your doctor's or your lawyer's or anyone else's office and, if a man enters, having nothing special about the weather, is there any reason why you shouldn't join him in the engaging conversation that's sure to follow?

"Of course, you don't have to get chummy and you should think before dashing off lunch with him. Still that can be done on the up and up if you pick the restaurant.

"An out-of-the-way hole-in-the-wall or a place with private dining-rooms is certainly not the place, by many a restaurant, preferably a busy one in the centre of the town. is. And then, unless it's love at first bite, you can each go your separate ways afterward, and there's no need for him to pay for his taxi.

"It's so silly for a girl always to be suspicious of men. Entirely too many girls are brought up that mistake a moustache or a monocle for villains twirling their moustaches.

"I made a mistake like that once. It wasn't long after I had left my cradle that I went to see a famous producer for a job. I had to wait in the outer office and there was an equally famous director, though I didn't know who he was at the time, waiting, too.

"He asked me a dozen questions that I answered with either 'Yes' or 'No.' I was being just as snotty as I could, because I was sure he was out for no good. He finally gave up.

"I found out afterwards that he had been looking for a blonde for his own repertoire company. He liked my looks at first, but after a sample of my smugness, he didn't like my type.

"How do I know? Because years later we became friends and he told me. My silly stiffness had robbed me of a job. Because he had asked me so many personal questions, I just knew he was out to do me wrong.

"I have since found out that out-to-do-wrongers ask no questions at all. They are too busy telling you about themselves.

"Girls can't afford to be high-hat and snub in these days, especially about jobs. Good sportsmanship is the thing that counts. The girl who is always pleasant and friendly and who doesn't fret about working late hours always has an edge over the girl who is constantly kicking up a fuss.

"Maybe it isn't glamorous to be known as a good sport, but glamour doesn't belong in a business world."

Mae paused for a moment, stared straight at the wall thoughtfully, then snapped her fingers.

"Yes, even though it does shatter some illusions, let me say right here and now that glamour doesn't belong any place but in the movies.

"Oh, I know a lot of people think differently. Look at the hundreds of interviews that movie people give every year on 'How to Get Glamour.' Well, I don't believe in it. Not for ordinary, every-day people in an ordinary, every-day world.

"Glamour, like a train, gets in a girl's way and keeps her from having fun.

"What man, for example, is going to ask a glamorous creature to a happy-go-lucky picnic in the woods? Nor can he picture glamour riding in a rattlesnap car or going to an amusement park.

"If a man is planning a Sunday trip to the shore, he's taking the girl who will be cheerful even in the face of punctures, hamburgers and rain. That's why I say glamour girls miss out on a lot of fun.

"Another erroneous belief about men is the one that they always like to do all the chasing. If that were the truth, hundreds of girls wouldn't have a man or home to-day.

"How often have you sat around and waited for the 'current' apple of your eye to ask for a date? And how often have you discovered, after it was too late, that he had wanted to ask you, but hadn't dared because you had always treated him as though he were just your little brother's scooter?

"Yes, some men, like some horses, just have to be led. You can usually recognise the kind
THE subject of the Art and Science of Men ought to be taught in schools, says the famous star, who makes a start in her campaign in this outspoken interview by revising the etiquette book and bringing it up-to-date.

by his complete indifference. And if you can't let yourself take a too-friendly initiate, then tease him. At least do something to let him know you know he's alive.

"Another phoney belief is that men always prefer girls who are modest. Well, modesty is all right in some respects. But not about the things which, in your Aunt Effie's day, were "unmentionables"—make-up, girdles, ladies' room and such. Frankness about these things not only puts you at ease, but your escort as well.

"Still there are exceptions. Modesty where evening clothes are concerned is something else again. Your beau may say, 'Boy! Ain't that something!' on beholding a girl's décolleté on the dance floor. But he'd probably have a fit if you turned out in the same outfit—backless, shoulderless and next to nothing underneath.

"Maybe he's goofy in this respect, but it's a goodness that should be appreciated, because if he doesn't object to you in just one yard of satin, then there's something wrong somewhere, and you'll probably never have the chance of hitting your best friend in the face with a bridal bouquet. Most men feel that a too revealing gown is just brazen!

"Another thing, my grandmother may have found that the way to grandfather's heart was through his tummy but that was in the days before chain restaurants. There is nothing that gets results to-day like 'appeal' and I don't mean just sex appeal either.

"No matter how efficient a business woman you are, it's smart to sometimes be deep in a quandary and to seek the advice of your boss or your beau. Don't go the whole extreme, however. Don't be too helpless and frilly. Don't just throw your whole problem in the lap of your god. Explain it sensibly, be it finances or family. Then ask him for his expert help.

"Remember, whether they own up to it or not, the paternal instinct is strong in men. And, give a man a chance to advise and guide you and you'll get a raise or a date—maybe both.

"As for my advice on what to do about the men you feel that you don't want to have anything to do with . . . my advice is do nothing. Nothing at all. Neither sneer nor tilt your nose. Just act as though he didn't darken your door. If he asks for a date, say, 'Sure, I'll meet you at eight,' and then let him try and find you at eight.

"Yes, I mean it literally. Be completely absent-minded about the man you want to ignore. Don't stop speaking to him or laughing at him . . . and don't sneak around corners or you'll run into him for sure. And then won't you look silly—and won't he know right then and there that he has a power over you? And true, there are some men," Mae laughed, "who delight in such power. Like cats, they dote on trapping their mouse.

"No, because I'm naturally a peaceful soul and because I personally believe it's bad ever to make an enemy, my rules on men are trusting.

"I think if I were originating a course, the rules would go something like this: Always give the man the benefit of the doubt. Fraternise, don't glamourise. If he can afford to pay, let him, but pick up the check yourself once in a while."

Mae stretched and yawned. "That's all for to-day. If you don't mind, I'm tired and I'm hoarse . . . and the soap box is yours."
Jack Oakie, assisted by Mischa Auer, brightens up rehearsals for Lucille Ball and her dance director, Hermes Pan. They appear in "That Girl from Paris."

In order to get her lines properly, Grace Moore accompanies the study of her words by acting out the scene as if at rehearsal. She usually finds a quiet corner on the sound stage for the purpose, but the candid cameraman caught her at it this time.

Joe Penner's not so dumb as he appears on the screen. He invented the mistletoe hat decoration himself. With girls like Patricia Wilder, Lucille Ball and Betty Grable on the lot we wish we'd thought of it.

Diana Gibson, the young Radio starlet, Christmas shopping in Hollywood Boulevard.
Daint, Powder and Plumage

by Pauline STACK

Here are some hints from the stars that will help you solve that problem about fancy dress for those parties this Christmas.

Christmas wouldn’t really be Christmas without at least one fancy-dress party to our credit. Like holly and mistletoe, turkey, plum pudding and Christmas shopping, dressing up is part and parcel of the festive season. And though the event may not happen till well through January there’s enchantment enough left over from Christmas to give us the excuse we seem to need to return for a brief while to the days of our childhood.

At no other time of the year do we abandon ourselves so wholeheartedly to the joys of paper hats, balloons, crackers and the more serious business of dressing up.

Old and young, it is inherent in all of us, this urge to forsake our conventional self for a spell and take on the guise of some favourite character, to fling restraint and convention to the wind, to be gay and irresponsible—in fact to forget that the gas meter is ticking over more than its normal number of bobs, that last winter’s coat is only just getting-by this season, and that a first instalment is going to inroads on our housekeeping.

Christmas has a way of making us forget such trites—and with the spirit willing the flesh can do much.

The girl with more than the usual quota of ingenuity scores heavily just now. And that she has a slim purse is of little account, for past experience has taught us that a fancy dress can be created out of practically nothing—the materials that go to its making are cheap and most of the accessories just as inexpensive. The value lies in the novelty of its conception and the manner in which it accords with and enhances each individual personality.

A keen appreciation of your fine points and as expert a knowledge of your weaker ones will do much to make your selection of a costume the success you hope for. And to the girl with ability enough to turn it to good account, the wide variety of novel costumes worn on the screen provides a wealth of inspiration.

If you can wear trousers (that is figuratively speaking), the costume Ginger Rogers wears in Follow the Fleet deserves your attention. The trousers of her suit are of Mediterranean blue satin, cut high above the waist-line and to a peak in the centre front. The tiny fitted blouse is of white satin, the sailor collar and abbreviated sleeves being bordered with blue stripes. A matching blue scarf is tucked into the V-shaped neck-line. With your partner dressed in a Fred Astaire sailor suit, you would present an attractive and matching pair.

There are columbines and columbines. But if you are small and pretty, in short the type of which columbines are made, take a look at Steffy Duna as she will appear in Pagliacci. And if you can fashion a presentable version of it, don’t be surprised if you get more than your fair share of masculine admirers and a prize into the bargain.

Norma Shearer’s Juliet costume is of an entirely different order. Lovely and flowing, it is the essence of graciousness and charm and demands dignity and poise of its wearer. The long trailing over-dress, the full sleeves caught into the wrist and shirred on the shoulders, and the dainty Juliet cap complete as captivating a costume as you’ll find anywhere.

For the boyish girl, Elisabeth Bergner’s Ganymede costume in As You Like It is ideal. band and cunning peaked hat from which depends a short sun veil complete the picture. But if you want to beat your next-door neighbour, add a long flowing cape. It’ll make just that much difference.

There’s the lovely frock Myrna Loy wears in The Great Ziegfeld, a bouffant affair of shaded silk with tight-fitting bodice and rosettes of the same shaded material sewn on the skirt. A pompadour hairdress and patches are the fitting and lovely accompaniment.

If you possess the vibrant personality of a Hepburn, her Mary of Scotland costume should appeal to you. Full skirited with a close-fitting bodice and narrow peplum, the long, tight sleeves are gathered into extreme fullness at the shoulders and slashed to disclose a contrasting silk beneath. The small ruffle should be chignon, the tammy pulled Scots-wise over one eye.

For the dark-eyed maiden I suggest a transformation into a Southern belle by way of Loretta Young’s attractive lace costume in Ramona; or if you have a hankering for something really dramatic, that colourful, sharp-shooting personality, Annie Oakley, might be the very inspiration for you. And as a final choice, for the slinky girl I recommend Jessie Matthews’ lovely Eastern costume in It’s Love Again with its slim lines and glowing colour contrasts.

And for your kid sister who will doubtless be demanding a smaller edition of something for herself, here’s Shirley Temple’s suggestion for an adorable man-about-town—long satin trousers, cutaway satin coat with flying tails and satin covered topper.

And now I commend you to the good offices of your ingenuity, your needle and your enthusiasm—to do your bit towards making the scene a festival of gaiety and colour. And romance, too, for make no mistake a fancy-dress party is as potent as the moon over the sea on a summer’s evening. A merry Christmas to my friends. And happy hunting!
Welcome Home

Although Irene Dunne slipped into and away from the Pasadena railway station after an extended vacation in the East, she did not avoid a welcoming committee of large proportions.

Gathered at the gateway of her nearly-completed new home in Holmby Hills, the star found her brother, three servants, a gardener, one interior decorator, three building craftsmen, one agent, one lawyer, four news photographers, one passer-by and two dogs!

She craved privacy, and did she get it?

She did not!

Out in the Cold

William Powell recently told his real-estate agent to sell his house if he could get a good price for it.

The other morning the star saw several strange people looking over the property. Deciding to keep the place, he telephoned his agent.

"I'm sorry," said the latter, "but those were probably the people who bought the house. Incidentally, you will have to move out by the middle of the month.

Powell is now looking for a house to rent, but so far he has had no luck.

Anyway, Bill receives a princely salary, so he can live in the Ambassador or the Beverly-Wilshire if he so desires!

An Author's Champion!

Ruby Keeler is an omnivorous reader, but unlike so many Hollywood motion-picture players, refuses to patronise the lending libraries. Instead, she always buys the books she reads.

Al Jolson's charming wife figures that if an author has spent months and sometimes years writing a book that is interesting, the least the public can do by way of appreciation is to reward him by buying his book.

Not a bad idea at that!

Joker de Luxe

Few people know that Sid Grauman, Hollywood's greatest showman, is also a practical joker. And the majority of his tricks have been played in the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where he has lived since the hotel opened.

On one occasion the white-haired impresario came disguised in a false face to fool the head waiter.

But the kindest practical joke of all, if it can be called a joke, was when he went from table to table signing checks of total strangers!

Sad to say, I never was in the Grove when Sid was signing checks!

A Young Lover

Freddie Bartholomew is being called "the sheik" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and is he embarrassed!

The reason is that the boy star received a letter from an eleven-year-old girl in Chicago, who said she loved him dearly, having seen him in several of his pictures. She said she thought he was very nice and would like to have one of his pictures. As soon as it was received she would send him one of her own. The letter was signed, "Yours lovingly."

Is Freddie's face red?

Odd Footage

Marie Wilson, who plays "dumb" blondes on the screen, reads such "light works" as Schopenhauer's Essays and Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson for recreation.

Ruby Keeler is a staunch defender of stockinged legs and a rabid enemy of stockingsless ones.
WILL HAY deserts the schoolroom for the high seas as Captain Cutlet, a boastful barge skipper who is involved unexpectedly in barratry, mutiny and cannibal island adventures.

Above: Cast adrift on a raft by the mutineers, Captain Cutlet is cast up on a cannibal island and overawes the natives by means of a wireless set.

Right: The castaways find that desert island life has its compensations. But the girls want to stow away when Cutlet finally sails again for England.
THE Radio studio, which produced The Informer, offers another story of Ireland during “the troubles” in this screen adaptation of Sean O'Casey's famous play. It offers a fine dramatic role to Barbara Stanwyck, who is supported by Preston Foster and five players from the famous Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who were in the original stage cast. The picture takes its title from the design on the flag under which the citizen army fought in 1915-1916. It was directed by John Ford, who was also responsible for the big Victor McLaglen success.

Right
Nora Clitheroe (Barbara Stanwyck) anxiously watches the fighting in the street from her attic window during the memorable Easter week rising.

Jack Clitheroe (Preston Foster), an ardent Irish patriot and his wife, Nora, run a dingy boarding house in a Dublin tenement district.

This of Nora's lodgers is Maggie Conlan (Una O'Connor).
pathetic scene is where Mollie (Bonita Granville), Maggie's consumptive daugh- ter, while the fighting is at its height, is helped by Nora's (Nora) wit, Jack, though heavily involved in the rising, escapes detection by the military authorities and husband and wife are happily reunited.

Nora saves her husband when a search party arrives at their home, by hiding his arms and equipment in Mollie's coffin.
James Gleason and Edna May Oliver have provided us with innumerable laughs in their characters as Inspector Piper and the astute school mistress in The Penguin Pool Mystery and its successors. Now ZaSu Pitts has been teamed with Gleason in another of these amusing comedy detective stories. A comparison will be interesting.

Hildegarde Withers (ZaSu Pitts) gives orders from her sick bed to her maid (Jean La Fayette).

James Donlan, James Gleason as Inspector Piper, and Ray James indulge in a few polite recriminations on their various powers of detection.

In search of clues, Inspector Piper and his indefatigable companion, Hildegarde Withers, investigate the swaying pearl.
**PREVIEWS**

 Criticisms of the latest films

**GIRLS' DORMITORY**

The plot to this school-girl romance is so nebulous that it hardly holds the interest, in any extent, but there is no doubt that Simone Simon who makes her American debut is exceedingly fascinating and given a worth-while vehicle will make her mark.

She still, however, speaks English very poorly and, while an accent can be fascinating, it is also important that one should understand what is said.

She is cast as a young girl of eighteen, Marie, at a finishing school in Austria presided over by a Dr. Stefan Dominelli, with whom she is secretly in love.

Incidentally, the school strikes one as being a rather curious place and while the scenery is picturesque the atmosphere is distinctly synthetic.

Also in love with Stefan, who is just on the right side of forty, is Anna Matha one of the mistresses, and she too pursues her passion in secret.

One day a particularly acid mistress finds a love letter in a wastepaper basket which seems to suggest that one of the girls had had an assignment with a young man.

The handwriting of the letter is compared with that of the pupils' and it is found that it is Marie's.

A special meeting is called and Marie is taxed with the offence.

She confessing to the spirited defence of Anna Matha, who insists that the letter was written but never posted to Stefan, and dealt with an entire visiting nurse and the materials is allowed to rest temporarily.

Marie had heard that her mother was to be sent for and ran away, but the school. She is followed by Stefan who brings her back and houses her temporarily in a woodcutter's hut where she discloses her love for him.

Later he asks her to marry him, but her joy is stifled when she over-hears the porter talking to Anna and learns from the conversation that the latter had been in love with Stefan for a long time.

Following time-honoured tradition in such matters, she pretends to Stefan that it was all a joke and announces that her cousin, who had come to the school to see her graduate, is her fiancé.

Eventually, Stefan learns the truth and follows her to Paris to claim her as his bride.

The school scenes are quite charming but the psychology does not ring very true and the conflict between the main characters is very sketchy.

Herbert Marshall who walks through his part in a too restrained manner, does not make a very convincing school master, but Ruth Chatterton is very good as the love-lorn Anna.

Constance Collier gives point to the character of the hard spinner who finds the letter and is all for expelling the child, while J. Edward Bromberg is sound as another master who supports the proposal.

Scenic and technical qualities are good but Irving Cummings has not been able to get much real drama out of his artificial situations.

**MEN ARE NOT GODS**

When your sympathy is not enlisted on behalf of any particular character it is difficult to raise enthusiasm about a picture and particularly when added to this many of the situations are artificial and the comedy element forced.

Here you are introduced to Ann, the secretary of a dramatic critic whose notice on Othello she alters to boost an actor, Edmund Davey, whom he had actually roundly condemned.

She does this because his wife (who plays Desdemona) insists that a good notice from that particular critic will make him famous over-night.

Ann gets fired and develops a passion for Davey whose performance she goes to see night after night.

Finally, he asks her to live with him; this apparently on their second meeting, his wife having asked her to tea for some mysterious reason which never transpires.

Later the wife comes to Ann and asks her to send the husband away because she knows about to have a baby.

Ann agrees and sends Davey a note to that effect. That night the actor, wrought up in feeling, plans to murder his wife in the death scene in Othello. Ann, in the gallery, sensing that something is wrong, shrieks and creates a sensation which stops the play.

She is carried fainting to the star's dressing-room where husband and wife are reconciled and Ann walks out of their life.

Miriam Hopkins is far from being her best as Ann. Her comedy moments are overstressed but she does rise to the big dramatic climax.

Sebastian Shaw is sound as the actor from the provinces, who miraculously manages to live in a suite at the Savoy, and puts over the excerpts from Othello extremely well.

Gertrude Lawrence is far as Barbara, but it is a colourless character which gives her few opportunities.

A. E. Matthews, while good in himself, hardly draws a convincing portrait of a dramatic critic.

He lives in a palatial office and dictates his notes without even mentioning the artiste who plays Iago — a rather important omission one would have thought.

Rex Harrington shows to advantage as Tommy, a young journalist, who is in love with Ann.

An air of artificiality pervades the whole proceedings in spite of the fact that it is technically excellent and extremely well set.

**MILLIONS**

Just for a change Gordon Harker plays a parvenu instead of the usual out and out coxcomb. It is he who holds the show together by his nice sense of comedy and characterisation and makes this farcical trifles quite fairly amusing.

Otherwise it is rather a scappy, disjointed affair. It deals with a certain Otto فرص, astute self-made man who rather fancies his chances in society.

His best hated enemy is Sir Charles Rimmer, who is connected with him in business ventures, and tries to keep him in his place.

When Otto sets out to corner cromver Rimmer, acting on no information, buys heavily on only to find that he has been outwitted.

Faced with ruin Rimmer decides to use a weapon in the form of information concerning Otto's son, who is in love with his daughter, which has come into his possession.

The son Jimmy, unable to get an allowance from his father had to flash into man's vanity, and pretended to compose some music which Otto has vaingloriously boosted. It had actually been written by Sofronio, the shabby beggar, with whom he had an affair with Rimmer's parlourmaid.

Rimmer's idea is to give a party and then expose Jimmy.

However Otto learns the truth and is able to outwit his rival again and give his blessing to Jimmy and his young and discredited Rimmer's daughter.

Gordon Harker holds the stage most of the time and his facial expressions and action and concealed cockney accent are a delight.

Frank Pettingill is sound as Rimmer and Eliza Trotter excels as "refined" secretary.

Jack Hobbs puts in good work as Jimmy's valet and is quite well played by Richard Hearne.

Jane Carr has little to do except be decorative as Rimmer's daughter.

—LIONEL COLLIER

**LAND WITHOUT MUSIC**

It has become, happily, the fashion in musical films to have some sort of plot just to make sure that the music characters no longer burst into song without excuse or warning, and at first sight it would seem that the producers of Land Without Music had found a perfect musical vehicle — the story of a European duchy, Lucco, in which the people are so musically inclined that they have no time for working and it takes a royal decree to compel them to work even that has not the desired effect.

The film opens beautifully with a field in which a ploughman is singing at his work, and as the sky darkens, his flock. They become interested in harmony, and the horses and the sheep are allowed to follow their own devices.

However, when the story comes into the stage sets it is diffused and forced, and its main recommendation lies in the opportunities it affords for Richard Tauber to sing the music which he does in his usual superb manner.

Tauber plays a famous singer, Carlini, who returns to his native Lucco to find that, in order to make the people work and produce enough wealth to pay off the National Debt, his father has declared that all the dukes, except Lucco, has been banned all music from the duchy, and he may not cross the frontier unless he walks.

This he declines to do, but he is smuggled in, with the aid of a visiting American, who has come to be the comptroller and his daughter, and plans a huge secret concert in a robers cave, which is to be the signal for a general uprising against the decree.

However, walking in a wood he meets the Princess out riding, falls in love with her and tells her about the concert, and she attends it with soldiers and has him arrested and imprisoned.

At this the revolt takes place, and the Princess is forced to rescind the decree — which she does willingly on realising that other countries are being exploited in the opera, will soon fill all the national coffers.

As the Princess, Diana Napier has little to do but look regal, and this role she sustains fairly well, except during her quarrels with her minister, in an unaccountable and an unfortunate touch of virago.

Most of the humour is provided by Schneorde Durand as Wallace Clyde, as the American newspaper man and his daughter, and the latter charmingly sustains most of the romance as well, with Derrick de Marney attractive as her young lover.

Everyone works hard to give us a gay time but the treatment is inclined to be heavy and the levée of fantasy might have been more evenly mixed. —E. C. G.
**SWING TIME**

Victor Moore and Helen Broderick are fair as Pop and Mabel, but Eric Blore is very poorly served with material as Gordon. Romero is played quite well by Georges Metaxa, who was well known over here as a musical comedy star.

**POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**

Shirley Temple continues to astound as an artist. The songs are tuneful and she puts them over with effectiveness, whilst her dancing is excellent. She has one number with Jack Hulbert which is particularly noteworthy.

The plot deals simply with the daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer who walks out into the streets of New York and is found by two radio artists. They believe she is an orphan and put her under their care, which proves a tremendous success, and is booked by rival soap manufacturer.

Later, her father, who had believed she was at school, recognises her voice over the air and gets her back. The child's escapades result in the amalgamation of the rival soap concerns and she sings on the air for both of them.

A slight love interest is introduced between the star's father and his rival's secretary.

Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl."

**THE LAW IN HER HANDS**

As the radio stars who introduce Shirley as part of their turn, Alice Faye and Jack Haley give sound performances; the former sings pleasingly. As the father, Michael Whalen has little to do, neither has Gloria Stuart, as his rival's secretary, with whom he falls in love.

The best performance, apart from the star, is given by Claude Gillingwater, as the soap manufacturer whom Shirley manages to charm into submission. Her scenes with him are particularly good.

**MEET NERO WOLF**

Edward Arnold's acting holds this murder mystery, with its romantic and comic interludes, together.

He presents a somewhat fascinating pair of detective characters as Nero Wolfe and his polished acting and strong personality to advantage.

He is cast as an eccentric criminologist, who has an insatiable thirst for a good cigar and brandy, that brewed by Maria Maringola. When her brother, Carlo, is reported missing, and later dead, she consults Wolfe, with whom an uncanny instinct for sensing mystery, links Carlo's death with that of Professor Bennett, a recent acquaintance who has passed out suddenly on a golf-course.

Wolfe's deductions then lead him to the idea that a noth that had been murdered and by the same method. Finding the culprit is his next task, and after playing each of the suspects against the other with the help of his henchman, Archie, he finds the clue to the double murderer in a skeleton in Barlow's cupboard.

As his "Dr. Watson," Lionel Barrymore is good, and Dennis Moore a score or two. These two provide both the comedy and the love interest.

The wonder of the cast give sound support. There is no dialogue that brings the audience to their feet. There are moments that follow carefully in order to avoid missing the thread of the deduction.

**MISTER CINDERELLA**

The misadventures of a nervous young barber who is forced to play the role of a millionaire provides good farcical entertainment, although it is sometimes overdone and its development definitely crazy. However, some new gags are introduced and the cast has given a good example of competent team work.

I cannot say that I particularly appreciate Jack Haley's brand of...
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hesitant humour, which is better in small doses than large.

He is cast as Joe Jenkins, a timid barber, who lives in his dreams in high society. One day his pet customer, Alyosius Merryweather, a wealthy playboy, is too drunk to pay a social visit to the blue-blooded Randolphs, and he persuades Joe to act as substitute.

After failing for Patricia Randolph Joe discovers that her father, Peter Randolph, needs Alyosius' backing for a new motor enterprise, and following this, Alyosius' wife, Maisie, turns up, closely followed by her gangster brother, out to bump Alyosius off.

The hectic complications very nearly get Joe down, but at the last minute he pulls off a masterly stroke of big business, thereby clearing himself of the charge of deception. Wealth and Patricia are his at the finish, and so his dreams come true.

Betti Furness makes a charming heroine, and amusing comedy characterizations come from Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Edward Brophy and Monroe Owsley.

Hal Roach, as the producer, has really elaborated a two-reel object into feature length, and it is only due to the excursus and the timing and presentation that it succeeds in providing as much entertainment as it does.

**GUNS OF THE PECOS**

*Warner, American, "A" certificate. Western drama with action.*

**Directed by** Jack Scholl.  
**Written by** George Bragg.  
**Produced by** Hal Roach, Jr.  
**Photographed by** Jerry Edson.  
**Musical score by** M. K. Jerome.  
**Edited by** G. H. Brock.  
**Art direction by** Edward C. Guglielmi.  

Dick Foran fights and sings his way amiable through this artless Western, which has plenty of action and the necessary sentimental touches and broad comedy. He is well supported by Anne Nagel and Eddie Acuff, who is quite amusing as his "buddy."

When cattle-rustlers start burning up law-abiding citizens in the Pecos territory, Steve Aislee, a Texas ranger, and his pal, Jeff Carter, are called in to round up the gang and deliver the leader's identity.

Following the murder of Major Burton, a wealthy horse-breeder, Steve suspects Judge Blake, and his eagerness to get his man is increased when he falls for Alice. Burton's daughter. With Jeff's help he soon proves his suspicions to be correct, and in one glorious culminating scrap justice is served, and romance reigns in place of terrorism.

Picturesque settings and good camera work add polish to the conventional plot.

**THE FINAL HOUR**

*Colombia, American, "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 57 minutes.*

**Directed by** D. Ross Lederman.  
**Written by** Michael Sloan.  
**Produced by** Robert Stinnett.  
**Photographed by** Albert M. S创造.  
**Musical score by** Carl Foreman.

Obvious regeneration story, conventionally written and executed. The action is good but the artistes are handicapped by the weakness of their material.

Ralph Bellamy, for instance, does his best to make the hero convincing, and he succeeds in doing so until the ending, when things lead up to a very far-fetched climax.

He is cast as John Vickery, a brilliant young attorney, who wants to drink when his wife leaves him, but he is rescued from an early grave by Flo Russell, a girl whom he helped to escape from a frame-up.

She is loved by Red McLaren, an ex-gangster, now a cafe proprietor, and he is not recyclable, and when he squeals on Mike Magellan, a former accomplice, he is bumped off in circumstances that incriminate her. She is sentenced to death, but Vickery, confident of her innocence, tricks Mike into confessing, and then

**M'LISS**


**Directed by** George Nicholls, Jr., from a story by Bret Harte.  
**Written by** Ralph Saltzman.  
**Produced by** Robert Thorne.  
**Photographed by** William H. Condon.  
**Musical score by** Seitz Witney.  

The small-town atmosphere is quite effective, but the dramatic incidents are rather marrered in effect by excessive emotionalism.

**CALL OF THE PRAIRIE**

*Paramount, American, "A" certificate. Western drama. Runs 66 minutes.*

**Directed by** Erle C. Kenton.  
**Written by** Robert E. Taylor.  
**Produced by** Henry Blanke.  
**Photographed by** Russell Metty.  
**Musical score by** John Leipper.

Johnny Nelson, a wild young cowboy, gets into the clutches of crooks through gambling, and finds himself帧ed on a charge of robbing his father.

While discreetly riding out of town, he makes the acquaintance of a young ingenue, who is quite an asset to his robust fight, which may please juveniles.

When Joe Jenkins, his wild old chief of the crooks, makes a wholesale double-crossing takes place, but in the end Johnny is saved from death by his staunch friend, Hopalong Cassidy, in circumstances that establish his innocence. Needless to say, Shanghai gets a break, thereby making it possible for Johnny to marry Linda, who is all she is required to do as Linda.

William Boyd displays his riding ability and little gle in the role of Hopalong Cassidy.
CONGRATULATE Paul Robeson! Just for once in a way he's playing neither an African chief nor a Pullman porter who becomes king. In *Big Fell*, which has been specially written for him, he is a well-known "character" of the docks of Marseilles, who is called in by the police to help them in their search for an English boy who has been kidnapped.

This story is by Fenn Sherie and Ingram d'Abbes, who collaborated in the script of a previous Robeson film, *Song of Freedom*, which, like *Big Fell*, was produced by British Lion at Beaconsfield.

The main dramatic theme of the story revolves round the kidnapped child's friendship with Robeson, and British Lion believe they have got hold of a new child discovery who has the makings of a very successful player.

This boy, Eldon Grant, has been in several films (though I confess I must have been choosing a peanut from my bag when he came on the screen, for I can't remember having seen him, but this is to be his big chance.

Well, we can do with a few more Freddie Bartholomews and Desmond Testers.

Mirth and Melody

Elizabeth Welch is in this (she played Robeson's wife in *Song of Freedom*, you remember), and the rest of the select gathering consists of James Hayter, Eric Cowley, Marcelle Ropez, Tonic Edgar Bruce and Roy Emerson.

These last two get my money every time.

Naturally, we don't have a Robeson film without music and songs—especially songs—and I hear that some very considerable new numbers have been specially written for the genial giant to sing.

Also they have not neglected the humour, and Director Elder Wills is working in some pretty good studies of dock-side workers and loafers.

By the way, in case you're interested in infant prodigy, Kid Grant is fourteen, and is the son of a British diplomat. Also he speaks four languages fluently, which should come in handy if he happens to cut his thumb at fretwork, his favourite indoor sport.

He's been spending his leisure in the last few weeks making presents for all his friends.

Whoopee

They were working in a very lurid scene when I looked in—a docks cafe, all very underworld and boisterous, filled with cosmopolitan crooks and with two pretty girls dancing the can-can, that most over-estimated and over-dressed of all dances.

Negroes, Chinese, Spanish, English, French, American, every known brand of half-caste that would be likely to frequent that particular type of pub in Marseilles.

I counted myself lucky to get away with my watch still on my wrist.

And now, to change the subject, you can't see Jack Hulbert for steam these days.

Not that he's working much harder than usual; as a matter of fact, he was taking life at rather a more leisurely pace than I have been accustomed to seeing him indulge in, on the set.

Just sitting still, having a pleasant little holiday; the steam emanated, not from him, but from the Turkish bath amidst which he was sitting, for the Gaumont-British picture *Take My Tip*, now in full motion at Shepherd's Bush.

And where do you suppose the steam came from?

I reckon the Wonderful places, these film studios! Each of the big sound-stages at the Shepherd's Bush studios has a series of mains along its walls; these contain electricity, water, air, and steam, and you can simply plug in and draw off any element you want.

The Caster Cast

Harold Huth, who was last seen doing a spot of screen bullying in *The Camel*—*Art Cinema*, has become a villain again in *Take My Tip*, playing a confidence trickster who sells Hulbert a fake oil well.

Since he posed as bully he has been casting-director at Shepherd's Bush, but has now relinquished that post, and this part is his final flutter before he leaves the company.

While I think of it, let no one say that Jack Hulbert doesn't sacrifice himself for his public. When it came time for him to take his cold shower in the Turkish bath sequence, he insisted on a real cold shower "so that the audience can see me shuddering."

And when the icy cold water descended on his back, he shuddered so hard that he jogged the camera, and the scene had to be re-taken.

Talking about Harold Huth's final flutter, several pigeons had their final flutter—at least for some hours—down at Pinewood during shooting of British National's new film, *Interval For Romance*.

Jean de Marguenat, directing, directed that a dozen pigeons should sit on a roof, and a cat should stalk them.

Ever tried to keep pigeons still while you photographed them with a movie camera? Anyway, it didn't beat the Pinewood property men; the resourceful fellows just fed the pigeons so full of corn that they simply couldn't stir for hours.

Interval for digestion—and photography.

Cinderella

Here's a new Walton-on-Thames production, directed by MacLean Rogers; it's called *Farewell to Cinderella*, and the cast consists of Ann Pichon, Arthur Rees, Ivor Barnard, Margaret Damer, John Robinson, Aubrey Malallieu, Bob Hobbs, Glennis Lorimer (some time since I saw Glennis) and Ena Grossem.

I hope that title isn't to be taken too literally, or what shall we do for plots?

Down at Worton Hall I found as good a piece of timing as it's been my fortune to see for quite a while.

A longish scene between Doug, Fairbanks, jun., and Alan Hale, in *Forever and Ever*, which was born *Jump for Glory*; a tricky scene, with both men moving about, Hale sitting down, playing with some jewellery, talking to a girl, getting up, Junior tying his tie at a mirror, putting on his coat—and all the time the two of them keeping up a running fire of smart dialogue which works up into a quarrel and culminates in one of them knocking the other out.

What's that? Don't I know which? Of course I do—but I'm not here to spoil the scene for you—only to make you look out for it.

The point is that although they did the scene over and over again, it was so beautifully rehearsed and timed and smooth that there was hardly a pin to choose between the takes.

I get a great kick out of watching two trouper who know their job, doing it.

Father and Son

Raul Walsh, the picturesque American director who wears a black patch over one eye, has tumbled in for rather an unusual assignment.

He directed Doug. Fairbanks the father in *The Thief of Bagdad*; now he is directing Doug. Fairbanks the son in *Forever and Ever*.

We had a spot of bother with Walsh when he was directing O.H.M.S. for Gaumont-British on Salisbury Plain; we photographed him with several groups of British officers, and blew me if this American director, with his patch and his trench-coat and his well-set-up figure and his
I Grope

T's such a long time since I was down at Sound City (my alibi being that it's a shade of a long way, and there hasn't been anything of very world-shattering importance there lately) that I found myself completely at a loss when I arrived there.

Huge new sound-stages, a labyrinth of roads and corridors, and dozens of new offices and other buildings made the whole place absolutely strange to me; add the fact that there is a new entrance, from a slightly different direction, and you can imagine that I was completely bewildered.

In my gropings I stumbled on the Capitol unit, making the new Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn picture For Valour.

This is the story of two old men, one of whom has saved the other's life in the Boer War, and ever afterwards battens on the fact.

The matter is somewhat complicated by the fact that Tom Walls, playing one of the old men, also plays his own son—and so does Ralph Lynn; the danger of this, of course, is that they may find themselves at any moment making a Laurel and Hardy picture.

Puzzling

H owever, so far they seem to have kept their various personalities reasonably well disentangled, though Walls has a little difficulty in recognising himself in his dressing-room mirror, having shaved off his famous moustache and side-pieces in order to play the old man.

But to play the son, he has to put them back, and in fact be made up to look like himself. All very puzzling.

I am also informed that Lynn will be seen without his monocle, but this I refuse utterly to believe.

By the way, Walls the Elder also has a cauliflower ear; for valour, doubtless.

That phrase "For valour," in case you are all just a lot of ignoramuses or ignorami, is the motto on the Victoria Cross, which is worth, I believe, about 1s. 7d. intrinsically, and untold gold in real value.

And that brings me neatly to Queen Victoria, at whom Michael Balcon, Alexander Korda and Herbert Wilcox have arrived just as neatly, and absolutely simultaneously.

Panorama

M ind you, they've been coming a long time.

Herbert Wilcox has been preparing his story (which he calls Victoria the Great, a panorama of the queen's reign from accession to death) for the past two years, with a view to production as soon as the official ban of the Lord Chamberlain was lifted.

Of course, the Lord Chamberlain's ban extends only to stage plays, but the British Board of Film Censors follows suit. Now anyone may make a film bringing in Good Queen Victoria, so long as it isn't shown before June, 1937—and you bet plenty of people are going right ahead to make such a film.

Good Queen Nova

H erbert Wilcox will engage a famous star for the role, and is negotiating for the services of a famous British director now in Hollywood. Gaumont-British may put a film into production with Nova Pilbeam as the Queen in the first three years of her reign.

London Films are sure to do something pretty adequate in honour of the occasion.

Would Queen Victoria, I wonder, have been amused?

Talking of being amused, what about the Palladium Crazy Gang, who are getting really under way at last in Gainsborough's Okay for Sound at Islington, and our friend Zasu Pitts playing opposite our other friend Claude Dampier?

These two films are going to be interesting—the first as an example of typical British humour, and the second as a combination of British and American.

I'll be seeing them—and I'll be telling you!

There is the true W. W. Jacobs flavour about George Carney and Gordon Harker in 'Beauty and the Barge.'
YOU want me to do that? Why, I haven’t left the house in seven years. Fresh air kills me; the traffic drives me crazy. And you want me to go and look for Marie because you’re too lazy to find her yourself. Bah!

Nero Wolf, private detective, removed his bulky form from the muslin-curtained window and turned into the room as though anxious to be refreshed after an outlook thoroughly distasteful to him. Two of his major interests in life—orchids and bottled beer—met his gaze. In the orchid house which was his study, occupying a table the long drawer of which was almost overflowing with screw caps from forgotten bottles of his cherished brew, Wolf was in the habit of attending to his third great interest in life—namely, his work.

The young man with crinkly hair and rather an attractive brand of ugliness, summoned thus to stand on the mat, offered excuse.

“I’ve been to thirty places, Chief. I’ve looked everywhere.”

Except in the right place, Archie. It isn’t as if I’d asked you to do the impossible. I only asked you to search New York. Marie Maringola, the best brewer of beer in the world, except her mother, who also brewed it for me, and you can’t find her.”

“I absolutely guarantee she’s nowhere in the city, Chief.”

Which solemn declaration was hardly out of Archie’s mouth, before a dark young woman walked into the orchid-house-cum-study and carefully closed the door.

“That’s right. Cold air’s bad for orchids.” Wolf approved. “Now, Marie, where have you been?”

“Holy raising money to bring to you. You see, Mr. Wolf, I want you to find my brother. Something’s happened to him.”

Wolf nodded and accepted the information. Marie Maringola were apt to think him a skintit, but were obliged to admit him no niggard in the use of brains.

“Archie, another bottle of beer,” he ordered. “Now, Marie, what about your brother?”

Well, you see Carlo was out of work and I bought him a ticket to England. He was a metal worker. He made springs for guns. Then the day before he was going to sail he telephoned me saying he was staying in New York after all. He asked me to meet him at a restaurant that night, but he didn’t come and he hasn’t been heard of at his room—84 Graver Street.”

“Archie, go to 84 Graver Street and see if you see anything that looks unimportant, bring it to me.”

“Won’t you, please, look for him yourself, Mr. Wolf?”

“Archie is my eyes, my ears, my arms, my legs. He does everything for me, except think. Don’t worry, Marie. We’ll get your brother back or it won’t cost you a penny.”

Wolf saw Archie off, accompanied by Maizie the young woman with aspiring eyelashes and hopeful views about marrying Mr. Wolf’s assistant. It is only fair to Archie to say that he shared these views, lack of time being the only obstacle to the wedding. Moreover, after marriage, it was his profound intention thrice expressed by Maizie to renounce sleuthing in favour of becoming a furniture salesman. To hurry the wished-for event, Archie lost no time in bringing a housemaid from 84 Graver Street, who informed Wolf that on the morning on which Carlo Maringola had disappeared, he had cut out a long paragraph from a certain newspaper.

Rapidity Wolf earmarked a similar paragraph in a news sheet before him.

“Professor Barstow of Yale, dies on course for heart attack.” Wolf read. “You’re sure the gap in Mr. Maringola’s paper was just there?... I thank you, young lady.”

“I promised her a couple of dollars for coming along,” Archie put in.

“Go ahead and pay her. I didn’t promise it, my boy.”

“Fancy a mug like Carlo, looking for a job, cutting out a story about an old professor kicking off,” Archie observed with added contempt, consequent on unexpectedly having to part with precious cash.

“Not so peculiar, Archie. Give Marie back her money. She’s downstairs. We told her we’d find her brother, but we can’t. All we can find is his body which, incidentally, will probably be found by the police. Carlo didn’t just disappear. He was murdered. Give Marie this extra cash. She’ll need it to bury him with.”

But, Chief, how do you work that out? The cut-out from the paper isn’t about Carlo. It’s about Professor Barstow who died suddenly of heart disease while playing golf with Claude Roberts the pro. And Mr. E. J. Kimball and his son, Manuel.

“Oh! the professor. He didn’t drop dead. No. He was murdered, too. My reasons for thinking so I hope are on the way here.”

“Look for you.” Olaf, the white-capped cook and somewhat lethargic general factotum, announced.

“A present for me?!” Maizie suggested brightly, her face falling as Olaf brought in a bag of golf clubs.

“So, they’ve come at last. Bring them in the parlour, Archie. I want to learn how to use them.” Archie’s amusement at finding his Chief utterly ignorant even of such terms as “club” and “drive” faded when told to go through the motions of hitting the ball without damage to the furniture.

The process of acting, as Archie said, as if he were a slow-motion cartoon was interrupted by the arrival of police officer Lieutenant O’Grady. Sorry, O’Grady, but this is very important,” Wolf apologised. “If you don’t mind I’ll concentrate before talking, though I admit the young lady is somewhat pathetic.”

“About the Maringola case,” O’Grady said, unable to contain him-... any linger imaginary, like the young man’s body outside a telephone box. Case of bad heart. It just quit on him.”

Bad heart! I’ll bet you a new derby hat any colour you like, that you’ll find Carlo Maringola’s heart was as sound as a dollar. And so was Professor Barstow’s. Have you read the account of his death on the front page? I thought not. Then you haven’t noticed that it expressly stated that the Professor borrowed a driver from a member of the foursome. Apparently he made his shot when he complained that a mosquito had bitten him and fouled his drive. A few minutes later he dropped dead.

“And you think he was murdered? Crazy, Mr. Wolf. Crazy.”

“That’s not the point. The point is that Carlo was a metal worker. Take this ordinary golf club. Looks like a gun, doesn’t it? The shaft is hollow like the barrel of a gun. My theory is that Carlo was told by one of the members of the Professor’s foursome to get a gun that would fire a small bullet, maybe small as a needle, out of a driver. The insert here would be a perfect place for a trigger. A spring in here would turn it into an air rifle. A hole here would let the air escape. Now then, watch me. How’s that for a stance, Archie?”

“Pretty good for a beginner.”

Now when I swing down to hit the ball, the end of this home-made gun is pointing right about my waistline... don’t chortle, Archie. I know what it is like when the equator. The ball releases a spring here and the bullet or needle finds its mark here.”

“So you’ve sent us to make an
autopsy on a guess like that. We wouldn't think of it,“ the lieutenant negated.

“I know you wouldn't,” Wolf smiled, “but I've thought of it for you, so go ahead.”

“I suppose you've seen that Lieutenant O'Grady is supposed to have given the police first hint of foul play suspected in the Barstow case,” Archie observed at lunch reading a report of the proposed autopsy.

“Never mind him stealing the thunder. My mind's on this delicious onion soup,” Wolf said contentedly.

“And mine's on getting married after lunch. Archie's promised me,” Maize added.

“You're the one who found out it was murder, Chief,” Archie said, ignoring his bride-to-be. “You ought to find the fellow who did it.”

“D'you think there were murders for fun, Archie? Now, if there was a fee...”

“But there is Listen. Mrs. Barstow, widow of the dead man offers fifty thousand dollars reward for apprehension of the murderer if autopsy shows Colonel Barstow was victim of foul play.”

“Then why this dilly-dallying? Get going and bring me the lady's offer of the reward in writing.”

“Shed a tear for Grey, because she's a bride-to-be—never was,” Maize said hystERICALLY as Archie took the envelope she patted her hand. “Maize, I hope you'll be happily married for fifty years and if you are, an hour or two, more or less, I won't make a particle of difference,” he soothed.

By the end of the afternoon, aided by the exertions of Archie, five persons who might conceivably have had to do with Professor Barstow's disease, visited the orchid room.

The widowed Mrs. Barstow and the doctor who had certified the Professor's death had been due to heart failure, added. The former was so "intense" and fatalistically inclined as to border on the pecu liar, everyone insisted that autopsy should not be allowed to proceed. Wolf considered the matter over while the District Attorney establishing the fact that the Professor had been killed by a poisoned needle entering the body mortally, was heard to implore the detective to pay special attention to his three ensuing visitors.

Claude Roberts, the good-looking golfing pro, engaged to the Professor's daughter, Ellen Barstow, was frank in stating that the Professor had pitched his death after making a shot with a borrowed driver. But when Manuel Kimball, the third member of the foursome, was ushered into the orchid room in such a hurry to get away that Wolf wondered why.

There was nothing particularly dis tastic about Manuel Kimball's appearance to warrant another man's thief's law. But his eyes showed marked aggressiveness as he said:

“I want to make it clear, Mr. Wolf, that I am in no way in the district under me against me or my father, Mr. E. J. Kimball, the Professor's golf partner at the time of his death, get into the papers, we shall sue you.”

Accustomed to threats of this type, as soon as he was alone, Wolf despatched Archie to bring in Claude Roberts who had removed himself from the apparently con taminating influence of Manuel Kimball, no farther than the street below.

Claude, alleging that he disliked Manuel on account of being falsely accused by him of stealing money from the Barstows, provided the somewhat startling information that Mr. E. J. Kimball, senior, had been tried in the famous Attila case for the murder of one of his guards, and had been acquitted. A Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Barstow's first husband, had similarly been accused, but had disappeared.

“Archie,” Wolf ordered when Claude Roberts had left. “E. J. Kimball is due due — Chicago at the Grand Central station in half an hour. Bring him here. Tell him I'll be just fer rice for him if he doesn't want to come.” Fortified by another bottle of beer, Wolf subsequently faced an elderly man with nervous brown eyes who remained with over-emphasis that he hadn't an enemy in the world.

No? But according to the evi dence I have just received from your golf caddie, you lent Professor Barstow the driver which killed him. Bully for not suggesting that you wanted to kill him. I think it far more likely that someone intended to murder you. We will fer you the way here from the station with my assistant, Lieutenant O'Grady telegraphing to the effect that the car which was sent to meet you at the station, has been wrecked, and your chauffeur found dead—killed by the bite of a fer de lance, this most dangerous snake in the world and very common in the Argentine.

Mr. Kimball's eyes grew haggard.

“Why do you have no idea of Wolf pursued. "Now I can name five people who might want to kill you. First, your son, Manuel, who hunts in the woods near your house. Second, Mrs. Barstow, whose first husband, after being implicated in the murder of your wife, disappeared. She might think she killed him as well as your wife. Third, Ellen Barstow from the same mysterious motive as her mother. Number four, Doctor Bradford who has obviously been paid to bring in a hobby horse, another guise of Claude Roberts. Motive: his love for Ellen Barstow and the fact that when Claude was in Buenos Aires, your son Manuel falsely accused him of stealing money. Isn't that so?”

“Yess, but...”

“I'll take your advice, Mr. Kim ball,” you'll go quietly to a hotel I shall recommend, register under the name of my assistant, who will go with you there, and stay as your protector...”

“Oh! For how long, Chief?”

“A month if necessary, Archie.”

“Chief, what will Maize say?”

A foregone conclusion. "When are we going to be married?” was her mind. Do as I tell you. I may need you before then."

For a detective who refused to leave home, the only hope of solving a murder mystery is to induce his suspects to visit him. By paying them that are an additional point in my favor, I'm so that you are missing the person of E. J. Kimball while playing "Monopoly" on the sand in the sand with his son.”

Archie, Wolf achieved his purpose.

That evening, his pleasant voice, mildly stimulated by good food and beer could be heard greeting his visitors. "Sorry if I've disturbed your everyday routine ladies and gentlemen.” His eye travelled rapidly in turn to Mrs. Barstow, Doctor Bradford, Claude Roberts, Ellen, E. J. Kimball and his son.

“But since, by the shots fired at Mr. Kimball this evening, we have conclusive evidence that the murderer of Professor Barstow, Carlo, and the chauffeur is still at large, I thought it best to bring you here. You will each be assigned a safe and comfortable room, for which, of course, you will be charged. Meals will be provided on the same basis and Archie will do the bell-hopping.”

Archie, incidentally, owing to the lean condition, was obliged to spend what he hoped to have been his wedding night on the kitchen table. Nevertheless, devotion to duty enabled him not only to sustain this outrage, but to register intense excitement the following morning on handing the chief a parcel.

“Wait. Listen. It's ticking. Must be a bomb. Get some water, quick,” he ejaculated,

“Keep calm,” Wolf admonished.

"Let me handle this. After all, it is addressed to me. Sit down, please. I wonder who sent it?”

“While you're asking dizzy questions we'll all get blown up,” Archie grumbled.

No. Archie. Our murderer is too clever to advertise his bomb with a loud tick. He wants us to put it in water right away, but he under estimates us.

"Smells like peaches.” Maize observed, her nose to the brown paper.

The smell of a certain deadly chemical, my child... Olaf give me that piece of string. I'm trying this thing up exactly as it was. I'm going to my room. Don't let anyone disturb me. I'll see you at twelve o'clock. I've promised to talk about orchids to such of my visitors as care to listen.

In the orchid room, shortly before twelve, Wolf looked with satisfaction at his entire complement of guests apparently interested in the details of orchid growing, though obviously absorbed in their own thoughts and fears. As arranged, Olaf brought in the dangerous-looking paper parcel which emitted a loud tick.

“Look out, Mr. Wolf,” Roberts cried. "If it's a time bomb it's liable to go off at any minute. Put it in water right away.”

"Stay where you are, every one of you,” Wolf ordered, whipping out an automatic. “None of us has an enemy crude enough to send a bomb which advertises itself and simply asks to be put in water—it's something much more dangerous than that. Let's study the handwriting on the label.” Carefully he put down the automatic. Manuel seized it and and turned on him. "All right, Mr. Wolf, give me that bomb. You're right about the package being deadly only when it's put into water. You've been right all along. I never meant to kill Professor Barstow. I meant to kill the man who murdered my mother. I had to kill Carlo Maringola because he threatened me with exposure, and I had to kill my father's chauffeur because, thanks to Mr. Archie Good win's interference, the fer de lance intended for my father, bit an innocent man. And now. Nero Wolf, you and your assistant are going to die this way.”

Followed by a hissing sound and a co cloud of dramatic-looking steam, the brown paper parcel was plunged by Manuel into the adjacent water tank. "Get him, Archie,” Wolf ordered. "Never mind the gun. I shouldn't have left it out for him if it had been loaded. As for the bomb, we have to thank 118 beer caps, the same alarm clock that Manuel used, and some seifidity powders—all I had, in fact. Get me some more—now.”

"Going to Coney Island for a honeymoon,” Wolf observed, smiling across the study table next morning at his assistant, and Maize, very conscious of a new wedding ring. "Nonsense. You're going to Paris in the bridal suite of the Ile de France. My wedding present."

"Swell, chief. What a trip to glean ideas as furniture salesman.”

"Marvellous, Archie, but there's something more important than selling furniture I want you to do for me. I've just had a cable from London. Very wealthy gentleman on the last voyage over, who occupied cabin 68 on B deck, is supposed to have committed suicide. I want you to find out who he is, what his friends were, what he ate and drank... and if anything looks to you unimportant, just cable me.”
TODAY it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is your colouring. Exactly how the Tangee Colour Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier... in your own way.

THEY have been fought in an effort to distinguish which is the greater actress—Garbo or Bergner. Although they appear to be very different types, it is difficult to find a definite point on which, as actresses, they differ.

They have much in common. Both are undoubtedly great actresses. Both are finely polished in technique, although Bergner's may be the more studied of the two. Both make an intensely spiritual appeal.

Both, we feel, can see so poignantly the heartbreak in the heart of things. And it is in their reactions to this last that the great difference becomes clear. To Garbo the world is a weeping child to be cared for. But Bergner—she is the weeping child—"M.D.W."

Who Threw Dat "Mata"?

The other day I committed the crime of finding shelter from the showers at a local cinema, and this is how I had to pay for it.

The house was full, and I paddled my way through a row of seats till I found myself deposited between two abnormally personages. What with my wet clothes and the high pressure on my sides, I did undergo a great ordeal.

The picture was well on its way and quite amusing, too, evidently from the roars of laughter at intervals; and at one time Mrs. Smith, my left-hand neighbour, got so excited that she let go her hold on the basket on her lap with disastrous results.

A good many tomatoes rolled down far into the auditorium. A few, I proudly say, were recovered by my help, but again I discovered that some were new-laid eggs badly disfigured.

There was confusion all around us. "Sh! Sh!" sounds, and "Siddows, is it from the impolite; and the reaction on my neighbours' faces would have left even the famous Chaplin guessing.

As a moral I would like to suggest to the shopping patrons not to take in all their personal belongings when visiting the cinema, as it may greatly inconvenience them, to say nothing of others, besides the very precious Willy of his breakfast—G. K. Harlaur, 137 Ravenslea Road, Hoham, S.W.

Queer Film Fowl!

In view of recent reflections on the private lives of screen stars, due to cases before the courts relating to matrimonial infidelity, contract breaking, and other objectionable matters, I think it is useful to insists once again that only the "exceptional," and not the "normal," state of affairs is revealed in such publicity.

There is a law to prove the effect that "Thee's now so queer as fowl!" The "queerest" thing I know about actors and actresses as a whole is that they are just natural, human people, no more nor less prone to "kicking over the traces" than other men and women.

For every one who gets in the limelight through moral or legal indiscretions, there are fifty who do not. Neither bad language nor bad conduct is characteristic of the profession as a whole.

Yesterday's Piffle

It happened during fiddom's halcyon days. I had sat beside a dear old lady in the cinema, and she had poetically asked if I would read out the sub-titles to her as her eyesight was none too good. Of course, I proceeded to do so—then found her hearing was not too good either.

Soon I was amusing the whole cinema audience as I bawled forth some of the most sentimental, melodramatic piffle, in the form of a sub-titled dialogue, that it has ever been my misfortune to utter. I crept from the cinema, trying to look as though I were not visible.

It's popular greasy melodramas that screen dialogue is too often made up of inconsequential small-chat. Let the grousers cast their minds back to the days when the villain's wicked "Ah, ah, curse you, Launcelot!" flashed upon the screen... and be darned glad that such dialogue has no place in the talking-films of to-day. —L. Turner, 112 Tennyson Road, Portsmouth, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Father's Problem

Until a short while ago I used to go to the cinema at least twice a week. I had not missed a week for years. When I married it was always our Saturday night out, but now we are happy to have a baby, and, of course, we have to go without our movies.

There are thousands of young couples the same as ourselves; couldn't it be possible for every decent cinema to have a nursery, with a nurse in attendance? How many people have been annoyed by a baby crying during a matinee, also tiny feet kicking the seat, etc. I know it would be a welcome break for a mother to know that her baby was in safe hands and she would enjoy every foot of the film.

Kinema managers complain about bad matinees: here is a solution! You can obtain your ticket at the box-office for a car park. Why not a baby park?—Leslie H. Mason, 126 Melson Road Central, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

For Background Music—

I think the musical accompaniments in straight films are as important, and often far more enjoyable, than those in "musical" films.

Take A Tale of Two Cities, Captain Blood, David Copperfield, and Alfred the Damned, for example. They were all excellent films, and the music running through each contributed in no small measure to their success.

It didn't in the least interfere with the action, yet matched each sequence of each story perfectly. Let's have more musical "non- musicals" like these mentioned. They are so thoroughly satisfying in every way. —(Miss) A. E. Wile, 25 Lansdown, Stroud, Glos.

And Against It

I have just seen the film Yellow Dust, but thought it was quite a good picture, if it was not for the fact that there was music which it should not have been. (Continued on page 28)
PICTUREGOER had tablets. bad was had to doctor's to powder purest. Just claimed thought No the claims known ASPRO. Telephone: tablet; Made method PRICB ore is: the method manufacture England. Children's tablets in three sizes: 3r 3r and 14d. ASPRO tablets are for all family. It has a bed attack of influenza followed by tonsillitis. I was very bad. I had some ASPRO in the house. I took two every five hours and within three days I was well. They are worth having in everyone's home. I am never without them. I give them to all my family, even my boy of six and a half takes one when he has a headache or cough, and he is all right a quarter of an hour after. It worked wonders in my home, saved me many a doctor's bill. I always recommend ASPRO to all my friends and family.

Colds, ills, chills, 'flu and rheumatism are about. Stamp them out at their inception. All you have to do is to free yourself quickly from the attacks of these troublesome complaints is to take 'ASPRO,' at first symptoms. It is good sound health policy to keep 'ASPRO' tablets always handy during winter months, for the variety of healing services that 'ASPRO' offers you at this time of the year are too numerous to particularise. Quick action on your part will mean quick results on the part of 'ASPRO.' For 'ASPRO' is always ready to do its job of healing. So why not make up your mind to purchase a packet of 'ASPRO' to-day?—even a 3d. packet will be more than sufficient to demonstrate to you that 'ASPRO' will banish a cold or 'flu attack in one night, it will relieve you of your rheumatism, stop your headache in a few minutes, remove your aches and pains and dispel the weak feeling due to feverishness by reducing the temperature. In fact, while dispelling the complaint 'ASPRO' removes the attendant discomforts. Remember that 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer, an internal anti-septic and a solvent of uric acid, so it attacks the fundamental causes of many complaints. We suggest that you act on the 'ASPRO' slogan:

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Here is definite proof:

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Mrs. Whitehead, of 38, Kay Street, Middleton, writes—Last winter I was never without a cold, which at last turned to rheumatism and I was in bed for weeks. When I started getting up I thought I would try 'ASPRO' as I had taken them for headaches and they had always banished them. I was not long before I was feeling myself again and this winter I am glad to say I have never had one cold. I take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night, and they keep me free from rheumatism and colds. Twelve months ago I thought I would never walk again and now I am better than ever.

Mrs. E. D. writes from Kingston—"I feel it my duty to write and let you know how wonderful your 'ASPRO' Tablets are for the whole family. I had a bad attack of influenza followed by tonsillitis. I was very bad. I had some 'ASPRO' in the house. I took two every five hours and within three days I was well. They are worth having in everyone's home. I am never without them. I give them to all my family, even my boy of six and a half takes one when he has a headache or cough, and he is all right a quarter of an hour after. It worked wonders in my home, saved me many a doctor's bill. I always recommend 'ASPRO' to all my friends and family."

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27
Who's Who

Patricia Ellis

WAS born in New York on May 20, 1916, and as the step-daughter of Alexander Leitch, a well-known producer, started her theatrical education almost as soon as she was old enough to toddle backstage. Patricia began her stage career as soon as she left school and was only 16 when she was spotted by a talent scout while playing on Broadway in The Royal Family. Her first important film was The King's Vacation and ever since she has been one of the hardest worked ingenues on the screen. Recently she has been on view in Rhythm on the River, All One Night, Down the Stretch and Postal Inspector.

She has blue eyes, blonde hair, weighs 8 3 lb, and is 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

James Ellison

An extra who has made good, Jimmy was born in Valier, Montana, and spent most of his youth on a ranch, which accounts for his excellent horsemanship. He began his stage career in amateur theatricals and after gaining some recognition at Pasadena Community Playhouse, went to Hollywood and entered pictures in crowd work. Finally, he caught the eye of an executive and is now one of the most popular of all the western heroes. His most recent films are Out of the Prairie, Trail of a Trail, Heart of the West and The Plainsman.

Ellison is in his early twenties, dark haired, and over 6 ft. tall.

Stuart Erwin

Born February 14, 1905, at Squaw Valley, California, intended, on graduating from the University of California, to become a lawyer. But the college drama club interested him more than the course of law and he eventually joined the Los Angeles Civic Theatre, where he played five different parts in one play. A Hollywood talent scout noticed this quick-change artist and gave him a screen test which proved successful, winning him a part in Mother Knows Best. That was in 1928, and since then he has played in over a hundred features, the most recent of which are Absolute Quiet, Ceiling Zero, Women Are Trouble and Country Bumpkin.

His hair is light brown, his eyes green, his weight 11 stone 6 lb, his height 5 ft. 9 in.

He is married to June Colyer.

Madge Evans

MADGE EVANS has the record of having entered professional work at an earlier age than any other film celebrity. When she was only 18 months old, Miss Evans posed as the Child for a painting by George Deloget Brush called "Madonna and Child." When she was two and a half years old she was the subject of a "Baby Book" illustrated by Will Cotton.

Miss Evans started her film career at the age of four. She was a star by the time she was seven years and was by way of being the Shirley Temple of her day.

Growing up, Miss Evans made a name on Broadway and attracted the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials who gave her the lead opposite Ramon Novarro in Son of India. She immediately settled down to a steady popularity that shows no signs of waning. Her latest is Piccadilly Jim.

Madge was born in New York, July 1, 1909, of Irish and Polish parents, has light brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and weighs 8 st. 4 lb.

For example, why not broadcast a series devoted to film matters? Famous British stars and producers could be interviewed, excerpts from forthcoming productions could be given, and so on.

It may be objected that this would be advertising, but no more so than the present broadcasting of concert records, with names and numbers, or the current excerpts from the theatres.

If each company had the same opportunities, there is no reason why they shouldn’t.

Anyway, it would not be nearly so blatant as the series of musical programmes recently presented by a well-known musical director, which consisted of extracts taken from films which his own company produced, which was frequently mentioned during the broadcasts.

—C. E. Taylor, 60 Reetion Road, Brookley, S.A.

Misleading “Historicals”

I am fifteen years old, and have seen both Tudor Rose and Mary of Scotland. I enjoyed them both, but in history lessons afterwards, I wished that I had never been to see them, for they had not kept to the really historical which they were showing, and I found myself becoming very bored.

I have been told that these was a real war, or what was just “made up” to fit the film—Muddied Schoolgirl.

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 £5 for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and not should not exceed 150 words. Address to “Thinker,” “The Picturegoer Weekly,” Marlitt House, Smithfield, London, E.C.2.
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Think of it: a slim, dainty diary packed with portraits, biographies and birthdays of the stars. You'll want to refer to it and write in it every day of the week.

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Underarm Hygiene is so important that you should take advantage of this OFFER.

Perspiration not only brings social ruin in its train; but it ruins frocks and therefore is expensive. Odo-ro-no guards against this. Odo-ro-no is safe, and it effectively checks perspiration and avoids you giving offence.

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No. 292 (New Series) Vol. 6, December 26, 1936.

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**ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.**

**FAN CLUB NOTICES**

A very pleasant time was spent by The Brian Lawrence Fan Club on Saturday, Nov. 26, at the London Cinema, Crouch End Road. Brian himself, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Barker, was present and addressed the assembly. The evening finished with a visit to the Hofbom Empire to see Renee Houston in Merily We Go. All inquiries about this club should be addressed to the Secretary, Mabel Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

**THE FRANCIS LEE REED CLUB OF LONDON, Chicago, San Francisco, Las Vegas, and New York, is issuing invitations to its members to subscribe to a quarterly magazine, "The Ledererian," which will be published three times a year, with the first issue due next time some next year, and a subscription to such a magazine will be of great interest to all members. It should be addressed to The Secretary, 87 Hodford Road, London, N.1.

The All-British Film Fans Club has pleasure in announcing that in future there will be no club entrance fee to cover postage cost, etc.

**KEITH AND STEVENS CRAZY (N.7).—1 Ian Keith b. Feb. 27, 1899, Boston, U.S.A.; 2 ft. 6 in., brown hair; married (a) Blanche Yurka (mar. div.), (b) Ethel Clayton. Last address 38, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (b). Grace Kelly b. April 1929, Los Angeles, Calif.; 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and blue eyes; married Anne Buchanan, 1936. Last address, Three (a) 30, Tufnell Park Road, Crouch End; 30, Tufnell Park Road, Camden. MOSCOW NIGHTS.—1. Lawrence Olivier plays with Penelope Dudley Ward in Moscow Nights. Last address, 15, Grove End Road, London, N.W.1.

**BOB CRAZY (Cardiff)—1 We have no details of a Robert Taylor fan club. (2) Robert Taylor is reported as the new star of Three, with Luise Rainer, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and Tell It to the Marines, with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.**

**Eddy Fan (West Bromwich).—Nelson Eddy was born Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1906, is 6 ft. tall, and has blonde hair and blue eyes, his latest film includes Mojito, were with Jeanette MacDonald, and they are scheduled for The Silent Night together.

A Reader would like to obtain a copy of the Picturegoer, December 24, 1932 (now out of print), containing the Spring Film Guide, The Good Companion. If anybody has a copy of this issue with Miss Margaret F. Jenks, 28 West Hill Avenue, Greenfield, Mass.

A Regular Reader (Devon).—Ray Mil- land took the part of Tommy Abbott in Are These Our Children? and was born in Ireland. His real name is Jack Millane; he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and eyes; married Mildred Werner.


**FILMOGRAPHY.—We published a centre spread of Dark Journey in the Dec. 3, 1936, issue of this magazine.**

**GABLE AND MYRA FAN.—1. (Myra Loy has short hair. (2) Clark Gable was born Feb. 1, 1901, in Ohio. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, and weighs 190 lb.; has brown hair and grey eyes; married (b) Josephine Dillon (mar. div.) (b) Rhea Langham (sep.). At present married Mary Jane McKee, 1936. (b) T. (Hollywood).—Sally Eilers was married to Hoot Gibson in June, 1930. This marriage was annulled and Miss Eilers married Harry Joe Brown in Oct., 1931. They have a son, Harry Joe Jun., about two years old.

H. P. (North Wales).—Latest and scheduled films with Clark Gable are: Egypt with Luise Rainer; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; Tell It to the Marines, with Jean Harlow, and Spencer Tracy; Frankfort Tone; Love on the Run, with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone; The Adventures of Don Juan; The Return of Frank James; The Man Who Played God, with Spencer Tracy and Gladys George; Midge Clark: Love in the Rain; Paris in the Dark; Myrna Loy: A Stall Dance, with Joan Crawford; Myrna Loy: Mutter Carey's Chicken; Stepping Out, with Fred Astaire; Perfect Harmony, with Charles Beyer; and Penelope!—Penelope!—Penelope!—Jeanette Lederer in The Last of Mrs. Cheyne, Robert Young: Senorita, with Alice Faye and Shirley Temple; Conquered Will, Dark Journey, with Vivien Leigh; Under the Red Robe.

L. C. (Kent).—Fred MacMurray was born Aug. 30, 1909, Kenosha, Illinois. He is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and has brown hair and brown eyes; married Lillian Langdon, 1936. His latest films are Champagne, Serenade, with Gladys George, Stars in My Crown, with Claude Colbert; Morning, Noon and Night, with Carole Lombard, and that for the musical, Te Ha To and To Hold, with Gladys Swarthout. (2) John Lodge was born Jan. 1, 1896, London; is 6 ft. 3 in. tall; has brown hair and blue eyes; is married to Michelle Chetrie. His latest films include Siebinger, with Sylvia Sidney; King Solomon's Mines, with Anne Lee.

D. B. (London).—Dick Powell's latest film is Stage Struck, to be released May 3, 1937, Gold Diggers of 1937, with Joan Blondelle, and he is to re-engage On the Town, with Ginger Rogers. The request has been passed on to the Editor.

E. K. (Southend).—Dolly Haas, b. Aug. 29, 1907, has left the pictures; her favourite hobby is horse riding; lives at 68, Westminster, London. She was born in Naples, with Richard Barthelmess. (2) Em-ilyn Williams was born Nov. 25, 1905, Wales; married Molly O'Shaun.

J. B. (Lines).—1. Mary Ellis, Jeannie Stuart, Cedric Hardwicke, John Stuart appeared in Bella Donna.

J. K. (Leicester).—Jack Cooper, song "We're Tops on Saturday Night," and Donald Stewart song "South American Joe." (2) Mr. J. C. Hill is due in 1937.

JOHNNY DILLON (LONDON).—(a) Josephine Dillon (mar. div.) (b) Rhea Langham (sep.). At present married Mary Jane McKee, 1936. (b) T. (Hollywood).—Sally Eilers was married to Hoot Gibson in June, 1930. This marriage was annulled and Miss Eilers married Harry Joe Brown in Oct., 1931. They have a son, Harry Joe Jun., about two years old.

LOV X FAN (Barnet).—Tony Martin and Phyllis Brooks play the chief roles in English Hearts. (2) Nola Loy is playing opposite Clarke Gable in Paris; Miss Eilers is reported to be Cedric Hardwicke's fiancée. To Mary With Love, Wife Versus Secretary, The Great Ziegfeld and Libeled Lady.

**OVER 60 PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF STARS**


**Film-Fans Diary:**

MAKE-UP to match YOUR EYES

**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 to cast films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

*December 26, 1936*
NEW POSTCARDS
“bring the house down”

THE new “Picturegoer” Postcards just released are being acclaimed as “simply wonderful.” Here is your opportunity to see your favourites in a new and still more lovely light. They are quite different from portraits that have appeared before. Write for yours to-day whilst the series is still complete.

You can obtain liberal discounts on future orders by joining the “Picturegoer” Postcard Club, and also receive a 5s. Album Free to hold 300 cards. The book is a magnificent specimen of the binder’s art, made to resemble snakeskin and lettered in gold. An album de luxe bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. dozen. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here—all new cards—or include in your order the names of any well-known stars. Real photos, 3d. each, 2s. 6d. doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. List of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request. Ask for new list No. 67.

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Simone Simon
Gloria Stuart
Robert Taylor
Arthur Tracy
Lupe Velez
Robert Young

COLOURGRAPH

Ann Harding
Jeannette MacDonald
Eleanor Powell
Ginger Rogers
Robert Taylor

“PARTNERS” SEPIA AND COLOURED

Ronald Colman and
Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic. 26/12/36

THOUSAND years ago women were hunting themselves beauty treat-

ments in the form of packs and masks. To-

day women rely upon the same remedy for a quick and effective skin beautifier.

The clay or mud pack is a popular form of beauty treatment. It takes only 20 minutes, and in that time wrinkles are smoothed out, pores are cleaned and muscles are lifted. For this reason a pack is the best of beauty aids when you are getting ready for a party.

Packs are used not only for faces, but for “old” necks, arms and hands that are discoloured, and ankles that are tired and swollen. The clay is put up quite conveniently in pots and tubes. You can buy a 2s. 6d. pack. In this form it is ready mixed to a cream.

This is the way to give yourself a present. First of all wash with warm water and a good mild soap. Then take a small soft towel and wring it out of hot water—as hot as the hands can stand. Wrap this round the neck and lower part of the face. When cool replace the wrastments.

Then with the finger tips or a small soft brush spread the cream all over the skin, making a mask over the eye. Rub up the hair line, leaving only the eyes.

The mask is of greater benefit if a little more trouble is taken in application. By squeezing some of it into a saucer and mixing it to a paste with a little milk. It is then worked over the face with a clean shaving brush.

Allow the mask to remain until it is quite dry. Lie down for 15 minutes that this takes. As it dries you will feel it stimulating the skin and drawing the blood to the surface.

When dry the pack is removed with warm water and a soft cloth. Let the water soak the pack so that it comes off easily. When all has been removed dry the skin and massage with cold cream. If your skin tends to be very dry, massage with cold cream before the pack as well as afterwards.

If the skin is very discoloured, or you still have the remains of an unwanted sun tan, use a lemon cream and a lemon magnesia pack.

Don’t stop short at your chin. Give your throat a beauty treatment too.

Home Made Masks

There are a number of masks that may be concocted at home from quite simple ingredients, all of them having some special purpose. There is for instance the lemon mask, which is a good beautifier for a tired skin.

Get 2 ozs. of yeast from your baker. This

must be mixed to a thicck cream. If your skin has blackheads and open pores, mix it with equal parts of milk and porridge water. If your skin is rather dry, mix the yeast with almond oil.

Spread it as before upon the chin to the hair line and lie down while it dries. Renew with warm water, rinse with cold water, and finally give ten minutes with your puffer and a skin tonic.

A mask of hot oil is good for dry skins that do not respond to other packs. Prepare the skin with warm towells as described above, and while they are taking effect warm some turpentine oil by standing the bottle in hot water.

Cut some butter muslin into a mask with holes for eyes, nose and mouth. Pour out some of the warm oil into a saucer, soak the front of the mask in this and spread it over the face. Rest for 20 minutes. Wipe the face with a towel and finally wash the skin ten minutes with a panner and a skin tonic.

Here is a mask that draws up a really oily skin and helps to close open pores.

Get a pound of oatmeal and witch-hazel and make into a paste with Fuller’s earth. Apply this to a perfectly clean prepared skin. Allow it to remain for ten to fifteen minutes, take off with warm water, rinse with cold water, and finish by patting in a skin drier. There are hair, one part rosewater, and one part distilled water.

This is strongly astringent, and if ever on the spot from nature you are completely disqualified with the tired crepency

of your skin. However, the advice is repetition too often, however. Wash with warm water and massage in some skin food.

Remove surplus cream with a tissue.

Heat up the white of an egg and when it is stiff. Paint it on the face with a clean brush. Allow to remain for 20 minutes and then wash with water. Apply skin tonic.

Egg and oil mixed in a splendid beauty treatment for an elderly skin. Take the yolk only of a new laid egg and mix with a similar quantity of almond oil. Prepare the face the evening before and put the mixture on with a soft brush. Leave for 15 minutes, and wash with warm water. Finish by patting in the skin. Elixir prepared above.

Answers to Correspondents

Popp (King’s Heath, Birmingham)—

Let me have your full address and I can suggest something that will be to your liking.

C. P. (Nottingham)—Anything that is your circulation will help the red nose. Wear extra clothes of light weight. Do not wear the white near the long times in a hot bath. Give yourself water and the face and a red towel with a Turkish towel afterwards. Apply with a face cloths until it becomes a cream tincture to match your natural complexion.

Severely plucked eyebrows are not less fashionable. Rub intensively straggling hair down and groom the others by regular application of an oil. Use a pair of automatic tweezers. The black marks are hormone. You probably removed them in the opposite direction to which they grow, consequently they snap off.

E. Holdgate.—Please send stamped addressed envelope post.

D. M. (Brighton)—An ordinary rubber nose band will do. Soak in hot soapy water, is excellent for massaging cream into the face. Use it with a little gentle rotary movement. Cleansing cream may be applied in same way.

Swimmen.—You need a waterproof foundation cream for the neck. This may be obtained in white and several tints, including sun bronze.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half a guineas is awarded to William Poole, 36, Rayleigh Street, Palace Road, Bradford, for Love.

The Most Perfect Thing in Life

Love on the Dance Crime and Punishment

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

A Woman Commands

First a Girl

Miss D. Poole, 36, Farley Road, Selston, South Derbyshire for a charmingly

Without Children

Dancy C. MacDonald, for Absolute Quiet

A Perfect Week-end

Mrs. V. Dawney, 39, Courtney Gardens,

Housewife,

Uxbridge, for She Made Her Bed

Flying Flea

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79, Roberts Road, Pettford, for The Three Maxims

Don’t Gamble With Love

Don’t Get on Blood Shoes

Don’t Be Jealous

As you can see, the “Talkie Title Tales” is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story. There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules. Entries must be submitted on a post card.

GUY BEACON.
Don't miss it! - THE FILM THRILL OF THE YEAR

HURRY—just in time for the holidays!—100 PAGE CHRISTMAS FILM THRILL IS SELLING OUT FAST

CHRISTMAS Eve ... CHRISTMAS DAY ... and for days after, wonderful entertainment will be yours with a copy of the glorious "Picturegoer" Xmas Annual, now on sale. But you haven't a moment to lose—get your copy NOW, there are only a few copies left. It's the most exciting film event of the year ... a HUNDRED-page wonder book packed from cover to cover with all the glamour of the silver screen ... the glorious romance of its stars. Every big glowing photo-gravure page will make you gasp with amazement ... send delicious thrills of delight through you. In the list below you'll get just a peep ... a mere glimpse ... of the hours of wonderful entertainment in "Picturegoer" XMAS ANNUAL. Think of it! Over 100 lovely pictures, real-life romances, studio gossip, a review of 1936, the prospects of 1937, criticisms of new releases, of new films in the making, etc., etc., etc ... a Christmas treat indeed which no film lover should miss.

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IS MYRANA LOY REALLY HAPPY? "Picturegoer Xmas Annual" contains a "scoop"—Myrna's own Romance Story.

I WISH ... Let lovely Anna Sten show you how to make wishes come true.

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